Carpere et Colligere.

THE

# MUSEUM

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. XV.—NEW SERIES.

SEPT. TO DEC., 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER.—VOLUME XLIII.

*PHILADELPHIA:*

PUBLISHED BY E. LITTELL & CO.

AP2
.M89

# CONTENTS FROM SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1841.


*Edinburgh Review.*

The Late Lord Holland, . . . . . 59
The Port-Royalists, . . . . . 193

*Quarterly Review.*

Foster's Notes on the United States, . . 31
Mrs. Adams's Letters, . . . . . 484

*Foreign Quarterly.*

Education in Italy, . . . . . 360

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Ida and Ermengarde, . . . . . 15
The Colmans, . . . . . 49
Ten Thousand A-Year, Concluded, . . 149
Marquinez and La Collegiala, . . . . 314
The Spanish Gypsies, . . . . . 321
England and her European Allies, . . 474

*Fraser's Magazine.*

Milman's History of Christianity, . . 380
Journal of an Autumn in the Country, . 455
Anecdotes of Actors, . . . . . 508
Ruy Lopez, or the Chess-Bishop, . . . 513

*Dublin University Magazine.*

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon, 120, 265, 409, 532
Dr. Barret, . . . . . 449
Stavoren, a Ballad, . . . . . 524

*United Service Journal.*

Volcano in the Sandwich Islands, . . . 236
Assault on Fort Erie, . . . . . 427
Mid-watch in a Merchantman, . . . 430
The Sea Piece, . . . . . 526

*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Senator of Bremen, . . . . . 440
The Sale of a Trumpet, a Poem by Hood, . 520

*Tait's Magazine.*

The National Crisis, . . . . . 9
A Residence in the Azores, . . . . 18

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Richard Barnfield's Poems, . . . . 251

*Monthly Review.*

Pierce's History of Harvard University, . 470

*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

Paper for Rooms, . . . . . 80

*Christian Observer.*

Reminiscences of Bishop Chase, . . . 253
Geological Phenomena of the Falls of Niagara, 435

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Theodore Hook, . . . . . 336

*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

Malaria, . . . . . 217

*Spectator.*

Miss Sedgwick's Letters from Abroad, . . 63
Combe's Notes on the United States, . . 70
Brougham Come Back, . . . . . 76
H. B. the Great Caricaturist, . . . . 219
Hampson's Medii Ævi Kalendarium, . . 222
Robinson and Smith's Travels in Palestine, . 224
Stephen's Travels in Central America, . . 257
Emerson's Essays, . . . . . 263
D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature, . . 335
Sturmer, a Tale of Mesmerism, . . . 342
Mr. Colquhoun on Highland Sports, . . 343
Pope's Poetical Works, . . . . . 506

*Britannia.*

Sir Charles Napier, . . . . . 75
Algiers, . . . . . 78
Continental Politics, . . . . . 228
Mrs. Noble's Narrative of Captivity in China, 230
The Great Continental Swindling Company, . 346
Translators of the Holy Scriptures, . . . 373
Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-Worship, . . 375
Haughton's Sex in the World to Come, . . 482

*Examiner.*

Germany, . . . . . 77
France and the Levant, . . . . . 78

*Athenæum.*

Singular Prisoners, . . . . . 79
Joseph Paice, the Old Gentleman of Elia's Essays, . . . . . 248
Meeting of the British Association, . . . 328
The Lowell Offering, . . . . . 358
Catlin's Letters and Notes on the North American Indians, . . . . . 495
Sir David Wilkie, . . . . . 503

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

Cheap Board and Education, . . . . 391
Miss Martineau's "Play Fellow," . . . 424
Remarkable Trial at Gibraltar, . . . 444
Musical Anecdotes, . . . . . 555

*Cruikshank's Omnibus.*

Frights, . . . . . 242
Peep at a Leg-of-Beef Shop, . . . . 243
Notes on Unpaid Letters, . . . . . 244
The Livery—Out of London, . . . . 245

*Mr. Dickens.*

Barnaby Rudge, . . . . 81, 280, 393, 539

*Kennedy's Texas.*

Sketch of Col. Crockett, . . . . . 320

*Sunday Times.*

British Conquests, . . . . . 16

## POETRY.

Free Trade For Ever, and Every Thing Cheap, 14; Happiness—Dotage—Death of a Favourite Dog, 17; The Quiet Cell, 30; Sonnet to ——, 48; The Newly Dead—Genius, 59; The Approach of Spring, 63; The Three Homes, 69; The Early Bluebird, 74; Divine Providence—Loss of Sight, 80; The Orchis Pyramidalis, 119; Sheep on the Chevoit Hills, 148; The Stranger and his Friend, 216; The Poet's Springtide, 221; The Girl and the Philosopher, 227; The Grave of the Suicide, (who thought better of it,) 229; The Kilkenny Cats, 235; The Muffin Man, 241; Scene near Folkstone, 247; Botany and Horticulture, 250; Enigma—Mirabeau—Napoleon, 252; To an Old Living Poet, 256; The Mate's Lament, 298; The Marine's Lament—Furze—Sonnet to Milton, 319; The Fine Old English Gentleman, (new version,) 345; La Nostalgie, 390; The Contrasts, a Ballad, 426; L. E. L., 446; Rise up my Cronies, 446; The Love o' Aulden Days, 446; New Verses, for the Queen's Anthem, 469; Books, 512; In Vain, 519; The Candid Wooing, 531; The New Cavanagh Diet, 538; The Redbreast's song in November, 557.

## MISCELLANY.

Negro Boy in the West Indies 229; Rigid Sense of Duty, 247; Trade and Navigation, 247; Electro-Magnetic Printing Telegraph, 270; Population of Paris, 298; First Impression of the Ganges, 299; The Settler on the Frontier, 314; American Repeal Association, 334; New Opera at Paris, 341; Phantasy from Mental Association, 355; A Fit, 359; The Brush Turkey, 374; The German Language, 390; Melting Quartz, 392; Anecdote of Hook, 392; Suspended Memory, 424; Bettima Von Arnim, 445; Cholera in Camp, 447; Facts on Malaria, 447; Breach of Promise of Marriage, 448; Thomas Dibdin—Zoological Gardens—Cast Iron Church, 454; Green's Ærial Voyage, 468; Case of Blindness, 469; Double Sea Cocoa-nut — Preservation of Crayon Drawings, 474; An Honest Callan, 481; Fragments from the German, 483; Names in Yorkshire, 494; Protestant Sisters of Charity, 502; Rebellion of '98, 507; Sale of Gems — Musical Enthusiast, 511. Fungi, 512; Deaf, 519; Consumption of Animal Food in London, 523; Case of Total Abstinence from Food—Edmund Spenser, 538; Animal Magnetism—T. Hood—Beginning in Good Earnest, 554; Dupotet's Cure of Deafness by Magnetism, 557; Descendants of the Mutineers of the Bounty—Sleep of Plants, 559; Fresco Painting—Submarine Telegraph—Morland's Paintings—French Law, 559; Bluebeard—Anecdote of Louis 15th — French and English Bread, 560.

# MUSEUM

OF

# FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

---

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

After a dreary period of seven years, unmarked by any large and decidedly good measure of reform voluntarily brought forward by the government, we have once again the satisfaction of hailing the dawn of a new era of improvement, the beginning of another struggle, involving consequences as important to the country as the imperfect though great measure of 1830. The present is not to be considered as merely a ministerial crisis, as the customary changing from tory to whig, or from whig back to tory—though the existence of the whig government may be involved in it—but as a national epoch; as the first authoritative acknowledgment, by the sovereign and her ministers, of the great principle that there is no longer to be protection of any one class at the price of injustice to all the other classes. This, at least, is the light in which we would fain view the measures proposed by the ministers;—narrow, and perhaps imperfect, in their actual being, but pointing to mighty results.

It is peculiarly satisfactory to radical reformers to be able to say, once in seven years, that their old friends and allies, the whigs, have really done something to redeem their character,—that they have "deserved well of their country." They have shown, at the eleventh hour, that which, though a tardy, looks like a genuine conversion, since it is displayed in amendment of conduct. The precise date of any political conversion is generally of trivial importance in itself, and the motives of public men placed in embarrassing circumstances will hardly ever bear to be too nicely scrutinised. Let their deeds speak for them. The ministers have not advanced far; that was perhaps impracticable, if they wished to carry any imposing force along with them; but they have moved in the right direction, under the now fairly unfurled banner of Free Trade, and in the strength of a good cause. They have offered the country a fair opportunity of getting rid of some of the most galling and pernicious imposts that ever indirectly crippled the energies, and directly robbed a people. They have made a formal assault upon the most oppressive and severely felt of those monopolies which plunder the wealthy and starve the poor—namely, the Bread-tax and the Sugar-tax. The first duty of the people is energetically to seize and and improve the occasion offered—to be up and to be doing!

If we were to measure the amount of what the government has proposed, by the fury and panic of the landowners, the East and West Indians, and other monopolists—so sensitive at all times to the approach of any thing threatening to touch their sacred privilege of pillaging the people for their own benefit, under the name of protective duties—the ministerial project were vast indeed. In reality, save as the hopeful commencement of financial reform, and as a distinct avowal that the present tariff system is vicious and rotten to the core, and fraught with ultimate ruin to every class, there has been nothing to excite the ferment we witness, unless conscience makes cowards of the guilty.

What awful thing was it that produced the commotion? The chancellor of the exchequer required money. The consequences of the monopoly of the sugar trade, and the heavy duties laid upon that necessary of life, together with the general distress and impoverishment of the people, had depressed the revenue. Those expensive warlike expeditions, and naval equipments, which the tories had either urged or sanctioned, had, at the same time caused an increase of expenditure which not only drained the public coffers, but left a considerable deficiency; and it was seen that, in the present state of manufactures and commerce, indirect taxation could be strained no farther. Of that important fact every man conversant with the subject is now convinced. There was, therefore, no resource left, but either some such scheme as that propounded by Mr. Baring, or

There is an apparent discrepancy

The pages are either missing or

The filming is recorded as the b

ancy at this point.

or the pagination is incorrect.

e book is found in the collections.

a direct tax on property,* which would have excited a ferment among the monopolists, not much less than the announcement of the change of the sugar-duties and the revision of the corn-laws has done. So far as Mr. Baring's scheme went, and susceptible as some of its details might have been of improvement —particularly, as we think, in the proposed scanty abatement of the timber-duties—it was founded on larger and more statesman-like views than those that have been familiar to men in office in this *protective* country. Its tendency was to enlarge the basis of taxation, and to make the increase of the revenue of the government depend upon the increase of the consumption of sugar and timber, and, consequently, of comfort among the people. Although this unfortunate budget has been thrown overboard by the strangest combination of parties ever seen in parliament of planters and anti-slavery advocates, renegade whigs and high tories—the principle which it embodied has not perished with it. That must still be acted upon; and, probably, the more speedily for this very defeat. The cause of FREE TRADE, which is identical with that of national prosperity, not to this or that class, but to the whole people,—which to the labourer means full employment and competent wages, ample food, shelter, and clothing, and to the manufacturer the readiest and cheapest place for the purchase of his raw untaxed material, and for the disposal of his commodities the markets of the whole world, wherever winds blow and waters roll —that cause made a huge stride during the eight nights when the nation beheld monopolists and anti-monopolists in pitched battle on the sugar-duties. Men's minds had been gradually ripening by knowledge and by suffering, for the reception of the new ideas which that debate evolved; and many minds were already matured. Howsoever tardy, and, for themselves, critically timed, the demonstration of the whig ministers has been, there is, in our opinion, little doubt that those of them most worth reckoning upon as statesmen, have long been in their secret convictions FREE TRADERS. Those of them who thought at all on the subject, which latterly financial difficulties must have kept continually before them, could not miss to see the manifold evils of the twice-curst principle of the monopoly and protective system. We have no doubt whatever that Sir Robert Peel is as much aware of the bad policy, and of the real, if not immediate evil consequences of persevering in the present system of restriction and protection and unequal pressure, as Mr. Hume or Mr. Villiers. It would be disparagement to his understanding to think otherwise. When reluctantly put to the question the other evening, by the adroit tactics of his rivals, he distinctly avowed as much, when, amidst many evasions and sophisms, he stated that to the landed interest prosperous manufactures were of more value than any corn-laws—even than his favourite sliding-scale. He tacitly confessed his convictions on the question of free trade, when he would have avoided the deputation of the merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, who care not a whit whether the object they have at heart is accomplished by whig or by tory, provided they obtain it. ——Lord Palmerston was the colleague, and, in one sense, the pupil of Mr. Huskisson. He must have been an interested witness of the successful experiment of annihilating the East India Company's monopoly; of the fortunate consequences of lowering the duties on coffee and other articles, thereby immensely increasing their consumption, to the vast improvement of the revenue, and the spread of comfort and harmless luxury among the labouring classes. He was a party to the "glorious nibble," made on the restrictive system, by throwing open the silk manufacture to foreign competition: a small measure comparatively in itself, but great as an experiment, and a triumphant one; and all that could be attempted in that day of small things. To have attacked the West Indians—the slave-owners—the East Indians—or the corn-lords themselves, durst not then have been hazarded; though even so far back as that period, Lord Palmerston must in opinion have been opposed to the system. But opinion unfortunately does not always influence conduct. Lord Melbourne himself, whose recklessness of speech involves him in so many scrapes and apparent inconsistencies, though he uttered the hasty words with which he has been so often taunted, first by the anti-corn-law party, and latterly by the ungrateful tories, whom he and his colleagues have done so much to conciliate—afterwards, or previously, we forget which, modified his rash expressions about the madness of meddling with the corn-laws, by the distinct avowal, that if the nation insisted upon that measure, if they demanded it from the government, agitated for it, pressed for it, no doubt they must some time or other get it—though he had made up his mind not to yield—*save on compulsion*. Now, that a measure, or a half measure, of this sort, is voluntarily brought forward by ministers, it is to us doubtful whether or not the anti-corn-law party—that is the whole people—ought not secretly to wish that the landed interest and their allies may defeat Lord John Russel's scheme of a really high protective duty, as they have done Mr. Baring's budget. Their true wisdom would be quiet acquiescence in the diminished but still lavish protection, at the people's expense, which a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter, increased by other expenses of carriage, freight, and insurance, to the average amount of 18s. a quarter, would give them against all other corn-growers in the world. A blinded, obstinate, resistance might, in this case, be followed by the same fortunate consequences for the country, which the opposition of the borough-mongers proved in an analogous instance. Instead of a paltry measure of parliamentary reform, — an East Retford disfranchised, and Manchester invested with the franchise, that insensate opposition strongly helped the country to the reform bill. Let the landowners oppose the "fixed injustice" of a really high fixed duty, and the people will thereby be animated in their struggle for untaxed food—for total and immediate repeal. We rejoice to see that, while any instalment of justice is welcomed, the great principle of total repeal is not in one iota abandoned. There is, at the numerous meetings lately held, no whisper of compromise; the demand is total and immediate repeal of an impost which ensures a man possessed of acres a pension from the consumers of this country, as surely as if it

* As a beginning, extending the probate duty to real property has been talked of. With certain modifications, and a graduated scale, no more equal measure of taxation could be devised.

were regularly paid to him out of the public treasury. The French, the people of the United States, nay, the whole civilised world, begin to perceive the monstrous injustice of our prohibitory and protective system, and the consequent sufferings of the productive classes, under its united wisdom and mercy; and there is justice as well as humour in the retaliatory associations which are said to be forming among the planters of the southern states of America, for effecting the emancipation of the white slaves of the British factories from the thraldom of the trencher-taxing lords and squires. We hope to hear more and more of food-tax abolitionists in America. But the complicated mischiefs and iniquity of the corn and provision laws are now tolerably well understood both at home and abroad. Streams of light have of late been let in on this irritating subject, which have penetrated and illuminated even a few tory landlords' craniums; and the colonial monopolies, and especially that of sugar, though also tolerably well sifted within these few weeks, still require investigation. Above all, the artful and hypocritical howl of "slavery"! "slave-grown produce"! raised to mislead weak minds, ought to be thoroughly exposed, though the base manœuvre has, we imagine, had but partial success. With the exception of one or two well-meaning individuals—the tried and sincere opponents of slavery, who have unadvisedly and inconsistently allied themselves with those men who struggled to the last extremity to retain their fellow-creatures in slavery, to

Chain them, and task them,
And exact their sweat with stripes,—

the Anti-Slavery party thoroughout the country, without abating one jot in their principles, have indignantly refused to be made the convenient tools of the West India planters; who now grasp that monopoly which deeply injures the manufactures of Britain, and deprives the poorer classes of a necessary of life, quite as tenaciously as they did the cart-whip, until it was wrested from their hands. Not contented with a protective bounty of 12s. 7d. per cwt., which Mr. Baring's scale would have given on their sugar, they will hear of nothing less than the existing duty; which, with the scanty supply they have produced of late, and the exclusion of all foreign sugar, save at the almost prohibitory duty of 63s. per cwt., decrees that the labouring class shall have no sugar, or but the scantiest allowance.

Last year, and the year before, this impost, and the exclusion of Brazil sugar, from the ransom duty upon it, rendered sugar an article which the labouring classes, ground down by the corn and provision taxes, were compelled to forego. Hence a greatly diminished consumption of sugar in the country, and a corresponding falling off in the revenue. That our depressed manufacturers might find a little vent for their overflowing stocks, and some employment for their rusting machinery; that the labouring people might obtain sugar, though at a very exorbitant price compared with that at which it may be obtained by the people of other countries; and that the failing finances might be recruited by an attempt at a somewhat better mode of taxation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed the slight alteration in the tariff which has been quashed by a combination of those monopoly interests, which even singly are still too powerful in Parliament. Now, how stands the case between the people of Great Britain and Ireland and these alarmed and angry planters? It is now seven years since the labour and capital of the nation was taxed to bribe them with twenty millions to do that tardy justice to their black fellow-creatures, for which the people of England had struggled long, and which these slavery-haters(!) had resisted for forty years. The gold was paid down, and the cruel grasp was at last unloosened. But the receivers of the gold were not yet done with us. We must continue to give them an annual *bonus*, in requital of their generosity in accepting our twenty millions,—which sum was by no means held payment in full. We must give them a monopoly of the sugar-market, and from four to six millions a-year in protective duty, taken directly from the pockets of the consumers of Britain to go into those of the planters, who had so shortly before divided our spoil. They were not, in their altered circumstances, longer able to supply even our diminished consumption; while they clamoured against our manufacturing classes seeking a supply from their customers in Cuba and Brazil, the allies of Britain. When will these reasonable gentlemen—with the price of their slaves in their pockets—allow that they have had enough of protection, enough of the people's money, and be in a condition to permit us to go to cheaper markets, to exchange our manufactures for sugar? It might be fancied, from the outcry made, that they were by the rejected budget, as they ought to be and will be, deprived of every farthing of protective duty. Mr. Baring dealt more liberally with them. He still offered them 12s. 7d. per cwt. beyond the price at which sugar might be obtained from other quarters; that is, nearly 1¼d. a pound. And is it at this they cavil? The original twenty millions of bribe, and the four or five annual millions of pension or *bonus*, in the shape of protective duty, have rendered them careless. The cultivation of their plantations has fallen off, from this and other causes; and they look to the tax-ground people of England to continue in all time coming—or how long would satisfy them? —to make good their losses, howsoever caused, and insist upon receiving monopoly prices for their diminished quantities of sugar. What Mr. Baring offered them, (12s. 7d. per cwt.,) is estimated to be double the price at which sugar can be and is produced. From an important document on this subject, still privately circulated, we cite the following passage:

When we gave the owners of slaves in our colonies twenty millions of money to reconcile them to the emancipation of their labourers, we deprived them of no more than has been described above—the power of ill-treating those labourers. The labourers remain; and the curse of Adam being upon them, as it is upon all of us, black or white, they must still earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The only fund from which their subsistence could be drawn formerly, or from which it can be drawn now, is the produce of their labour. If they get a little larger proportion of that produce now than they did when slaves, what then? For what but for their advantage did we give our hard-earned twenty millions of money? If the planters are to have as large a share now as formerly, what claim can they put forward to one penny of the twenty millions? If they are to make the negro work as hard as he did before for the

mere necessaries of life, so that their incomes are to be as large as ever, then have they swindled us out of the compensation money. The planters have clearly no shadow of claim to "protection," as arising out of the emancipation act. Upon what other plea, then, can they seek to make us pay a monopoly price for our sugar? Why, forsooth, because they are English planters, and it would be hard if the nation did not prefer their advantage to that of the foreign sugar-grower.

To this we may reply by asking, "where would be the hardship? why should we pay you four or five millions a-year more for your produce than will buy the same quantity from others? It cannot be called a national benefit that you, for your private advantage, shall be allowed to tax all the rest of the nation. Such a proposition would be evidently absurd. Either you are now pocketing, by means of the protecting duty, enormous gains to which you can have no title, or you are carrying on a business which causes an enormous yearly loss to the nation."

But then come the "practical men," as they are pleased to call themselves, but who should rather be called, *par excellence*, the "theorists;" and they insist that it is wise to pay this exorbitant price to your own people rather than encourage foreigners, because your own people lay out money with you in return. Why, so they do, and so must the foreigner if you *buy* from him, for he will not *give* us his sugar. But let us ask, *do* the West India planters *buy* from us? Is not the course of their dealings with the mother country rather, that out of every twenty shillings we give them beyond the price we need give to others for the same article, they take some fifteen shillings of that gift in the form of manufactures? In 1840 we paid them in the price of their sugar beyond what we should have paid the foreigner for the same quantity, rather more than five millions of money; and the whole of our fellow-subjects in the West Indies, planters, labourers, merchants, all together, buy from us their yearly supply of manufactures to the value of between three and four millions. Truly this must be a profitable game for Old England!

But the sugar with which we could be cheaply and largely supplied, and which would benefit the revenue to the estimated amount of £700,000, while it extended the comforts and fostered the moral habits of the people,* is produced by the labour of slaves! Although this argument had been found in purer mouths than those of the same men who defended slavery to the last extremity, it would still, in the present circumstances of the country, be objectionable. If Dr. Lushington, and those he represents—if he indeed represent any body save those who have taken up a hollow and hypocritical cry, to serve a purpose—if the excellent Doctor had come forward with a proposition, at once to suspend all commercial intercourse with slave countries—to receive no slave-produced commodities of any description—neither to touch, taste, or handle the accursed thing; this would have been an intelligible principle—a yielding to the force of moral obligation. But do we at present exclude slave-grown sugar? No, indeed; we import and refine it for the whole world, and, among others, for the planters of the West Indies, who find it better economy to send their dear sugar to us, and to supply themselves with the cheap slave-grown sugar, which we refine for them. And the slave-grown sugar becomes innocent to all of us, when it has undergone the purifying process of paying 63s. per cwt. of duty. There is no harm in using it after that. The West India anti-slavery men will permit us that indulgence. Those who in sincerity join in this cry, are of the kind of people who strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Suppose a man who has inherited great wealth from his father having grown enormously rich from slave-grown sugar,—suppose him with a pair of gold spectacles on his nose—gold, obtained, like every sovereign in his purse, by slave-labour in its direst form,—in the mines;—suppose him lolling in silken robe and slippers from Turkey, another land of slaves, sipping a basin of slave-grown coffee, or of rice-soup—*rice* being yet another slave product—or inhaling the bliss of a Havana cigar, or dipping into his golden reservoir for the powder of the "Virginian weed,"—all slave-produced luxuries—and philanthropically declaiming against the deep iniquity of permitting the labourers of England—the exhausted denizens of the workshops and factories—to recruit their strength and refresh their spirits by sweetening their *tea-water*, or gruel, with sugar one penny or three half-pence a pound cheaper, should we not call him fool or hypocrite? The consumption of sugar has fallen off one-fourth, owing to the high price and the general distress of the country. But we will be bound to say, none of this privation has affected the higher classes, and little of it the middle orders. The poor must bear all at the last. Those who always had little, now have less, or none. There never was grosser hypocrisy or more one-sided drivelling humanity, than in the outcry about admitting slave-grown sugar; and the real friends of the blacks, with few exceptions, must so view it. It is painful to see the venerable name of Clarkson affixed to this delusion—unconsciously on his part as this may have been done. At the head of some scheme for rigidly excluding all slave produce, however Quixotic the idea might have seemed, we could have understood it: not here. This precious humbug—this latest form of cant—has not, in the course of the whole discussions in Parliament, or in the country, been more effectually exposed than by Lord Palmerston,* in that masterly speech, which proves

* The temperance and tee-total associations have an interest in supporting this mitigation of the high sugar-duties; and we are glad to notice some of their champions rebuking the course taken by Dr. Lushington. According to the evidence of the cheap coffee-house keepers in London—establishments which are great supporters of the good habits of the working classes—the high price of sugar, which has necessarily heightened the price of the temperate beverages, has driven many to the beer and gin shops.

* Lord Palmerston's speech, especially where it bears upon the anti-slavery jesuitry, deserves to be put on a more enduring record than the newspapers. It told in the house; it must tell in the country—

"Do we not," he said, "encourage the slaves of North America to produce as much cotton as they can; and do we not send that cotton to South America, in order to induce them, by slave-labour, to produce as much sugar as they can? We say to the Brazils, "We can supply you with a quantity of cotton cheaper and better than you can get it elsewhere; will you buy it?" They say in return, "Certainly we will; and we will pay you in sugar and coffee." We say then, "No;

that, whatever his official policy has hitherto been, his private judgment is hostile to monopolies. Sir Robert Peel also has had the becoming self-respect not to lend himself to the egregious cant of the *quondam* slave-holders.

The protracted debates which have been described as a pitiful party manœuvre—though they seem only a fair use of those Parliamentary tactics over which the Tories chuckle so loudly when they have the luck to jockey or over-trump their antagonists—compelled members either to speak out, or to have judgment recorded against them by the country in spite of their cunning silence. And above all, Sir Robert Peel: His comparative enlightenment on subjects connected with commerce and finance, his practicability, and his position, place him among the ways and means of reformers; who are become indifferent to which party improvement may be owing, so that it be effected. Sir Robert, forced to speak, has committed himself as little as possible; indeed, not at all, against the great principle asserted in the Whig Budget, and taken up by Lord John Russell's corn-law motion. He stands, indeed, by *a* sliding scale, but not *the* sliding scale. He commits himself in nothing. Details are reserved. The graduated sliding-scale,—that magic wand which was to effect impossibilities, was, it may be remembered, a hobby of the Duke of Wellington. And the duke, with several other great dukes, has still to be propitiated. Sir Robert—and it is a memorable declaration—tells the land-owners that "*a prosperous state of manufactures is a greater support to agriculture than any system of corn-laws*,"—nay, than even the sliding-scale. The Peel scale may still slide, but we suspect the range of its graduated operations would be considerably shortened. If prosperous manufactures are of the vast importance to landlords which is here ascribed to them, no one is better able to tell how manufactures are fostered than Sir Robert Peel.

So, whether our next government shall be whig or tory, there is a prospect of gain to the country. The whig measure may have been twice-blessed in opening that way for Sir Robert, which he clearly saw, but durst not have ventured to tread in his own strength. If the people be up and doing—if they be active and true to themselves—they have no cause to dread the accession of the tories, should a combination of circumstances render that inevitable. Six weeks since, it would have been safe to predict that the tories would gain very considerably by a dissolution. Now the event is doubtful: parties are breaking up; there is for the moment a kind of political chaos. But amidst all this confusion, the fate of the bread-tax is sealed,—save for the temporary respite which Lord John Russell's measure might obtain for it:—and it is really immaterial at whose hands it receives the death-stroke; though the field of politics has its laws as well as that of the chase, and those who started the game have a kind of prescriptive right to be in at the death. Difficulties in finance have often been the instruments of reform; and gold will no more ooze from the earth to flow into Sir Robert Peel's exchequer than into that of Lord Melbourne. There must be an improved system, and rigorous retrenchment. There is but one clear path to financial safety,—one means of winning back prosperity to manufactures and support to agriculture. The landlords themselves will perceive this after their eyes get a rubbing at the hustings. Within the present year a considerable change of opinion has taken place among middle-class tories as to the wisdom of the corn-laws; and the effect of the report and evidence of the committee on import duties has also been very great among them.

The impending discussion on Lord John Russell's motion on the corn-laws,—that final whig preparative for a dissolution,—will prove a more severe ordeal than the sugar-duties to many of our worthy representatives; and to many persons who never before joined in the corn-law repeal agitation, this discussion will place the subject in a much more imposing light; favoured as it is by the Queen, and formally brought forward by the cabinet. Here the slavery delusion cannot serve; nor can we think so meanly of the understanding of the most impenetrable dolt among the agricultural labourers, as to imagine he can be longer hoodwinked by the barefaced assertion, that the corn-laws keep up the rate of wages. His knowledge and reading may not be extensive; but he has a father and grandfather to question about what wages were when wheat was dear, or at the dearest, and he has memory and his own hungry experience to guide him. Some of the great and noble landowners are indignant at the idea of the Government taxing the people's food!—forgetting that, as they get a great deal themselves, the Government, driven to their wit's end for money, fancy they may obtain a small share for the public

---

sugar and coffee are the produce of slave-labour: we are men of principle; and our consciences will not allow us to consume slave-labour sugar and coffee." But does the transaction end there? do we then take our goods to a free-labour market? No; we try to help them out of the difficulty: we say, "We will not consume sugar and coffee the produce of slave-labour; but the Germans are not so conscientious; take your produce there, and get for it money, which we have no scruple to accept." But the Brazilians say, "There is still a difficulty in this; Germany is across the Atlantic; we have very few ships fit to cope with the waves of the ocean." What do we then say? Our reply is, "Oh, we have ships in plenty; we will carry your produce for you." Slave-labour sugar shall not contaminate our warehouses, our shops, or our tables; but as to our ships, that is a very different thing. But the Brazilians say there is another difficulty—and, indeed, there is no end to them. The Brazilians say, "The Germans like our sugar; but they are fond of refined sugar; we cannot refine our own sugar, and the Germans are not willing to do so." But we again say, "Oh, we are aware of that; we will step in and help you; we will refine your sugar for you." So that, however sinful it may be to continue to use slave-labour sugar, there is no sin in refining it. We refine it, then, and think we have done. Not a bit; the Brazilians say, "We have a great deal more sugar than the Germans want; what are we to do with it?" And what do we say in reply? Why, we say, "We will buy it of you; we will not eat it ourselves, because we are conscientious men, but will send it to our West India islands, and to our distant settlements, there to be consumed by the negro or the colonist, who has no right to a conscience. It can do *them* no harm to eat slave-labour sugar; and, to prevent any difficulty, we tell you that if that will not do, and if through any accident our own sugar shall get dear, we will eat your slave-grown sugar ourselves." Now, without wishing to give the slightest offence, I ask, is not this the grossest hypocrisy? And are we to be asked to forego an arrangement which will be attended with relief to our commerce, and with assistance to our finances, upon pretences so hollow and so inconsistent with what we are doing every day?

service; that the whole need not go to bolster up the exorbitant rents which the bread monopoly has created. Tax the people's food for revenue!—for what lightens, or ought to lighten, their burdens in some other direction! That is an idea not to be entertained for a moment in free and happy England, where all the people wear broad cloth, and eat beef and pudding every day. Such benevolent individuals will therefore certainly oppose the "fixed injustice" of a high duty,—and 8s. is a very high duty, much too high.

One good effect of the whig measure is already apparent, in rousing the people from torpor and apathy as to their rights, and teaching them to feel that there is something to strive for, worth obtaining; to strive for, not indeed with the enthusiasm, and unlimited confidence, and cordial union which marked the reform struggle, but with perhaps better sense, and with more solidly-based, if more moderate expectations. There is still *materiel* left for a good fight: perhaps the anti-monopolists may conquer at once at the hustings; but, in the worst event, a powerful phalanx will be found in the next Parliament, pledged, in addition to every former pledge, to stand by the banner of Free Trade. Save for the handle which would be given to the tories to misrepresent the popular sentiment on that question, if they be brought into power by the results of a general election, the matter, except as a question of time, is, to genuine reformers, of small consequence. If the more liberal party be, for a season, excluded from office, the lesson may be useful. They have been long enough in power for all the good they have done,—and may be none the worse for a few months of the bracing and discipline of opposition, ever a quickener of whig liberality. These are general remarks, and by the by. We give ministers hearty praise for what they have attempted,—and, if they adhere to their professions, confidently foresee for them the returning confidence and warm support of the aroused people.

---

## FREE TRADE FOR EVER, AND EVERY THING CHEAP!

AN EXCELLENT ELECTION SONG.

AIR—*Hunting the Hare.*

1.

LISTEN, my lads, to the joyful intelligence,
Melbourne proclaims a millennium at hand:
Ne'er did such tidings, by mail or by diligence,
Promise relief to a perishing land.
Trade will revive now, as sure's you're alive now,
No drones in the hive now shall slumber and sleep;
Monopoly totters, quite weak on her trotters,
And Whiggery vows to make every thing cheap.

2.

Scan not the motives of man or of minister;
Never enquire if he's honest and true:
Whigs may have views that are selfish and sinister,
Pay is their purpose—but what's that to you?
Why should we grudge it, if sorry to trudge yet,
They brought in the Budget their places to keep?
Though oft we've been cheated, it won't be repeated,
So Free Trade for ever, and every thing cheap!

3.

Sugar—you're licking your lips at the thought of it—
Soon will be down half a farthing a pound;
Slave-trading Cuba can grow such a lot of it,
Free British labour must fall to the ground.
Why should the masses, if fond of molasses,
Like soft-hearted asses o'er slavery weep?
Those great men of figures, your Humes and M'Gregors,
Hold planters, and niggers, and every one cheap.

4.

Trust not the Tories for sense and sincerity,
All about nothing they make such a fuss;
Leave them to prate of colonial prosperity,
What are the East or West Indies to us?
Our free-trade opinions are true thick and thin ones:
Of all our dominions we'll make a clean sweep:
No good's to be had of them, France will be glad of them,
Sell her both commerce and colonies cheap.

5.

Bury each feeling of old animosity;
Every weak prejudice lay on the shelf;
Open your ports, and ne'er ask reciprocity—
Foreigners just are as good as yourself.
The season's fast slipping—'tis time to be clipping
The wings of our shipping that cumbers the deep;
Nothing that's national ever is rational;
Glory's too dear for us—Free Trade is cheap!

6.

Farmers, go hear our itinerant lecturers,
Only by them is the thing understood;
Quickly make way for our great manufacturers,
Want of protection is all for your good.
No fact can be surer—if once you're made poorer,
You're all the securer a profit to reap;
While lack of employment will help their enjoyment,
Who wish land, and labour, and every thing cheap.

7.

Shout for free trade, while you've breath left to cry it with,
Pleasant the sound is whate'er it may mean:
Bawl for cheap bread till you've nothing to buy it with,
What it may cost will hereafter be seen.
Huzza! for confusion, deception, delusion,
The coming conclusion just makes my heart leap;
When Tories got under, leave Whigs free to blunder,
And pillage and plunder make every thing cheap!

BLACKWOOD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## IDA AND ERMENGARD.

With goodly cheer, and vintage rare,
The board of Dais was drest
Alone they sat, the lady fair
And that benighted guest.

His bearing, frank and bold, appear'd
All form to cast aside;
Her new-told name the lady heard,
And scarcely seem'd to chide.

"Ida, thy sadness is a spell
That stirs my inmost heart;
Some fearful secret here doth dwell
That passeth common art.

Thy queen-like courtesy is paid
With melancholy grace,
And fear and woe have cast a shade
On that young lovely face.

"At this thy board, when none are nigh,
Thou speak'st below thy breath;
Thine eye still dwells on vacancy,
As on some sight of death.

Though I have known thee scarce an hour,
Love counts not time or space,
Fly with me; mine are wealth and power,
And an unblemish'd race."

Young Ida shudder'd, look'd around,
"We are not here alone,"
She said, and her sweet voice's sound
Died to a stifled moan.

"Though innocent in deed and thought
I bear a blighted name,
(Thus far the wizard lord hath taught,)
A heritage of shame.

"My mother! in my infant days,
So sweet and kind of mood,
Woe's me! I cannot speak her praise
As a loved daughter should:

Ere dawn of life—woe worth the star
That ruled my wayward fate—
She fled, and left Count Waldemar
To nurse his vengeful hate.

The wrongs that furrow'd his dark cheek,
Taught him the deeds of hell,
In dwellings of the dead to seek
Vigil and demon spell.

Revenge was rife; these walls but ill
His sorceries withstood;
Blood flow'd, but his revengeful will
Was sated not with blood.

All perish'd; I am helpless here,
The only living soul,
The tenants of the charnel drear
Obey his fell control.

Mark'd ye the warder's stony eye
That oped the castle gate?
The gaunt and silent ministry
That spread the board in state?

Brave hearts and true! in vain they fought:
They spake of yore, and smil'd;
They serve, but see me, know me not,
Their own dead master's child.

When the wild huntsman sweepeth near
With ghostly horn and hound,
The din that others shrink to hear
Seems like a social sound.

Yet more!" His eye pursued her own
To where, behind his seat,
An armed form stood still as stone,
In plate and mail complete.

It was the same which he had eyed
At first with little heed,
As empty harness, set aside
To wait the wearer's need.

"A spell constraineth him within
To cumber upper earth;
Oh, had he perish'd shriv'n from sin,
Or never giv'n me birth!

His being, how in death sustain'd,
Thou would'st not bear the tale—
The fatal eve is now at hand,"
—Her damask cheek turn'd pale.

Sir Ermengard sprang from the board,
His brow with wrath flush'd high;
"Come man, come fiend! this trenchant sword,
Shall match foul gramarye.

Oft was it proved in Palestine
Through siege and battle bold,
And smote the wizard Maugretyn,
In his own desert hold.

This hand shall break the spell, my fair,"
—He strode her own to grasp;
The lady shrunk, and shriek'd "Forbear!
Thou'dst better touch an asp."

"Forbear!"—a deep voice answer'd, like
The echoes of a storm,
An iron arm was raised to strike;
—It was the mailed form.

A blue and momentary gleam
Through the barr'd visor shone,
The clanking arm dropt—all did seem
Again as still as stone.

"Oh, if thou lovest me as thou say'st,
Rash Ermengard, away!
Better bear all than see thee waste
A struggling, living prey.

"Few men his mortal strength withstood
Before that fatal hour,
And now his strange unhallow'd food
Bestows unearthly power.

Others, as madly brave as thou,
This vain emprize have tried,
I wept their fate, but none till now—"
A sigh the pause supplied.

"Know, too, that from this weird domain
To lead me none may dare,
But one whom sainted vows constrain
To penitence and prayer.

Oh! could such holy man arrive,
To break my nameless doom,
Then might some friendly cloister give
A shelter and a tomb."

This time to-morrow night!—he saw
Her horror-stricken look—
"Deem'st thou such devilries to awe,
By candle, bell, and book?

"The good Red Cross is bound upon
My shoulder and my breast,
And relics from Mount Lebanon,
Within my hauberk rest.

This sword hath shiver'd mail and plate
Stronger than that I see;
Vampyre, or fiend, he proves its weight
For love and loyaltie!"

* * * * * * *

A blue flame, ghastlier than before,
Flash'd from the visor'd face;
The iron Form strode on the floor,
And raised a ponderous mace.

* * * * * * *

---

## BRITISH CONQUESTS.

The intelligence just brought by the overland mail confirms the view we have all along taken of the Chinese affair. Captain Elliot has been overreached by the Imperial Commissioner, who either acted without orders from the emperor, or was instructed to terminate hostilities by making concessions and promises which the court might afterwards refuse to recognise. It is still altogether uncertain, however, what course the Chinese authorities will pursue; but the probability is, that they will endeavour to wear us out by delays, counting much upon the unfavourable influence of their climate on the health and discipline of our troops. They will probably discover in the end that greater openness and honesty would have better answered their purpose; for by taking possession of Hong-kong we have planted our foot firmly in their empire, from which we shall never again retire until it becomes our own. We by no means intend to say that such is at present the intention of the British government. On the contrary, we believe its counsels to be guided by extreme moderation. But no one at all acquainted with the character of the Court of Pekin can doubt for a moment that it will equivocate, shuffle, and put in practice all the most dishonest arts of diplomacy, until it provokes our resentment, and brings down destruction upon its own head. Meanwhile it is quite evident, even from this distance, that Captain Elliot and all engaged in the Chinese expedition have conducted themselves any thing but wisely. It would seem as if the very refuse of the navy and diplomatic body had been selected to manage that unfortunate expedition. The most obvious advantages, when manifestly within our reach, have been thrown away. When Pekin was attainable they contented themselves with occupying Chusan, and when they might have established British authority over the whole of Qangtung Province, they have contented themselves with the miserable island of Hong-kong. A beginning has nevertheless been made, and unless our policy in China differ altogether from what it has been in every other part of the East, the result of the transactions now in progress must be what we have stated above. Indeed the correspondents of the Indian papers, writing from the spot, anticipate nothing less than the immediate renewal of hostilities. They say that the Commissioner Keeshen, having enacted the part assigned him, is to be recalled in pretended disgrace; while another Commissioner, more insolent and overbearing, is to be despatched from the court to supply his place. The emperor, who, but for our extreme forbearance, might ere this have been driven from his capital, affects to be highly indignant at the cession of Hong-kong, made he affirms without his permission, and contrary to his orders. He still meditates, therefore, opposing force with force, and the most active preparations are accordingly making at Canton for renewing the struggle with the English. We sincerely trust his majesty may persist in this plan. Nothing would afford us greater satisfaction. It must lead to our speedy conquest and occupation of China,—a country which would prove still more valuable to us than the vast possessions we already hold in the East. From India and Persia the news just arrived is equally gratifying. The Punjaub must immediately be annexed to our Indian empire, and the infatuation of the Persian Shah, which impels him to court the enmity of Great Britain, will, in all human probability, compel us to extend our dominions from the Indus to the Euphrates. Some politicians, we are aware, affect to deprecate such an event, and repeat the advice of Augustus to his successors. But imitative and second-hand policy only shows, like all other imitations, the weakness of those who are the authors of it. The wisest course for Great Britain is to push her conquests to the utmost,—to leave nothing undone that she can accomplish,—nothing unattempted which bids fair to succeed. Our possessions in Asia will continue to be incomplete until they abut upon the Mediterranean, and comprise the whole of Asia south of the Caucasian range. Until this great design is fulfilled in all its parts, we must be incessantly engaged in wars, either with or against our will. The conduct, for example, of the Khan of Bockhara towards Colonel Stoddart, merits the severest chastisement, and our Indian government will be wanting in its duty

if it do not forthwith take the proper means for bringing him to reason. The same remark applies to the Shah of Persia. Our political agents have been driven precipitately from Herat, and a Persian army is said to be advancing, with the aid of Prince Kamran, to assail the western capital of Affghanistan. All the world will acknowledge that we must resist this invasion, and most persons will perceive the necessity of our punishing it severely. Prince Kamran must be ejected from Herat, and his forces replaced by a British garrison, otherwise our tranquillity will never be assured west of the Indus, nor will there be any end of our expenses. Nay, further, some portion of the territories of the Shah must be wrested from him, not only as a security against future aggression on his part, but to punish him for the hostilities he is at present carrying on. With respect to the wild tribes of Beloochistan, and the emirs of Scind, they may already be regarded as our subjects, though tranquillity will never be properly established in their country until they shall have experienced to a certain extent the influence of civilisation. Their turbulent and marauding youth must, moreover, be draughted off to recruit our armies, that we may complete, at the expense of these faithless barbarians, the chain of conquests necessary to protect the boundaries of our eastern empire, and to establish order and tranquillity within its proper limits. In executing the plans we have here sketched out, we shall achieve greater and more important advantages for the natives than for ourselves. They will be delivered, in the first place, from a cruel and capricious despotism, under which no man's life or property can be deemed his own; and, secondly, from a brutal ignorance more cruel and capricious still. For the first time since the days of Vieramaditya, they will be enabled to taste the blessings of peace, and the benefits accruing from the successful pursuits of industry. Who, therefore, that is in the least solicitous for the good of mankind, can desire to check the progress of the English in Asia?—*Sunday Times.*

## HAPPINESS.

BY COUL GOPPAGH.

Not the deep ponderings of the reverend sage
Whose brows are wisdom's citadel, whereon
Shines a still glory, where within are stored
The mightiest weapons, fit for the strong arm
Of Truth impregnable, whose most firm stroke
Falls silent on the ear of centuries,
And ever shattering.
The laboured mail
Of systems and of schools, and the flashing sword
Of Learning, polished in divinest shades,
Avail not.
Not the highest lay that poured
Ever from human soul, like the glory reigning
Among the mountain tops, and rolling forth
The ocean of its beams when waking day
Stirs the hosannahs of the summer world.
Not riches, though the wealth of Eastern kings
When they held highest monarchy of old,
Were heaped together, and each diamond, worth
The purchase of a kingdom's blood, did kindle
To a supremer blaze.
Not one of these
Can buy the secret of her hiding-place.
Meekly, within the heart of INNOCENCE,
She strays above the stars of heaven: she slumbers
Where God hath told the trees to welcome her
In his own garden; and, fast by the river
Of Life, she listens to its gladsome wave.
HE smiles upon her, and eternity
Feels a deep thrill through all its coming ages,
Telling the unborn years to honour her;
Yet is she meeker than the early lamb
That skippeth on the hills.



## DOTAGE.

BY COUL GOPPAGH.

WHAT smiles be these; what inward mutterings;
Why play these poor pale fingers with the air;
What joy may this old wasted bosom bear,
That thus it breaks forth piteously and sings!
Mayhap, afar in Youth-beloved glen,
With mother or fond sisters now he strays;
Or haply to himself he mourns, as when
Of old he loved in long forgotten days,
That o'er the night-time of his heart do steal,
Like dim stars glimmering through the mist of age.
Ah, I could sorely weep,—but that I feel
In heaven, at close of life's long pilgrimage,
This childish mantle, falling shall reveal
A soul, full grown to Youth's immortal heritage.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

"MOURN for a dog, forsooth!" Wise friend, not so;
I mourn lost hours and joys for ever gone,
Wherein *he* shared,—ay, shared; each morning's glow
To me was brighter for his cheering tone;
His voice was ever cheerful; and if woe
And worldly cares their clouds around had thrown,
No "summer friend" was he to leave alone
The master, whom adversity laid low!
The self-same power, wise friend, that unto thee
Gave life, did give it unto him,—nay, more,
Gave kindness, courage, changeless constancy;
And shall I not, in heart, *their* loss deplore?
*These* live, 'tis true, with Him who gave them birth;
Right seldom are such gifts bestow'd on earth.

From Tait's Magazine.

## A RESIDENCE IN THE AZORES.*

Two gentlemen of the name of Bullar spent the winter of 1838–9, and the summer of 1839, in cruising among the Azores, or in making tours and short exploratory excursions into the interior of those islands. The one was an invalid, who went to the Azores in search of a warm and equable climate; his companion an M. D., and probably the brother of the invalid. They kept a regular journal, and have made a delightful addition to those numerous light and easy chit-chat narratives of travel, which are becoming so agreeable a feature in modern literature. Familiar as the name of this group of islands has long been to English ears, the scene of their travels and remarks is still comparatively new. Even on so late an occasion as that of the missing *President* steamer, many, otherwise well informed persons, among us, were at a loss about the island of *Fayal*, one of the Azores, to which it was hoped the unfortunate vessel had repaired, and in the port of which, Horta, there is now a depot of coal for the use, in a strait, of the Atlantic steamers. Yet, in the orange season, there has, for many years, been a considerable direct trade between London and St. Michael's and some of the other islands. The Azorean archipelago is divided into three groups: the western, including Flores and Corvo; and the central group, Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira. The third is at the south-east extremity, and consists of the largest island of the whole, namely, St. Michael's with St. Mary's. These islands, we need scarcely say, are under the dominion of Portugal, from which they are distant about eight hundred miles. They are of volcanic formation, and their general aspect is exceedingly bold and picturesque. The Azores are still liable to tremendous visitations, and particularly to sudden and violent storms of wind and rain; yet the climate, though humid, is, upon the whole, equable and mild, and the soil is naturally extremely fertile, yielding an easy abundance to the mass of the native population, whose condition, as it is here represented, may, in several respects, excite the envy of the more intelligent hard-worked labourers of highly civilised countries. The name of the archipelago is said to be derived from the number of hawks which constantly hover about the lofty cones and cliffs of the islands, and which were named by the natives, at the period of the discovery of the group, Acores. The Azores have been colonized from Portugal and Spain, and our travellers traced Moorish blood in some of them. The inhabitants are now estimated at about 250,000, which is not a fifth part of what the islands, if moderately well cultivated, might maintain. Feudal tenures still exist there in unmitigated deformity. The large estates of the *Morgados*, or squires, are strictly entailed; and the tenants are subjected to all the tyranny, extortion, and capricious annoyance which marked the worst periods of the system in other countries. They, consequently, live on from hand to mouth, without industry, and caring little for improvements in husbandry, from which they would derive no personal or permanent advantage. England receives the greater part of the exported produce of these islands, which consists principally of oranges and lemons, with a small quantity of wine and brandy, for which, hardware, woollen and cotton cloths, and other things, are sent in return. The islands have also some trade with the mother country, and latterly, in coarse linens and wine, with Brazil and the United States of America. The United States have a consul at Ponta Delgada, in St. Michael's. This is the largest town in the islands, though the seat of the insular government, which is confided to a governor general, with two lieutenant governors, is at Anyra in Terceira.

For the Azores, the invalid and his companion embarked at Cowes, in a fruit vessel, in the middle of November, 1838. The discomforts of a voyage in a St. Michael's fruiterer may be left to the reader's imagination. They are graphically described, in a way which gives the reader some stomachic qualms, closely resembling incipient sea sickness. Yet, in salt water phraseology, the "passengers got their victuals," and, in spite of every hardship, enjoyed good health. The captain of the fruiterer must have been a rare bird in the St. Michael's trade. He had been a student of Shakspeare and Milton in his day, and had set up night after night to read the Waverley novels; yet he was still a true sailor. Nautical ideas on points of etiquette, or nicety, are illustrated as completely by the following brief anecdote of him, as they could be by a long dissertation:—

At breakfast this morning a long lurch brought down a black mangy hair brush into the little boy's tea. The boy looked meek, and held up his basin for a fresh supply. "What now! I suppose your stomach, then's, too delicate to drink that after my hair brush has been in it, he?" The boy's contrite silence said "Yes."

One or both the authors of the journal (for their respective shares are not discriminated) has a fine eye for scenery, and a lively feeling of the beautiful and picturesque in natural objects. Of this the volumes afford numerous proofs. They, or he, longed for a gale, if not a storm, in the Atlantic, and enjoyed their wish to their heart's content. On the fifth of December the ever-welcome sound of "land" was heard; and on the sixth they landed at Ponta Delgada, encountering considerable difficulty, if not danger, from the heavy surf through which they were dexterously piloted by the jabbering, screaming, Portuguese boatmen. But—

Notwithstanding all their apparent confusion they manage their boats skilfully, and are admitted to be excellent boatmen: they swim, too, like fish. "If de wave fill the boat, sare," was Peter the Italian mate's parting advice, "you catch hold of a Portugee, and stick to him: you no be drowned."

The first question we were asked on going into the custom house of St. Michael's, was, "Has Mr. Thomson (or some such remarkably named individual) arrived in England?"

The propounder of this simple yet difficult problem was a grave stolid little man, of some forty years of age, who looked up for a reply to his question with

* A Winter in the Azores; and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas. By Joseph Bullar, M. D., and John Bullar of Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. octavo, with Illustrations. London: John Van Voorst.

all the confiding simplicity of a child; and who, on hearing the unexpected answer, that we really could not say, seemed surprised and almost annoyed at so humiliating a confession of ignorance in the affairs of our own nation.

They had letters to the hospitable American consul, who next night carried them to a ball, given upon the occasion of the heiress of a deceased *morgado* coming of age; that is, having reached her twelfth year, when, by law, a young Azorean lady is entitled to take possession of her entailed property, and to marry. We hear nothing of the lady of the night; but obtain a lively idea of the festivities. They went at the early hour of seven, and found the ball rooms quite full, and dancing begun.

The house, which was one of the largest in the place, resembled externally the hotels in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was built on two sides of a quadrangular court-yard, one end of which was occupied by stables, and the other by a high wall and gateway. In the hall a heap of barefooted servants and link boys, mixed up with liveried men, women, lanterns, and jack-booted postilions, sat and lounged and laughed.

Two servants waited at the door, and with tapers in their hands ushered each visiter to the gallery outside the ball rooms. The suite of rooms was spacious, and the furniture, which was all in good taste, was Persian. So far as the dress and the dancing went, I might have fancied myself in an English or French ball-room, and was a little disappointed to see no peculiarity of national costume; and instead of fandangos or boleros, or Spanish or Moorish dances of any kind, to find about forty couples figuring away at the first set of quadrilles, and finishing with a promenade, just as they would have done on English ground. There was excellent music, pianos, fiddles, flutes, and fifes; there were glittering chandeliers, bright candelabra, vases of flowers, shining mirrors; there were gay uniforms, bullion epaulettes, long moustachios, of black, sandy or red; young dandies with long locks, and old gentlemen with stars and orders; there were judges, priests, and barons. What more could be wanted to make a ball all that a ball should be.

The hair of the younger ladies was turned up behind, and fell in front in large and luxuriant ringlets. So far they resembled my country women; but their complexions and cast of features were very different. "Pretty girls," light haired, fair, airy beings, such as England is so abundantly blessed with, there were none; but the proportion of really handsome women was great.

Some would have made pictures: their hair, black, glossy, and luxuriant; their eyes full, dark, and "unfathomable," (altogether different from the black sparkling eye, which seems to reflect at once the light which falls upon it.) They had fine teeth, which their full lips easily disclosed, and were generally of middle height, well proportioned, and rather tending to embonpoint. I saw none of those very small waists which so many English women attain to, by great endurance and much patient suffering.

The ladies were lively, talkative, and good tempered, with intelligent foreheads. They kissed acquaintances of their own sex on recognising them, and used the fan like the Spaniards; keeping it in incessant motion, opening and shutting it, and turning it in a thousand different ways, so easily, and, as it seemed, unconsciously, with such a concealment of their art, as was most graceful. Many of the younger ones had learned English, and spoke it fluently. Their pronunciation was remarkably good.

* * * * *

There were the usual proportion of ladies past their prime, with turbans, birds of Paradise, and shining silks; and a due sprinkling of conspicuous looking young men, who had happily not attained that age when "man suspects himself a fool." One custom differed from ours, and showed much kindness of feeling. A group of women servants, with their heads covered with white kerchiefs were lying upon a part of the staircase, from which they could look at the dancers over the heads of those who stood at the door, and thus they shared in the pleasures of the family.

The barbarism of opening a ball at the hour of six, and permitting the barefooted servants to have a peep of the amusements of their masters and mistresses, we leave to the mercy of the refined English reader. The state of social manners in these islands, in many points resembles what was general in England some centuries ago; and, particularly, in the abundant leisure enjoyed by all classes. Every other day is a holyday in the Azores; and the shop keepers deliberately lock up their shops, and go away to their dinners or their amusements. Competition has not there encroached on indolent enjoyment. Religion and morals are much in the same condition as they were in most Roman Catholic countries before the influence of the French revolution had been felt, either in reforming manners or teaching the priesthood to look more strictly after their flocks, and to assume the decent cloak of hypocrisy themselves. The English in Ponta Delgada have a chapel, to which they give but irregular attendance. There are a good many English in the place, several of them medical men. Sunday is the market day, as in other Catholic countries; and our author remarks:—

There is as little appearance of religion, as in a Protestant country on week days, or as in Hyde Park or the Zoological gardens on fine Sunday afternoons. All the market people, however, attend mass either before or after they sell their goods.

Went into one of the Catholic churches, where was a crowd of men, with no particular look of devotion in their faces. We soon perceived that the elections were going on, of "select men," who are to choose members for the Cortes. The scriveners and vote-takers were sitting in the middle of the church, round a table covered with scarlet cloth. There were priests quietly and narrowly watching all that went forward, and a small crowd of bystanders looking over the shoulders of those who sat at the table. The priests sit here officially. They are supposed to know every individual in their parish, and therefore to be able to detect personations—a deception very likely to be practised, where the suffrage is what is called universal.

In the corner of the church an aged man was burning the old ballot papers, by applying a candle to a heap that lay on the stone floor, and when they were burned he quenched the sparks with a few handfuls of holy water from the marble basin.

The streets of Ponta Delgada resemble the narrow streets of many of the old cities on the Continent.

The basement of the houses is used for shops, storehouses, or stables. The shops are lighted from the door, and have no windows. There is consequently none of the gay variety of shop fronts seen in England, but open doors display counters and shelves inside. The signs for different trades are hung out of these doorways. At one door, for instance, you see a dozen strips of printed cottons tied to a small stick, and fluttering like the ribbons on a recruiting serjeant's hat. This tells you that a linen-draper stands ready inside with tape and cottons.

Farther on, a small bundle of fagots, a bunch of onions, a few roots of garlic, and two or three candles dangle from another stick, and denote a grocer. A shoemaker's sign is a bunch of leather shreds; and a hatter's is a painted hat. A butcher ties up a bundle of empty sausage skins, or a rude drawing of an ox having his horn sawed off, the saw as large as the man who uses it. Over a milkman's door hangs a crooked red cow, such as may be seen in alleys in London. A green bough of faya,* which resembles a branch of arbutus, indicates a wine shop, and, by the addition of a sprig of box, you learn that spirits are sold there. Such was the custom in England, when the proverb was made that "good wine requires no bush." In other shops you see a small board suspended from a little stick, with Portuguese words signifying "good wine and spirits," coarsely painted on it. The names of the shopkeepers are not over their doors, as with us.

The first floor windows, immediately above the shops and stores, are very generally furnished with small wooden balconies of trellis-work, like that in our dairy windows, which is painted dull red, green, or white. Neat iron balconies are fixed before some of the windows of the larger houses. The eaves project considerably, and the corner tile is frequently shaped like a bird with outspread wings, or is made to turn up into a long point. * * * * Shoemakers sit at work in their door ways: in others, tailors squat, while the goose is seen in the street on a smouldering pan of charcoal. Those whom I saw sitting on a bench inside, seemed to have shaken off that constitutional melancholy which has been attributed to them, and to be indulging in obstreperous mirth. A few vehicles resembling somewhat the old race of hack cabs in London, hung on a long carriage with upright springs, and drawn by two small, spirited horses, with postilions in jack-boots, and men in dull liveries, swinging on behind, clattered through the streets with the rattle and jingle of empty post-chaises. Two ladies sat in some of these, dressed in by-gone European fashions; others had a single occupant. Some were closed in by heavy leather flaps and aprons, having two glazed holes, on a level with the rider's eyes.

Pigs and donkeys there were in abundance; the swine unusually large and fat, and the donkeys varying from those wizened and wasted forms that ruddle-men, small green-grocers, and "weary" itinerant knife-grinders, belabour and overload in England, to sleek and spirited animals of a size and strength they never attain in our colder climate.

* Myrica Faya.

There are fountains in the streets, with tanks by their sides, where asses stop to drink; and these, like market places, are spots where foreigners generally find amusement. The water is carried in barrels, and in pitchers of red pottery; the barrels, which are long and narrow, are frequently slung in pairs over the back of an ass, and the pitchers, which are made in the island, and, being porous, like the Indian gurglets, act in summer time as water coolers, possess as much beauty of form as some of those in the British Museum from the ruins of Herculaneum. The water of St. Michael's is peculiarly delicate and pure.

Such is the out-door aspect of Ponta Delgada. Two newspapers are published in it, affording a vent to ill-nature, or advocating the interests of the respective parties of the "*Cats*" and the "*Pigs*: the latter being the tories, or that party attached to the Constitution of Don Pedro; and the Cats the radicals, who "want something more."

One of the authors of this narrative must be an expert draughtsman, and his drawings of costume have received ample justice from the wood-engravings, which partake of the beauty of all those published by Mr. Van Voorst. Some of the designs represent the *Carapuca*; the very unwieldy and fantastic head-gear worn by the men of St. Michael's. It consists of every variety of material, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer, but the form is alike in all ranks. It looks exceedingly awkward to strangers, but has its uses during the violent transitions of weather, and the heavy rains to which the Azores are liable. The women of St. Michael's wear heavy blue cloth cloaks with the stiffened hoods drawn over their heads, exactly like those worn by the Irish peasant women when seen at mass or market some years ago, and in many localities still. Neither men nor women of the common class wear shoes, save on great occasions. This our author considers a great beauty, and in that climate no hardship. The "better orders" of both sexes wear the post-dated dresses of Europe, many years in the rear of fashion. The children in the country are not over-burdened with clothing of any sort, nor does the climate require it. Among the reforms of Don Pedro, who suppressed the monasteries, in order, it is said, to restore public morals,—sadly deteriorated by the practices of those privileged nests of the vices —schools were established, where the children of the poor are taught free, and many parents are now availing themselves of the advantage. The children seen at a school visited by the Messrs. Bullar, appeared cheerful and intelligent, and not so awkward and loutish in their demeanour as poor English children. They were moderately well dressed. We are certainly, whatever may be the cause or causes, become, as a people, either the most sullen and reserved, or the most gruff and boorish in manners, among the civilised families of mankind. To this fact all travellers bear testimony.

The politeness of the people here is very striking to an Englishman. A countryman will hardly ever pass you without taking off his hat, even when his load may make it a real inconvenience to him; and as there is a serious composure about their courtesy, and an apparent absence of servility, these recognitions seem like tokens of sincere good-will. I do

not know that there is more downright civility of purpose about them than there is in John Bull,—very possibly there may be much less. There is certainly more varnish; and a good watch looks better in a gold case, though it may go as well in one of Britannia metal.

We are sorry to find, that in spite of the protection of the ballot, the *Pigs* carried the election, owing to the influence of the priests, rarely, indeed, a wholesome influence, either in Catholic or Protestant lands, and very generally exerted on the wrong side.

The horses of the Azores are few and bad, the beasts of labour and burden being generally either bullocks, or mules and asses; which last abound of a strong and active kind, and form the ordinary *monture* of both ladies and gentlemen. Mounted on clever and strong, though self-willed Jacks, our travellers made frequent excursions in the environs of the town of Ponta Delgada, and visited numerous orange gardens. On asses they, also, made the journey from Ponta Delgada to Villa Franca, a town at fifteen miles distance. The road lay along mountainous ridges, through deep glens, and around cliffs overhanging the sea. The asses were found as sagacious and sure-footed, in these dangerous paths, as if they had been mules. At *Villa Franca* the travellers lodged with an amusing couple, for whom the English merchants had built a cottage, as a reward for the husband having saved the lives of some English sailors wrecked upon the coast. The wife, Thomazia, showed the temper of her race, by engaging in a very characteristic scolding-match with certain orange-gatherers, who had been her lodgers, and who had, by their slovenliness, incurred her displeasure. She, besides, very naturally for a landlady, wished to turn them out, to make way for better-paying lodgers.

Had an Englishwoman been in one quarter of the apparent passion, she would have exhibited for some hours afterwards, in her red and hot face, short breathing, and nervous agitation, the effects of her anger; but Thomazia was as cool and possessed after it, as if it were an every-day thing.

The house is a good specimen of a St. Michael's cottage. Below, there is one room, opening into the street, with a flood of hard earth, trodden flat and smooth by naked feet, and strewed with green rushes. In one corner is a neat clean bed, having a bolster fringed with muslin; two heavy wooden chests, like corn-bins, stand together against the wall; and there is a square piece of matting, on which the women squat by day, and the children sleep by night. A small iron lamp, ending in a crucifix, the lamp resembling those from Herculaneum, the wick of which protrudes from a small spout at one end, hangs against the wall, and gives a faint light.

In the day-time the room is lighted by the door, the upper part of which opens. A couple of pigeons fly and roost at discretion in the room,—fowls and chickens do the same; and the friend of the family, the pig, comes in and is driven out whenever the lower part of the door chances to be open. The bed and the walls are decked out with green branches of faya, and the staircase is screened off by a thin partition of platted reeds or canes, the glossy yellow sides of which look bright by the side of the dark stone walls, which in such cottages are left in the rough, without a coating of white-wash or plaster. The room above in which we are sitting, differs from the one below in having windows at the two ends, closed with rough wooden shutters, in place of glass. Behind the lower room is a kitchen, which, like that in old-fashioned farm-houses in England, has a stone hearth about three feet from the ground, on which the very simple process of cookery in the families of the poor is carried on. Near it is a small oven for baking the bread of Indian corn, and the festival bread for Christmas and Easter. We find no inconvenience from the absence of windows, (though the shutters are chinky;) so that what in England would be felt as a serious hardship, is not here even a deprivation.

This picture gives no idea of squalid misery, nor even of discomfort, to persons with the habits of Azoreans. The travellers visited a nunnery, to see the sight, though under the pretext of purchasing artificial flowers, which the nuns make very prettily from feathers. The usual apparatus of the turning-box used at all nunnery grates, seems to have been new to them, even in description. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Villa Franca is bold and fine, and the orange tree flourishes vigorously in the sunny glens and glades, opening to the sea.

Christmas arrived, bringing few signs of winter: there were neither fires nor fire-places; and the elder and cuckoo-pint were already bursting into leaf. Christmas is the great holiday of all Catholic, of all Christian countries; and on it the stranger in the Azores may see more of the manners of the people than in many months of ordinary time. Here

The appearance of the town was like that of an English village on Sunday. Every one,—man, woman, and child,—is cleanly, neatly, or even gaily dressed; no work is going on, no asses are to be seen, even the pigs have assumed an indolent holiday expression, and every thing indicates a complete cessation from all working-day occupations. The rooms of the poor are dressed out with boughs of evergreens, and some are strewed with rushes. In the afternoon, in most of the cottages of the poor, the women, girls, and little children sat cross-legged on the floor, their glossy black hair neatly arranged, shining with oil, and often fastened with high tortoise-shell combs. Some were sitting at the door-step in the sun. The balconies of the houses were occupied by women, who leaned over them and looked at the passers by. They are fond of bright-coloured shawls, with a preference for deep yellow or crimson; and these suit well their black eyes, hair, and dark complexions. The men lounged and chatted in the streets, or vigorously gesticulated in groups round the wine-shops; while their boys were in herds at play. The women are particularly gay about the feet. One wore a tawny pair of high shoes, with bright orange tassels; others white leather resembling kid; others what had the appearance at least of white satin; and one careful damsel, whom we accidentaliy interrupted in the outskirts of the town, was engaged in taking off and rolling up her smart shoes and open stockings, before setting forth bare-footed on her way home. She looked very much ashamed of herself, poor soul!

In the evening we wandered out and paid Thomazia's cottage a visit. She and her children and grandchildren were sitting up in all the enjoyment of their festival. In one corner of the room was the bed, which, in every cottage and on all occasions, is perfectly clean and neat, but to-day it was decorated with a finely worked muslin vallance, and a handsome coverlid of white quilted materials, on which were strewed a few flowers. The floor was spread with fresh rushes, the walls and ceiling were covered with green branches of the faya: and in the midst of this bower, just sufficiently lighted by a small crucifix-lamp to make a picture of the cottage interior, lay and lounged the family of the Bichos. There was Antonio stretched on the rushes in his hairy strength, sound asleep. Thomazia squatted in Moorish fashion with her elbows on her knees; one of her children with his head upon her lap, lay in motionless sleep; a girl in a bright red petticoat, laughing to her baby, and quizzing the foreigners to her black-eyed sister who sat beside her, leaned upon the bed; her husband with short moustachios and olive-brown complexion, rubbed his cat, and smiled at the notice taken of the cottage; and the youngest and brownest grandchild stood on the clothes chest in a small white shirt, wondering at us with child-like simplicity. All were merry, and all were more or less cheered with wine. They were well-pleased to be looked at and praised. All the attitudes were perfect, being the natural expressions of unfettered and healthy bodies. The single bright lamp in the dark leafy room; the strong contrasts of light and shade; the thin angular limbs, and more marked features of the older woman, compared with the rounded and feminine figure of her daughter, and the young children on the floor, altogether produced a most picturesque effect. In the day time, when talking to their neighbours or playing in the street, they all look exquisitely happy; and even the little child, who, in addition to its single white shirt, had been decked out with an orange-coloured jacket, seemed delightfully conscious that it was more smartly dressed than usual.

The sweet, juicy, refreshing orange is naturally associated with every Englishman's idea of St. Michael's; and in all stages of its growth, from hanging amidst the dark glossy foliage, green, pale yellow, or a glowing orange red, until packed for the English market, the orange was an object of interest to the travellers. We shall cite one or two passages describing its cultivation:—

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully, a highly-prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number until they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges that we esteem the most, are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable, come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers; and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or "pip of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. . . . . .

The treatment of orange trees in Fayal differs from that in St. Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange-garden, the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella, turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St Michael's; and, as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St. Michael's to shield them from the winds: high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profits of the gardens; none of the wind-falls, or "ground-fruit," as the merchants here call them, being exported to England.

Gathering and packing the fruit is merry work, according to our authors.

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick, whenever they flagged or idled. . . . .

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, (sitting with the chest between his legs,) placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third and a fourth as fast as his

hands could move, and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back, by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight, both were well-secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry "Sackaaio," trudged off to the town.

The orange trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep: they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imagining the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange-fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses:—

> Groves whose rich fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
> Hung amiable,—and of delicious taste.

In one part, scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys; four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial, (and the fall of a tree, perhaps, not unamusing,) down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until that time; the boys, however, that pick them, are marked exceptions. The young children of Villa Franca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange-juice.

As the import duty is not paid on the quantity of oranges, but levied by the size of the box in which they are packed, the more that can be squeezed into a box the better, however the fruit may be injured.

Above 120,000 large and small chests of oranges were shipped for England in 1839, and 315 boxes of lemons, amounting, in estimated value, to above £115,000. A labourer in the orange gardens earns from sixpence to eightpence a day; but the number of holidays considerably decreases the amount of his yearly wages, and leaves the Azorean peasant not more in the year than the Irish labourer, if so much.

In a visit to the country residence of the American consul, which is in a beautiful and commanding situation in the valley of the *Furnas*,—*i. e.* of the Caverns,—the travellers first saw those hot baths which form the great attraction of the valley to visiters and invalids, and to which, considering the nature of the population, great numbers of persons, sick and healthy, are drawn every season. At the distance of many yards, the vapour of the hot springs may be seen ascending to the height of twenty or thirty feet. In some of them the water is soapy or creamy; in others slightly sulphureous. The principal spring is sulphureous.

It bubbles up through a loose bottom of broken rock; and the column of water in the centre, like the small Icelandic Geysers, described by Dr. Henderson, is usually three feet high, gradually lessening towards its edges until it merely ripples and undulates on the margin of the basin.

Suppose a conglomeration of half-a-dozen London New River Company fire-plugs spouting up their water into a large shallow basin, well furred with white stony matter; and then suppose this huge basin set on some enormous hidden fire, and made to boil at a rapid rate, and you will have as good an idea as I can convey to you, of the principal caldeira in this valley. But you will still want the concomitants that give something like sublimity to the boiling caldron of the Furnas. You must possess yourself with a feeling of insecurity,—you must imagine that it is just possible that the crust on which you stand may give way and divulge the hidden force below; for the ground trembles, and a pumping sound, like that of a powerful engine at a distance far below you, is going on with great regularity of movement, impressing you with the conviction that the ebulition on the surface of the ground is only the result of this pumping, and that the power at work beneath your feet, would, if it were not for the vents you see about you, blow up the whole surface on which you stand. So great indeed, formerly, was the fear of the islanders in general, that at one time, none but the natives of the valley came to this place; and it was not until the intelligence and enterprise of the father of the present Vice-Consul of the United States had brought him to the spot, and had thereby gradually weakened the prejudices which the citizens entertained against it, that his example was followed, until at length the Furnas became what it now is, the Baden Baden of the Island of St. Michael.

At a little distance from the principal caldeira is a deep smoking circular pit, in the bottom of which you see water boiling furiously; not, as in the other, running over in any quantity, but continually spouting up, and falling back, to be re-boiled. This has been but twelve months in visible operation. One day a long explosion was heard, and on coming to examine what damage had been done, the villagers found this new caldron: its cover had been violently blown off by the pent-up steam.

Clambering a little further, we came to the entrance of what looked like a deep and dark cave, and from the bottom of this is thrown up and down, without ceasing, boiling mud, of the consistency and colour of the creamy scrapings of Piccadilly.

The ground is hot; every here and there boiling water and hissing steam oose up through holes in the clay, like those made by worms on muddy English shores, and you stand in warm vapour, tainted with sulphureted hydrogen gas.

One of the journalists, probably the *Invalid*, praises the *invigorating* qualities of the luxurious bath which he enjoyed, which united pleasures of many kinds. The following description might

almost tempt invalids to make the voyage to St. Michael's:—

While bathing, our man cooked eggs for us in one of the small boiling springs, and we afterwards went to the iron-spring for a draught. This flows from a stone spout into a hollow stone basin, and then trickles down a bank into a stream below: it has a strong but not disagreeable iron flavour, effervesces slightly, and is extremely grateful and refreshing. The bath and the spring seemed the two things best suited to the outside and inside of man, on first rising from his bed; natural luxuries when in health, natural remedies when sick;—luxurious without after-pain, remedies without misery in taking them;—both which evils seem to be inseparable from the luxuries and the remedies of our own invention. Most invalids feel that before breakfast existence is burdensome; but this bath and draught of liquid iron were as a breakfast in producing serenity and happiness, and were more than a breakfast in giving warmth and briskness, and a feeling of health as of the flowing of younger blood through the veins; and instead of destroying the power of making another, they rather increased it manifold.

After breakfast, we mounted asses and rode to see more hot springs on the shore of the lake we had passed yesterday. . . . . .

Close by these springs, an English gentleman, a member of the Yacht Squadron, has bought several hundred acres of land, with the intention (it is said) of building a house upon it. . . . . .

The evening was so cold, that we were glad to sit round some blazing logs of wood, and drink to the memory of the old year, in punch, concocted by a master's hand. The lemons were of a very fragrant kind, just picked from the tree. There was a freshness in their acidity, and a youth in their aroma, justifying Schiller's eulogy—

Herb ist des Lebens
Innerster Kern.

The difference between these fresh-gathered lemons and those we get in England, is about as great as that between fresh and bottled gooseberries.

St. Michael's has made rapid advances in *comfort* within the last twenty years,—or since that blessed era to all the world—the Peace! Then, glass in the windows was a luxury almost unknown; now, the windows of all but the poorest class are glazed; and, though they want many of those things necessary to our English ideas of comfort, *chill* poverty is unknown among them. The travellers hint, that though the repression of vice was the ostensible motive of Don Pedro for dilapidating the convents and religious houses, he mainly wished, in his necessities, to confiscate their property, and seize their revenues for his own purposes. Yet the lives of the priests are allowed to have been exceedingly dissolute; nor do their morals appear to be much amended by the late sweeping and severe reforms. The nuns of Villa Franca were in so unruly and discreditable a state, that commissioners were sent from Lisbon to search the convent, and to examine the nuns. They took up their abode within the convent one night, and were never more heard of. The story is not vouched for, though the use of the knife and the poison-bowl is not unknown in the Azores. The suppression of the monasteries and religious houses have had the usual distressing effects among the poor, who were partly or wholly supported by them.

There was a gay carnival at Villa Franca while the travellers were there, of which the principal amusement was, persons of all ages squirting and flickering water at each other. A sermon, which was preached at the commencement of Lent, and which appears a very rare event, created as great a sensation in the town as a Camp-meeting in the Back Woods. This Revival was followed by a religious procession. Of these exhibitions, the journalists remark—

To an unaccustomed Protestant eye they are often grotesque and ridiculous; but the people here regard them as very beautiful, and, in general, seem serious and reverential when they pass. And yet even to a Protestant, the scene in the square, where the image of Christ first made its appearance, was striking. The square is a large one, having the church of Misericordia and the adjoining hospital on the western side, and the principal church, with its esplanade and long flight of steps on the north. On these steps, between one and two hundred women, dressed in the indigo cloak of the country, and having their heads tastefully covered with white handkerchiefs, coloured shawls, or dark hoods, quietly knelt in attitudes of prayer. Men behind them, and children, scattered every where, were on their knees, with heads uncovered and their hands clasped before them. In the square below, and on the long steps of the church, with their solemn prayerful faces, all converging to one common centre, the same gay assembly as that on the steps and esplanade knelt in silence. The day was as bright as an unclouded sun could make it; and the stillness at this moment was like midnight. Associating as we do the hum and bustle of confusion with a large assemblage of persons, there is an impressive solemnity in a crowd suddenly motionless and mute. All—from the silver-headed old man to sleek curly-pated boys—waited in reverential attitudes, with a show of mute submissiveness, which impressed me by its apparent sincerity. But the sensation was a transient one; for no sooner had the image disappeared, than instantly the five hundred dumb figures quickly rose, covered their heads with scarlet caps and blue carapucas, and as suddenly resumed their every-day gesticulating gossip; while the crashing church bell once more rung out its clanking jargon, as if to sympathise with nasal jabber in the square underneath.

This is the time for general confession. A woman, who came to-day with her sick child, had just returned from "making a clean breast" in the principal church. She confesses once a year; others confess twice; others three times; and those, she said, who were "very good," four times. I asked her what questions the priest put to her. She laughed, hesitated, and at length said that he enquired whether she was faithful to her husband! what lies she had told in the past twelvemonths! what she had stolen, and of whom! whether she had slandered others! and how often she had cursed and sworn, or called on the "diablo!" All this she told him, I fancy, without mental reservation, and appeared light-hearted and relieved.

Although we are now in Lent, and people above the common sort wear black, small attention seems to be paid to the observance of a fast. A person living in a neighbouring street, on whom we called yesterday, said, in answer to necessary questions concerning her diet, that she ate fish, flesh, fowl, and beans, with rice and wine, for her dinner, (which, in common with the people of her rank, is generally eaten at noon,) and that her breakfast and supper were, as usual, of bread and butter, fried eggs, and coffee.

"But it is Lent! does not Senhora make some little abatement in her diet?"

"Oh! dear, no," was the laughing answer: and then, to save her Catholic reputation with heretics, she added through her interpreter, "At least there is very *little* difference in what I eat."

Previous to the revolution, when the clergy were powerful, they looked narrowly into the habits of their flocks; and would, we were told by a Portuguese gentleman, have visited with their displeasure any undue excess during Lent; but since the new state of things, the observances are much less rigid; and flesh and wine may now be indulged in during Lent without the same fear of church censures.

The priests, however, are very strict in compelling their flock, at least once a year, to confession: they insist on every individual confessing, until the sins of the whole inhabitants of Villa Franca, from the first untruth of the little child to the premeditated debaucheries of the worn-out *roue*, are safely locked up in the breasts of the dozen men who form the spiritual fathers of the place. The following specimen is perhaps below the average mark of the insular priesthood:—

In our walks yesterday we were accosted by a slip-shod Friar. His dress did not indicate his order. He wore a dingy linen jacket, reddish-brown fustian trowsers, the extremities of which were tucked into the tops of old Wellington boots, with a hat of high antiquity, now napless and rusty; and his mouldy looking beard, joined with a moist oystery eye, and a nose of intemperate tendency to red, called to mind the Spanish proverb that "there's many an old cloak that covers a good drinker." In his sitting-room were a few books:—a well-used Breviary in four volumes, one or two Latin prayer-books, an almanac, and a Portuguese work on Christian morals. On some of the volumes was an ancient crop of green mould that had flourished for a length of time in perfect peace. A snuff-coloured cloak hung in flabby folds from the same peg with his hat and sea-green umbrella; and below it a gallon flask of wine stood on the floor, with a goodly tumbler to drink it from. It had been made by his own hands from the grapes raised in his own garden, and was the best island-wine I tasted in St. Michael's. He frothed it out from the flagon with a liberal hand, and with the expression of one who loved good wine, "comme fait tout homme de bien." He showed us every thing in his house, from his bacon and wine-casks to the plot of flowers and sweet-herbs in the corner of his garden, and led us even to his bed, spread upon a mat on the floor, which partook of much of the slovenliness and dirt of its owner. Within arm's reach of the pillow was the plainest, and indeed the only proof of our friar's lingering attachment to the church, in the mouth of a London porter bottle, wherein was stuck, until by constant guttering it had glued and buttressed itself to the neck, a stout fragment of one of the solid wax tapers from a neighbouring altar. Although his abode was destitute of comfort or neatness, there was at the same time no indication that the abolition of his order had plunged him into poverty.

He talked of England,—or rather of London, for that was his word for Great Britain; enquired with a sort of incredulous expression,—like Miss Tabitha Bramble when she asked the Scottish lieutenant if his Indian squaw was a Presbyterian,—whether the English believed in Jesus Christ? in the Holy Spirit? in the Conversion of St. Paul? and looked surprised when he was told that they did. He asked if we had confession, and on the reply being made "Yes, to God, not to priests," he took his Breviary, and at once referred to the texts which he considered confirmatory of his views of confession, and of the authority of St. Peter's successor. His knowledge of England was about as extensive as our ignorance of his native place.

. . . . . .

Our interview ended in a sturdy attack from the Friar on the unlawfulness of marriage among English clergy, pronounced with amusing gravity; and as the *fact* could not very well be denied, and he appeared to slight St. Paul's comparative approval of the marriage state, we ventured good-humouredly to remind him of the Catholic Padre in the Square, with his pleasant housekeeper and family of young children; and then left him at his door to digest the discrepancies between the theory and practice of a celibate life with priests of vigorous constitutions.

Dr. Bullar, wherever he went, found plenty of patients, who requited his services with blessings, prayers, and the expression of boundless gratitude. These medical calls gave the travellers an opportunity of seeing the houses of some of the Morgados, which, considering the rank and presumed wealth of the owners, appear much less comfortable than the cottages of the poor. But this privileged class also is improving. One of the patients was a nun, whose state of single blessedness, even after the suppression of her order, was not very deplorable.

Her rooms were ornamented with a multitude of small images of saints, in glass cases and glazed lanterns. Her habits are perhaps a specimen of those of the middle classes here. She rose as early as six, took a very light meal at eight, hardly deserving the name of breakfast, dined at twelve on vegetables, bread, fish or fowl, with wine, supped substantially on the same kind of eatables at eight, and went to bed soon after the evening meal. Since the nuns have been ejected from their convents they have been pensioned by government, and those I have met with seem to be in comfortable circumstances. She was elderly and stout, by no means coming up to the ideal of poetasters and books of beauty.

Provisions are tolerably cheap, though not in great variety, the place of meat being, as in all countries where agriculture is in a backward condition, sup-

plied by poultry. Bread appears dear, but the people in general use Indian corn. Wages, as stated above, are what we consider low.

In January, the weather is represented as like an English October: the mornings and evenings cold, but the days fine. In March the weather had become warm and genial; and in April the journalists began to make long excursions, and to cruise about from one island to another. Their setting out from Villa Franca gives one a favourable idea of the amiable and primitive character of the people.

Thomazia looked sad as she said her last "viva;" her gypsy-faced daughter, with a brown bantling in her arms, taught the child to make its little bow; a group at the bottom of the street waved their hands with their parting "vivas;" several heads bowed and viva'd from as many balconies and doors; the asses clattered over the paved streets, with a sharp iron jingle; the good-tempered nun, from her wooden balcony, gave a cordial good-b'ye, and asked rapidly when we should return; others whom we passed, made like enquiries of our hasty drivers.

The travellers were bound for the town of Ribeira Grande, in the neighbourhood of which there are baths high up in the mountains, in the small crater of an extinct volcano. The baths were at this season a desert solitude, the huts built for the accommodation of the visiters being all shut up. The place seemed dismal enough, until brightened by the appearance of the presiding spirit of the springs—

The merry soul herself, who came laughing and singing into the room, dispersing to the four winds of heaven the whole host of dismals with which the place was peopled. Maria is her name, varied according to circumstances, and her own imagination, into "Maria of the Caldeiras," "the Child of the Mountains," "Maria the Shepherdess," and other such descriptive additions in suitable abundance. She is quite a girl, a lively and excitable being, with olive complexion, quick eyes, dark hair, and fine teeth, dressed after a fashion of her own, in a round straw hat, lined with green silk, a smock frock of printed cotton, (between a petticoat and a shooting jacket,) and across her shoulders she wears a white linen pocket like a gamebag, wherein she carries the keys of the baths and houses of the Caldeiras. She has taught herself to play on a guitar; has an excellent ear, is a wonderful mimic both of French and English; and sang the Marseillaise, as she had heard it from the lips of a fat-throated Englishman, as cleverly as Matthews could have done it. She said that Senhor Some-one had endeavoured to persuade her to go to England, and try her fortune there; but nothing would induce her to leave the Caldeiras, where, with her father, she will spend the remainder of her days. She could say a few words of English; and among them the emphatic sentence which expressed her determination never to leave St. Michael's; "Nao Senhor; me no go bode sheep; nao, Senhor." She is well fitted to be a guide to the beauties of the Caldeiras; and a more willing or more cheerful one it would be difficult to find.

The old father of this lively lass has the charge of these solitary baths, which do not appear nearly so inviting as those of Furnas.

In the voyage to Pico and Fayal in a Portuguese vessel, the travellers saw more of the character of the mixed part of the population of the islands. The town of Horta, (the depot for coal,) appears rather more advanced in exterior civilisation than Ponta Delgrada, the capital of St. Michael's. Between Horta and the island of Pico, constant intercourse is kept up by ferry-boats; but each of the islands retains its own physiognomy and costume, though the manners and customs are in most points almost identical. One of the travellers scaled the lofty peaks of Pico, and he gives a long and rather interesting account of the expedition, which reached even to the extreme edge of the great crater. After dawn on the second day, he and his guides and companions reached this goal, having, on their ascent, lighted a fire on the mountain side, and spent the dark hours in the open air. The view from the lofty cone of Pico was wide and magnificent, taking in many of the distant islands of the archipelago. The height of Pico has been variously estimated at from 6000 to 9000 feet.

In sailing from Horta, the journalists had for fellow-passengers two natives of the island of Corvo, who had been shipwrecked, and were now returning home to their families. When their native island came in sight, these simple-hearted islanders wept with joy. Their wives, children, and friends, who were waiting for them, received the lost men in the same vein of sad joyousness on their landing. Corvo is considered among the poorest of the Azores, and the manners of the people appear much more primitive than in St. Michael's or Fayal. There is truth and force in the following remarks:—

If poverty means the want of shoes, and mirrors, and oranges, and cane-bottomed chairs, certainly the people can boast of none of these. Their dingy clothes, too, which are principally homespun, give them rather an unwealthy appearance. But they are poor only in the sense that the other islanders are poor—in wanting European luxuries. "The man," says Cobbett, "who, by his own and his family's labour, can provide a sufficiency of food and raiment, and a comfortable dwelling-place, is not a poor man." They are a hard-working people, thrown very much on their own resources; rear pigs, poultry, cows, and sheep; grow maize, wheat, potatoes, and flax; weave their own garments, cure their own bacon; and, as we do in England, import their wine. Grapes, in the middle of summer, and abundance of melons, are their luxuries. Shoes they wisely eschew; no shoemaker lives at Corvo; and the priest is the only human being there who submits to such trammels, and his antique buckled shoes were, of course, an importation. American whalers occasionally touch at Corvo for provisions, and, as is usual with ships from England and America, they in no way improve the morality of the people.

The Corvoites seem to be happy, contented, and industrious people, in good condition, strong, and well-looking. They are one large family of 900, with a priest for their father. They all live in one village. The cottages are built of stone, and stand behind low stone walls;—some are roofed with coarse tiles, others are thatched; they have no glass windows, and all are chimneyless. They are built

in tiers, one above another on the side of the hill, the lanes between them being narrow, stony, and steep. We walked into the village through a small wicket gate, that swung across the lane to keep the swine from trespassing into the fields.

. . . . . .

We passed on to the house of the chief person in the island,—the priest of Corvo,—the Reverendissimo Senhor Joao Ignacio Lopez, Meritissimo Vigario na Ilha do Corvo, &c. (as a friend had written in one of his books,)—a man whose plain, honest, Wedgewood clay is perhaps more happily tempered than the most elaborate specimens of porcelain. His house stands just outside the village, and we found him in the yard before it. He welcomed us as if we had been old friends,—although we brought no letter to him, having heard that it was entirely unnecessary,—shook us heartily by the hand, and begged us to walk into his house, which he said was open to us. All this was done in right sincerity too. The very moment we entered the room, without waiting for us to unpack our own basket of provisions, or to ask or say any thing more than that we should be seated, he took a chair in his hand, mounted it, and from a wooden tray which swung aloft, beyond the reach of mouse or rat, he handed down first one loaf, then another, of a holiday quality, then a cheese, and then another, begging us to eat:—

> And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
> Brought from his cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
> Like one who would be merry.

There were barrels on the floor, and wine-bottles in his cupboard. Wine-glasses he had not, but he filled some goodly tumblers with wine, and pouring the rest into a white jug, drank it off by way of example. He was a bulky man, of about seventy, six feet in height, and somewhat bowed with years. His head was bald, having a few white locks at the sides; his eyes were moist and dim, his features massive, and expressive of quiet contentment; and every man we met with spoke well of the good old man. The boatmen called him "the father of the island," and looked up to him with respect when he spoke to them. The villagers who came into his room, seemed to regard him as the patriarch of the place: they bowed low, and kissed his hand, which he held out for the purpose.

The room in which we sat was lighted by one small window, with two stone seats in its recess. Above was the rough boarding under the tiles; three beds stood in three corners of the room, and, scattered on the floor, were stone jars, heavy chests, barrels, stools, and crockery; while a range of bookshelves, filled with volumes of Portuguese divinity, empty bottles, glasses, white jugs, and cups; and a cupboard well furnished with wine-bottles, glasses, and aged corks, clothed the walls. A twisted glass cup for holy water, and a dusty saint sitting amidst artificial flowers in a large glass lantern, indicated his religion; and his table-drawers stored with certain rare curiosities,—such as lucifer matches, the names of his few visiters, and the one Corvo watch carefully enclosed, first in its own outer case, and afterwards in sundry linen bags, pointed out his riches.

After we had accepted the hospitality of Padre Lopez, and had arranged to sleep at his house, we walked through the village. First we came to the cottage of Maurice, the elder of the two lost men, who, having met us in the way, begged we would come and see his house. It was of one story, with a flight of stone steps outside, leading to the upper room; was well floored and dry, and was divided from the bed-room by a wooden partition, fitted with shelves and drawers, which is in common use in the cottages of Flores and Corvo. At each end of the partition there is an opening, usually covered with a curtain, which leads to the beds behind. There were porter-bottles and a few pieces of white and coloured crockery-ware on the shelves, and a clothes'-chest and a new chair in the room. The place below was a sort of kitchen or outhouse, where the pig came in to feed, and the fowls roosted. In it were an oven for baking bread, a hearth with mouldering wood-embers, five or six sides of well-cured bacon hanging from a beam, hides of oxen on the ground, a large hoe, a few dirty baskets, and the water-tubs.

If this be poverty, would that all the working men of Britain, who ought not to be poor, were but half so well off as Maurice. The Corvoites are a handsome race, darker in complexion than the natives of St. Michael's, but better-featured. The costume of the women is picturesque. Like some of the islands of Shetland, Corvo is, in winter, cut off for months together from all communication with the other islands.

Having visited Flores and a few of the smaller islands, the travellers once more returned to Horta, in Fayal, in order to find a vessel to take them back to St. Michael's. From Ponta Delgada it was their purpose to repair to the baths of the Furnas. During the summer months, they spent their time here much as people usually do at remote mountainous watering-places, though their objects of observation present far greater novelty. As a specimen, we select this sketch:—

June 12.—While waiting for my bath this morning, Da Costa, an old man who attends at the baths, and who, having spent upwards of eighty years of his life in this valley, is still a riser at four o'clock, and green in his old age, gave me some of the gossip of the valley. I forgot to ask him whether he was a branch of the old Portuguese family of that name—the oldest, it is said, in Portugal—which traces in direct lineal descent from Donna *Eva* da Costo, who according to Portuguese heralds and those who quiz them, took her name from Adam's *Costa*, or side. Da Costa's gossip, or Pepino's rather, for by reason of a certain prolixity of nose his neighbours have nicknamed him Pepino or Cucumber, and according to the national love for nicknames, he is more frequently called by that name—was about his pastors, who seem neither "to take nor point the way to heaven," but to lead, like the rest of their fraternity in the island, immoral lives. The result of old Pepino's experience was, that generally speaking, there was not so much marrying in the Furnas as when he was a boy; that as for the priests, each one was a Cœlebs in search of a wife, and that the difficulty of finding was not great; that the padre of the village had one wife; but that the curate, like the woman of Samaria, had had many, and she that he then had was not his wife. He spoke lightly of their habits, as if he was not conscious of any

impropriety in the priest following the example of his neighbours; could duly distinguish between the man and the office; and took off his carapuca with all politeness to the brawny curate, who shortly afterwards emerged, in heavy cloak and white napkins, from his luxurious warm bath, and mounting his ass, pricked homeward.

The peasants of Furnas are as proud of their valley as the Neapolitans are of their burning mountain: they will fight for its honour, though they do not like to exchange hard blows.

Unless, as we hope and believe, society is pressing on to some higher point than it has ever yet attained, or even soberly dreamed of, one might be tempted to cast a longing look back to those "good old times" when the Church of Rome petted, caressed, and amused the poor of its flock, and while it fleeced them, at least cheated them agreeably,—to cast a longing look to times when the manners of England very nearly resembled those still found existing in such countries as these islands in the Atlantic. There are great evils in the intermediate state. The festival of Whitsuntide is succeeded, at Ponta Delgada, by that of the Holy Ghost, which lasts for seven weeks, and is celebrated in every parish. It is thus described by Dr. Webster of the United States, who has published a very minute account of St. Michael's:—

On each Sunday, during high mass, the priest places a crown of silver on the head, and a sceptre in the hand, of a peasant previously elected by the people. He is proclaimed "Emperador," and is conducted to a seat beneath a canopy, prepared for him on one side of the church, where he sits during the remainder of the service. On leaving the church, the crowd attends him, strewing the road along which he passes with flowers, and, in return, he bestows his blessings upon them by flourishing his consecrated sceptre.

"It is usual for the emperador to have his cottage repaired, painted, and white-washed, if he can afford it, or decorated with branches of myrtle and flowers, to receive the numerous guests who return with him to the church, to dance and sing till late at night. The crown and sceptre are always deposited in the best room in the house, on a salver of silver, and tapers are kept burning about them. The dancing and singing are repeated every Sunday evening. In every parish, there is a rude stone building erected in the most public road, the floor of which is elevated some feet from the ground and an open arch on each side supports the roof. On the last, or seventh Sunday, of this festival, the emperador, early in the morning, takes his seat in this "theatro," as it is called; a table is placed before him, on which are bread and wine, and on his right and left are two or three of his particular friends. He remains here till night, during which time the pious bring offerings of bread, wine, eggs, and poultry, to be blessed by him. A certain portion of these is divided among the donors, and the remainder distributed in the evening to the poor. On the same day the populace elect the emperador for the ensuing year, to whom the crown and sceptre are delivered; he takes them home, and deposits them in a room prepared for their reception. The house of the emperador elect is open every Sunday till the next festival, on which he is publicly crowned and proclaimed; during this time it is the weekly resort of all his friends and acquaintance, who engage in dancing, singing, and various rustic games."

"The consummate worldly wisdom," remarks Mr. Buller, "is unquestionable with which the church of Rome adapts herself to popular habits and manners, however various, making herself all things to all men, so that she may win them. Here all the amusements of the poor are intimately connected with their religion. From one end of the year to another, there is a series of religious processions and observances, embodying, in a rude way enough, the great events in the life of our Saviour, or circumstances, often entirely fabulous, in the history of saints. At one time, every boy is armed with a squirt to celebrate one event, or with a hammer to mark another, and now these dances are going on for a couple of months in remembrance of a third. Similar scenes were once passing in England, the traces alone of which now exist, hidden in a few customs and observances, whose origin is only known to the antiquary. But with all our progress in riches and in science, what recreations are there in the nineteenth century for that large class, the laborious and untaught, who need amusement, and will have some kind or other? There are a few manly games for strong and active young men; and for the rest, fairs and mountebanks, dancers on tight ropes, drinking-booths, stalls of figs and gingerbread, travelling circuses, locomotive theatres, horse racing, with such in-door amusements, as gin-shops, beer-shops, and public-house taps most abundantly supply.

On other festivals, food in considerable quantities and wine is distributed among the poor, under the superintendence of the priests; and not in the sordid and disgusting manner in which a miserable dole is sometimes thrown to the degraded poor of this "highly civilized country," but with every appliance which may conciliate the regard and refine the feelings of the recipients of the boon. The scene is not only as little offensive and humiliating as such distributions can be made, but lively and agreeable. A temporary tabernacle or chapel of canvass was erected in the street, with the usual Popish accessories of tapers and tinsel ornaments.

From each corner of the chapel, which filled the body of the street, two rows of tables stretched down each side of the foot-pavement, a distance of five hundred yards. The tables were planks of deal, resting on empty tubs at equal distances asunder.—In each tub branches of the common yellow broom were stuck; and the planks, as well as the altar, were afterwards covered with white linen cloths.

The table-cloths having been spread, the ceremony of laying the dinner began. The allowance to each person consisted of five loaves, two pounds of raw beef, and a pint of wine, in a bottle of red pottery corked with a bunch of flowers. At the end of the long line of planks, the loaves, meat, and wine were handed out in basketfuls to about thirty basket-bearers. Each basket had two handles, with a man at each handle, who, with large napkins tied round the left arm, marched up the lane between the tables.

The bearers were preceded by two musicians, dressed in coarse flowing gowns of whity-brown serge, with Belcher handkerchiefs of glazed cotton tied tightly over their heads, and hanging down their backs. They much resembled the grotesque calico dressed men, who are occasionally to be seen carrying broad advertisements through the streets of London. One of these banged a crazy drum, and the other shook the empty hoop of a tambourine. In front of the merry-andrew musicians, or huddled with the procession, a languid, knock-kneed youth, dressed like the two musicians, lounged along with a faded crimson banner, on which a dove was embroidered, to represent the "Holy Spirit." The three chanted as they walked, in strong nasal tones, approaching almost to a yell;—

Ass intoned to ass
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from bellowing lungs the enthusiast blows;
High sounds, attempered to the vocal nose.

When the basket bearers were ready, "the band" struck up, and the procession proceeded at a leisurely pace to walk up the lane in a column. This was repeated until the whole tables were spread.

"In the midst of this scene, it was highly entertaining to see our acting landlord, triton among the minnows. On this occasion, besides a napkin on his arm neatly fringed with lace, he bore a wand of office, in the shape of three feet of sugar-cane, with which he worried all little boys who came within his reach. Did an urchin impertinently peep into the bread-basket, Thomas was ready with his cane; did a child creep under the tables into holy ground,—into the lane set apart for the carriers,—Thomas's eyes immediately spied him. He was evidently the great authority on all the little points of Whitsunday management. He was at the head of the procession, bustling along with mincing steps, turning back to see that the people followed, perspiring, hallooing to some offender in front, patronising some inoffensive being in the crowd, or petrifying turbulent boys."

"Human nature is much the same all over the world," especially human nature in brief authority.

The journalists are candid and charitable in their judgment of the Catholics of the Azores, believing them sincere and undoubting in their faith, whatever its errors may be, and punctual and serious in the observances which it enjoins. "Some Protestants," one of them remarks, "have told me they are *formalists*. . . . Unhappily any form of religion, even the simplest, may be made *formal*; and men may rely on doctrines as firmly as on the merest ritual observances."

In the end of July, the Invalid and his companion finally left St. Michael's for Lisbon in a large Portuguese trader. Some of the reflections to which the objects which they saw in this foreign vessel gave rise, carry a deep moral, at the present moment, to those who desire to see England's prosperity increase on the only sure foundation—extended commerce, the free markets of the whole world. The Journal states:—

"I am more impressed with the wealth and resources of England since I left it; but I am less surprised at them. The compass of this Portuguese vessel was made at Wapping; the quadrant in Holborn; the knives are stamped "sheer steel;" the bell for the watch, and the iron of the windlass, are from an English foundry; the captain uses an English watch, and calculates by John Hamilton Moore's "Seaman's complete daily assistant;" "Sailmaker" is stamped on one of the sails, and the passengers are dressed in Manchester prints or Leeds cloth. Every where it is the same; you meet in the solitary mountain paths of these almost unknown islands a pedlar with two square boxes slung on each side of his ass, and see him in the villages tempting the women with the bright handkerchiefs and gay prints from Manchester. In the obscurest village the neat blue-paper needle-case from Birmingham hangs from a string at the cottage door-way, to tell that English needles are sold within; and in crossing in an open boat between two of the remotest islands, Flores and Corvo, an English sailmaker's name and residence were printed legibly on the sail. V—— tells me that the other evening he had just landed in a fishing hamlet,—a lonely place at the mouth of a deep ravine which parts two gloomy mountain ridges,—when his reveries wese disturbed by a fellow-passenger, who having caught sight of some village girls, suddenly exclaimed, 'Look, those are all my prints!'"

Lisbon, Cintra, Mafra, and the other remarkable places in that neighbourhood, are too well known to detain us; nor need we be arrested even by Mr. Beckford's fairy palace of Montserrat, now lying, it is aptly said, "like the broken toy of a spoiled child of fortune." Byron, as a young man, fitly moralised on these ruins, and pointed his moral by a just reflection on the mistaken way in which the possessor had sought happiness: and then "the poet went his way, and in a few years did the same." But if Lisbon and Cintra are become stale and unprofitable, the young Queen of Portugal remains an object of great interest to her allies; and of her we have this passing but satisfactory glimpse:—

"Cintra, Thursday, August 8.—In passing the palace this morning, two small open carriages, drawn by four mules, and preceded by two outriders, drove into the yard, the first of which contained the Queen of Portugal and her husband, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who, by the birth of a prince, has acquired the right of being styled King of Portugal; the second, his father and some other relatives, who are visiting the Court. I walked into the court-yard to see the queen alight. No attendants from the palace were waiting for her, but the king gave her his arm up the steps. Before I saw her face, and recognised her as the queen, I thought she was a woman of that age which is so well defined by the three short words, "fat, fair, and forty," but her face, which is both fat and fair, undeceived me, and proved her to be still quite young. Her expression was good-tempered; she was very plainly dressed in an unadorned straw bonnet and light silk pelisse, of becoming colours, and looked quiet but unqueen-like. The king, a tall, graceful young man, with light German hair,

healthy juvenile colour, and long legs, reminds you of a prepossessing young Englishman leaving Eton for college. He is said to be very devoted to his queen, and to mix but little with the Portuguese nobles. There was nothing in the carriages, mules, attendants, or principal personages, which marked their rank; every thing was plain, private, and slovenly; and I am told that it is the habit of the queen to omit ceremony, and to be much seen. Is this wise in the present day? That was a safe reply of a Spanish minister to the king.—"Omit, this affair; it is but a ceremony." "A ceremony! why, Sire, you are yourself a ceremony."

The travellers, after visiting Mafra, and witnessing a bull-fight, which, as here described, must be a very exciting spectacle, came to London by steam. In an Appendix, the adaptation of the climate of St. Michael's for invalids, and especially for those labouring under incipient pulmonary affections, is fully discussed. There is also a complete analysis of the waters of the hot-baths of the Furnas, with many useful observations, and information valuable to persons who mean to visit the Azores. These islands are not unlikely, we imagine, to obtain, even through the agency of these volumes, an accession of visiters, English and American. In this Appendix, we prize above every thing, the sensible remarks on the thoughtless or selfish cruelty, so often practised, of sending abroad individuals, far gone in consumption, to suffer, pine, and die in exile; by this means not only hastening their days, but subjecting them to discomfort, suffering, and privation, which persons in robust health could not easily encounter. In the early stages of consumption, judicious change of climate, a long voyage, and a protracted residence in a favourable locality may be of much advantage; but as to ten in every twenty of those sent away—in the name of common sense and common humanity, suffer the doomed victims to die at home in peace!

We now take leave of this lively and agreeable narrative, grateful to the intelligent authors for the information and entertainment they have afforded to us, and all who love leisurely to enjoy some of the best pleasures of foreign travel by their own snug firesides. Such travellers bring us the best foreign luxuries procurable. In extending our knowledge of our kind, they enlarge our love and charity.

---

## THE QUIET CELL.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I FILL my quiet cell
With shapes of beauty bright,
Scenes fair, and inaccessible
To such as fix the dazzled sight
On all the whirling wheels of life,
Its canker'd cares and selfish strife!

I wear not here the mask
The curious world requires—
My energies I do not task
To ape the artificial fires,
The smiles, deceptions, guileful speech,
Which custom and the crowd *will* teach.

I summon from the past,
The fairest and the best,
The virgin pure, the matron chaste,
The patriot spurning his own rest
His country's weal t' ensure—the brave
Who knows to slay, yet dares to save!

The martyr who hath borne
Unflinchingly each pain,
The fire, the fetters, and the scorn,
And all to shake his faith in vain.
For why? His Saviour filled his breast
With strength to bear each cruel test!

The martyr in his cell,
Triumphant, bright, I see;
Freed from the pains ineffable,
Freed from the scourge, the cord, the TREE,
And crowned with glory, radiant now,
With "*Angel*" written on his brow.

Bright visitants are mine,
Forms of the lost and dead,
Whose eyes with wonted kindness shine,
With all to love and nought to dread:
And voices birdlike in the breeze,
Murmur celestial melodies!

But sudden as the wind
Over the bending trees,
A thought of dust—a touch unkind
Of man's—of earth's impurities,
Destroys the imagery of peace,
And fancy's fairy labours cease.

They flit, they fade away,
Chased in the worldly war
Of common cares; they fall the prey
Of sins and strifes; and flee afar,
As down doth from the thistle run,
When kissed too hotly by the sun!

Oh! for a home of rest!
Oh! for a spirit pure!
Oh! for the quiet of a breast
By sorrow cleansed—from sin secure!
Oh! that release from one sad thought were given:
A shadow, stalking 'twixt my soul and Heaven!

From the Quarterly Review.

*Notes on the United States.* By the Right Hon. Sir Augustus J. Foster, Bart. London, 1841. *(Unpublished.)*

Sir Augustus Foster was Secretary to our Legation at Washington (the late Mr. Merry being then Minister) in the years 1804-5-6. After serving at the Court of Sweden and elsewhere, he returned to America as Envoy in 1811, and finally quitted it on the declaration of war in the following year. Since that time he has been almost constantly employed in his profession, and held till very recently the post of English Minister at Turin.

When Mr. Rush published his "Narrative of a Residence at the Court of St. James's," we could but express our apprehension that the example, notwithstanding his good intentions, candour, and real liberality of feeling, might be found to constitute a dangerous precedent. Were it to become at all a practice among gentlemen of the diplomatic order—more especially Ambassadors and Envoys—to publish descriptive sketches of the society thrown open to them *shortly before* in foreign countries, by reason solely, or chiefly, of their official character, it is certain that the personal privileges of their class would, ere long, be sensibly abridged; and there are graver considerations so obvious that it would be idle to point them out. We do not see, however, that the objection applies to such a performance as that now before us—even if it were to assume the character of a regular publication. Since Sir Augustus Foster last quitted the American shores nearly thirty years have elapsed;—of the public men with whom he mingled at Washington all have long since disappeared;—at least we do not remember to have met in his pages with more than one living name—that of the octogenarian Mr. Gallatin—and of him he has really nothing but the name. As to other matters, thirty years in the United States have been equivalent probably to a hundred in the case of any older nation:—where he left small towns, villages, even single loghouse taverns in the wilderness, mighty cities are now flourishing and daily extending. New States have been added to the Union. Many modifications have occurred in the constitutions both of states separately, and of the federal empire. Laws have been largely changed—the administration of them even more largely. Above all, the influences of laws and institutions which were young in his time, have been developed in social alterations, of which Sir Augustus could have formed but a vague and uncertain anticipation. No country, no people, no system of civilised life, have ever undergone more extensive changes in so brief a period. Under such circumstances the veteran diplomatist may produce his recollections and reflections without almost the slightest risk of wounding any personal feelings—without much chance, we must add, of ministering to vulgar curiosity. His *Notes* are now merely historical. Moreover, the Lives, Diaries, and Correspondence (public and private) of the most eminent American statesmen of the cycle to which these notes refer, have been printed and published; and since the world has had in this way such copious access to American criticism on the ministers and courtiers of England during her great conflict with revolutionary France, it seems but fair that we should be admitted to some of the results of similar opportunities afforded to Englishmen of rank and station in the America of the same epoch.

These "Notes" would possess a strictly historical interest for our Transatlantic friends themselves. Sir Augustus describes a period of their national existence as to which thinking Americans of the *active* generation must have a very peculiar degree of curiosity:—though it has not, in as far as we know, been either boldly or skilfully treated of in any department of their literature. It is the epoch of transition;—and in truth, when we consider how perseveringly and how successfully the contemporary novelists and dramatists of France have dealt with the social metamorphoses consequent upon their revolution, we are not a little surprised with this American neglect of scarcely less picturesque materials. It furnishes, we think, by far the most striking proof of their often alleged *thin-skinnedness*, that their best writers shrink from what they can hardly fail to regard as the richest field within their reach—that this should in fact scarcely have been touched upon except by equally coarse and weak daubings of flattery. Strange that a nation piquing themselves on nothing so much as their *shrewdness*, should be so conspicuously open to the grossest tricks of venal adulation. "Fulsome compliments," as Johnson said to Sir Joshua, "gratify nobody but a fool: they always disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical."

Sir Augustus, in his very modest preface, expresses much regret that the views of American society put forth by several recent English travellers should have been so hastily drawn and so harshly coloured; he does not exactly impeach the veracity of any one of these writers—among whom he considers Mrs. Butler as the ablest, and also, on the whole, as the least unfair—but he asserts his belief that such of them as really had access to the better circles were either unfitted by age and experience for comparing different systems of manners in a just spirit;—or carried with them a narrow rancour of political prejudice which discoloured objects in themselves harmless—or else an overweening vanity which construed ignorance or inappreciation of probably absurd pretensions into deliberate contempt and insult;—or, finally, proceeding to the New World in the bitterness of disappointment, had failed in some object of personal interest or ambition which the journey was meant to serve—for Menander's adage is not more true than its converse:—

Δύναται τὸ πλουτεῖν καὶ φιλανθρώπους ποιεῖν.

Sir Augustus notices also the effects of *partial* observation:—the state of things in one district being applied to another, as different from it perhaps as Holland is from England, or Russia from Prussia; but this and various other sources of mistake and misrepresentation have been sufficiently dwelt on by ourselves upon former occasions.

Our readers cannot suppose that we should think ourselves entitled to *criticise* these unpublished "Notes" as a literary performance. Under the circumstances, censure and praise would be alike out of place—the latter probably more offensive than the former to Sir Augustus Foster. We proceed very willingly, however, to do all that seems to lie within

our legitimate scope in such a case—namely, to select a few of those passages with which we have ourselves happened to be most pleased and interested.

As might be expected, a large proportion of his pages is given to the city and official life of Washington. The government of the United States fixed its head-quarters on this spot about the beginning of the century; and for some time afterwards, as the Spanish Envoy De Casa Yrujo told Sir Augustus, it was difficult to produce a decent dinner in the new capital without sending 50 or 60 miles for its materials. Things had mended somewhat before the writer's arrival, but still he found enough to surprise and bewilder him in the desolate vastness and mean accommodations of the unshaped metropolis. He attributes the selection of the locality, partly at least, to General Washington's partiality for the neighbourhood of his own paternal property; but seems to think the inconveniences attending such a choice would have, ere long, produced a removal to some already large and well supplied city near the Atlantic, but for certain considerations of a personal and not very dignified nature, which were of paramount importance with Mr. Jefferson, who was for the second time President when Sir Augustus first reached America. He says that "the richer and more respectable members of Congress had, for the most part, always inclined" to vote for returning to Philadelphia, or selecting some other town of established importance; but that every such proposal had been distasteful to the majority, it "being in a great measure composed of rough and unfashioned persons, to whom it is of consequence to be in a place where they would be attended to more than in a large city." This majority had usually found support in the government, "so long composed of Virginians, who naturally preferred Washington to any remoter situation;" but the removal could hardly, he apprehends, have been avoided, but for the determined personal opposition of Jefferson. This President alleged as his reason the danger of throwing open again a question so difficult and delicate as that of the choice of the seat of government—

'In fact, however,' says Sir A. Foster, 'his power was founded on the court he paid to the democratical party; and he could not have appeared in a great town, as he did in Washington, without attendants, when he took a ride, and, fastening his horse's bridle himself to a shop door, as I have once witnessed, when his nail was torn off in the operation, or in yarn stockings and slippers when he received company; neither could he any where else have had the members of the legislature so dependent upon him and the rest of the administration for the little amusement and relief which they could obtain after public business; his house and those of the Ministers being in fact almost necessary to them, unless they chose to live like bears, brutalised and stupified—as one of *the Federalists* once confessod to me that he felt—from hearing nothing but politics from morning to night, and from continual confinement without any relaxation whatsoever. Mr. Jefferson knew too well what he was about—he had lived in too good society at Paris, where he was employed as Minister from the United States previously to the French revolution, and where he had been admitted to the coteries of Madame du Deffand—not to set a value on the decencies and proprieties of life; but he was playing a game for retaining the highest office in a State where manners are not a prevailing feature in the great mass of the society, being, except in the large towns, rather despised as a mark of effeminacy by the majority, who seem to glory in being only thought men of bold strong minds and good sound judgment.

'Having mentioned Mr. Jefferson, it may be interesting to the reader to have the following description of his person as he appeared to me on my arrival in 1804: he was a tall man with a very red freckled face and gray neglected hair; his manners good-natured, frank, and rather friendly, though he had somewhat of a cynical expression of countenance. He wore a blue coat, a thick gray-coloured hairy waistcoat, with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heels; his appearance being very much like that of a tall large-boned farmer. He said he washed his feet as often as he did his hands in order to keep off cold, and appeared to think himself unique in so doing. . . . . Mr. Jefferson's father was a land-surveyor, who lived some time in Pennsylvania, and from thence went to establish himself at Monticello in Virginia, where land was cheap, and where he bought an estate for 100 guineas, but I could meet nobody who could tell me from what country he originally came or could trace him to his early years.'

Since Sir Augustus penned this 'note,' Jefferson's Memoir of his own early life has been published: he there traces his pedigree back to a grandfather, 'said to have been born near Snowdon in Wales,' and states that his father, whose profession he sinks, left him the lands of *Shadwell*, 'on which,' he says, 'I now live.' *Monticello*, therefore, was probably a name of his own devising for the porticoed villa which in due season replaced the paternal log-house.*

The president's official mansion at Washington was erected, it seems, by an Irish mason, who gave the plan of the Duke of Leinster's house in Dublin, on which he had been employed as a journeyman; omitting however the upper story, and forgetting the cellars—which last defect Jefferson remedied, though his predecessor took no notice of it. Sir Augustus says all the private houses in Washington were built by Irishmen or Scotchmen of the same class, and were equally slavish repetitions after Edinburgh or Dublin, not the least attention having been paid to the difference of climate. But it is to be hoped these edifices were not meant for a longer duration than those of the Crescents at Brighton, or our own fine lath and plaster in Regent street and Regent's park. Sir Augustus has lived too much in Italy not to be a connoisseur in architecture, and in censuring a universal fault in the Washington porticoes—that of the pillars being raised on plinths—he observes that

* Since we have turned to this Memoir, we may observe that Jefferson, while a young law student, heard Patrick Henry's great speech against the Stamp Act in 1765. 'His talents as a popular orator were,' he says, 'great indeed; they were such as I never heard in any other man. He seemed to me to speak as Homer wrote.'

it is the same with almost all the public buildings lately erected in London, except those of Mr. Decimus Burton, and that the fact of all *classical* antiquity being against this was disputed by Sir Geoffrey Wyattville and other English architects until he produced his authorities. We are not aware whether Mr. D. Burton designed the school house at St. Paul's, or Authur's Club-house in St. James's street —neither of which elegant buildings has the defect in question. Sir Augustus does not leave the public edifices at Washington without expressing his deep regret that any of them should have been destroyed by our army in 1812. He censures this as a violence for which there was no sufficient apology, and which, as he most justly says, could never have been desired or even contemplated by the authorities at home. We share fully in Sir Augustus Foster's regrets—but surely he cannot have read Mr. Gleig's admirable 'Narrative' of the campaign, or indeed any fair account of the properly military part of this particular procedure. There can be no doubt that the conflagration and destruction were caused by the wanton firing from those buildings on our troops *after* the city had been surrendered. We have heard the fact honestly admitted over and over again by American gentlemen *here*—though perhaps it is not the fashion to be so candid on the other side of the water *coram populo*, *i. e.*, in newspapers or speeches.

Sir Augustus says, 'Very few private gentlemen have houses in Washington. I only recollect three; Mr. Brent, Mr. Tayloe,* and Mr. Caroll.' He enumerates, however, several country seats within an easy distance, where there was abundant and even elegant hospitality; particularly those of Mr. Key, an eminent lawyer, originally an officer in the English service, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Ogle, and Mr. Lewis. Nevertheless, the life of diplomatic residents at Washington seems to have been in those days of the dullest—not so often enlivened by any pleasant occurrence, as by some new specimen of deliberate rudeness on the part of the ruling powers.

'They were but ill off when I first arrived, which was about four years from the time when Congress took up its residence, or rather squatted, upon this waste—being put to it to get even ordinary provisions, and having to send as far as Baltimore for the commonest articles of luxury; but what was more intolerable was the treatment they received at this raw and rude court, which exasperated them in their turn and led to perpetual jarring and quarrelling, being far different from what they had a right to look for, considering the respectability that had surrounded General Washington and the elder Adams, but particularly the former, whose example, considering his known good sense and the great services he had performed, might have been expected to serve as a rule to his successors, if not as far as regarded the hoops and full dresses introduced into his drawing-rooms, in imitation of the court of St. James's, at least in as far as depended upon gentlemanly bearing and that outward decorum that should be found in the social assemblies of the first magistrate of a great and cultivated nation. Mr. Jefferson too, being a Virginian, and, consequently, born an aristocrat, having besides lived in the best society in Paris, and long enough to see it give place to a disgusting democracy, might have been expected to have gone rather into the opposite extreme: but excessive vanity and speculative doctrines on imaginary perfection, together with the love of popularity and paradox, as also of running counter, since he could not run parallel, to Washington, were his weakness —and to indulge them he flattered the low passions of a mere newspaper-taught rabble, and seemed pleased to mortify men of rank and station, foreign or domestic, unless they paid him servile court, or chimed in with his ideas on general philanthropy.'

Jefferson himself says, in a letter of 1808 (Writings, vol. iv. p. 109,) 'I came to the government under circumstances calculated to generate peculiar acrimony. I found all its offices in the possession of a political *sect*, who wished to transform it ultimately into the shape of their darling model, the English government,' &c. &c. This 'political sect' was that of which Washington and the elder Adams were the acknowledged heads!

The first foreign minister who *suffered* under the new system was the Danish Envoy, M. Petersen—the one who suffered most was the Spaniard—but the English had their share.

'The President took care to show his preference of the Indian deputies on New Year's Day, by giving us only a bow, while with them he entered into a long conversation. I have now to speak of his change in the established rules of politeness, or even hospitality, as practised all over the globe on the occasion of a first entertainment given to a foreign envoy—to whom even savages would naturally endeavour to make the entertainment agreeable. I conclude Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were too much of the gentleman not to feel ashamed of what they were doing, and consequently did it awkwardly, as people must do who affect bad manners for a particular object. I allude to the sudden alteration in the etiquette heretofore practised by General Washington and Mr. Adams on dinner being announced. Mr. and Mrs. Merry were so thoroughly unaware of this intention that they had not had time to think of what they should do on the occasion, and Mr. Jefferson had not requested any one present to look to the strangers; so, when he took to dinner the lady next him, Mr. Madison followed his example, and the Senators and members of the House of Representatives walked off with their respective dames—leaving the astonished Merry—(who was of the old school, having passed a great part of his life at Madrid)—gazing after them, till at last he made common cause with his better half: offering her his arm with a formal air, and giving a hint to one of the servants to send for his carriage, he took her to table and sat by her,—the half-ashamed and half-awkward President not even attempting an excuse. And this same scene was for consistency's sake repeated nearly in the same manner at the house of the Secretary of State. Ever afterwards Mr. Merry refused their invitations; messages were sent to beg he would dine with the President as Mr. Merry, putting aside his quality of British minister; but this he could not well do without, as he thought, sanctioning in some sort their previous treatment of the representative of Great Britain, as long as no apology was offered for the past: so he never met his Excel-

* *Sic passim*—This is the funniest of the many disguises of the good old name *Taylor*.

lency any more at table, since the President, unlike our social monarchs of the north, keeps his state—neither he nor his wife accepting of invitations. Another mortification Mr. Merry had to submit to was the suppression of the privilege of a chair in the Senate on the right of the Vice-President, which had hitherto been enjoyed by foreign ministers—the question having been debated in the Senate and carried against him by a large majority.

'I am inclined to believe the object of these changes was to induce European courts to send out *ambassadors* and men of high rank, by treating *envoys* so ill—for they occasionally complained of the rank of the diplomatic agents not being sufficiently high in their own countries, and Mr. Madison took an opportunity of telling Mr. Merry that an ambassador would be treated with every distinction, but that an envoy could not expect any more favour in society than a private person: they had a particular fancy, too, to have a peer of the realm sent out to them, and were much disappointed when Lord Selkirk and Lord William Bentinck declined the honour.'

This is amusing and natural—not less so what follows:—

'The above questions of etiquette, it is true, were but of little real importance; nevertheless they occupied the thoughts of the republicans a great deal more than they need have done, and were consequently a source of considerable annoyance at the time to the mission, because some of the most vulgar of the democratic party took their cue from the style adopted at the great house, and in one way or other, either by remarking on her dress or diamonds, or treading on her gown, worried Mrs. Merry to such a degree that I have sometimes seen her on coming home burst into tears at having to live at such a place—particularly on seeing the affected unpoliteness of those who should have known better, but who, being *ratters from the federal party*, seeking for favour and place, made use of her assemblies in order to render their boorish humours, as well as their concurrence with the systematic manners of Mr. Jefferson, more conspicuous. Among these was one, of a stern, sour, and republican countenance, who had been used to the best society, but who purposely came to her parties in dirty boots, disordered hair, and quite the reverse of what he knew to be the fashion in European capitals. This was certainly difficult for a lady to digest; but I must be just, and add, that I found among *the democrats* many highly respectable and worthy persons, and even among the lowest in station of the members of Congress several droll, original, but unoffending characters. Such was the tavern-keeper who committed an act of great impropriety in my house, when I gave a ball for the Queen's birthday, and when, the drawing-rooms being left empty on the company going to supper, he thought (poor fellow!) that he was alone and unobserved; but two stray *federal* members who were rambling about espied his attitude, and the joke was too good to be lost, so they had it in all the papers and all over the States in prose and verse, ringing the changes on the extinction of the British fire. My poor guest wrote me an humble letter, saying he would rather burst another time; and I most graciously answered, and hoped to have gained his vote for peace by my soothing; but the graceless dog voted all the same for war, and proved how hard it is by any good words to sever a party-man from the mass of his political friends.

'Another original was a Philadelphian butcher, who used to frank his linen, there having been no limits to the privilege, and to send it to be washed at home; the weight, however, as some of the federalists assured me, was not so tremendous as might be supposed for the post-bag, since he was known to change his shirt only once a-week. I visited him at his stall at Philadelphia, and insisted on his giving me a feast on his beef, to which he agreed; and I, profiting by a general invitation, went to his home on the banks of the Delaware, where I really did get a luncheon of as fine beef as I ever tasted, and had only one regret, which was that my honest host happened to be absent. It was told of him that at the President's table, observing a leg of mutton of a miserably lean description, he could not help forgetting the legislator for a few moments, and exclaiming that at his stall no such leg of mutton should ever have found a place. I also heard that, being one day invited with several members of Congress to dine at the President's, he took his son, the young butcher, with him, who was a great country lout, and on going up to the President told him he had heard one of his guests had been taken ill and could not come, and therefore he had brought his son with him, who was very anxious to see him, and would not be in the way, as there was, he knew, a spare plate.

'Another eccentric member from the south, a printer and publisher, wrote as an answer to an invitation from the President, "I won't dine with you because you won't dine with me." Then there was a tavern-keeper from the north, who, when elected sheriff in his own county, used to hang criminals himself, to save a dollar, and make his son drive the cart; yet was he by no means an ill-meaning or uncivil person, though not particularly agreeable. Of Irish members of Congress there were no less than ten, and their voices, I am sorry to say, were in general against their mother country. I asked them to dinner occasionally, but was obliged to sort them with a particular set to avoid duels. One of the Irish used to ask me for news from *Bounos Eares*, and tell me of the *columnious* reports of the Secretary-at-War. We were, however, always on good terms, and they had not forgotten how to relish a glass of good wine. —As to the higher democrats, I was on the best terms with many of them, and they were, in point of fact and in habits, much more aristocratic than perhaps any of the federal party; some indeed had quitted or were about to quit the camp, for the very reason that they did not and could not approve the vulgarity, real or affected, of the men in power, and their consequent sympathy with the Jacobin upstarts of France: of these, one, Mr. Randolph, was particularly distinguished by pride of birth, being a descendant of a respectable old English family and a native Virginian princess, and he was as honourable and gentlemanlike a person as could be, and one whose slaves were by all accounts so much attached to him that they would not hear of being made free.

The foreign legation which 'seemed to be on the best terms with the Americans' was the Russian; for, 'strange to say, they have always had a leaning of affection to the most absolute of all governments,

and have been publicly as well as individually assiduous in courting the good graces of the autocrat.' Sir Augustus mentions how surprised the Emperor Nicholas was when the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke (the same eulogised above) dropped on his knees to present his credentials as envoy at St. Petersburg. This was but lately. Sir Augustus says his informant had the story from the Emperor's own lips. It is quite in harmony with the American ambition for having lord ambassadors at Washington, and also with all we have heard of the behaviour of our Jonathanising patriot Lord Durham, when his friends here, to get him out of their own way, sent him ambassador to Russia.

Buonaparte's minister was the General Turreau, famous for his Vendéan brutalities—a dignitary whose conduct and manners could not shock even the Irish rebels or butchers and hangmen-sheriffs of Congress by any contrast of refinement. The ruffian's wife was a jailer's daughter, who had favoured his escape from prison upon some occasion; and he had a secretary whose only accomplishment, that of playing on the violincello, was called into daily requisition, for the purpose of drowning the poor woman's cries while the representative of the great Napoleon was horsewhipping her; until the popular feeling was so roused on her behalf that a magistrate, with his *posse comitatus*, ventured 'to violate the sacredness of a diplomatic residence, and, forcing open the door, obliged this Bluebeard to let out his wife, and even to subscribe a paper by which he agreed to give her a separate allowance, *which, however, was never paid.*' She was during the brief sequel of her life reduced to great straits; and even the gentlemen of our legation had to subscribe for her relief. None of them ever saw her tyrant in society, the First Consul having, among other 'gentlemanly novelties,' ordered his minister not to meet the British envoy 'unless it should be at the President's house.'

The arrival of some foreigner of distinction gave variety now and then to their society, 'which was always, in some degree, like that of a bathing-place, being composed almost entirely of strangers to the spot, scattered about in single houses, here and there.' Among those who most excited his curiosity, Sir Augustus mentions Miranda, about whom neither we nor our readers care much; an audacious impostor, who called himself Count de Crillon, and once figured for a time in London; Count Andremi; General and Madame Moreau; and Jerome Buonaparte. Jerome had, not long before (1803), married Miss Patterson, after being, it would seem, the object of a highly flattering competition among the fair democrats of Baltimore:—

'The moment he arrived he had to defend his heart against some very warm attacks. A young lady whom we met on a visit, having invited him to a ball to be given at a house where he was not acquainted, and moreover having with unsophisticated simplicity proposed to go with him there in his own carriage, he took, or was supposed to have taken, on the way, liberties which afterwards necessitated an explanation; though other ladies would have it that his only fault was in not having proposed marriage. However that may have been, three challenges were sent to him, one of them from an Irish gentleman who insisted on instant satisfaction or an apology. Jerome very sensibly observed that a duel would not settle any thing about a lady's reputation, and that he was perfectly ready to affirm that he had not meant to offend her: the whole was a mistake, he said, that had arisen from his own corrupt European education and the simplicity of American female manners; alleging that at Paris a young lady who would go alone with a gentleman in his carriage will very rarely complain of the latter's attempting to embrace her; but in America it was otherwise, as he now saw, and he owned the superiority of American virtue, which could admit of such close contact between young people without causing the least alarm or any slur upon the innocence of the lady. Had he been longer in the country, he might have known that it is no uncommon practice, even at Philadelphia, to leave young persons, supposed to be attached to each other, together as long as they like after supper, the father and mother going to bed; but then there is always the duel at hand with the brother or some officious friend, in case the intimacy should not end in matrimony. He might also have known that in some districts there is a custom called bundling, which I am told exists also among the Swiss, and it is even added among the Welsh,* and is admitted by the parents of young girls, though it does not always, or unless consequences are apparent, end in marriage.

'I saw M. Jerome at Washington, at a party at Mrs. Smith's wife of the then secretary of the navy, and thought him a well-mannered young man. His brother Napoleon did not at all approve of his marrying Miss Patterson, and, not content with declaring the act null and void according to the laws of France,† endeavoured as much as he could to invalidate it in the United States, for which purpose he wished to induce her to take another husband:—no less a person than General Turreau, his minister plenipotentiary, who used all his eloquence to persuade her, proposing it as "*une affaire de convenance*," and urging that it was a shame she should vegetate in such a country, whereas at Paris she would shine in the first circles, and he would be created a Baron of the Empire. A condition nevertheless was added, viz. that her son should be separated from her. Madame Jerome, however, as was very generally reported, would not hear of his proposals; and no wonder if she rejected them with indignation, both as coming from such a man, whose conduct to his late wife was supposed to have occasioned her death, and out of consideration for what she owed to her own character, as well as to the interests of her child. The most singular part of Napoleon's conduct in this affair was his apparent disposition, while he was annulling the marriage of his brother with an American lady, to take advantage of his own family connexion by blood with her son; for soon afterwards, though this humour lasted but for a

* There is no doubt of the prevalence of this custom in Wales; and every reader of Burns knows that one very similar is, or lately was, a common feature of rural life in Scotland.

† This was, of course, after the assumption of the imperial title. Miss Patterson's father was one of the first of American citizens—a well-descended gentleman—and supposed to be, with one exception, the richest man in the Union.—See *Jefferson's Writings*, vol. iv. p. 7.

short period, an officer of the rank of colonel, a M. Toussard, was appointed guardian to the infant, and there were, as I have been assured, regular drawing-rooms at Madame Jerome's residence at Philadelphia, on which occasions the colonel would receive visiters in the ante-room, and present both ladies and gentlemen, the boy being styled *prince*, and his mother doing the honours. She then thought, no doubt, that Buonaparte would relent, and, as I have heard, expected to be created Duchess of Oldenburgh. It is not improbable that he might have entertained some such vague intention, at that time, of making use of the boy in his Spanish intrigues, from seeing him, as it were, made to his hand on the American continent; or, as he was then in the zenith of his glory, and intoxicated with the prospect of destroying all opposition to his power in the Old World, may he not, in conformity with his well-known exclamation, "*cette vieille Europe m'ennuye*," have conceived some gigantic plan for North America—which, along with other visionary projects, he was never allowed to ripen, and such as it would now appear too ridiculous to mention, but which there might have been political gamblers enough to second even in the United States, where there are, at all times, plenty of young adventurers ready to set law at defiance and to invade their neighbours' rights, careless of the consequences? What is certain is, that I have been assured the populace applauded most vociferously when Madame Buonaparte appeared for the first time at the theatre of Philadelphia with her child upon her lap.'

It was during his second residence at Washington that Sir Augustus encountered Moreau. The General's appearance disappointed our author, who had, we suppose, expected something heroic. His conversation with the English minister seems to have been frank enough. He abused Buonaparte on all occasions as a 'heartless charlatan,' and even doubted his physical courage, 'though he allowed him courage of the head.' He spoke contemptuously of Marmont's abilities—not much better of Massena's—and indeed did not appear to have a very high opinion of any of Napoleon's lieutenants except Soult,—an opinion in which all the world now concur, but the expression of which in those days does credit to Moreau's sagacity.

Discussing in 1811 the probabilities of a French march upon the Russian dominions, Moreau said that Barclay de Tolly was a chief quite capable of conducting their defence successfully—and repeatedly laid down that the only plan would be to retreat perseveringly until the invaders should be separated by a vast desolation of snow and wilderness from their supplies. All this is curious, considering the date; for we believe it is not doubtful that the battles fought between the frontiers and Moscow were all in opposition to Marshal de Tolly's opinion.

Neither Moreau nor his wife at all relished the American society. The lady was a thorough-bred royalist, and moreover, extravagantly addicted to music and dancing, which she could not dispense with even on a Sunday evening. The General was tortured with 'the eternal questioning;' and by-and-by retreated to a villa where he had only one constant companion, a patient brother-angler, and of course brother-smoker, who could not speak one word of French, so that their only communication was in dumb show.

He told Sir Augustus, 'with some complacency,' of his answer to a lady who had asked him if they had any bridges in France as fine as that over the Schuylkill: 'Oui, madame; mais nous les faisons en pierre, pour qu'ils durent plus longtemps;' and repeated a saying of Talleyrand, 'that he could not bear America, because it was a country where a man would sell his favourite dog;' of which *mot*, however, our author doubts the parentage, and says at all events it is quite inapplicable to the 'old settled districts, where the people are fond of field-sports.'

'One was surprised to find a man of Moreau's rank and illustration using the very improper word, by way of oath or exclamation, which was common to all the lower orders of France, civil or military; but I conclude that he had acquired the bad habit during his campaigns, and afterwards found himself unable to get rid of it: however that may be, I never knew a foreigner, gentle or simple, who used it more repeatedly; every three or four sentences out it would come. But I must observe that I have many years ago heard even colonels' wives use it in France, and that, no sense being apparently attached to the sound, it must be classed with so many other dirty things that one has to shut one's eyes as well as one's ears to in travelling, as if they were neither heard nor seen; and the calling one's attention to which would be of itself an impropriety as great, if not greater, than the original sin.

'The English cavalry Moreau considered as very powerful in charging; but he observed that they had great difficulty in recovering themselves, on account of the fiery spirit of their horses; and he told me that on one occasion, in the year 1794, seeing the 8th light dragoons advancing upon him at a tremendous pace, he ordered a regiment to fall back among the hedges and fences, and to fire in among them while they were recovering, by which manœuvre they were nearly exterminated.

'Moreau assured me that there did not exist a single French regiment in Holland at the time when the British forces under Lord Chatham disembarked, and that they had to order troops from as far as Strasburgh to oppose him, being a distance of about 150 leagues. These troops, however, he said, did arrive before the English army had advanced twenty leagues. Had he been the commander of our Walcheren expedition, he maintained that he could have gone with Lord Chatham's army to Paris and back again, and that there was time enough for it before sufficient means of resistance could be organised.—At Antwerp there were no regular troops; but, because the burghers turned out in uniform on the walls, the English general supposed it contained a numerous garrison; and after such proofs of incapacity in the commander, Moreau observed that it was fortunate he escaped at all, although wherever the navy could assist him he was of course secure.'

Dull as Washington appeared to Sir Augustus on his first arrival, he speaks more favourably of it after he had visited other parts of the union. He then says, 'in spite of its inconveniences and desolate aspect, it was, I think, the most agreeable town to reside in for any length of time.' The opportunity

of collecting information from senators and representatives belonging to all parts of the country—the hospitality of the heads of the government—and the *corps diplomatique* of itself—supplied resources such as could nowhere else be looked for:—

'Most of the members of the Congress, it is true, keep to their lodgings, but still there are a sufficient number of them who are sociable, or whose families come to the city for a season, and there is no want of handsome ladies for the balls, especially at George Town;* indeed, I never saw prettier girls any where. As there are but few of them, however, in proportion to the great number of men who frequent the places of amusement in the federal city, it is one of the most marrying places of the whole continent—a truth which was beginning to be found out, and became, by-and-by, the cause of vast numbers flocking thither all round from the four points of the compass. Maugre the march of intellect so much vaunted in the present century, the literary education of these ladies is far from being worthy of the age of knowledge, and conversation is apt to flag, though a seat by the ladies is always much coveted. Dancing and music served to eke out the time, but one got to be heartily sick of hearing the same song every where, even when it was "Just like love is yonder rose." No matter how this was sung—the words alone were the men traps; the belle of the evening was declared to be just like both—and people looked round as if the listener was expected to become on the instant very tender and to propose—and sometimes such a result does in reality take place, and both parties, when betrothed, use a great deal of billing and cooing, eat out of the same plate, drink out of the same glass, and show off their love to the whole company. Between these young ladies, who are generally not only good looking but good tempered, and, if not well informed, capable of becoming so, and the ladies of a certain time of life, or rather of the *seconda gioventu*, there is usually a wide gap in society, young married women being but seldom seen in the world: as they approach, however, to the middle age, they are apt to become romantic; those in particular who live in the country, and have read novels, fancying all manner of heroic things, and returning to the capital determined to have an adventure before they again retire, or on doing some wondrous act which shall make them be talked about in after-times. I myself in vain reasoned with a very beautiful lady to try to persuade her not to cut off a head of hair, one of the finest I ever saw, of an auburn colour, which she used to take the greatest pains to curl and keep in order, and had been evidently proud of; but it was all useless; she found out one day that it was a vanity, and vanity was a sin, and off she cut it and put it into the hands of her astonished and despairing husband. Others I have known to contract an aversion to water, and as a substitute cover their faces and bosoms with hair powder in order to render the skin smooth and delicate. This was peculiarly the case with some Virginian damsels who came to the balls at Washington, and who, in consequence, were hardly less intolerable than negroes. There were but few cases, however, of this, I must confess; though, as regards the use of the powder, they were not so uncommon; and at my balls I thought it advisable to put on the tables of the toilette room not only rouge, but hair powder, as well as blue powder, which had some customers. . . . . In going to assemblies one had sometimes to drive three or four miles within the city bounds, and very often at a great risk of an overturn, or of being what is termed "stalled," or stuck in the mud, when one can neither go backwards nor forwards, and either loses one's shoe or one's patience. . . . . Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, at brag especially, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of this the most gambling of all games, as being one of countenance as well as cards. Loo was the innocent diversion of the ladies, who, when they were looed, pronounced the word in a very mincing manner. . . . . .

'Church service can certainly never be called an amusement, but, from the variety of persons who were allowed to preach in the House of Representatives, there undoubtedly was some alloy of curiosity in the motives which led one to go there. Though the regular chaplain was a Presbyterian, sometimes a Methodist, a Minister of the Church of England, or a Quaker, and sometimes even a woman, took the speaker's chair; and I do not think there was much devotion among the majority. The New Englanders, generally speaking, are very religious, but, though there are many exceptions, I cannot say as much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians.'

On the whole, then, Sir Augustus seems to have been pleased with Washington and its environs, and he pronounces the society there to be such that it would gain, not lose, by a comparison with that of many an English provincial town—which is the only sort of comparison that any man really experienced in the world would ever have thought of subjecting it to. And he insists warmly on the injustice and absurdity of any traveller's presuming to judge of what American society really is, without having resided for some considerable time in the Federal City:—

'I would not, of course, compare the life we led at the American capital with the mode of spending time in any of the great European cities, where amusements are so varied, and manners are much more refined;—but, making allowance for its size and strange position, I cannot be so severe in describing it as some travellers have been, nor do I think those travellers justified in hazarding such prejudiced descriptions as they pour forth about America and the Americans, without having resided at the capital. What would be said of an American who should go to the British dominions to write about them and their inhabitants, and should take up his residence for the purpose at Connamara or Innishowen, and there, picking up stories of Whiteboys, or Peep-o'-day-boys, should set them down as characteristic of the whole population? Yet would he be more justified in doing so, considering that Connamara, as well as Innishowen, have been peopled or settled for ages, than are the English, who go to live in Kentucky or Tennessee—which have been settled but within the last thirty or forty years, and,

* George Town is very near Washington; so near, that it was wonderful they did not make it the nucleus of their capital.

for the greater part, by natives or the children of natives of Great Britain, Germany, Ireland, or the Atlantic States—justified in giving vent to abuse against the whole nation, founded on the wild conduct of a vagrant set of colonists. Neither are the manners of New York, or even of Philadelphia, or, at least, of those of the inhabitants who generally come into contact with foreigners, fairly to be taken as specimens of the native society, when it is considered how large a proportion of the leading commercial firms belonged to Europeans, and often to factors of British merchants, who, as they became rich, bought houses and villas, and lived away with great expense for a few years, till perhaps they became bankrupt, and were succeeded by others equally adventurous. Any body who has long resided at Philadelphia, especially, must remember how often such houses changed owners, and how difficult it was for a traveller, unless well recommended, to get intimate with the real ancient families and descendants of William Penn's companions, the "well-born," as they are styled, the Chews, Moylans, Petres, Ingersoll's, &c.; and at New York the Livingstones, Clintons, Van Courtlands, and Van Ransellaers. Besides, it was notorious that many respectable inhabitants were become rather shy and suspicious of prying and questioning authors, from having seen so many shallow books put forth, of which the writers appear more on the look out for anecdotes, such as are to be found in a Newgate Calendar, than for real information about the country. . . . . .

'A traveller for information, and not a mere bookmaker, should pass one season at least at the federal city, to get acquainted with the ministers and members of Congress, and afterwards visit as many of these as he can at their several houses, which would be flattering to them, and at the same time offer the best means to himself of obtaining correct ideas with regard to the whole country; and, if he find not reason to be pleased wherever he goes, he will at least find that there is a great variety of manners in the States, and that some of them may be compared for good order, cleanliness, sensible institutions, and cultivation, as well as civilisation, with some of the very best districts of his own country, and are much superior to most provinces on the continent of Europe.

'Good stories there are in abundance, and I see no reason not to tell them from regard to the national susceptibility; but there are as many to be found in our own papers every year, and all America will not be supposed inculpated because of Anderson's act of impropriety in my drawing-room chimney, any more than all England is because of Jack Fuller's tirade against the speaker; or *gouging* be thought an amusement of high life in the United States, any more than *burking* in Great Britain. It is quite absurd to carry blame and ridicule so far as some late travellers have done—however they may be excused from the individual losses and disappointments that they met with. Such people are not fair judges, any more than Brissot and Liancourt, or Lafayette, who had motives for praising the States just as extravagantly as the others abused them; Lafayette more especially, whose vanity was so flattered by the notice which Washington bestowed on him at a time of life when all things appear delightful, that his whole after thought seems to have been an effort to imitate that general, and, no matter how unlike the countries, or what the cost in blood and money, to preach for the introduction of the American constitution every where.'*

Sir Augustus glances at some particular cases, among others Mrs. Trollope's:—

'Is it to be believed that any new settlers, coming with real or supposed superior knowledge, and a disposition to be bitter critics of every thing round them, would be at all better received in a remote English county?—People must have rare good temper and make great allowances, as well as be very discreet, not to excite hatred, envy, and malice in any country town where they may go to fix their residence, and yet these grumblers, who leave the friends of their youth on purposes of speculation, expect to be better received almost by perfect strangers or rival settlers. Mrs. Trollope's *stories* might, for the most part, suit manners nearer home just as well as they do those of Tennessee."

We need not pursue this train of observation which, as our readers may remember, we opened at some length in a recent examination of Captain Marryat's travels.

Sir Augustus, having done with the capital, proceeds to describe his various tours through the different states, of which he is fullest and, we think, most entertaining on Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. His first visit in Virginia was, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, to the nephew and heir of General Washington, at Mount Vernon; but his description of the place is not different from others. He says:—

'On the occasion of the above-mentioned excursion, which calls General Washington so much to one's memory, I may as well here relate the little I have to say of that illustrious person, of whom, to his honour it may be said, there are perhaps fewer anecdotes to tell than there are of any other great man that ever existed. He seems to have been a plain, sensible, gentlemanlike person, and a brave as well as a clear-headed officer; who, though being of a good English family, and having originally the right English feelings of a British subject, when he was roused to take a part in the quarrel between the mother-country and her colonies, after well weighing his duty to both, and the reasons for and against either side of the question, being persuaded that the former was in the wrong, took at once his determination to abide by the latter; and, having entered and engaged himself in their service, to stick to whatever might be their ultimate decision. And such was exactly the part which any military man of a calm unimpassioned mind, owner of property in the colonies concerned, might have been expected to adopt; for it is now, I believe, pretty generally admitted that the Grenville administration, which first mooted the subject of taxing the colonies, went on a wrong principle, and were no more justified in drawing a revenue, without representation, from so populous and integral a part of the monarchy as the American provinces had become, than they would have been in drawing one under similar circumstances from York-

* Sir Augustus elsewhere justly characterises Lafayette as 'an old *boy*.'

shire: though I have heard Mr. Jefferson and his successor, Mr. Madison, express a belief that the timely concession of a few seats in the upper as well as the lower House of Parliament, by virtue of which representation and taxation should go hand-in-hand, would have set at rest the whole question: and the late Lord Liverpool's opinion even went further, for I have heard him say he was convinced that, if Mr. Grenville had not hesitated, and invited discussion by putting forth a pamphlet to pave the way for taxation, but had quietly let the duties, when once they were authorised by Parliament, be levied as a thing of course, there would, in all probability, have been very little stir made about them. But reasoning with Englishmen naturally leads to contradiction, and contradiction to grumbling, which easily opens the door to passion, as well as ambition; and all the colonies were driven to make a common cause by lengthened discussions and communications with one another, which might not have been the case but for such delay; North Carolina having, for one, refused her sanction to the rebellion until some time after all the others had come to an agreement.

'Such indeed was the force of habit, of common laws, or of common origin, involving almost every shade of the aristocratic as well as democratic element, that it required all the rashness of the Grenville administration to break through those delicate ties which bound the colonies to the mother-country, and which a Sir James M'Intosh might well represent as pervading our institutions from their earliest times, producing harmony between all classes, as well as preventing any exact line of demarcation from being visible between them; but by such perseverance in treating them as if they were our subjects instead of our fellow-subjects—by imitating the Athenians rather than the Romans—keeping them in dependence instead of sharing with them the *honours* and *offices* of the realm—we had nothing to work upon in order to counteract the effect produced by taxation, save awakened ambitions, which had to seek for gratification under a different sky from ours, where rebellion found an echo in self-interest, and where the gentry were too little numerous to counterbalance the disaffection of the towns.'

These reflections deserve to be most deeply considered by every one who aspires to the name of a British statesman. If our empire, our colonial empire, without which we should be almost nothing, is to be held together, it behoves us to profit by the dear experience of the past, and to ask ourselves whether the object is likely to be attained—unless we enlarge our minds to the wisdom and necessity of cultivating in our dependencies whatever institutions, civil or sacred, have been found to be most conservative in their tendencies here at home. A great colonial minister is wanted, above all other wants, for the honour, nay, safety of our national existence. It was well said by a living poet, that a statesman, combining the intellect of a Bacon with the energy of a Luther, would find more than enough to occupy him in that post.

To return to General Washington:—

'Mr. Gallatin told me he once met him, when he (Gallatin) was quite a young man, in the back country, and that he thought him heavy and rather stupid; he was in a small room, questioning some hunters about roads and distances. He seemed to take down every answer very leisurely, and was sometimes several minutes in drawing a conclusion. But Mr. Gallatin admitted that he had changed his opinion of him as he grew older. He then told me a story of a black slave, who said he was once saved from a caning by the general's looking at the cane before he raised it, and recollecting that it was given him by Dr. Franklin. He was very punctual, divided his occupations by minutes, and was not a little provoked when he did not meet the same punctuality in others: and this was the case with Stewart, the portrait-painter, who loved his bed dearly, and who told me that Washington, having fixed an hour to sit to him, and not found the room in order when he arrived, flew into a passion and gave a great scolding to the servant, which Stewart overheard as he came up stairs, but on his entering the room he found the general quite calm, as if nothing had happened. Mr. Gallatin thought the only instance of defective judgment in him was his fixing the site of the capital where it is. He considered him as a man who had naturally strong passions, but who had attained complete mastery over them; and he seems to have had fewer weaknesses than most people. His name was long a tower of strength to the federal party, because, although it was principally through his means that the revolution was accomplished, he was not a revolutionary man, but a lover of order and decorum: and Mr. Senator Giles, a leading democratic aristocrat, used to say that he would always talk of France when the others talked of Washington—as if the bloody, dirty, dishevelled French jacobin was in his opinion a fitting *pendant* to the portrait engraved on the hearts of his countrymen by Washington's noble countenance and manly, dignified figure.

'I have been assured, on good authority, that Washington, after he had thrown away the scabbard, repeatedly declared that, if the colonies should have the worst of the conflict, he was determined to quit them for ever, and, assembling as many as would follow, go and establish an independent state in the west, on the rivers Mississippi and Missouri. Our generals, however, saved him the trouble, having been too cautious and too fond of their beds, and thereby having, over and over again, lost opportunities for crushing at one blow the whole American force, in which there was great discouragement at one time, as well as great desertion.*

'Of a man so passionless, or so master of his passions, there can be but few weaknesses to dwell on; he seems to have never been a slave to female charms, and, as we have seen, hardly ever burst into anger—was very regular, cool, and sensible—an excellent man, in short, in his private as well as public character; but too faultless to be thought great by those who love excitement, keep their admiration for the scourges of mankind, and would imitate, if they could, those heroes in the eyes of all gamblers, a Buonaparte or a Cæsar: and such, I fear, are too many even of his countrymen; to whom it is a disgrace that, up to this day, no public monument has been raised over their greatest citizen. The Con-

* 'Vide "Memoires du Duc de Lauzun," who may be cited as an impartial authority.'

gress, it is true, did once demand of his widow the body of the general, and Mrs. Washington had consented, but there arose a debate about the dollars necessary to pay for its conveyance and for placing it in the Capitol. A dissolution of Congress meanwhile took place, a new set of representatives let the question drop, and the body was left to remain where it still is, in a leaden coffin, enclosed within a wooden case, and upon a heap of similar boxes, in a large vault under a hillock planted with cedars—and, I believe, not even within the vicinity of a church or any consecrated ground.

'Washington does not appear to have been ambitious of retaining power; but the excessive praise that has been bestowed upon him by some French authors for his moderation in this respect, is only a proof of their ignorance of the nature of public feeling in America at the time when he was either commander-in-chief or president, and of the slender ties which held together the different States; for, as matters were, with all his claims to the gratitude and veneration of his countrymen, he had great difficulty in preserving his popularity, which had been much diminished long before he closed his career, and might, perhaps, have been wholly eclipsed had he stood a third election for the presidential chair. Being in easy circumstances, if not wealthy, and desirous of repose, he acted wisely for his own interest, as well as consulted public feeling, in declining the attempt; but his example, which has hitherto been followed, of laying down all pretensions to office after eight years' service in the highest situation of the state, is any thing but favourable to stability of measures in the government; tends to the ruin of individuals who, after having risen to the rank of sovereigns, find themselves, while still in the full vigour of life, reduced to the necessity of re-entering the world as private persons, without fortune, perhaps, as without employment; and may have, some day, if we may judge from human nature and from history, the most disastrous consequences.'

Pursuing his excursion, he arrives at a place called *Elkrun-Church*, from a church which he found fast sinking into ruins—the roof fallen in, and the floor broken in every direction:—

'It had remained so, the people told me, ever since the war of the revolution, serving now but as a building-place for birds, and a local mark of the downfall of the Anglican church in this district of Virginia. The people about Elkrun do not indeed profess to be of any religious sect, or at least of *any that they know of*, as a man told me whom I met in my walk. It is not that they despise religion, he added; but the state legislature having resumed the glebes, and withdrawn the regular provision of the Episcopal church, no person can be found who will take the chance of gaining his livelihood by collections from the piously inclined. The private conduct of the clergy here and in Maryland before the revolution was, generally speaking, it must be owned, not calculated to insure respect to them individually, or continuance in their functions after the States had become independent. All agree in describing those established in Virginia in particular as a set of debauched fellows as any under the sun, commonly Scotch Presbyterians who turned Episcopalians, and contrived to get consecrated by the bishop of London, for the purpose of coming out here, and getting into livings, where they did as they pleased, and passed their time, without any control or shame whatever, in the most careless voluptuousness. The Virginian gentlemen of the present day are, for the most part, freethinkers. The lower classes are, on the other hand, very eager in attending Methodist and Baptist preachers, who contrive to get a very good livelihood by the theatrical appearance of their meetings, and the other allurements, including facilities of *rendezvous*, which they suffer the initiated to mix up with their religious exercises, while the passions of the zealous are excited to a degree that appears almost incredible.'

We are sorry to know that the absurd excesses of these Ranters and Methodists, with their camp meetings, whispering benches, &c. &c., are still such as Sir Augustus found them; but, on the other hand, the extent to which the Anglican clergy have since that time spread their influence in almost every district of the United States, is, of all the changes that have occurred, that which we consider with the greatest delight. We must add, in connection with our author's account of former *Bishops of London* in reference to the ecclesiastical affairs of British colonies, that the recent exertions of the heads of our church for improving and completing her apparatus in our existing dependencies afford lay statesmen an example which, if they be wise, they will profit by, in regard to civil as well as sacred matters.

The next halt was at a settlement of Mr. Downie, a Scotchman, who first introduced to Sir Augustus's acquaintance the inestimable beverage called *mint-julep*. He intimates a suspicion that, though celebrated as an American invention, it might have been imported from Downie's native regions; but here he is undoubtedly in the wrong. We should not, however, be at all surprised to find it largely adopted, by-and-by, in this country. In hot weather, when we *have* such a thing, it is altogether unrivalled; and last autumn, we understand, the niceties of the manufacture formed a favourite study among the scientific benchers of the Middle Temple. Sir Augustus adds to some eulogies of Mr. Downie's cheer—

'It is an extraordinary circumstance that I never met with a single dish of game during the month that I remained on this tour in Virginia on any table, whether public or private, which, as the woods are full of game, and this was the season for shooting it, I can only attribute to a want of skill on the part of the inhabitants in shooting birds flying—or, else, perhaps, to their not liking it: for it has been often observed that labourers and hard-working people do not like wild-fowl in European countries, where it is plentiful; and even venison is notoriously scouted at servants' tables. . . . . .

'I must admit that I was by no means edified by the accounts I heard of the pleasures of having property in the State of Virginia; the laws are so badly executed, and it seems so impracticable even for a man of large possessions to keep off thieves from his farm-yard and gardens. At many respectable houses where I stopped to dine I have been surprised at so seldom meeting with fruit, or even with eggs; and the greater number of small farmers whom I knew any thing of admitted that

they live chiefly upon salted pork and dried fish—though at inns you get chickens.'

From Mr. Downie's it is fifteen miles to Montpelier, the seat of Mr. Madison, then secretary of state. This was their next stage:

'His father was Bishop of Virginia. No man had a higher reputation among his acquaintance for probity, and good, honourable feeling, while he was allowed on all sides to be a gentleman in his manners as well as a man of public virtue.

'There are some very fine woods about Montpelier, but no pleasure-grounds, though Mr. Madison talked of some day laying out space for an English park, which he might render very beautiful from the easy, graceful descent of his hills into the plains below. The ladies, however, whom I have known in Virginia, like those of Italy, generally speaking, scarcely ever venture out of their houses to walk or to enjoy beautiful scenery; a high situation, from whence they can have an extensive prospect, is their delight; and, in fact, the heat is too great in these latitudes to allow of such English tastes to exist—in the same degree, at least, as in the mother country. A pleasure-ground, too, to be kept in order, would be very expensive, and all hands are absolutely wanted for the plantation. Great estates, and consequently great wealth, were, it is true, in former days by no means uncommon in Virginia; and I have heard of a Mr. Carter, who possessed 80,000 acres; but the abolition of entails has nearly ruined them all, and many hard cases occurred after the act of Congress was passed for the purpose, in 1776; among which, I was told, by Mr. Randolph, of one that was in fact a great act of injustice on the part of Colonel Van, who, having received an estate entailed in 1775, took advantage of the act of the following year, and left it away from his sisters to his widow, who married again, and left the rightful heiresses penniless. At the present day estates are very much subdivided; and I believe that even so late as the commencement of the century nobody could be pointed out as possessed of 25,000 acres.'

Twenty-eight miles more brought the party to Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson was spending, as usual, the two hottest months of the autumn. The house is situated on a detached hill, separated by two deep gaps from the body of the Blue Ridge, upon a level platform of considerable extent, which had been formed by the old land-surveyor, his father. The building itself was entirely the President's work; and the description, part of which we extract, gives us some peeps into the character of the founder:—

'The house has two porticoes of the Doric order, though one of them was not quite completed, and the pediment had, in the mean while, to be supported on the stems of four tulip-trees, which are really, when well grown, as beautiful as the fluted shafts of Corinthian pillars. They front north and south: on the ground-floor were four sitting-rooms, two bed-rooms, and the library, which contained several thousand volumes, classed according to subject and language. It was divided into three compartments, in one of which the president had his bed placed in a door-way; and in a recess at the foot of the bed was a horse with forty-eight projecting hands, on which hung his coats and waistcoats, and which he could turn round with a long stick,—a nick-nack that Jefferson was fond of showing, with many other little mechanical inventions; one of which was a *sulky* upon four wheels, with the spring in the centre, a very rough sort of carriage, but which he preferred to any other, as having been made by an Irish mechanic at Monticello, under his own superintendence, and to praise which was a sure way to prejudice him in your favour. He had also got an odometer, which was fastened upon the axle-tree of the sulky, and would tell the number of miles gone over by the wheels,' &c. &c. &c.

Jefferson's printed correspondence is full of allusions to *polographs* and *pantographs*, and so forth. 'I have always observed,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'that a small taste for mechanics tends to encouraging a sort of trifling self-conceit, founded on knowing what is not worth being known by one who has other matters to employ his mind on, and in short, forms a trumpery gimcrack kind of a character.'—*Letter to Miss Joanna Bailie, Life of Scott*, vol. vi. p. 83.

'If the library had been thrown open to his guests, the President's country house would have been as agreeable a place to stay at as any I know; but it was there he sat and wrote, and he did not like, of course, to be disturbed by visiters, who in this part of the world are rather disposed to be indiscreet. The family breakfast hour was eight o'clock; and after breakfast Mrs. Randolph [the president's daughter] and the other female relations of the house set about cleaning the tea-things and washing the alabaster lamp, which I took to be designed as a catch for popularity. After this operation the president retired to his books; his daughter to give lessons to her children; her husband to his farm; and the guests were left to amuse themselves as they pleased, walking, riding, or shooting. The president took his daily ride at one o'clock, to look at his farm and mill; at four dinner was served up; and in the evening we walked on a wooden terrace, or strolled into the wood, Mr. Jefferson playing with his grandchildren till dusk, when tea was brought in, and afterwards wine and fruit, of which the peaches were excellent. At nine our host withdrew, and every body else as they pleased.

'Jefferson's opinions in regard to the mental qualities of the negro race were certainly not favourable; he considered them to be as far inferior to the rest of mankind as the mule is to the horse, and as made to carry burthens, while he augured but little good as likely to result from their emancipation—That the black race is, however, as susceptible of refined civilisation, and as capable to the full of profiting by the advantages of education as any other of any shade whatever, must be admitted, in contradiction to Mr. Jefferson's prejudices, by any person who has had the honour to be acquainted with the daughters of Christophe, who was supreme sovereign or em-

peror of Hayti during eight or nine years, and who spared no kind of expense in getting good European masters for his children. The early and melancholy fate of his sons prevents us from forming a judgment as to what they might have become in consequence of such care, but his daughters are well known at several European courts, and by many individuals of the best European society, especially at the Tuscan and Sardinian capitals, where, in spite of their colour and their rank, which made it difficult to mix familiarly in the great world, they were sufficiently seen, nevertheless, to let it be apparent that their wit and understandings, as well as their accomplishments, were of the very highest order. . . . . .

'I thought Mr. Jefferson more of a statesman and man of the world than Mr. Madison, who was rather too much the disputatious pleader; yet the latter was better informed, and, moreover, a social, jovial, and good-humoured companion, full of anecdote, sometimes rather of a loose description, but oftener of a political and historical interest. He was a little man with small features, rather wizened when I saw him, occasionally lit up with a good-natured smile. He wore a black coat, stockings with shoes buckled, and had his hair powdered, with a tail. Jefferson, on the other hand, was, as before stated, very tall and bony, and affected to despise dress: in conversation, too, he was visionary, and loved to dream eyes open, or, as the Germans say, "zu schwärmen," and it must be admitted that America is the paradise for "Schwärmers," futurity there offering a wide frame for all that the imagination can put into it. If he lived, however, on illusions and mystic philanthropical plans in the country, or in his bed, he was not the less awake or active in taking measures to ensure the triumph of himself and his party at the capital, and I doubt if Washington himself would so certainly have been elected for the third time to the presidential chair, as he would have been had he chosen to be put into nomination for it. But he preferred being consistent, and to follow in this respect the example of his great predecessor, while he had enough of independence of mind and love for even trifling occupations to enable him to bear the change with composure. It must, however, have been a painful necessity that induced him to sell his library. No doubt, it was prudentially done for the interests of his children, and patriotically sold to his country, yet still there was, I fear, also, the potent argument of poverty; and it was another great slur upon the character of Congress that they did not vote him the money and refuse to accept the books, at least until after his death.—Such men as Washington and Jefferson, and their contemporaries in the highest stations of their country, having had peculiar claims to its most generous consideration, particularly when we reflect on the nature of the sacrifices which they made in order to establish the Republic, and that such sacrifices never can possibly be equalled by any of their successors—I shall ever look upon it as a proof of degeneracy in the race of men succeeding to that of the founders of American independence that the great Washington was left unburied, otherwise than as we bury a dog—that Jefferson was forced to sell his library in his old age to enable him to live—and that Monroe was almost left to starve, after he, like others, had spent his patrimony in keeping up the respectability of the offices of Secretary of State and President.*

'America is fond of being called a young nation—but youth is seldom stingy, and we have yet to learn what are the beneficial effects which may be produced by referring all things to penurious motives and rigid maxims of economy, nothing being allowed out of respect for great characters and public services. Already they have reaped some of the evil consequences of such a system, corruption among their civil officers having fearfully increased since the front ranks have been thinned of those whose boyhood had imbibed its character from English principles as well as English Education, and whose gentlemanly examples still served to influence and keep in a straight course the age they lived in. From the date of the French Revolution in 1789, which was also the date of the new American Constitution, to the declaration of war by the United States in 1812, seven Judges had been, though I believe unjustly, impeached; a Vice-President was convicted of conspiring to overturn the government; three senators were said to have been implicated in the plot; a District-Attorney had to fly from New York to New Orleans on being convicted of peculation, carrying off 50,000 dollars of public property in his pockets; a son of a Secretary of the Treasury had to fly from Philadelphia on being proved guilty of swindling; a Secretary of State, as may be seen in the French envoy Fauchet's intercepted and published despatches, was guilty of having been bribed by the French; *and many other instances might be added.*'

In leaving Virginia, Sir Augustus observes that five out of the seven Presidents of the United States (from Washington to Jackson inclusive) were gentlemen from this one province. The extent of Virginia and number of its representatives in Congress might, he says, account partly for this;—but he attributes it far more to the facts that Virginia had a better supply of natural aristocrats, large landed proprietors, than any other State in the Union, and that these magnates, as comparatively speaking they might be called, found it safer to profess ultra-democratical opinions than the gentry of any other district of rival importance, because in Virginia—although she, like her sisters, sent deputies to the general legislature in proportion to the number of her population—"the mass of the people, who in other countries might become *mobs*, was composed almost exclusively of the gentleman's own negro-slaves.' We have already, however, seen how rapidly the estates were becoming subdivided in Virginia as elsewhere, and Sir Augustus mentions that the ruin of many families had been much accelerated by the vanity of keeping up old establishments with diminished means. 'I doubt,' says he, 'if many men of large estates are now to be found there. The new

* The *Times* of May 5, 1841, quotes this paragraph from the *Louisville Journal*:—'A few weeks ago we saw a very long letter from General Jackson to a gentleman who had drawn on him for one hundred dollars. He acknowledged that the money was due; but stated that he was so miserably embarrassed by his security debts as to be utterly unable to raise the small sum necessary to meet the draft. He said he had some blooded stock which he was willing to give up, but one hundred dollars in money was out of the question.'

generation, too, of gentlemen produced since the peace appeared to be rather inferior, in manners at least, to their elders or predecessors.' The last circumstance, which Sir Augustus states very gently, does not at all surprise us. The mere fact that these gentlemen are no longer educated, as their fathers and grandfathers usually were, in the great schools and universities of England, would be quite enough to account for such a result. Virginia has but partaken in the necessary fate of the separated colonies generally:—they chose—or rather the inveterate shortsightedness of the old country at length drove them—to drop the main connexion they had had with the established systems of social refinement—and time must elapse before America can hope to supply the blank from her own native resources. Let us only ask ourselves what would happen as to the manners of any country town, or commercial city, or even separate county town in Great Britain, were it by any misfortune deprived of intercourse with the old central seats of elegant learning and the controlling examples of courtly politeness.

The weight of Virginia, notwithstanding all that has been said, was thrown into the scale of peace whenever, in Sir Augustus Foster's time, the question of war with England was mooted in Congress. The landed gentlemen of that State, however inclined to support ultra-democratical views in other cases, were too well aware of their own patrimonial interests to go readily into measures of which the immediate effect must be to cut off the best markets for their produce. The case was different as to South Carolina, although that State had within it a class of still richer gentry than Virginia. There, however, while the slaves were counted as elsewhere for settling the number of deputies, but could not themselves vote, the rich landlords found themselves already reduced to political insignificance by the increasing population of whites in the middle and lower classes of society, who engrossed gradually the influence of the elective franchise, and exerted it almost uniformly in favour of 'briefless lawyers and *soi-disant* doctors, ambitious or envious of their more prosperous neighbours, who had nothing to lose and every thing to gain by commotion.' These were the *war-hawks;* and 'most probably,' says our author, 'this State will from these circumstances ever be ready to take up arms, with or without cause, merely for the sake of gratifying young fellows of eloquence and ambition lacking preferment.'

The Baronet, in his Notes on other States, gives some instructive specimens of the practical results of radical supremacy. For instance—in North Carolina a large district of land belonged of right to the heirs of Lord Carteret. Sir Augustus conversed with the American lawyer, Mr. Key, who conducted the business for the claimants, and was assured that, though the equity of their claim was 'universally admitted,' it was in vain to proceed with it, as the judges and juries year after year 'purposely evaded giving any decision,' and the popular feeling against the foreigner was so strong that it could never 'be safe for any court of justice to settle the question in his favour.' In Georgia, Whitney's patent for cleaning cotton, though protected by an act of the State Legislature, was openly violated; and our author was assured by the patentee's friend, Mr. Day, of New Haven, that 'the sheriffs were pledged, on being named to their office, to impanel only such jurymen as would be unfavourable to the claim.' Sir Augustus says, 'let us put these examples alongside of the respect paid by Parliament to the Duke of Atholl's absurd rights in the Isle of Man, and to the Butlerage of the Ormond family in Ireland, and then draw a conclusion as to which form of government is most favourable to the principles of equity and honourable conduct.' But the treatment of the Penn family, which he mentions in another *Note*, was at least as flagrant as its injustice, and marked by a more deliberate shabbiness of cunning. Their lands were seized, during the revolutionary ferment, without any lawful pretext, and divided into numberless *very small sections*—because no appeal lies to the supreme court of the whole Union in the case of pecuniary claims below a certain amount, and thus the Delaware and Pennsylvania juries were sure to have the matter entirely in their own power. After fifteen years of struggle the Penns found it impossible to obtain a verdict in any one case, and they at last in despair accepted of some trifling compensation for their lost principality, not from the States which owed every thing to their great ancestor, but from the government at Washington itself.

Maryland at the beginning of this century had the advantage, Sir Augustus says, of being governed by 'as respectable a set of persons as could be found in America; but in the course of a few years the ultra-democratical influence displaced them, and they were succeeded by 'perhaps the meanest and the worst, and who had become notorious for shabbiness and bad faith.' He mentions two instances:—first the seizure for jobbing purposes of the funds—subscribed by private persons before the war—for the support of a seat of education on a liberal scale at Annapolis—the only pretext alleged being that '*the majority of citizens* could derive no benefit from such an institution;' and, secondly, the dexterous specimen of attorneyocracy exhibited in relation to a claim which the old government of the Province of Maryland had had to a sum of £200,000 invested in the English funds. After the war, though the British government might, as he says, have justly retaliated upon the treatment of the heirs of Lord Carteret, Mr. Penn, and many others, 'with that almost romantic love of justice which has hitherto always characterised it, it consented to give up the sum.' Bills had been issued on the strength of the securities, and circulated like other stock during the course of the war. They had become depreciated in the market, but still the actual holders were the only persons who could have any right to the money. The new government, who had just been elected when the British decision was announced, issued a proclamation accordingly, and ordered the claims to be sent in within a definite period. But presently they, by a summary edict, curtailed the term thus fixed—in consequence of which trick a very large proportion of the real claimants were wholly baffled and defrauded, and the far greater part of the sum was 'appropriated' elsewhere. 'It is on such occasions,' says Sir Augustus, 'that nations find out the bad economy there is in employing persons of gross and envious dispositions, many of them alien refugees, instead of gen-

tlemen of property and education, who have a different compass to steer by than that of some paltry jealousy or mere love of lucre.

'There were a great number of rich proprietors in the state of Maryland. In the district nearest the city of Washington alone, of which Montgomery county forms part, I was assured that there were five hundred persons possessing estates which returned them an income of £1000. Mr. Lloyd a member of Congress, on the eastern branch, possessed a net revenue of between £6000 and £7000, with which he had only to buy clothes for himself and family, wines, equipage, furniture, and other luxuries. Mr. Ringold possessed, near Hagerstown, a property yielding him an income of 12,000 dollars a year; and he rented his lands to tenants (whom he was at liberty to change, if he pleased, every year) for five dollars per acre, though he was to stand the expense of all repairs: Mr. Ringold kept but 600 acres in his own hands for stock. Mr. Tayloe, also, whose whole income exceeded £15,000 per annum, had a great portion of it in Maryland, chiefly at Nanjimoy, where he held 3000 acres, which his father bought for £500!!! His property, too, must by this time be very considerably augmented, for he was said to lay out about 33,000 dollars every year in new purchases. He possessed 500 slaves, built brigs and schooners, worked iron-mines, converted the iron into ploughshares—and all this was done by the hands of his own subjects. He had a splendid house at Mount Airy, with a property round it of 8000 acres, and a house at the federal city; and he told me that he raised about twelves bushels to the acre of the best land. Mr. Carrol, of Annapolis, grandfather to Lady Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford, was said to be still more wealthy, having, besides great accumulation in the funds, 15,000 acres of the best land in Frederic county, and several other estates.* He let a considerable portion of his property, too, to tenants, with an agreement that he was to receive a fine on the transfer of a lease; which arrangement is very profitable in a country where land is so often liable to change its occupants. I am induced to mention these instances of men of property and good family settled in America, from having observed what great ignorance still prevails among even the higher classes of Englishmen, in regard to the state of the colonies before the revolution; many persons supposing them to have been in a great measure peopled by convicts: whereas, whatever were the importations of such persons as are now sent to Botany Bay, they were too few in former days to affect the general character of the colonial population, and were probably restricted to Pennsylvania, which is still an *omnium gatherum* for people of all countries and religions, and to Georgia, which only began its political existence in the last century.'

In Pennsylvania and Delaware the influence of the new body of landed proprietors, created chiefly by the honourable manœuvres above alluded to, was already sufficiently apparent. 'None of the Pennsylvanians in Congress,' says Sir Augustus, 'were much distinguished for talents, though generally great democrats, and ill-mannered, as well from the effects of their education as from affectation,'—(Αγροικος ειναι προσεστι σικυος ων)—'and perhaps that wanton enjoyment of freedom which German bondsmen may be supposed to indulge in when they look back to the times in which they were under the yoke of some petty count or baron of the empire.' 'Many Germans were attracted by the relations of the Hessian soldiers that remained after the war; and a German who has just arrived is like a great cart-horse turned loose upon a plain, kicking and snorting in all directions; they revel in their new state, and appear to be delighted with rolling about in the mire of democracy.'

He gives here an anecdote, worth quoting, of an English acquaintance:—

'He was travelling in the back country districts, was driving a gig, and had left his groom at a considerable distance behind him, riding at a quiet pace in order to bring the other horse in cool. On coming to a log-house to get some water he found several wagoners in possession of the place who were very noisy and would not make way for him; but on his remonstrating, winked to each other, and agreed to have some fun out of the gentleman. They formed a ring, made him get down, and told him to dance. It was useless to argue with them; they began smacking at him with their whips, and he to caper and jump about from one to the other, till, at last, to his great joy, he espied his groom coming up, when rushing forward he knocked down one of the fellows in his way, and hastening to the saddle horse took out two loaded pistols which were in the holsters. "Now, you rascals," he hallooed out, "it's my turn!" and, cocking his pistols, he ordered them all to lay down their whips, giving one to the groom, which the latter was ordered to lay about him as hard as he could, and when they had all got a good threshing he ordered them off with their wagons, and took his repose, after having been complimented by the landlord, who secretly rejoiced at the lesson his brutal customers had received. On another occasion, a traveller got the better of one of these blackguards, to the satisfaction even of his companions, to whom the bully had made himself formidable; he chose to challenge the gentleman to fisticuffs, thinking him too delicate to stand the trial—but he had caught a Tartar; the *gentleman* happened to have been a disciple of Jackson. Such adventures it is to be hoped are now becoming rarer—in the long settled parts, at least—or it would be unadvisable to travel about otherwise than in stage coaches.'

The same feelings which Sir Augustus has mentioned, as deciding, in his opinion, the retention of Washington for the federal capital, had operated already in transferring the seats of many of the state governments to small places: that of New York, for example, to Albany, 150 miles up the Hudson River—that of Pennsylvania from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Philadelphia was, he says, in those days, by

* Sir Augustus elsewhere calls Mr. Carrol 'the richest man in the Union;' but we suppose he forgot at the moment the late *patroon* of New York, Mr. Van Rensellaer. Mr. Silk Buckingham, in his 'America,' just published (vol. ii. p. 327), states the *patroon's* income at a million of dollars, or 200,000 pounds per annum. We doubt if any English subject has such a revenue at his command in 1841.

far the richest town in North America—several of the citizens represented families known from an early date, and possessed large incomes—some as much as £20,000 a year.* These gentlemen, however, and their connexions, seemed to be determinedly set aside in all the provincial elections, as well as in those of members for the Congress:—

'*The well-borns*—an expression introduced or applied to the rich Philadelphian families by the Germans—appear to have but little chance. Mr. Schneider, a tanner, was then governor of the state; and there was even a question of removing the seat of government from Lancaster to Harrisburgh, quite a new place, above forty miles further west; its chief recommendation being that the legislature would there be less exposed to the influence of the rich and well educated than it is in a city so little removed from the great world as even Lancaster is—so jealous are these *land owners*, of all kinds of aristocracy, which will never be able to raise its head until the inland towns become more populous than they are.'

The change to Harrisburgh, which is 100 miles from Philadelphia, has since been effected—though Sir Augustus does not seem to be aware of the fact.

The inferior functionaries of this state are described as most unprincipled partisans. For example:—

'The inspectors are sometimes so lax in regard to questioning the voters, that a senator told me he had once seen fifty sailors brought up to vote for a candidate, who, but a few hours previously, had been taken to the house of a tax gatherer in the interest of the democratic party, where they each paid a fifteen penny-piece into his hands to enable them to swear that they had paid the taxes. And this puts me in mind of an old woman, in one of the sea-port towns, who kept a cradle, made for the purpose of rocking full grown British subjects who were to be converted in a hurry into American citizens, that, when testimony should be called for to prove their birth, she might with a safe conscience swear she had known them from their cradles.'

Of the society in Philadelphia Sir Augustus speaks very highly:—

'I never met with more hospitality any where,' he says; 'and as there exists a great deal less of that nervous susceptibility as to the opinion foreigners, or rather Englishmen, entertain of America than is to be found farther south, or even at New York, the dinner parties were more without restraint, and very agreeable. They might have made one forget one was not in England, if it had not been for the occasional pronunciation of some common word. . . . . It is in such society, too, and among similar sets of individuals, whose names are too numerous to mention, that one learns the esteem in which the English are still held by their Transatlantic relations of the good old stock. I must repeat that any hatred entertained for us, as far as my knowledge of facts can go, was in a great measure confined to individuals, refugees, or discontented emigrants from the British islands, and their connexions.'

Sir Augustus says a good deal of pictures by West, Sully, Stewart, and others, at Philadelphia. He adds:—

'The statue gallery had very good casts in it, which was all that it could be expected to have: the collection was exhibited to ladies and to gentlemen separately, which I thought a very stupid kind of regulation by way of a delicate one, all restraint being thereby removed from the remarks and observations of either party; and that it is so was proved by some lines, written with a pencil, which I spied here and there, in a female hand, upon the legs of statues of the gods Cupid and Mercury, which the keeper of the rooms assured me must have been done during a late visit of some young women. The latter, being generally educated at boarding schools, are consequently not much under the influence of that timidity and reserve so characteristic of young ladies in Europe; and when they get together they are said to be extremely plain spoken.'

From the aspect of the city itself he glides into some reflections on American banking, which just at present may have interest for our readers:—

'The city of Philadelphia is built too much in the shape of a chess-board to be beautiful. There is nothing surely so unfavourable to architectural ornament as long lines of broad streets cutting each other at right angles, and yet this is the plan on which most modern towns are constructed in this part of the world, arising, I conclude, in a great degree, from the circumstance that the architects employed were generally, in point of fact, mere masons who had emigrated to seek their fortunes in the colonies. Mere workmen of no genius, being of course fond of what is easiest to do, imitate as much as possible—and, where they have some appearance of originating, it is by omitting a part of what they copy from, and spoiling its proportions; as those who build upon the plan of the Pantheon at Rome generally take but six of its eight columns, though they cannot prevent the eye from being offended at the change, which makes the building appear wire-drawn and discordant with itself. Such streets as those of Philadelphia might in fact be built on *ad infinitum*, and the architect never have to get out of his bed, but simply to order the next house or the next street, to be built like the preceding one; I have often fancied myself in Eighth or Ninth street when I was in Tenth or Eleventh street, and had to retrace my steps a great way to find the number out. How much more beautiful is a city where no such regularity prevails, but where each man builds according to his own fancy! No proportion of height can exist where length is extended in long perspective; and without proportion what is architecture! In London every step you take gives you new outlines, and in St. James's street or Pall Mall the Club houses may be viewed, each of them as an individual work of art, independent of shops or low houses on either side. So, who would not prefer the Strada Nuova of Genoa, with its curved line of palaces, to the regular architecture of the Dora Grossa in the Sardinian capital!

* Mr. Silk Buckingham, no great authority perhaps, speaks of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, a native of France, as having been still richer than *the Patroon* of New York, or even old John Astor, of the same state, to whom he ascribes the decent competence of *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum* (vol. i. p. 47.) This is the founder of Astoria, immortalised by Washington Irving.

Long lines of houses, in fact, weary one physically as well as morally, in the same manner that a long straight road wearies when one is eager to get to the end of a journey. There are some handsome buildings, nevertheless, at Philadelphia; and if Mr. Latrobe, who is a real good architect, and was employed by the nation, could not alter the original sin of the plan on which that city was built, he has, at least, done something to adorn it. The Bank, though the columns stand on plinths and are rather too long, is a handsome piece of architecture, and is faced with white marble, an expense which the establishment could well afford, although, even at the time when I was last in the country, they were trembling for their charter.

'This charter Mr. Eppes, son-in-law of Mr. Jefferson, declared in Congress, had begun in party, continued in party, and must end in party: yet, with all their federal or aristocratical tendencies, what great influence had the Bank Company on the election of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Jackson?—But the Democrats, particularly those of the back parts of the country, can suffer no opposition, and are blind to the consideration that the states have not too many ties to connect them with one another: they see an aristocrat in a well dressed banker, who, used to order, naturally dislikes their rowing, noisy, bullying ways; and, reckless of the consequences, they pursue the institution with an inveteracy unworthy of the chiefs of the party, but which these latter submit to, where they don't provoke it themselves, for their own especial ends. This policy was first introduced by Jefferson; he saw where the elements of power would be found when the great Washington should have departed, and paid his court accordingly, as I have sufficiently shown in the account of my residence in the federal city, where it was amusing to see the game going on, while Jefferson had still so much respect for European opinion as to take occasion to tell me how often he washed his feet,—no doubt, lest I should suppose from his dress that he was really an unclean animal.'

After detailing some of the many dangers through which the American banks passed between those days and our own, Sir Augustus concludes with the furious measures of Jackson, and says—

'In England, though we love to subdue opposition, yet we like it to subsist and be respectable: the Americans, on the contrary, must trample it under foot and break the elements of which it was composed. It is to be hoped the time may never come when they will do worse, and take the bloody democracies of the middle ages for a model.'

The chapter on the city and state of New York is equally interesting. He says—

'In conformity with the pettifogging jealousy towards the real capital that exists in many other parts of the United States, New York, like Pennsylvania, is forced to fix the seat of government in a small town, Albany, where the rustic legislators may not be subject to have their feelings wounded by seeing fine horses, equipages, or dress, or any other outward and visible mark of superiority of style to their own. One would have supposed that such great politicians might have preferred to live in the centre of arts and sciences, trade and commerce, where minds of every description meet and improve one another by mutual interchange of ideas, and the polish of social life which *emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*; but the dreams of philanthropists are destined to be deceived in this respect as in many others, and the poor commonplace passions of envy, jealousy, and parsimony, as well as a certain want of concern for the dignity of the government, lead the other way—while the paltry argument about a central spot being necessary, as if the whole state were a *wheel*, is opposed by the majority to any advantages of humanisation or instruction to be derived from the chief members of the state residing in a large city. Thus men in office are to be found in one place, where, from having no other occupation, being generally without their families, they overdose themselves with politics from morning till night—and the men of business or pleasure live at the opposite extremity, with little or no influence upon the counsels of the government. No wonder foreigners feel the effects of such a schism, and, according as they are clever mal-contents or mere travellers, rule the social world at New York, or rail against it. It is the intermixture of all classes that renders the great cities of Europe generally the centres of civilisation; but here, in this New World, a preference seems to be given to twopenny-halfpenny considerations of personal or local importance, and Albany will, no doubt, have to yield in time to some upstart place, like Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania, which was said to be about to carry the twenty-cents-per-mile legislators away from Lancaster.

'I know of but one country in Europe where the principle has been acted upon of fixing the seat of government arbitrarily in the centre of the land, and that has certainly not held out a fortunate example, Madrid being notoriously a forced fruit, even at the present day, which would soon be reduced to its original insignificance without the presence of the court. Had Charles V. or Philip II. established his capital at Seville or at Lisbon, when one or the other might have done so, what a different degree of interest would not Spain have then taken in questions of trade and commerce, and what a magnificent city her metropolis might ere now have become! . .

'The jealousy against the English system of inheritance is even stronger in the American states than it is in France; yet, do what they will, either of them, they cannot prevent there being classes in society, and the existence of very rich as well as very poor persons; and even if we could arrive at establishing infinite divisions of property among scores of children, how would the inhabitants of towns be supported? How could watchmakers, cabinetmakers, coachmakers, &c. &c., and all those who are settled, not on a rich soil, but on granite pavement, contrive to exist? It is the selfish vanity of paltry little purse-holders, without taste or talents, which is at the bottom of it all; they would, if they could, all of them be lords; and yet what else is the English system but an attempt to regulate this love of distinction natural to man, by urging us to acquire through honest or honourable deeds of every kind and description? We have a class, of which the main part, it must be owned, have been elevated by accident of birth; but it is necessary to have a nucleus somewhere, and human imperfection does not admit of a better.'

The closing chapters are on the New England

States, where he found far more to please him than in the south or the west:—

'Never did land answer better to its name, or better bear the comparison of being a scion from its parent tree; and if many of our bilious travellers—who come to America to get rid of tyranny, they say, but really of bile, of which they go back with a double portion—if they were but half as fond as they pretend to be of honest, simple manners, rural felicity, and plain, independent good sense, without any mixture of brawling ostentation, or the Utopian nonsense of ultra-political ranters and constitution-hunters—they might here find ample satisfaction, and the accomplishment of all that the march of intelligence can effect, with the aid of morality and sound religious zeal.

'The soil of Connecticut certainly is not the most fertile, but it is perhaps the best cultivated of any in the Union. The inhabitants are a hardy race, very thickly located for America; and the country, which is full of hills and valleys and granite rocks, abounds in beautiful villages, with neat white churches—while there is a cleanliness and an English air about every thing, even to the labourers, who take off their hats in passing you, which one meets with nowhere else on the American side of the Atlantic. What will surprise our grievance-seekers too, is, that this state, though its constitution be perhaps the most democratic in theory of any in the world, is, in its relations with the federal government, looked upon as the main-stay of aristocracy, and its deputies were, I believe, to a man, the most uncompromising opponents of Mr. Jefferson's policy: but order, good breeding, and a strict attention to religious duties, which are all qualities universally to be found in this small district, would necessarily pass for aristocratic habits among the liberty-boys of the west—while towards the south they was acquired by a life spent among slaves, or a boisterous white population, tyrants at home, for the most part, and democrats abroad, are just the very reverse of those which render the people of these parts democrats at home and aristocrats abroad; for such is the strange contrast to be observed in comparing the politicians of Connecticut with those of Virginia. The latter, with Jefferson and Madison at their head, were notorious for their democratic tendencies; and even Thomas Moore, the poet, could not endure it, styling it "a Gallic garbage of philosophy;" yet in their own houses were they surrounded with slaves; and John Randolph, who began life by being a demagogue—a course that vanity generally takes as the speediest step to notoriety, since it dispenses with the necessity of having a previous character—John Randolph, I say, assured me that possession of slaves was necessary to the formation of a perfect gentleman, which he held himself to be, and in fact was, in most things, not only as respects the world at large, but also his own slaves, whom he treated not merely with the kindness of a gentleman, but, as the Irish would say, of a *real* gentleman. Owners of slaves, however, among themselves, are all for keeping down every kind of superiority; and from being rivals in their own states for the voice of the people, whom they court by dressing and looking like them as much as they can, they frequently acquired tastes and habits more suited to a tavern than a house of representatives. I speak of the major part—for there were still many Virginian planters in my time distinguished by their aristocratic air and manners; but generally speaking, one could almost at a glance discern, from his superior personal appearance, the federal member of the most democratic, from the democratic member of the most aristocratic state in the Union. The climate, and the non-existence of slavery, may account in part for this; but we may likewise trace the difference to a purer descent from English ancestry, unmixed and uncontaminated with French, German, Dutch, or any other foreign blood; and it is no doubt the good sense which the New Englander thus inherited that tempers and renders harmless a silly constitution, which given to any other people, would probably have long ago set them together by the ears.'

A *note* of much later date is here introduced. It is short, but every word pregnant with meaning:—

'Since my departure clamour and the excitement caused by war have at length triumphed over the good sense of Connecticut, and a majority has been found passionate enough to trample under foot the rude old democratic constitution of this state, which, however originally defective, had become polished and well adapted to their use. This was one of those changes that are sometimes easily accomplished even by a minority at first very insignificant, when the youth of a country are roused to join in the hunt with a few demagogues, or wild visionaries, who have purposes of their own to carry. In a healthy condition of things the young men are too much under the influence of their families to render it easy for the ambitious to lead them into their private schemes; it is only in an epoch of rage and excitement that the thing becomes practicable; and therefore it is that revolution and war are ardently desired by rash or designing men, who have little to lose, and every thing to gain, by desperate lotteries; the real majority, which is in fact at such times weak, being no longer listened to, must go to the wall, until their opponents become calm once more—stated with gain, or stilled by death.

'The measure, then, of changing the constitution has been carried into effect; and as no return to the former state of things is now to be looked for, we can only hope that the habits of the people of Connecticut—too strongly rooted to take injury from a bad constitution, made good afterwards by friction—will be equally unaffected by useless innovation; and that, like their English prototypes, they will laugh at the occasional attempts which are made by temporary majorities, to alter their habits or their morals by altering their laws.'

We have abstained from quoting the parts of these chapters that relate to the political negotiations in which Sir Augustus Foster was engaged during both his residences at Washington. His conduct in leaving America so soon as he did, in 1812, was blamed by many at the time, but he had the satisfaction to find, on reaching London, that it was entirely approved of by Lord Liverpool and the Prince Regent, whose reception of him at Carlton House he paints rather amusingly:—

'The King, on this occasion, received me in his dressing-gown, Lord Liverpool being in plain clothes

while I was in uniform, which His Majesty observed was not necessary, asking Lord Liverpool why he had not told me to come in plain dress. He then desired us to sit down, and began questioning me about the American government, saying, jokingly, that he had heard not only the Minister of War but the Minister for Foreign Affairs were become soldiers, and commanded corps; and when I told him it was very true, he laughed, and, turning round, exclaimed, "By G——, Liverpool, you should copy their example, and then, by G——, you know, you might execute your favourite plan of a march upon Paris." Liverpool said he had been a soldier, and so he was, with Lord Castlereagh, in the ranks of the London Volunteers, in the year 1805, when an invasion was expected, and all took up arms, to the amount, including army and navy, of 750,000 men. The King little expected at the time he held the above conversation with Lord Liverpool that, in the course of the very next year, the march on Paris would have become very feasible, and that within the two succeeding years the prediction of his celebrated speech, when he was Lord Hawkesbury, would twice be accomplished.'

Respecting the present difficulties of the boundary question, Sir Augustus has some very temperate reflections. He is of opinion that the first step ought to be for the British and American governments to buy up all the claims of individuals to property in the soil of the disputed territory;—which being done, he cannot suppose that a mixed commission, composed of men of high character and standing, could find much difficulty in agreeing on an amicable settlement. He does not, however, indulge in any very sanguine hope of this plan being adopted. The American government, he says, have already shown sufficient symptoms of the paralysis under which their better feelings are kept by the pressure of the democracy; and he adds that the successive governments on both sides of the water have also shown but too plainly, in regard to this as well as other matters, their resolution to 'shove off' serious responsibilities, and leave them for their successors. The peace of Versailles was allowed to pass—a still more favourable opportunity in 1814—and another, as was observed in our last Number, so lately as 1833. Our author concludes thus:—

'It is my earnest hope that the unreasonable pretensions of the State of Maine, joined to the rowing, bullying humour of its neighbours on the northern line of frontiers, may not lead to a fresh quarrel with us; but if it does do so, I am convinced such quarrel will have bad consequences for the whole Union, inasmuch as, by giving a temporary triumph to the noisy, turbulent portion of the people, it will at length fully expose the weakness of the central government, and rouse up the old English good sense of the eastern states to act for itself; when the Congress must either listen to its dictates, or its authority will fall to the ground altogether, and a new and more powerful republic be raised on its ruins, that all the remaining force of the United States would fail of being able to overawe, much less to subdue.'

We cannot conclude without once more hinting our hope that Sir Augustus Foster may give these *notes* to the public at large. The specimens now quoted will, we are persuaded, induce both friends and strangers, in England and in America, to unite in our wishes. They contain many striking illustrations of the inevitable tendency of radicalism in power to debase the morals as well as the manners of a nation—illustrations doubly valuable because they come from one who has evidently never allowed the coarse violences of the American democracy, and the selfish hypocrisy of those who direct its energies for their own interests, to interfere with his appreciation of the better classes, whom this democracy has systematically outraged, but who, we are disposed to believe, have been of late recovering some of their just and natural influence. Our extracts, however, have left untouched several of the subjects on which the Baronet appears to have bestowed especial thought and care—in particular the details of agricultural management in the different provinces, on which he descants with the zeal, and exhibits the practical knowledge, of a well-educated and widely travelled country gentleman.

---

## SONNETS TO ——

I.

I NEVER asked for words of thine to prove
Thy deep—thy fond devotion unto me;
(I long had marked it, and an answering love
Slowly awakened in my heart to thee.)
My watchful eye could read it in thy glance,
That ever brightened up when I came near;
And if my hand met thine amid the dance,
The start—the flushing cheek—have told how dear
My presence was to thee: and still, though nought
Came from thy lips to warrant such belief,
Yet my quick ear, unknown to thee, hath caught
The secret sigh that gave thy heart relief.
And upon mine its stolen echoes fell—
Revealing the fond truth thy lips were slow to tell.

II.

At length it seemed as if a spell were broken,
And silence from thy lips unloosed her chain,
And words arose (such words as then were spoken
I ne'er had heard, I ne'er shall hear again!)
My bosom beat with uncontroll'd emotion,
Whilst thou, in whispers tremulous and low
As the soft wind that stirs the aspen bough,
Breathed forth the tale of long concealed devotion!
'Twas only, *then*, I knew the depth—the force—
Of that long love, which silence could not hide!—
Strong as the mountain torrent in its course,
And gentle as the flowers upon its side!
'Twas then, and only then that thou didst know
My heart was thine alone, with all it could bestow!

ANNE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE COLMANS.

Biography has a peculiar interest for all ranks. To be able to look into the private character of individuals who have been long conspicuous in public life, is in itself a speculation so amusing as to be one of the perpetual employments of society—an employment which, though it may degenerate into gossiping and scandal, yet, when rationally pursued, is as innocent as it is interesting. With what eagerness would we not peruse an exact and minute memoir of the private life of any of the great men of antiquity!—with what delight do we listen to the marking traits of character in the leaders of our own time! How many volumes have been published of the anecdotes, the sayings, and the habits of Napoleon! How gladly would we have heard a thousandfold more of the studies in which Chatham formed his oratory, or his still greater son his principles; of the secret progress of those powerful impulses, which, like the crystallisation that forms the diamond in the mine, were yet to flash such brilliancy in the glorious imagination of Burke; or the gradual growth of those profound faculties which made "Newton master of the mysteries of the planetary system, and in Bacon gave a new spirit to the science of his country and his age!"

The lives of the three Colmans are certainly not the lives of philosophers; but the advantage of biography is, that it turns every thing to knowledge. It is human nature exhibited to human nature; the mirror in which, though a thousand faces may be exhibited in succession, or even together, every man may see and study his own. These volumes are a compilation confessedly, and altogether too much so, to reflect any credit on their authorship; but they are perhaps only the more amusing. The Colmans filled a space in the public eye for a century; and the last of the race was the most public of them all.

The grandfather of the late George Colman was a man of some public distinction. Mr. Francis Colman, marrying the sister of Mrs. Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath, was naturally in the way of public life, and in 1721 he was appointed resident British Minister at Vienna. In the fragments of correspondence which this appointment produced between him and Pulteney, we are brought back amongst the names of the last century. Pulteney writes from Chevening, the seat of Earl Stanhope, inviting the new minister to visit him on his way to Dover, and bidding him bring with him Williams, (the noted Sir Charles Hanbury) further bidding him persuade John Gay to come on horseback to join the party. Sir Charles was eccentric from his cradle; and after acting a good deal, which established his character for flightiness, and writing a good deal, which he had better never have written, died lunatic in 1759. He had been British Minister at Berlin.

The name of John Gay is familiar to all who are acquainted with the authorship of the last century. He was born a courtier, and spent all his life hanging on the skirts of the Court, or dependent on great people. Thus he was successively secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and to the Earl of Clarendon in his German embassy. He repaid the attentions of his noble patrons by his wit; and, in return for protection, at least assisted them in their way to fame. But it would have been better for his happiness if he had lived in the attic, thanking nothing for his subsistence but his pen; and a more secure way to fame, if he had written nothing but Beggars' Operas. A letter from Gay, dated Bath, 1721, is a specimen of his light gossiping style:—

"I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington, and pass my time very agreeably. I left Chiswick about three weeks ago, and have been ever since at the Bath, for the cholical humour in my stomach that you have often heard me complain of. Here is very little company that I know. I expect a summons suddenly to go with Lord Burlington into Yorkshire. You must think that I cannot be now and then without some thoughts that give me uneasiness, who have not the least prospect of being ever independent. My friends do a great deal for me; but I think I could do more for them. Mr. Pulteney and Mrs. Pulteney had some thoughts of the Bath; but I fancy their journey is put off. I saw them at Chiswick just before I left it. You will, before my letter could reach you, have heard of poor Lord Warwick's death. It has given me many a melancholy reflection. I loved him, and cannot help feeling concern whenever I think of him. Dear Colman, be as cheerful as you can: never sink under disappointment. I give you the advice which I have always been obliged to follow, though I hope you will never have occasion to practise it."

Gay was unlucky, but as in the case of most unlucky men, he generally had reason to reproach himself. At least, in one instance he was the victim of his own imprudence. He was at one time in the possession of stock in the celebrated South Sea scheme, which he could have sold for twenty thousand pounds. Swift, who knew the world, advised him by all means at least to purchase an annuity with a part of it, as a security against chance; but Gay would detract nothing from his golden heap, and suddenly saw it vanish into air. A letter from Pulteney is equally characteristic of a higher man, and one better acquainted with the ways of men.—After giving some commissions to Colman, who was then at Florence, he says—

"Now I have given you this trouble, I must take a further liberty, and you must not be angry if I chide you a little for your extravagance. What makes you throw away your money in presents? I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on every other body's. Believe me, Colman, there are few people worth valuing so much as to make one's self a farthing the poorer for them. For my part, I own that I am grown quite out of humour with the world; and the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it. There is such a thing as cunning, there is falsehood, and there are views of self-interest, that mix themselves in almost all the friendships that are contracted between man and man. Those make friendships hardly worth cultivating any where; I am sure nowhere worth being at any considerable charge to preserve them.

Memoirs of the Colman Family, including their Correspondence, etc. By R. B. Peake. 2 vols. London.

Do not mistake what I have said. I mean it not particularly to any one person, but in general."

We regret that these letters are not more numerous. They are the gems of the book. A letter from Lord Chesterfield says, in rather a singular style, speaking of a foreign nobleman who was then in London:—

"I have been to wait upon him, and to offer him what services I could do him here, which are none at all; since, as you very well know, it is impossible to break through *the inhospitality* of this country enough to make any foreigner pass his time tolerably here. He has been ill of a fever almost ever since his arrival in this country, and seems to have so indifferent an opinion, both of our climate and our politeness, that I believe he will not stay very long."

The inhospitality was probably an allusion to the formality of the court, whose German etiquette was new to the English in 1727, the date of the letter, and formed a heavy contrast with the animation of foreign life. The charge of want of either courtesy or liberality, was never applicable to the higher orders in this country. But he proceeds in a livelier and more characteristic strain:—

"I am very sorry you could imagine that an absence of seven years, or even twice that time, could remove you from the thoughts of one who always thought of your friendship and acquaintance with the utmost satisfaction; and must take this opportunity of desiring in reality, what I shall soon be obliged to desire in form, the honour and pleasure of your correspondence. I hope, too, that our long acquaintance will justify me in desiring that I may be on a more free footing than barely from his Majesty's Minister at Florence, to his Majesty's Minister at the Hague."

Chesterfield was a more remarkable man than our generation is inclined to believe. His "study" of manners has thrown a colour of frivolity over his fame; and the courtier or the dancing master intercepts the merit of a man who figured among the leading personages of a brilliant and vigorous time. Chesterfield succeeded in every task which he undertook. In his embassy to Holland, then the centre of European diplomacy, he was the leading diplomatist, and probably the most effective instrument of at once restraining the ambition of France, and securing the stability of the Hanoverian succession. In his viceroyalty of Ireland, he kept down the violence of the national parties, and was popular with all. His gayety there was in its natural element, his wit is still remembered; and he stands on record as the *only viceroy* who ever left behind him a permanent memorial of his manly and judicious interest in the gratification of the people. The inhabitants of the Irish metropolis owe to Chesterfield a noble park, as large as the three parks of London united, and one of the most beautiful and valuable contributions to the health and indulgence of a great city, as it was one of the earliest in Europe.

As diplomacy in the little Italian courts was generally a very sinecure affair, the English envoys soon fell into the national ways, and evidently thought that the opera was the grand work for which man, woman, and minister were made. The box at the opera was their cabinet; the settlement of theatrical *melees* their chief employment abroad; and the engagement of singers and dancers the chief subject of their correspondence at home. It is curious to observe the great Handel adopting this view of the Tuscan envoy's functions, and writing to Colman as *his* accredited plenipotentiary to the Signori and Donne of the land of song.

After stating some opera engagements—among which he required, that the female singer engaged should be equal to perform in men's characters as well as those of her own sex—the great composer proceeds in a strain which shows how little the opera generation have changed during the last hundred years:—

"I take the liberty of again saying to you, to say nothing whatever in your contracts of first parts, seconds, or thirds; for this is a source of annoyance to us in the choice of performance, and in other ways produces great inconvenience. We also hope to have, by your help, a man and woman for the approaching season; which begins with October of the present year, and ends with July 1731; and we wait with anxiety to hear news of them, that we may inform the court."

Colman performed his bidding with activity, and at last had the diplomatic triumph of inducing Signor Senesino to condescend to sing before the British court and nobility for one thousand four hundred guineas—a sum which, calculating at the present expense of living, would not be far short of three thousand now. Handel concludes with congratulations on this national service,—"It is to your generous assistance that the court and the nobility owe in part the satisfaction of having a company to their taste, so that nothing remains for me but the expression of my personal thanks," &c. But some real business was now about to be done, even in the land of the lazy. Florentine negotiation was put on the *qui vive* by the death of the Duke of Parma, the succession to whose pretty, but very little sovereignty, was given to Don Carlos. Pulteney again writes to Colman: his letter has the exact language of an angry politician of the 19th century,—"I must disguise my sentiments extremely, if I enter in the least into the consideration of public affairs, without abusing those fools—I mean our ministers—who have the conducting them. Do not be frightened at what I have said; for this comes to you by a very safe hand." (He then mentions a gentleman by whom he sends some pamphlets:) "He will give you a set of the *Craftsman*, which you must put, like the monks, into that part of your library which they call L'Inferno; and be sure, like them, to read those books more than any in the rest of the library. There are some other pamphlets, which, old as they are, will be new and entertaining to you." We have given this fragment, chiefly for the sake of the anecdote which accompanies it. It is an additional proof of the absurdity of duelling. In a pamphlet, called "Sedition and Defamation displayed," (which the biographer conceives to have been in this packet,) Pulteney had been attacked, and, supposing that the author was Lord Hervey, vice-chamberlain of the household, he had treated his lordship with the usual keenness of his pen, in "A proper Reply to a late scurrilous Libel, entitled Sedition and Defamation displayed." Lord

Hervey's retort was a challenge to fight with swords in the Green Park, in the same afternoon. The Green Park must have been then a somewhat less popular promenade than at present; or those two warriors must have made a formidable figure to the nursery-maids and children. After four or five passes, Pulteney gave his lordship two wounds, one in the arm and the other in the neck; they then rushed in upon each other, but were separated by their seconds. The wounds were fortunately slight; but the next thrust might have been murderous; and, after all, Lord Hervey was *not* the author, even if this kind of vengeance could be justice. The writer was Sir William Young, the secretary-at-war.

But the Florentine Minister himself was now to undergo the common lot. His health declined in 1732, and, after removing to Pisa for change of air, he died early in the next year.

His son George, father of the more celebrated wit and dramatist of our day, was born at Florence in 1732. On the death of the Minister, his boy was in some degree adopted by Pulteney, who sent him to Westminster school. There he was contemporary with Warren Hastings, Lloyd the poet, and Hinchliffe, Smith, and Vincent, who successively rose to be head-masters. Nicolls was the principal, and Vincent Bourne, the writer of the well-known Latin verses, was one of the ushers. Colman profited by this school. At the election in 1751, he was placed at the head of the list of Westminster scholars for Oxford. The nomination, however, did not take place, as Pulteney, now Earl of Bath, was of opinion that, by remaining a year longer, he would make a more distinguished figure. The Earl's extraordinary care of Colman, coupled with his equally extraordinary love for his purse, gave rise to the indecent rumour that he was the Earl's son. But a comparison of dates proves that this was out of the question, supposing the Earl to have been profligate enough for such an event. Mrs. Colman had been living in Italy five years before the birth of her son. On the other hand, Pulteney was a decorous man; and the attentions of his countess to the boy, even if the dates had not been sufficient, would have deservedly discountenanced the charge.

Colman, at last, was admitted into the society of Lincoln's Inn, where Lord Bath constantly urged him to diligence in his profession; but he foolishly chose to imagine himself born to another destiny. In 1754 he engaged with the well-known Bonnell Thornton in writing the periodical paper called the *Connoisseur*. To those who know the natural fate of periodical writers, such a commencement at such an age was decisive of neglect in his profession. Colman was thenceforth stamped an idler for life, and of all idlers the most incurable, a busy idler. Some years now passed, in which he occasionally went circuit, and wrote poems and parodies. He at last ventured on a farce, named *Polly Honeycomb*; finally, the *Jealous Wife* appeared in 1761, which brought the author great reputation, and, unluckily for himself, fixed him as a dramatist for life. The *St. James's Chronicle* was then established by Mr. Baldwin, a man of ability and character; aided by Thornton, Garrick, Colman, and Stevens; and by their connexions, activity, and wit, he soon brought the paper into celebrity. Colman contributed essays, entitled "The Genius." However, we may conceive that his natural volatility soon prevailed; for his essays went no farther than the fifteenth number. There were other evidences of the society in which he engaged, more discreditable. His son, the late George Colman, was an illegitimate child, born October 21st, 1762. July, 1763, Colman published another paper, "Terræ filius;" but this son seems soon to have speedily gone to his mother. About this period the Earl made a short continental tour, of which Miss Carter, the authoress, who accompanied the family, gives some light anecdotes.

"At Spa, the Prince Bishop of Augsburg kept a table, and invited all the company by turns. We have already been there three times. It is a very illustrious visit, and a very dull one. The dining with a sovereign prince is an affair of more honour than pleasure. One circumstance is very awkward to little folks, that the attendants are all men of quality; and we must all either choke with thirst, or employ a count or a baron to bring us a glass of water. An 'Excellence,' with an embroidered star comes to us from His Highness when dinner is on table, which is half an hour after twelve. There is a world of English arrived within the week; very few French, but German counts and barons innumerable."

She proceeds to tell us—"That the manners of the German princes are unaffected and agreeable; but their dress is so ridiculously stiff, that the first time I saw them altogether, they put me in mind of King Pharaoh's court in a puppet-show. The variety of dress in the company here, makes the first *coup-d'œil* on the walks of the Geronsterre very amusing; priests and hussars, beaux and hermits, nuns and fine ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable. The streets are all day long crowded with people, without any bustle or noise; all the company is very peaceable and quiet, and there seem to be none of those fashionable pests of society, the bucks and 'choice spirits' among us; and I thought I felt a little foolish at hearing one of my foreign friends observe, most maliciously, that it would not be known that there were any of our country at Spa, if a footman did not now and then run through the streets screaming in English after a stray 'dog.'"

The volumes are agreeably diversified with letters from great people and from little ones. Some of them from Garrick, who, perhaps, was to be called both great and little. In 1673, the actor and his wife had set out for a tour of the Continent. We give a fragment of his letter to Colman from Paris. It is gayly clever, and cleverly gay:

"You cannot imagine, my dear Colman, what honours I have received from all kinds of people here. The nobles and the literati have made so much of me, that I am quite ashamed of opening my heart even to you. Marmontel has written to me the most flattering letter upon our supping together; I was in spirits, and so was 'the Clairon,' who supped with us at Mr. Neville's. She got up to set me a going, and spoke something in Racine's *Athalie* most charmingly; upon which I gave him the 'dagger scene' in *Macbeth*, the 'curse' in *Lear*, and the 'falling asleep' in *Sir John Brute*; the consequence of which is, that I am now stared at in the playhouse,

and talked of by gentle and simple as the most wonderful wonder of wonders. The first person I find going to England, shall bring you Marmontel's letter. D'Alembert was one of the company, and sings my praises to all the authors of 'The Encyclopedia.'"

Garrick had left his brother George to take care of the theatre, as acting manager. George was a *character*. He was much attached to his celebrated brother, and perhaps a little in awe of him; for David could be imperious where the theatre was concerned. One part of George's occupation was curious enough—it was, to walk behind the scenes while his brother was playing; and, when any of the loungers there began to speak, to silence them by—"Hush, hush"—as David, while performing, was extremely nervous about noise of this order.

Some one happening to observe that George's salary was considerable, asked for what purpose it was given? Charles Bannister pleasantly replied—"It was Hush-money."

Nightly, on George's coming to the theatre, his first enquiry was—"Has David wanted me?" On his death, which happened soon after that of the great actor, the players said, "David wanted him."

Johnson was remarkable for speaking contemptuously of Garrick, as "little Davy," but for never suffering any one else to speak even carelessly of him. Sir Joshua Reynolds, timid as he was, ventured to write a little dialogue touching on this peculiarity. It stole into print under the auspices of his niece the Marchioness of Thomond, in 1816, when the Ursa Major was long gone where critics growl no more. The dialogue was supposed to be between Gibbon and the Doctor.

"*Gibbon.*—You must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather to the mean ambition of living with the great; and terribly afraid of making himself cheap, even with them, by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention, and so much management, upon such little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off or returned, as there was or was not a probability of his shining.

"*Johnson.*—Sir, in regard to his mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great, what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick. He who says he despises it, knows he lies. That Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired, both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame, either in the one or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Sir, Garrick left nothing to chance."

A letter from Garrick describes his arrival at Naples, and a very animated and amusing letter it is:

December 16, 1763.

"We got to this place after a most disagreeable journey from Rome, for we were overtaken in the midst of the heavy rains here, and were well soaked with them all the way. At present the weather is inconceivably fine, and we are basking in a warm sun, with the Mediterranean at our feet, and Mount Vesuvius in our view. Though it is Christmas, we have green peas every day, and dine with our windows open. These are our pleasures in part. As for our distresses since we left Rome, which have been as ridiculous as unexpected, and are the common occurrences upon the road, I shall reserve them for our social hours at Hampton. We are all at this moment in the highest spirits, and I am much the better for my expedition.

"My Lady Oxford, who is settled here, and has the greatest interest with the first people, has been most uncommonly kind to us. I am to have the honour and satisfaction of seeing the King's Italian actors perform before him in the palace—a most extraordinary favour. They perform *extempore*, and the nobleman who stands in the place of the Lord Chamberlain has sent me word, that if I will write down any drama with the fable, and give the argument only of the scenes, they shall play it in twenty-four hours before me—the greatest compliment they can pay me. I shall work at it, to-morrow. I hear there is one great genius among the performers." He proceeds with that kind of excitement, which animates every one at the first sight of Italy.

"The situation and climate of this place are most extraordinary, and the people still more so. They are a new race of beings, and I have the highest entertainment in going amongst them, and observing their characters from the highest to the lowest. I was last night at their great theatre, San Carlo—a most magnificent one indeed. I was really astonished at first coming into it; it was quite full, and well lighted up, but it is too great, and the singers were scarcely heard. The famous Gabrielli pleased me much; she has a good person, is the best actress I ever saw on an opera stage, but she sings more to the ear than to the heart. I cannot quit you till I say something about Rome. I hardly slept the night before I arrived there, with the thoughts of seeing it. My heart beat high, my imagination expanded itself, and my eyes flashed again, as I drew near the Porte del Popolo; but the moment I entered it, I fell at once from my airy vision and Utopian ideas, into a very dirty, ill-looking *place*, as they call it, with three crooked streets in front, terminated, indeed, at this end with two tolerable churches. What a disappointment! My spirits sank, and it was with reluctance I was dragged, in the afternoon, to see the Pantheon; but, Heavens! what was my pleasure and surprise! I never felt so much in my life, as when I entered that glorious structure; I gasped, but could not speak for some minutes. It is so very noble, that it has not been in the power of modern foppery or Popery—for it is a church, you know—to extinguish its grandeur and elegance."

Gabrielli, who is mentioned with so much applause in this lively letter, was one of those wonders which Italy produces, from time to time, to astonish the musical world. She was the Catalini of the last century; her voice singularly powerful—yet, as Garrick observes, she sang more to the ear than to the heart. That extraordinary volubility and execution which turns the voice into a violin, was to be the work of a later day; but her execution was the astonishment of her contemporaries. Yet her talents made her insolent, and she constantly destroyed her

popularity by her caprice. Of course she had high salaries, but she squandered them as fast as they came. One of her caprices was, always to have some lover in every city where she had an engagement, and unless this lover sat in the stage box, she would either refuse to sing altogether, or sang so languidly, as to exhibit her contempt for the audience. This custom, at last, became so well known, that when any particular display of her talents was required, as for the presence of a prince or a crowned head, the manager was compelled to engage the presence of the lover in the box, as much as that of the heroine on the stage. Her talents had made her a great favourite at Vienna, in those days the first stage of all the great Italian performers on crossing the mountains. But her insolence at last drove her from Vienna, and she made the triumphal tour of Europe, with the exception of England. She had conceived such an idea of our John Bullism, and of our little respect for the violences of a showy termagant, that she declared herself afraid to venture among us.

"For," said she, "were I to take it into my head *not* to sing, I am told that the people there would mob me, and perhaps break my bones. Now, I like to sleep in a sound skin, even if it were in a prison."

But though Garrick, like other travellers, is all enraptured with a few fine days in December, all is not sunshine, even in "Bella Italia" itself. A letter from Rome in the height of the summer, gives an account of the weather, than which, England, open as it is to all the clouds of the Atlantic, could have furnished nothing more disastrous.

"About three days ago, the Pope, his life-guards, and other attendants, made a grand procession to St. Peter's, but unfortunately on their return, such a storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning arose, that it put the Pope's guards in a fright. They who were on horseback, rode away as fast as they could, and they who had no horses, ran for it as fast as their legs could carry them. The Pope had six horses to his carriage, the postilions cut the harness of the first four, and joined the rest of the party; leaving, like most undutiful children, their most holy father with no other attendants than the coachman, and two horses to draw the carriage, which was larger than our king's coach. A rider on horseback, who supported the fine golden cross before the Pope, endeavouring to make a precipitate retreat, was thrown down, horse and all, but recovered, with no damage but his fears, and the mortification of beholding some contusions on his cross. The Romans are much chagrined at the circumstance, and say that it affords matter of great satisfaction to the heretics."

Among these documents, is a characteristic letter from the celebrated Sterne—characteristic in every sense, of oddity, poverty, and easy impudence of borrowing from a man whom all his borrowers described as the most niggardly personage in the world. Sterne was then going on his "Sentimental journey," and this was his easy note:—

"Dear Garrick,

"Upon reviewing my finances this morning, with some unforeseen expenses, I find I should set out with £20 less than a prudent man ought. Will you lend me twenty pounds?

"Yours, L. Sterne."

Lord Bath continued his attentions to Colman, notwithstanding his truantry in abandoning the law—which the earl had expressly chosen for him—and adopting the stage, the very last pursuit which could have satisfied the great senator. Still he had continued his kindness to this precipitate relative, and his last instance of regard was to leave him an annuity, which, according to the newspapers, was nine hundred guineas a year; a sum, however, extremely inadequate to the expectations of Colman, who seems to have looked to the succession to his estate, the earl having lost his only son some time before, and being on bad terms with his brother, General Pulteney. It yet seems sufficiently natural, that if the heirship had ever been intended for him, his giddy change of profession, and his utter heedlessness of advice, might have altered the disposal of this great property. Pulteney died worth upwards of a million of money.

Lady Harvey, the widow of John Lord Harvey, thus speaks of Pulteney's decease:—

"I am really sorry for the death of poor Lord Bath, who, though of a great age, might have lived much longer. He had his understanding as much as ever, enjoying company, and partly contributing to its enjoyment. He threw away his life by a needless piece of complaisance, in drinking tea out of doors, after being heated by a great deal of company, and a good deal of mirth at dinner. His was not an age, nor is ours a climate, for those *al frescos*. It was thoughtless in those who proposed it, and weakly complaisant in him who complied with it. From various circumstances, I have seen him but seldom for many years past; but whenever we did meet he was always the same, and ever cheerful and good company. He was to me like a sum in a bank, of which, though I made but little immediate use, I could always be sure of having my draft answered."

In a subsequent letter, this shrewd and evidently rather sarcastic lady, thus finishes the sketch:—"Lord Bath's leaving me no little bauble, in token of remembrance, did not surprise, and consequently did not vex me. He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good humoured man; but I, who have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see. He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always with reason despised, and a great deal to a man he once liked, but lately had great reason to think ill of, (perhaps Colman.) I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining, and, whenever I was well enough to go down stairs and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that. One must take people as they are; perhaps hardly any are, in every respect, what they ought to be."

We have given those fragments relative to Pulteney, from the interest which belongs to one of the most celebrated senatorial names of England. He was confessedly the first speaker in a parliament which numbered Walpole, Windham, Bolingbroke,

Harley, and a crowd of able men. His public career was in opposition; but his antagonist, Walpole, with all the power of office, always writhed at the bold and haughty scourge of the "great Commoner," a title afterwards given to Chatham.

Garrick's Italian trip may have amused him, but it seems to have done him but little good. He thus writes from Munich on his way home:—"I am most truly the Knight of the woeful countenance, and have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, &c. I have scarcely any thing left but bones, and a pair of dark, lack-lustre eyes, which have retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment which covers the cheeks."

Every man who lives long must expect to be surrounded by deaths, but Garrick's best known contemporaries seem to have perished nearly all together. In this year, Hogarth died suddenly, after a cheerful supper at his house in Leicester Square. A man of singular talent: the first, and indeed the only example of a style combining the highest humour with the severest satire; at once sportive and grave, and playing with the lightest follies of fashion, while he was fathoming the depths of the human heart. Hogarth was next followed by his antagonist and libeller, Churchhill, a man of undoubted ability, but a ruffian; first disgracing his gown, then insulting society; a vigorous poet, though frequently lapsing into feebleness; and by nature a high spirited and generous being, though ultimately scandalised by habits which brought him to a premature grave.—The next who sank was Lloyd, an accomplished scholar, a considerable poet, and a man of keen and well furnished faculties. A course of giddiness and self-will had brought him to deserved beggary. For a while he lived on the public; when that resource failed, he lived on the bounty of his friends; at last he was thrown into the Fleet prison, where Churchhill (and it ought to be remembered to his honour) allowed him a guinea a week, and the expenses of a servant. When Churchhill's death was announced to him, he gave up all hope, took to his bed, and never left it again. Churchhill died in November, 1764; Lloyd in the December following.

Colman had now become a dramatist of name, and he combined with Garrick in producing a new comedy, perhaps his best—the "Clandestine Marriage." Its success, however, produced a species of quarrel between the authors, by dividing the fame. The quarrel was sharpened by the interference of "friends;" and all the merits being given to the great actor, and all the feebleness to the dramatist, there was the fairest probability that the quarrel would have become inveterate. But Garrick, with all his frivolity, was a man of sense, and the wound was healed. In later years, George Colman, (jun.,) thought it worth his while to enter in a long detail, claiming the authorship for his father. But the combatants and their seconds had been long swept out of the field; and no one took the trouble to renew the war. It is surely evidence enough that Garrick did not write the part of Lord Ogleby, the most original part in the play, to say, that Garrick positively refused to perform it. If it had been his own, this he certainly never would have done. But let us hear the facetious George himself. He gives a curious fragment:—

"In respect to the report of Garrick's having written the entire character of Lord Ogleby, my father once told me that it was not true; and that, as an instance to the contrary, he (my father) wrote the whole of Ogleby's first scene. He also informed me that one of Garrick's greatest merits in this work, and it is a very great one, was planning the incidents in the last act; the alarm of the families through the means of Mrs. Heidelberg and Miss Sterling; and bringing forward the various characters from their beds to produce an explanation and the catastrophe. I regret that, when my father imparted this, I did not make further enquiry; but I was then a 'moonish youth,' and troubled my head little or nothing about the matter. He always talked, however, of the play as a joint production." The *Clandestine Marriage* was professedly suggested by Hogarth's prints.

Theatrical propensities must be very powerful things; for, when once adopted, they seem never to be shaken off, except in prison or the grave. Colman, who apparently had lost one fortune by adopting the life of a dramatist, now lost another by adopting that of a manager. General Pulteney had offered him a seat in parliament, and to provide amply for him, "if he would quit his theatrical connexions of all kinds; he wholly disapproving of Colman's taking any part in the purchase of the patent of Covent Garden theatre." This was a singularly unlucky transaction; but it had only the fate that naturally follows the self-willed; for the General soon after died, and as there was no son in the family, Colman might, and would have inherited the whole; but he was now left but £400 a year by the will. The estates and ready money were distributed among remote branches of the family, the chief part going to the husband of the General's niece, Mr. Johnstone, who took the name of Pulteney. Some idea of the magnitude of the property may be formed from the single fact, that it comprehended the reversionary grant of all the ground in Arlington street, and all Piccadilly, from that street to Hyde Park Corner; in the whole forty acres, all built on, and at the expiration of the leases, calculated at £100,000 a year' But Colman was at last a manager.

How any man in possession of his senses will ever become the manager of a theatre, is one of those problems which we shall never attempt to solve. In nine instances out of ten, ending in the ruin of all the parties concerned, its whole course is generally one of quarrel. Colman's management commenced with an open battle, which proceeded to the length of four pamphlets, and a challenge from Harris.—Then came old Macklin, from Dublin, to embroil the fray. He had brought with him a farce, which failed instantly. A Chancery suit had by this time grown up, among the other thorns and thistles of the management. Macklin plunged into it with the spirit of one to whom litigation was his natural element, and actually himself answered all the bills in Chancery.

Actors are curious people. Smith, better known as "Gentleman Smith," from his subsequently performing such characters as Charles Surface, &c., made it an indispensable condition in his engagements that his face should "never be blackened," nor was he ever to be "lowered down a trap," as the first might disguise his beauty, and the next might endanger the elegance of his legs.

On the first night of Macklin's performance of Shylock, the crowd in the upper gallery pressing on, a man ran with such haste down the seats, that he fell over the edge, and coming on one of the chandeliers, carried it down with him, a circumstance which broke his fall, but destroyed the chandelier; the man was much hurt, but recovered at the hospital. In Rich's time, a similar accident happened, but the poor fellow had a broken limb, and recovered with difficulty. Rich, in compensation, gave him the freedom of the pit for life, adding, "provided he would never think of coming into it in that manner again." In 1773, Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* was produced. It had lain for some time at the theatre, and Colman had pronounced "that it could not possibly succeed." Such is the wisdom of the wise. It succeeded prodigiously. Johnson roared with laughter at its performance, and all England followed his example. The Doctor was sententious and oracular in his judgment—"Sir, there is no comedy for many years that has so exhilarated an audience—none that has so much answered the great end of comedy, that of making an audience merry!" During the performance, Goldsmith was wandering in the streets, to be out of the sound of the horrors of condemnation!

It is similarly told of Rossini, that, his *Barber of Seville* having failed, through an imperfect rehearsal, on the first night, he sat in his lodging on the second in terror. About the time of its conclusion, his terror was augmented by the noise of a crowd in the street. He threw himself under his bed. The chamber was soon full of people, and he was dragged out. They had come from the theatre to carry him before the audience, who would not separate until they gave their plaudits to the *maestro*. He was borne along in triumph to the stage, and overwhelmed with acclamation; he had made the finest modern opera in the world! Goldsmith's genius was unquestionable; but, unfortunately, his follies were equally so. After seeing fortune more than once within his reach, he was too indolent to seize it; he sank into vexation of heart; from vexation of heart into poverty; and from poverty into disease, and died at forty-five; but two years after having produced the most successful comedy of his time, and with a brilliant theatrical career before him.

The stage is not merely a strange place in itself, but it seems to communicate a portion of its eccentricity to all, however remotely connected with it. Old Macklin has been mentioned as clever, and yet he was as eccentric as any octogenarian could be.—He had a son not less eccentric than his father. This son Macklin intended for the law, but his propensity was for the theatre. To save him from the hazards of the profession, against which old experience had fully warned himself, Macklin obtained a cadetship for him in India, after having gone to considerable expense in giving him a good classical education, teaching him some of the Indian languages, and fixing him in the establishment at Woolwich, where he distinguished himself by mathematical knowledge. His eccentricity eventually destroyed his prospects. As an instance, he had a quarrel with an officer, which produced a challenge. When the parties came to the ground, Macklin appeared in a loose great coat, which covered him from head to heel, and which, as the matter proceeded, he threw off, and stood perfectly naked. Of course, he was remonstrated with for this extraordinary appearance, and his equally extraordinary answer was—"Sir, I will tell you my reason with great candour, in order that you may do the same if you like. Most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen which a man generally carries about him, being forced in along with the ball. Now, to avoid this, I am determined to fight naked, and you may do the same." On this, the seconds, probably taking him for a madman, interfered, gave their opinions on the indecency of fighting naked, and carried both parties from the ground.

But performances of this order were not likely to be overlooked by the authorities, and Macklin was at length sent home. His father, however vexed at this termination of his prospects, attempted again to support him; but he was incorrigible. His irregularities produced disease, which finished in a lock-jaw, and he died.

Macklin's letters to this unfortunate man, contain some advice which it would be good for any one to observe. "There is no quality," says one of those letters, "which commands more respect than integrity, none more freedom and independence than economy. These are all that I have with industry to depend upon; and should you make them the rules of your conduct, you must be happy, as without them you never can. Let me repeat this doctrine to you, that he who depends upon continued industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the most exalted kind. They more than supply the place of birth and ancestry, or even of royal patronage. They are the creatures of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and never can disappoint or desert you."

George Colman, junior, a much better known and much livelier man than his father, came early into society. The celebrated Johnson Club was then in full glow, and at his father's table he sat down with Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Reynolds, Foote, Gibbon, the Wartons, and several others of nearly equal distinction, with the Doctor crowning all. Colman says that this club was rated too high, or rather that society rated itself too low; for so pusillanimous in that day were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the domination of a self-chosen few, who in their turn had a despot over themselves; for while the club intimidated the town, Johnson awed the club. In one instance, when Sheridan was beginning to be a little known in the world, though before his first dramatic productions; he dined in company with Johnson and several of the club, when the doctor advanced one of his dogmas, tantamount to saying that black is white. Sheridan gave a plump negative to the doctor's affirmation, and argued against it manfully, with all the eagerness of youth. The party trembled for him, and, shrugging up their shoulders, seemed to say, "Poor young man, clever but ruined. He is rousing the lion, and it will soon be all over with him." The lion, however, was in one of his generous moods; though galled, he was not revengeful. He took his defeat, for defeated he was, in good part, and Sheridan escaped annihilation. "What times," says George, fairly enough, "when a young genius could be reputation-crushed—and that genius Sheridan—by entering into discussion

with a literary dictator!" However, those things are pretty much at an end now. The Republic of Letters is on a republican footing, and the man who presumed to set himself up as a dictator, would be only laughed at. Johnson's powers would be acknowledged at all times, but his authority no longer. He would probably be paraded from dinner to dinner, for the amusement of his conversation, but society would revolt against his judgment. The whole spirit of society is changed. Conversation is no longer the sharp encounter of our wits, disputation is vulgar, and triumph is offensive. Whatever were the merits of Johnson, his manners would now be intolerable, his humour would not atone for his rudeness; he would be left to a circle of sycophants, and rapidly sink into a mere subject of the Boswells and the booksellers.

In Colman's management, he proposed bringing forward the "Beggar's Opera." On this the magistrates wrote him a letter, requesting him not to perform it, "as, in their opinion, it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves." Colman replied, that he must consult his brother managers before withdrawing it: "but for his part, he could not help differing in opinion with the magistrates; thinking that the theatre was one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that did not contribute to increase the number of thieves." The point of this retort was not qualified to increase his popularity with the Bow-Street magistrates.

Colman, after seven years of management, sold his share in Covent Garden theatre, and retired for a while to Bath.

The Bath theatre, in the last century, appears to have been prolific in powerful actors. While Garrick's sun was verging to its decline, Mossop came before the public with extraordinary promise. He had been educated at the Irish University, and intended for the church; but Garrick was his tempter. He had seen this memorable actor on the Irish stage, and thenceforth determined to be an actor or nothing. A succession of the chief performers of the London stage going over to Ireland, confirmed his taste for that hazardous profession; and at length, in spite of all remonstrance, he commenced player. His first appearance was in Zanga. His talents in that part surprised every one, and he was eminent at once; but, with striking abilities, he had the great drawback of an irritable temper. He quarrelled with mankind, beginning with the manager. He soon after left Ireland, and made his first step on the London boards in Richard the Third, and again succeeded in a remarkable degree. His style of acting seems to have strongly resembled that of Kean in our day, singularly vivid, subtle, and forcible; but with the defects of abruptness of delivery, and irregularity of performance. He had another great imperfection—that of believing that his talents were as unlimited as his ambition. He grasped at all the leading characters without discrimination, and, of course, played many of them without effect. His consciousness of occasional failure, only induced him to grasp at more, and with less power. At length, quitting Drury-Lane in high displeasure, he returned to Ireland. There was but another step to ruin, and he took it without delay. Inflamed with the mania of management, he declared, "that there should be but one theatre in Ireland, and that he would be at the head of it."

A declaration of this kind was a declaration of war with the theatrical world—a very dangerous world to war with; and Mossop found himself wrapped in universal hostility. He began his career with flying colours; distained to listen to the offer of a salary of £1000 a year to remain with Barry and Woodward; and rushed headlong into ruin. He struggled long; but after seven years of hopeless toil he became bankrupt, abandoned Ireland, and returned to England, once more on his own hands. But he now came a broken man in mind and body. He still retained his haughtiness. On being urged to apply to Garrick for an engagement, he replied, "that Garrick knew very well that he was in London." But Garrick saw no reason why the manager should stoop first; and Mossop was left uncalled for. He was now painfully taught the evil of a harsh temper. An application was made to the manager of Covent-Garden for an engagement; but Mrs. Barry was the chief actress there, and she positively refused to play on the same boards with Mossop—"she and her husband had been too unceasingly tormented by him in his rival theatre in Ireland, to render any association possible. This condition of things could not last long; his health sank rapidly; he roved about, with a drooping countenance and a worn-out frame, answering every enquiry for his health, by saying, "that he was better;" and every enquiry into the state of his finances, by saying, "that he wanted nothing." If his life had been prolonged, he would probably have lived a lunatic; but he was suddenly found dead in his bed, with only fourpence in his possession!

Events like those are so frequent in the history of the stage, that they have lost the power of astonishing any one; yet their warning against the indulgence of an arrogant temper, and a harsh tongue, is of importance to all. Here we have the instance of a man of great talents dying a beggar in the most popular and perhaps the most lucrative of all pursuits; for certainty there are few others, in which an individual beginning without a shilling spent on his education, or his entrance into a profession; or a shilling of capital; on the strength of talents alone may rise into immediate opulence. Mossop's ability had placed him, by a single effort, in the foremost rank of the stage; and yet, at the end of a few years, this man of genius is found a dying pauper, with all his worldly possession not amounting to the purchase of a day's meal.

Some pleasantries of the elder Colman, and the well-known James Boswell, enliven the narrative. At the literary Club, Colman happened to say that Johnson, on his return from the Hebrides, was willing to believe in the "second sight," Boswell said, "He is willing to believe! I do believe"—adding, with that ludicrous humility which was so characteristic of the man—"the evidence is enough for *me*, though not for his great mind; what will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle." Then keenly, we have no doubt contemptuously, Colman advised him "to cork it up," an advice which Boswell was one of the last men in the world to take.

Wilkes, in his mayoralty, affected to join the citizen with the patrician, and the mansion-house witnessed some peculiarly showy entertainments. Boswell, at one of those, seeing Colman looking for his place at the table, made room for him, and said, "See

what it is to have a Scotsman for your friend at *Wilke's* table." A foreign waiter happening to pass by soon after, Boswell asked him something in German. "Ah!" said Colman, "I thought I was at the Mansion-house; but this is more like St. James's, for there are nothing but Germans and Scots."

The gay letter from Garrick passes his criticism on the men and things of the hour; he writes from Bath:

"I despair of seeing you here, so that I must be at the parade with the folks here, whose conversation lies as heavy on my mind, as the hot rolls and devilments at breakfast do upon my stomach. I have seen the great Henderson, who has something, and *is* nothing. He might be made to figure among the puppets of these times. His Don John is a comic Cato, and his Hamlet a mixture of tragedy, comedy, pastoral, farce, and nonsense. However, though my wife is outrageous, I am in the secret, and see sparks of fire which may be blown into a flame, to warm even a London audience at Christmas. He is a dramatic phenomenon, and his friends, especially Cumberland, have ruined him. He has a manner of *paving*, when he would be emphatical, that is ridiculous, and must be changed, or he would not be suffered at the Bedford Coffee-house."

In 1775, the curious incident occurred, of a Lord Chief Justice laying down the law of hissing in theatres. Five individuals had been convicted of a determination to hiss down old Macklin, and ultimately drive him from the stage. The law proceedings had gone on for two years, and at length the defendants were brought up to receive judgment. Lord Mansfield was the judge; he recommended an arbitration, to prevent further expenses; and finally M cklin proposed that the defendants should pay his costs, and take £300 worth of tickets for various benefits. Lord Mansfield applauded his generosity, and told him that, acknowledging his abilities as an actor, he had never acted better in his life than on that day. He also further observed, "that the right of hissing and applauding in a theatre was an unalterable right; but that there was a wide distinction between expressing the natural sensations of the mind as they arose from what was seen and heard, and executing a preconcerted design, not only to hiss an actor when he was playing a part, but to drive him from the theatre and produce his utter ruin."

Even in the life of wits, heartless as they are presumed to be, there are sometimes touches of feeling. Foote, of all men the most caustic, furnishes an anecdote illustrative of his having been not wholly the compound of cayenne and vitriol for which the world gave him credit. He had regards probably but for few; but among those few was Weston the actor, a man of considerable ability in his profession. Foote had his portrait painted, and on leaving town for his journey to Dover in search of health—a journey which was his last—he went into the room where the picture hung, made a full stop before it, firmly fixed his eyes on the countenance until the tears started into them, and then turning away, exclaimed, "Poor Weston!" Then, as if in reproach of his own seeming security, after a moment's meditation he uttered,—"Poor Weston!—it will be soon 'Poor Foote!' or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me." It did not deceive him.

There is a striking recollection of Johnson and Gibbon in the memoir of the younger Colman, written with more than his usual study, and not unlike a reflection of the style of both. He observes, that "Gibbon was a curious contrast to the Doctor. On the day when he first met them at table, which was at his father's house, Johnson was in his suit of rusty brown, an old yellow wig, and black worsted stockings; while Gibbon, who sat opposite to him, was in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword." Each had his measured phraseology: but Johnson's was grand, Gibbon's elegant—the stateliness of the former, however, being sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter occasionally finical:—"Johnson marched to kettledrums and trumpets, Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys:—Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens." This is rather pompous for George Colman, but he evidently leans to the courtly urbanity of the historian:—"Mauled as I had been by Johnson," (who before dinner had treated him as a troublesome child,) "Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice in the course of the evening, to talk to me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his manner to the capacity of the boy; but still his mannerism prevailed—still he tapped his snuff box—still he smirked and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good breeding as if he were conversing with men." Then comes a characteristic touch of George's own pencil:—"His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a *round hole in the centre of his visage!*"

Bensley the actor, a popular favourite, was a rare instance of the change of personal character. In early life he had led so dashing a career, that Garrick named him "Roaring Bob of the Garden." He married *by accident*, and from that period his temperament seems to have taken a wiser turn. The accident was:—his post-chaise having come into collision with a lady on horseback, the lady was thrown; and Bensley, on getting out to offer his assistance, was so much struck with her beauty, that he fell in love, and made his proposal. Her fortune was but £1500; but, by frugality and his talents, he lived in comfort until he left the stage in 1796. His friend, the celebrated Wyndham, who was secretary at war, then gave him a barrack-mastership. But his good fortune was not yet at an end. A relative, Sir William Bensley, an East India Director, dying, left him a large property. Bensley enjoyed it for a while with the spirit of a gentleman; but, having no children, said, "that he had not wanted it, and that it came too late."

There is an acknowledged frenzy in the universal passion for theatrical management; and Colman, who had escaped so long, and after such vexatious experience, now returned to the turmoil of a theatre of his own. Foote, previously to leaving London for Calais, had thus written to Garrick:—"There is more of prudence than of pleasure in my trip to the continent. To tell you the truth, I am tired with racking my brain, toiling like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains in the most dreary seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. I have therefore directed my friend Jewell to discharge the lazy vermin of my hall, and to let my hall too, if he can meet with a proper tenant. Help

me to one, if you can." Colman heard of this intention, and he finally took the Haymarket Theatre, on the terms of paying Foote an annuity of £1600, and £500 for the copyright of his unpublished plays. "The paradoxical celebrity," says George Colman, "which Foote maintained on his stage, was very singular; his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius on record, who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting, in his own writings, and for ten years of the time on a wooden leg." This prop to his person I once saw, standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up. It had a kind of tragi-comical appearance; and I leave to inveterate punsters the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a leg out of it."

This is followed by a capital story. The elder Colman, in proposing for the purchase of the theatre, had kept himself wholly out of sight, and employed a matter-of-fact man of business to carry on the negotiation; Foote having no knowledge of the real party until the business was concluded. He, however, often met Colman at Dinner, and the subject being public, became a topic of common conversation. On one of those occasions, Foote turned to Colman and said:—"Now, here is Mr. Colman, an experienced manager, he will tell you that nobody can conduct so peculiar a theatrical concern as mine but myself. But there is a fat-headed fellow of an agent, who has been boring me every morning at breakfast, with terms from some blockhead who knows nothing about the stage, but whose money burns in his pocket:"—"Playhouse mad, I presume," said my father. "Right," said Foote, "and, if bleeding will bring him to his senses, he will find me a capital doctor."

The scene, when the parties at last met to sign and seal, must have been amusing; it would probably have furnished Foote with another farce, but all his pleasantries were now near an end. He died at Dover, October 21st, in the same year, having received but the first half year's payments. His illness had been long, but the immediate cause of his death was apoplexy.

The Haymarket proved, on the whole, a tolerable speculation. Colman's knowledge of the stage kept it alive; and, as he had got rid of the weight of the purchase-money, made a respectable income. But his time, too, was coming fast. In 1789, he was struck with paralysis; the disease attacked his brain, and he was reduced to the most melancholy of all conditions—that of a bewildered mind. Some lines in one of Churchill's poems, feelingly allude to the especial liability of active intellects to this misfortune:

> "With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
> Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought;
> Constant attention wears the active mind,
> Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind."

We must now hasten to the close. George Colman, taking the management of the theatre on his father's retirement, conducted it for a succession of years with remarkable animation, but with fluctuating success. At length difficulties gathered round him, which compelled him to resign the theatre into other hands. His social qualities, however, had so far rendered him pleasing to George IV., that he appointed him "Examiner of Plays," an office worth about £400 a year. In his latter years he became liable to some organic infirmities, of which he died, October 17th 1836, with the reputation of one of the wittiest men, the most amusing companion, and perhaps the best comic writer since the days of Sheridan. It has not been our purpose to *review* these volumes, in the usual sense of the word. They have the fault of being too much of a compilation, and making too large a use of authorities already known. But it is only justice to say, that they contain a great deal of very curious matter—many recollections of the Colmans that have hitherto escaped the public—and that they are written in a spirited and intelligent style.

---

## THE NEWLY DEAD.

Give her again to Earth!
There's safety there! She shall no more repine.
The fruit hath fall'n from life's o'erloaded vine.
Where shall they find her now, the weary train
Of earth-emotions, racking heart and brain
At each new sorrow's birth!

Gone to the shadows—gone!
Oh! better thus! Who such a rest would break?
Who from the sleep of the grave's pillow wake
The weary-hearted? Beautifully lies
On that dead cheek the reflex of the skies
Whither the soul hath flown!

Her childhood lives again!—
Son, look upon thy mother—and rejoice,
Even while the gushing sob shall choke thy voice!
Look on her!—from the cold world's dungeon freed,
No more beneath oppression's lash to bleed—
The ransomed slave of Pain!

*Athenæum.*

---

## GENIUS.

Whence and what art thou?—whither dost thou tend?—
Electric Power! from what extremest bourne,
What fixed sun descend'st thou, as in scorn
To gleam on sullen waters, or to blend
One with the whirlwind, or thy way to wend
With Life's wild river, bearing roots uptorn
And withered hopes from youth's green bosom shorn,
On to the black gulf of its soundless end?
Why art thou here? Earth hath for thee no place—
No altar for thy quick ethereal flame!
But hath its fitful fire—its lightning race,
No God-appointed goal—no mystic aim
Through night to flash, that it at morn may burn
In loftiest heavens, and from a tempered urn!

*Athenæum.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Opinions of Lord Holland, as Recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords, from* 1797 *to* 1841. Collected and Edited by D. C. Moylan, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. London: 1841.

Many reasons make it impossible for us to lay before our readers, at the present moment, a complete view of the character and public career of the late Lord Holland. But we feel that we have already deferred too long the duty of paying some tribute to his memory. We feel that it is more becoming to bring, without further delay, an offering, though intrinsically of little value, than to leave his tomb longer without some token of our reverence and love.

We shall say very little of the book which lies on our table. And yet it is a book which, even if it had been the work of a less distinguished man, or had appeared under circumstances less interesting, would have well repaid an attentive perusal. It is valuable, both as a record of principles and as a model of composition. We find in it all the great maxims which, during more than forty years, guided Lord Holland's public conduct, and the chief reasons on which those maxims rest; condensed into the smallest possible space, and set forth with admirable perspicuity, dignity, and precision. To his opinions on Foreign Policy, we for the most part cordially assent; but, now and then, we are inclined to think them imprudently generous. We could not have signed the Protest against the detention of Napoleon. The Protest respecting the course which England pursued at the Congress of Verona, though it contains much that is excellent, contains also positions which, we are inclined to think, Lord Holland would, at a later period, have admitted to be unsound. But to all his doctrines on Constitutional Questions, we give our hearty approbation; and we firmly believe that no British Government has ever deviated from that line of internal policy which he has traced, without detriment to the public.

We will give as a specimen of this little volume, a single passage, in which a chief article of the political creed of the Whigs is stated and explained, with singular clearness, force, and brevity. Our readers will remember that, in 1825, the Catholic Association agitated for emancipation with most formidable effect. The Tories acted after their kind. Instead of removing the grievance they tried to put down the agitation; and brought in a law, apparently sharp and stringent, but, in truth, utterly impotent, for restraining the right of petition. Lord Holland's Protest on that occasion is excellent.

'We are,' says he, 'well aware that the privileges of the people, the rights of free discussion, and the spirit and letter of our popular institutions, must render—and they are intended to render—the continuance of an extensive grievance, and of the dissatisfaction consequent thereupon, dangerous to the tranquillity of the country, and ultimately subversive of the authority of the state. Experience and theory alike forbid us to deny that effect of a free constitution; a sense of justice and a love of liberty equally deter us from lamenting it. But we have always been taught to look for the remedy of such disorders in the redress of the grievances which justify them, and in the removal of the dissatisfaction from which they flow—not in restraints on ancient privileges, not in inroads on the right of public discussion, nor in violations of the principles of a free government. If, therefore, the legal method of seeking redress, which has been resorted to by persons labouring under grievous disabilities, be fraught with immediate or remote danger to the state, we draw from that circumstance a conclusion long since foretold by great authority—namely, that the British constitution, and large exclusions, cannot subsist together; that the constitution must destroy them, or they will destroy the constitution.'

It was not, however, of this little book, valuable and interesting as it is, but of the author, that we meant to speak; and we will try to do so with calmness and impartiality.

In order fully to appreciate the character of Lord Holland, it is necessary to go far back into the history of his family; for he had inherited something more than a coronet and an estate. To the House of which he was the head belongs one distinction, which we believe to be without a parallel in our annals. During more than a century, there has never been a time at which a Fox has not stood in a prominent station amongst public men. Scarcely had the chequered career of the first Lord Holland closed, when his son, Charles, rose to the head of the Opposition, and to the first rank among English debaters. And before Charles was borne to Westminster Abbey, a third Fox had already become one of the most conspicuous politicians in the kingdom.

It is impossible not to be struck by the strong family likeness which, in spite of diversities arising from education and position, appears in these three distinguished persons. In their faces and figures there was a resemblance, such as is common enough in novels, where one picture is good for ten generations, but such as in real life is seldom found. The ample person, the massy and thoughtful forehead, the large eyebrows, the full cheek and lip; the expression, so singularly compounded of sense, humour, courage, openness, a strong will and a sweet temper, were common to all. But the features of the founder of the House, as the pencil of Reynolds and the chisel of Nollekens have handed them down to us, were disagreeably harsh and exaggerated. In his descendants, the aspect was preserved; but it was softened, till it became, in the late lord, the most gracious and interesting countenance that was ever lighted up by the mingled lustre of intelligence and benevolence.

As it was with the faces of the men of this noble family, so was it also with their minds. Nature had done much for them all. She had moulded them all of that clay of which she is most sparing. To all she had given strong reason and sharp wit; a quick relish for every physical and intellectual enjoyment; constitutional intrepidity, and that frankness by which constitutional intrepidity is generally accompanied; spirits which nothing could depress; tempers easy, generous, and placable; and that genial courtesy which has its seat in the heart, and of which artificial politeness is only a faint and cold imitation. Such a disposition is the richest inheritance that ever was entailed on any family.

But training and situation greatly modified the fine qualities which nature lavished with such profusion on three generations of the house of Fox. The

first Lord Holland was a needy political adventurer. He entered public life at a time when the standard of integrity among statesmen was low. He started as the adherent of a minister who had indeed many titles to respect; who possessed eminent talents both for administration and for debate; who understood the public interest well, and who meant fairly by the country; but who had seen so much perfidy and meanness, that he had become sceptical as to the existence of probity. Weary of the cant of patriotism, Walpole had learned to talk a cant of a different kind. Disgusted by that sort of hypocrisy which is at least a homage to virtue, he was too much in the habit of practising the less respectable hypocrisy which ostentatiously displays, and sometimes even simulates vice. To Walpole, Fox attached himself politically and personally, with the ardour which belonged to his temperament. And it is not to be denied, that in the school of Walpole he contracted faults which destroyed the value of his many great endowments. He raised himself, indeed, to the first consideration in the House of Commons; he became a consummate master of the art of debate; he attained honours and immense wealth—but the public esteem and confidence were withheld from him. His private friends, indeed, justly extolled his generosity and good-nature. They maintained, that in those parts of his conduct which they could least defend, there was nothing sordid; and that, if he was misled, he was misled by amiable feelings—by a desire to serve his friends, and by anxious tenderness for his children. But by the nation he was regarded as a man of insatiable rapacity and desperate ambition; as a man ready to adopt, without scruple, the most immoral and the most unconstitutional measures; as a man perfectly fitted, by all his opinions and feelings, for the work of managing the Parliament by means of secret service-money, and of keeping down the people with the bayonet. Many of his contemporaries had a morality quite as lax as his; but very few among them had his talents, and none had his hardihood and energy. He could not, like Sandys and Doddington, find safety in contempt. He therefore became an object of such general aversion as no statesman since the fall of Strafford has incurred—of such general aversion as was probably never in any country incurred by a man of so kind and cordial a disposition. A weak mind would have sunk under such a load of unpopularity. But that resolute spirit seemed to derive new firmness from the public hatred. The only effect which reproaches appeared to produce on him, was to sour, in some degree, his naturally sweet temper. The last steps of his public life were marked, not only by that audacity which he had derived from nature—not only by that immorality which he had learned in the school of Walpole—but by a harshness which almost amounted to cruelty, and which had never been supposed to belong to his character. His severity increased the unpopularity from which it had sprung. The well-known lampoon of Gray may serve as a specimen of the feeling of the country. All the images are taken from shipwrecks, quicksands, and cormorants. Lord Holland is represented as complaining, that the cowardice of his accomplices had prevented him from putting down the free spirit of the city of London by sword and fire, and as pining for the time when birds of prey should make their nests in Westminster Abbey, and unclean beasts burrow in St. Paul's.

Within a few months after the death of this remarkable man, his second son Charles appeared at the head of the party opposed to the American war. Charles had inherited the bodily and mental constitution of his father, and had been much—far too much—under his father's influence. It was indeed impossible that a son of so affectionate and noble a spirit should not have been warmly attached to a parent who possessed many fine qualities, and who carried his indulgence and his liberality towards his children even to a culpable extent. The young man saw that the person to whom he was bound by the strongest ties, was, in the highest degree, odious to the nation; and the effect was what might have been expected from his strong passions and constitutional boldness. He cast in his lot with his father, and took, while still a boy, a deep part in the most unjustifiable and unpopular measures that had been adopted since the reign of James the Second. In the debates on the Middlesex Election, he distinguished himself, not only by his precocious powers of eloquence, but by the vehement and scornful manner in which he bade defiance to public opinion. He was at that time regarded as a man likely to be the most formidable champion of arbitrary government that had appeared since the Revolution—to be a Bute with far greater powers—a Mansfield with far greater courage. Happily his father's death liberated him early from the pernicious influence by which he had been misled. His mind expanded.—His range of observation became wider. His genius broke through early prejudices. His natural benevolence and magnanimity had fair play. In a very short time he appeared in a situation worthy of his understanding and of his heart. From a family whose name was associated in the public mind with tyranny and corruption—from a party of which the theory and the practice were equally servile—from the midst of the Luttrells, the Dysons, the Barringtons—came forth the greatest parliamentary defender of civil and religious liberty.

The late Lord Holland succeeded to the talents and to the fine dispositions of his house. But his situation was very different from that of the two eminent men of whom we have spoken. In some important respects it was better; in some it was worse than theirs. He had one great advantage over them. He received a good political education. The first lord was educated by Sir Robert Walpole. Mr. Fox was educated by his father. The late Lord was educated by Mr. Fox. The pernicious maxims early imbibed by the first Lord Holland, made his great talents useless, and worse than useless, to the state. The pernicious maxims early imbibed by Mr. Fox, led him, at the commencement of his public life, into great faults, which, though afterwards nobly expiated, were never forgotten. To the very end of his career, small men, when they had nothing else to say in defence of their own tyranny, bigotry, and imbecility, could always raise a cheer by some paltry taunt about the election of Colonel Luttrell, the imprisonment of the lord mayor, and other measures in which the great whig leader had borne a part at the age of one or two-and-twenty. On Lord Holland no such slur could be thrown. Those who most dis-

sent from his opinions must acknowledge, that a public life, more consistent, is not to be found in our annals. Every part of it is in perfect harmony with every other; and the whole is in perfect harmony with the great principles of toleration and civil freedom. This rare felicity is in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Mr. Fox. Lord Holland, as was natural in a person of his talents and expectations, began at a very early age to take the keenest interest in politics; and Mr. Fox found the greatest pleasure in forming the mind of so hopeful a pupil. They corresponded largely on political subjects when the young lord was only sixteen; and their friendship and mutual confidence continued to the day of that mournful separation at Chiswick.—Under such training, such a man as Lord Holland was in no danger of falling into those faults which threw a dark shade over the whole career of his grandfather, and from which the youth of his uncle was not wholly free.

On the other hand, the late Lord Holland, as compared with his grandfather and his uncle, laboured under one great disadvantage. They were members of the House of Commons. He became a Peer while still an infant. When he entered public life, the House of Lords was a very small and very decorous assembly. The minority to which he belonged was scarcely able to muster five or six votes on the most important nights, when eighty or ninety lords were present. Debate had accordingly become a mere form, as it was in the Irish House of Peers before the Union. This was a great misfortune to a man like Lord Holland. It was not by occasionally addressing fifteen or twenty solemn and unfriendly auditors, that his grandfather and his uncle attained their unrivalled parliamentary skill. The former had learned his art in "the great Walpolean battles," on nights when Onslow was in the chair seventeen hours without intermission; when the thick ranks on both sides kept unbroken order till long after the winter sun had risen upon them; when the blind were led out by the hand into the lobby; and the paralytic laid down in their bed clothes on the benches. The powers of Charles Fox were, from the first, exercised in conflicts not less exciting. The great talents of the late Lord Holland had no such advantage. This was the more unfortunate, because the peculiar species of eloquence which belonged to him, in common with his family, required much practice to develope it. With strong sense, and the greatest readiness of wit, a certain tendency to hesitation was hereditary in the line of Fox. This hesitation arose, not from the poverty but from the wealth of their vocabulary. They paused, not from the difficulty of finding one expression, but from the difficulty of choosing between several. It was only by slow degrees, and constant exercise, that the first Lord Holland and his son overcame the defect. Indeed, neither of them overcame it completely.

In statement, the late Lord Holland was not successful; his chief excellence lay in reply. He had the quick eye of his house for the unsound parts of an argument, and a great felicity in exposing them. He was decidedly more distinguished in debate than any Peer of his times who had not sat in the House of Commons. Nay, to find his equal among persons similarly situated, we must go back eighty years—to Earl Granville. For Mansfield, Thurlow, Loughborough, Grey, Grenville, Brougham, Plunkett, and other eminent men, living and dead, whom we will not stop to enumerate, carried to the upper house an eloquence formed and matured in the lower. The opinion of the most discerning judges was, that Lord Holland's oratorical performances, though sometimes most successful, afforded no fair measure of his oratorical powers; and that, in an assembly of which the debates were frequent and animated, he would have attained a very high order of excellence. It was, indeed, impossible to converse with him without seeing that he was born a debater. To him, as to his uncle, the exercise of the mind in discussion was a positive pleasure. With the greatest good nature and good breeding, he was the very opposite to an assenter. The word "disputatious" is generally used as a word of reproach; but we can express our meaning only by saying that Lord Holland was most courteously and pleasantly disputatious. In truth, his quickness in discovering and apprehending distinctions and analogies was such as a veteran judge might envy. The lawyers of the Duchy of Lancaster were astonished to find in an unprofessional man so strong a relish for the esoteric parts of their science; and complained that as soon as they had split a hair, Lord Holland proceeded to split the filaments into filaments still finer. In a mind less happily constituted, there might have been a risk that this turn for subtilty would have produced serious evil. But in the heart and understanding of Lord Holland there was ample security against all such danger. He was not a man to be the dupe of his own ingenuity. He put his logic to its proper use; and in him the dialectician was always subordinate to the statesman.

His political life is written in the chronicles of his country. Perhaps, as we have already intimated, his opinions on two or three great questions of foreign policy were open to just objection. Yet even his errors, if he erred, were amiable and respectable. We are not sure that we do not love and admire him the more because he was now and then seduced from what we regard as a wise policy, by sympathy with the oppressed; by generosity towards the fallen; by a philanthropy, so enlarged, that it took in all nations; by love of peace, which in him was second only to the love of freedom; by the magnanimous credulity of a mind which was as incapable of suspecting as of devising mischief.

To his views on questions of domestic policy, the voice of his countrymen does ample justice. They revere the memory of the man who was, during forty years, the constant protector of all oppressed races, of all persecuted sects—of the man, whom neither the prejudices nor the interests belonging to his station could seduce from the path of right—of the noble, who in every great crisis cast in his lot with the commons—of the planter, who made manly war on the slave trade—of the landowner, whose whole heart was in the struggle against the corn laws.

We have hitherto touched almost exclusively on those parts of Lord Holland's character which were open to the observation of millions. How shall we express the feelings with which his memory is cherished by those who were honoured with his friendship? Or in what language shall we speak of that house once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilised world, and now

silent and desolate as the grave? That house was, a hundred and twenty years ago, apostrophised by a poet in tender and graceful lines, which have now acquired a new meaning not less sad than that which they originally bore:—

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thine aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thine evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thine evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade."

Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble—with the courtly magnificence of Rich—with the loves of Ormond—with the counsels of Cromwell—with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties—of painters and poets—of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them—the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings; the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes.—With peculiar fondness, they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages; those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe—who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence—who have put life into bronze and canvass, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die—were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds's Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxemburg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace—and the kindness, far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled, instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct, than by his loving disposition and his winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on my troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done any thing unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland.

---

## ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

GREAT Father, when thy Spring time on the earth
Thou sendest in glory, once again renewing
The promised token in the violet's birth,
Sweetness and beauty all thy pathways strewing,
Grant us to walk rejoicing as of old
With hopeful, onward glance, nor of the past
Take note, save only as a fold—
A loosen'd coil from our worse nature cast:
Even as the lowly earthworm casts away
The coil of that poor form he wore so late,
Ere in his chamber of transformed decay
He verges towards his blest and winged-state!
Let not the too full Summer these our hearts
Ravish from Thee, nor Autumn's fruited ground
Make recreant, by the blessings it imparts,
Till we forget the lands which more abound!—
Nor, when in Winter's clasp each ice-bound stream
Lies locked, in that long season's night forbid
Thy melting radiance on our souls to beam,
Lest all our love 'neath the world's frost be hid:
That love which thus to springs through winter led
Should rise to Thee, by such sweet fountains fed!

From The Spectator.

## MISS SEDGWICK'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO KINDRED AT HOME.

Miss Sedgwick occupies a high position in the American mind as a novelist and moralist; combining the character of Miss Austin or the author of *Marriage* with that of a secular Hannah More, and varying her labours from the regular three-volume fiction to the child's story or the tale for an annual. Judging from her best productions, she seems to belong to the stock of New England gentry; some of whom say they are more English than John Bull, and reminded an experienced and somewhat critical traveller of the staid and respectable gentry of the old school at home. In one of the best of Miss Sedgwick's novels, *The Linwoods*, she had admirably described two classes of this race. The one, Mr. Linwood, represented the old Tory proprietor of large means and aristocratical bearings; specimens of which class were not rare, we believe, at New York in the earlier part of the century, though probably well nigh extinct now. The family of the Lees embodied the humbler race of "gentlemen farmers," whose fortunes were less and whose opinions were democratical, but who possessed, equally with the other, that true ease and refinement of manners which result from simplicity and good sense, coupled with a knowledge of one's own position and a tolerance towards that of others. This regard to one's own rights or status, and respect to those which other people claimed, was not of American growth, but derived its origin from the strongly-marked system of English classes, with their respective rights, legal or moral. The system of manners we speak of seems still to be preserved in the English parts of America; but the conjoint spirit of independence and tolerance appears to have been shaken by the overwhelming influence of the majority. Miss Sedgwick has no doubt the simplicity of manners which marks the gentlewoman, and her amiable feelings induce her to find excuses for European differences in religion and so forth; but in some sense her mind is Yankee or colonial. She makes her home notions too much of a standard: she has little of that tolerant philosophy that characterised Washington, who, when a great clamour was raised about the *forms* of courts, remarked, that if those forms were investigated, they would mostly be found to have originated in convenience.

The impressions of such a person with regard to England and Europe were perhaps not absolutely wanted, but being here they are welcome. They are interesting in themselves; and though not going over any new ground, and dealing only with the superficies of things, (for Miss Sedgwick was as hasty a "go-ahead" kind of traveller as any of her countrymen,) they serve to complete our portrait as others see us. Mr. Cooper is too critical a mind to go deeply into externals, and a person of too large experience in the habits of many peoples to have had the freshness of first impressions. Mr. Willis was a trading literateur, writing for effect, and "calculating" on his description of a hotel to go towards payment of his bill; so that, now we know him better, we know not how much is *believable*. Mr. Dewey was a traveller of a higher stamp; but he wanted the feminine character of Miss Sedgwick, her poetical mind, and perhaps her professional habit of looking at things to describe them with broad and general truth.

It is the personal circumstances of the *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home* which give them value or interest; for the ground travelled over by the writer has been so beaten, that to English readers, at all events, it can have no novelty. From Portsmouth to London; from London to Antwerp, Brussels, and Waterloo; a short stay at one or two spas; a flying turn through Switzerland and Italy, with a brief residence at Milan, Rome, Naples, Florence, and Venice,—these journeyings and sojournings want attraction here, even had the traveller better opportunities than Miss Sedgwick, and a more practical mind. In one sense, too, the Letters are incomplete, though properly so—many of the sights and curiosities in well-known places being only touched upon. Some of the book, therefore, approaches the tedium of the twice-told tale: we only care for impressions when we take some interest in the original.

The party with which Miss Sedgwick travelled landed at Portsmouth: and her first impression was the *sober* hue of the old brick edifices, apparently contrasting with the staring garishness of the wooden painted houses in the new country. The cleanliness and care both in person and dress, even when the dress was rags, was also an early object of surprise, and continued to the last: we should imagine the Americans are like navigators or blacksmiths, covered with *industrial marks*, and too busy to get rid of them daily. The perfect cultivation of England, the beauty of the winding lanes and hedgerows, and the antique and solemn appearance of the old churches, struck her with pleasure; but she seems to have been above all attracted by the *neatness* with which the poorest cottage and cottage-garden were kept, and the beauty of the flowers. Her exclamations are frequent as to the grace and effect that might be given to the gardens of the rich in America even by a little care bestowed upon their native flowers, many of which she saw blooming here. The sight of a cathedral, especially the *first* cathedral, was an excitement, not only for itself but for its bodily chronicle of the past. Here she is at

### WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

What think you of our New World eyes seeing the sarcophagi containing the bones of the old Saxon Kings—the Ethelreds and Ethelwolfs, and of Canute the Dane; the tombs of William Rufus, and of William Wickham; the chair in which Bloody Mary sat at her nuptial ceremony; besides unnumbered monuments and chapels built by Kings and Bishops; to say nothing of some of the best art of our own time, sculpture by Flaxman and Chantrey! Their details were lost upon us in the effect of the great whole; the long-drawn aisles, the windows with their exquisite colouring, the lofty vault, the carved stones, the pillars and arches—those beautiful Gothic arches. We had some compensation for the unconsciousness of a lifetime, of the power of architecture, in our overwhelming emotions. They cannot be repeated. We cannot see a cathedral twice for the first time—that is very clear.

I was not prepared for the sensations to be excited

by visiting these old places of the Old World. There is nothing in our land to aid the imperfect lights of history. Here it seems suddenly verified. Its long-buried dead, or rather its dim spectres, appear with all the freshness of actual life. A miracle is wrought on poetry and painting. While they represented what we had never seen, they were but shadows to us—a kind of magic mirrors, showing false images: now they seem a divine form for the perpetual preservation of the beautiful creations of nature and art.

The *completeness* of nearly every thing in England, especially of the houses and concomitants of the wealthy, also struck the strangers mightily.

### AN ENGLISH "LODGE."

I cannot follow the rule I would fain have adopted, and compare what I see here to what is familiar to you at home. There is, for instance, in this place of Mrs. ——, a neatness, completeness, and perfection, of which we have but the beginning and faint shadowing. Our grounds are like our society, where you meet every degree of civilisation. Here, every tree, shrub, and little flower is in its right place; and nothing present that should not be here. On one side of the house the garden is laid out in the fantastical French style, in the form of hearts and whimsical figures, but elsewhere it is completely English, with noble trees that grow as Nature bids them; hot-houses, with grapes and pines; and a lawn that for hundreds of years, probably, has had its grass cropped every week through the growing-months.

The house is, I fancy, rather a favourable specimen of the residences of the English gentry—spacious, and arranged with comfort and elegance; but not surpassing, in these respects, the first class of gentlemen's country-houses in America. But there are luxuries here that we have not, and shall not have for many a day. The walls are painted by the master of the house with views on the Rhine, from sketches of his own; and very beautiful they are. This is, to be sure, very attainable to us, for a taste and a certain facility in painting is common enough among us; but when shall we see on our walls an unquestionable Titian, or a Carlo Dolce? or when, in a gentleman's country-house, an apartment filled with casts from the best antiques? Certainly not till our people cease to demand drapery for the chanting-cherubs and such like innocents. * * *

After lunch, Miss —— took us in her carriage, stowing the girls in the rumble, through Lord Ashdown's and Mr. Fleming's parks. We drove a mile through the latter, with thick borderings and plantations of shrubbery on each side of us, so matted and with such a profusion of rhododendron as to remind me of passages in the wilds of Western Virginia. This, you know, is a plant not native to this country, but brought with much pains and expense from ours. We have not English wealth to lavish on parks and gardens, but with taste and industry we might bring to our homes, and gratefully cherish, the beautiful plants that God has sown at broadcast in our forests. I declare to you, when I remember how seldom I have seen our azaleas, kalmias, &c. in cultivated grounds, while I meet them here in such abundance, it seems like finding a neglected child housed and gently entertained by strangers.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

Would you know what struck me as we drove from the depot of the Western Railroad to our lodgings? The familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavements to ours, and, having last seen New York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not now. The smoke-colour of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye; so unlike our flame-coloured cities, that seem surely to typify their destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up sooner or later—*sooner*, in most cases. And having had nothing to do to-day but gaze from our windows, what think you has struck us as quite different from a relative position in our own city?—The groups of ballad-singers, consisting usually of a man and a woman and one or two children. I have seen such in New York half-a-dozen times in my life, and they are always people from the Continent of Europe. Here, not half an hour passes without a procession of these licensed musical, and to us novices, irresistible beggars. Then there are the hawkers of flowers as irresistible, lovely bouquets of moss-rosebuds, geraniums, heliotropes, and what not. As we are in the neighbourhoods of Piccadilly and the Parks, our street is quite a thoroughfare, and we are every moment exclaiming at the superb equipages that pass our window. Nothing, I presume, of the kind in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you, that after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobby-horse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence — what would they, what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men, (for such are selected,) attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two of course perfect supernumeraries? We "moralise the spectacle," too: observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half-a-dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries, some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving with a militia general's hat, feathers and all, with three footmen, one seated beside him and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands. There must be something "rotten in the state," when God's creatures, "possible angels," as our friend Doctor T. calls all human kind, look up to a station behind a lord's coach as a privileged place. "Possible angels" they may be; but, alas, their path is hedged about with huge improbabilities!

Coming to the cities of the Old World, as we do, with our national vanities thick upon us, with our scale of measurement graduated by Broadway, the City Hall, the Battery, and the Boston Common, we are confounded by the extent of London, by its magnificent parks, its immense structures, by its docks and warehouses, and by all its details of convenience

and comfort, and its aggregate of incalculable wealth. We begin with comforting ourselves with the thought, "Why, these people have been at it these two thousand years, and Heaven knows how much longer." By degrees envy melts into self-complacency, and we say, "they are our relations;" "our fathers had a hand in it;" we are of the same race, "as our new-planned cities and unfinished towers" shall hereafter prove. Mr. Webster said to me after we had both been two or three weeks here, "What is your impression now of London? my feeling is yet amazement."

There are yet ties to be broken before America and Great Britain can become *national*, or, as it used to be said with regard to France, "*natural* enemies."

Miss Sedgwick's remarks on the Continent have less of attraction, from their furnishing fewer points of comparison between ourselves and the Americans; but there are many passages of considerable interest in various ways. Partly as an American, partly perhaps from her own genial manners and mind, Miss Sedgwick was able to gain the confidence of foreigners more readily than the reserved and somewhat supercilious English. From this it would appear that there is an under-current of dissatisfaction abroad, ready to break out on the first opportunity, and realize Canning's prophetic warning to the Continental despots, that the next European war will be a war of principles. Here is an example in the stronghold of paternal despotism—

"There is a captain in the Austrian army at Kronthal for his health, a man about fifty, with a most melancholy expression of countenance. Ever since he knew we were Americans, he has manifested an interest in us. He has asked many questions about the country, and let fall on various occasions, in an under tone, his respect for our free institutions. His extreme despondency affected me, and I took an opportunity to endeavour to inspire him with hope in the efficacy of the waters. I repeated to him every instance I had heard of benefit in cases similar to his. At each he shook his head mournfully, and then explained why the 'amen stuck in the throat.' 'It is not my disease,' he said, 'that may be cured, but it is my incurable position. What am I but a mere tool in the hands of the men of power employed to watch every generous movement, and support the wrong against the right?'"

ITALIAN FEELING TOWARDS THE AUSTRIANS.

The Emperor pays a large sum annually to support the opera at La Scala, considering it an efficient instrument for tranquillizing the political pulse of Italy. No wonder that syrens must be employed to sing lullabies to those who have a master's cannon pointed at their homes. Among other proofs which the Emperor has that the love of freedom, that divine and inextinguishable essence, is at work in the hearts of the Milanese, is the fact that no Italian lady receives an Austrian officer in her box with impunity. It matters not what rank he holds, if she receives him she is put into Coventry by her countrymen. Is there not hope of a people who, while their chains are clanking, dare thus openly to disdain their masters?

Some remarks have been made upon the private disclosures which Miss Sedgwick has been guilty of. In the first volume we see nothing very censurable in this respect, except some remarks upon an ill-bred or rather awkward host, when she got herself into a dilemma by mistaking the time; and this is only censurable (for names are suppressed) as it conveys a public notice of a gaucherie which no one would have remarked upon privately to the party concerned. Miss Mitford, Joanna Baillie, and Rogers, are the only persons whose domesticity is at all touched upon; and perhaps Miss Mitford, though all is compliment, may be a shade too close, but not much closer than she herself has gone in *Our Village*. All the rest is nought—people who throw open their rooms to reporters, to have an account of their parties paraded to the world, are not so thin-skinned. In the second volume, which was not printed last week, there is an indiscretion, however, which should have been avoided, for it may lead to serious consequences. Some Italian exiles have found refuge in America, and been hospitably entertained by the friends of Miss Sedgwick: her party was naturally furnished with letters to their connexions in Italy; and probably the attentions they procured them, and the remarks made by the outpourings of feeling, are repeated too fully and thoughtlessly. It is true, initials only are given, but there is quite enough to identify the parties to the Austrians: it is also true that WE see nothing in all that is said, but the Austrian authorities may think differently, especially as one of the persons appears to fill some office. All this has, no doubt, been done by Miss Sedgwick without consideration; but people should be considerate where the welfare of others is concerned.

From the Examiner.

We have much respect for the talents of Miss Sedgwick. She is said to be at present the most popular native writer in America, and she deserves to be so. She deserves it, because she is not content with mere imitation. What she writes has upon it the stamp of the soil. She has exhibited a proper contempt for the old, wearisome, imported worship; and done her best to build up a little temple of her own.

Were it much smaller and humbler than it is, we should speak of it with unfeigned respect. It is a type of that earnestness of intention, which contains in itself the germ of many great things. We are glad to find too, by its growing popularity with Americans, that they are themselves awakening to a sense of its importance. It is time they should.—Franklin satisfied their literary pretensions for the first half century of their national existence, and well and wisely enough; but his homely sense and philosophic vigour should have led the way to something better than the imitative graces of Washington Irving, or the feeble prettiness of the followers of Mrs. Hemans. Now, at all events, there is a move in the right direction, and in the increasing reputation of Miss Sedgwick we discern one of its healthiest signs. It was, we believe, a remark of Miss Martineau's in connection with this subject, that in such books as *Hope Leslie*, *The Rich poor man and Poor rich man*, and *Home*, there was not simply the promise, but the absolute vigorous beginning, of a national literature; the first distinct utterance of a fresh national mind, telling, not what it ought to see in obedience to old methods of looking, but what it does see of actual life on its own soil.

We have here only the first volume of the first

work she has published in England, descriptive of the impression produced upon her by a visit to Europe in the latter half of the year 1839. It will be proper to abstain from critical remark, while the entire book is not before us, though we avail ourselves of the opportunity this volume affords, of describing the purpose of the writer, and illustrating, by a few quotations, her manner and style.

A very pleasant and characteristic heartiness seems to us to distinguish both purpose and manner. As you read the book, you find that you are at all events in communication with a very sincere person. Her mistakes are of that order. And we think it a great charm that she is thoroughly republican and New-World-ish in her way of looking at the Old World. She sticks to the stripes and the stars. Where she subjects her own countrymen to disadvantageous comparisons, it is in matters wherein, by the measure of just and uncompromising views, they fall short of their own institutions. She gives no quarter to the aristocratic spirit, and desires to be, though she is not quite, as intolerant of the spirit of money. Even her American forms of speech she is proud of exhibiting, and "realises" at a prodigious rate. Nor is she an exception to the American love of leaving open after her the doors of private houses into which she may have entered.

Her errors of judgment seem to be such as a clever critic out of a provincial place would most easily tumble into in this great metropolis of ours. She is very sensitive about particular people, and likes to talk of personal civilities, and, when she has seen very little, is apt to think that she has seen every thing. And truly England covers so small a space of ground in comparison with her own *Favoured Land*, as she fondly and agreeably calls it, that it is a natural mistake to suppose it explorable in a month or two, manners and all. She forgets what a great many centuries have passed over it, and what a great many secrets worth knowing they have left, in successive strata, hidden beneath the surface of the soil. It takes a little more labour, a little more time, to get thoroughly at *them*.

One of Miss Sedgwick's first remarks will show that she should have been better prepared for this:

"Every thing looks novel and foreign to us: the quaint forms of the old, red-coloured houses; the arched, antique gateways; the royal busts niched in an old wall; the very dark colouring of the foliage, and the mossy stems of the trees. We seem to have passed from the fresh, bright youth to the old age of the world. The form and colouring of the people are different from ours. They are stouter, more erect, and more sanguine."

This was at Portsmouth, in the neighbourhood of which, and under the competent guidance of Capt. Basil Hall, Miss Sedgwick's English experience drew breath. She lost no time in observing what she could, and it is here recorded with the fresh and lively colouring of a first impression.

In this remark, we have the outline of a curious and characteristic contrast, which might have been worth the filling up a little more completely:

"I stopped at a little cottage this morning, half smothered with roses, geraniums, &c., and, on the pretext of looking at a baby, made good my entrance. The little bit of an apartment, not more than six feet by ten, was as neat as possible. Not an article of its scanty furniture looked as if it had been bought by this generation; every thing appeared cared for, and well preserved; so unlike corresponding dwellings with us. The woman had nine children: six at home, and all tidily dressed. I have not seen in England a slovenly-looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth were *neatly* dressed.

"I greeted, *en passant*, a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me she paid for half of a little tenement and a bit of a garden ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on a pleasant country, 'Ah,' she said, 'we can't live on a pleasant country!' I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, of the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here. Strange sounds to our ears!"

The side-speaking at America is generally in the best spirit. Visiting an English country house, she adds:

"A taste and a certain facility in painting, is common enough among us, but when shall we see on our walls an unquestionable Titian, or a Carlo Dolce, or when, in a gentleman's country house, an apartment filled with casts from the best antiques! Certainly not till our people cease to demand *drapery for the chanting cherubs*, and such like innocents!"

And yet is there not the least possible infusion of that same strait-laced feeling, in the indignant protest against the indecency of poor Taglioni!

Speaking of Captain Hall's kindness, and contrasting it with his old offences against America, Miss Sedgwick good-humouredly adds:

"We might indeed, had we been wise, have found many of his criticisms just and salutary, and thanked him for them, and have delighted in his frankness, his sagacity, and his vein of very pleasant humour; but, alas! our Saxon blood is always uppermost, and we go on cherishing our infallibility, and, like a snappish cook, had much rather spoil our own pie than have a foreign finger in it. It is an old trick of the English bull-dog to bark at his neighbour's door; but let him do so, if he will caress you at his own."

She admired the Tower and Westminster Abbey, and, we grieve to see, could find nothing to admire in the greatest triumph of modern architecture, St. Paul's. She went to Hampton and Richmond, and thus hastily records a piece of experience on her journey home:

"We sent away our carriage, and came home in a steamer, which was crowded when we got on board. At first we looked around in the most self-complacent manner, expecting, with our American notions, that seats would be offered on every side, as they would assuredly have been to all us womankind in one of our own steamers. Not a foot stirred. Some of us were positively unable to stand, and for those Mr. P. made an appeal to some men, who refused without hesitation, appearing to think our expectations were impertinent. We were too far gone to be fas-

tidious, so we adopted the backwoods expedient, and *squatted* upon what unoccupied territory we could find. If such *personal selfishness and discourtesy is the result of a high civilisation*, I am glad we have not yet attained it."

Now surely Miss Sedgwick's good sense should have warned her against this Trollope quicksand. Imagine the manners of a country judged, and the results of high civilisation tested, by the contents of a Richmond steamer!

We must add that a very little trouble of enquiry would have spared such blunders as the following:

"When the queen is at Windsor she walks every Sunday on this terrace, where she is *liable to be jostled by the meanest of her subjects*; and as the railway passes within a mile and a half of Windsor, she must often endure *there collisions to which English blood has such repugnance*."

Nor is Miss Mitford the least relation to the Duke of Bedford; nor did voices ever cry out in the Opera house *Where is Lady Flora*; nor was Sydney Smith infallible when he said that ten thousand of each number of *Nicholas Nickleby* were sold, seeing that the sale of each number was something more than forty thousand. And, in the name of Dilworth and Doctor Johnson, what is the meaning of Miss Sedgwick's remark when she is describing Vandyke's portrait of Charles at Hampton!

"It is such a portrait as Shakspeare would have painted of Charles had he been an outside-painter."

And, oh happy Miss Sedgwick, in what utopian part of London was it that that simple remark on English conversation had its origin: "there is no such '*horreur*' as a bore; no such bore as a proser." And oh, most unthinking and tittle tattling Miss Sedgwick, how can you talk as you do of the parlours, and pantries, and dinner-tables of your entertainers!

The impression of our cathedral services is well and earnestly described:

"This was the third time we had been present, since we came to England, at worship in the temples into which art has breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the church was performing with the careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried sing-songing through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings. I felt the Puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with old Mause's fervour, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear J.'s 'long parlour.' Not a vacant place there. The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the door-step, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love—such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roof, columns, and storied glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr. Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in those all-embracing words, '*Our Father!*' as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it is the temple that is greatest. Your mind is pre-occupied, filled with the outward world. The monuments of past ages and the memorials of individual greatness are before you. Your existence is amplified; your sympathies are carried far back; the 'inexorable past' does give up its dead. Whenever your eye falls you see the work of a power new to you—the creative power of art. You see forms of beauty which never entered into your 'forge of thought.' You are filled with new and delightful emotions; but they spring from new impressions of the genius of man, of his destiny and history. No; these cathedrals are not like the arches of our forests, the temples for inevitable worship; but they are the fitting place for the apotheosis of genius."

There is some valuable truth, and something of hasty conclusion, in what follows:

"As you descend in the scale to those who can have only reference to the necessities of life in their dress, the English are far superior to us. Here come in their ideas of neatness, comfort, and durability. The labouring classes are much more suitably dressed than ours. They may have less finery for holidays, and their servants may not be so smartly dressed in the evening as are our domestics, but they are never shabby or uncleanly. Their clothes are of stouter stuffs, their shoes stronger, and their dress better preserved. We have not, you know, been into the manufacturing districts, nor into the dark lanes and holes of London, where poverty hides itself; but I do not remember, in five weeks in England, with my eyes pretty wide open, ever to have seen a ragged or dirty dress. Dirt and rags are the only things that come under a rigid sumptuary law in England.

"Order is England's, as it is Heaven's, first law. Coming from our head-over heels land, it is striking and beautiful to see the precise order that prevails here. In the public institutions, in private houses, in the streets and thoroughfares, you enjoy the security and comfort of this Heaven-born principle. It raises your ideas of the capacities of human nature to see such masses of beings as there are in London kept, without any violation of their liberty, within the bounds of order. I am told the police system of London has nearly attained perfection. I should think so from the results. It is said that women may go into the street at any hour of the night without fear or danger."

Utopian again!

The manners of the American tradesmen are usefully contrasted with that of the trader here, and much sensible reflection on matters of that kind closes with this significant remark:

"If I have felt painfully that the men and women of what is called 'good society' in America are greatly inferior in high cultivation, in the art of conversation, and in accomplishments, to a corresponding class here, I have felt quite assured that the 'million' with us occupy a level they can never reach in England, do what they will with Penny Magazines and diffusive publications, while each class has its stall into which it is driven by the tyranny of an artificially-constructed society."

We can find room for only one illustrative anecdote

"A certain great tailor was here yesterday morning to take R.'s. directions. His bad grammar, his obsequiousness, and his more than once favouring us with the information that he had an appointment with the Duke of ——, brought forcibly to my mind the person who holds the corresponding position in S ——. I thought of his frank and self-respecting manner, his well-informed mind, his good influence, and the probable destiny of his children."

Here is Miss Sedgwick's opinion on another point, to which it may scarcely be objected that she is an interested witness:

"Our *girl*, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her first freshness than the English; but the Englishwoman, in her ripeness and full development, far surpasses ours. She is superb from twenty to forty-five."

Our closing extracts, for the present, shall be from the latter portion of the volume, descriptive of travels through Germany and Switzerland. And first, a kind and grateful word on

LEAVING ENGLAND.

"It seems like leaving home a second time. If any thing could make us forget that we are travellers, it would be such unstinted kindness as we have received here. You cannot see the English in their homes without reverencing and loving them; nor, I think, can an Anglo-American come to this, his ancestral home, without a pride in his relationship to it, and an extended sense of the obligations imposed by his derivation from the English stock. A war between the two countries, in the present state of their relations and intercourse, would be fratricidal, and this sentiment I have heard expressed on all sides."

GERMAN MANNERS.

"The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They always seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you 'freely invite' to 'friendly stretch you a hand,' but the hand is instinctively stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it. This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney-coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postillions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eye-glasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach."

THE SUBORDINATE CLASSES IN GERMANY.

"The landlord often sits at the table with his guests, and, with his own country people, converses on terms of apparent equality. The same self-respect blends with the civility of the shop-keeper. He is very happy to serve and suit you, but, if he cannot, he is ready to direct you elsewhere. Shop-men have repeatedly, unasked, sent a person to guide us through the intricate Continental streets to another shop. The domestics are prompt, faithful, and cheerful in their services. There is freedom, but no presumption in their manners, and nothing of that unhappy uncertainty as to their exact position, so uncomfortable in our people. In all these subordinate classes you see nothing of the cringing servility that marks them in England, and to which they are exposed by their direct dependence on their employers."

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

"You may know him by the quantity and variety of his luggage, by every ingenious contrivance for comfort (alas! comfort implies fixture,) impregnable English trunks, travelling-bags, dressing-cases, cased provisions for all the possible wants that civilisation generates, and all in travelling armour. There is no flexibility about an Englishman, no adaptation to circumstances and exigencies. He must stand forth, wherever he goes, the impersonation of his island-home. I said his luggage betrayed him; I am sure his face and demeanour do. His muscles are in a state of tension, his nerves seem to be on the outside of his coat, his eye-brows are in motion; he looks, as my friend says she felt when she first came to such a place as this, 'as if all the people about her were *rats*;' his voice is quick and harsh, and his words none of the sweetest, so that you do not wonder the Continental people have fastened on him the descriptive sobriquet of 'Monsieur God-d—n.'"

GERMAN ACTORS.

"We were fortunate in seeing one of the great dramatic performers of Germany, Emile Devrient. The play was one of the Princess Amelia's; a tale of domestic sorrow, as I ascertained by my interpreters. There was no scenic effect, no dramatic contrivance to aid it. The scene was not once shifted during the play. Devrient seemed to me, as far as I could judge merely from his action, expression, and voice, to deserve the applauses showered on him. The playing was all natural, and the voices of the women marvellously sweet. Have I never yet remarked to you the sweet, low tone of the German woman's voice? From the cultivated actress to your chambermaid, it is a musical pleasure to hear them speak. Is it an atmospheric effect, or the breath of a placid temper? The latter, I thought, when, a moment since, my inkstand was overset, and the girl summoned to repair the mischief held up her hands, smiled, and uttered, in a lute-like tone, a prolonged g—u—t! (good!)"

GERMAN CONTENTEDNESS.

"I leave this country with an interest, respect, and attachment that I did not expect to feel for any country after leaving England. I rather think that the heart grows by travelling! I feel richer for the delightful recollections I carry with me of the urbanity of the Germans. Never can I forget the 'Guten

Tag,' 'Guten Abend,' and 'Gute Nacht,' ('good-day,' 'good-evening,' and 'good-night,') murmured by the soft voices of the peasants from under their drooping loads as we passed them in our walks. Addison says that the general salutations of his type of all benignity, Sir Roger de Coverly, came from the 'overflowings of humanity,'—so surely did these. On the whole, the Germans seem to me the most rational people I have seen. We never 'are,' but always 'to be blessed.' They enjoy the present, and, with the truest economy of human life, make the most of the materials of contentment that God has given them. Is not this better than vague, illimitable desires, and ever-changing pursuits?"

THE HISTORIAN, SISMONDI.

"It was delightful to see the pleased interest with which Sismondi listened to his wife's eulogium of his countrywomen. He drew his chair nearer and nearer, and when she ended he put his arm around her, and said with that simplicity which in him is such a grace, 'Je te remercie, mon cœur.'

"Sismondi said the chief glory of Geneva resulted from its having been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of Europe. 'I can never think without emotion,' he continued, 'of the band of French Protestants who came here for refuge.' His voice was choked; after a moment he added, 'When they reached the summit of the Jura and saw the lake and city before them, they all, with one accord, fell on their knees and sang a psalm!' His tears again interrupted him, and he apologised for them, saying, 'Ce sont les choses qui me meuvent le plus; je ne peux jamais en parler.'* You have an infallible test of the heart when you know what does most move it. In this uncontrollable emotion Sismondi betrayed the unbounded love of freedom and the deep love of his fellow-creatures that breathe in all his works."

* "'These are the sort of things that most move me; I cannot speak of them.' Though Sismondi speaks English perfectly well, French is his language, and, when off his guard, he falls into it."

## THE THREE HOMES.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Childhood hath its one happy home,
Round which all bright glad feelings throng;
To them whose footsteps onward roam,
Another doth belong,
As ready to receive and save,—
Earth's best and latest home—the grave.

The best?—ay, still to us the best;
There doubt, and fear, and anguish end,
And to its long forbidden rest,
The tired heart may unbend;
Feeling that earthly ill no more,
May darkly canker at its core!

The household hearth,—the household tomb,—
Where lies the difference 'twixt these two?
O'er either broods the haunted gloom
In which the past withdrew;
And sadly link'd with both are they,
The cherish'd of our early day.

The bowers wherein our childhood stray'd,
Ere life upturn'd one sunless clod,
The hearth whereat, meet shrine, we pray'd,
With heart and voice to God,—
Are broken, chang'd,—and where they stood,
Is strangeness,—worse than solitude!

And even so our hopes and joys
Leave not a trace of that they knew;—
Endurance hides what grief destroys,
And woe for that which grew,
A pale, lone flower of human love,
Where Fate's cold shadow lower'd above!

We linger on, and wherefore?—all
We lov'd, or sought, or priz'd, are fled:
Why doth not now the stark stem fall,
When its best leaves are shed?
Why tarry for another sun,
Heeding what spoil the past hath won?

Even so it is, and must be:—here,
Upspringing flowers around us lie;
And, spite of all we've felt and fear,
We pluck them till we die;
Craving some blossoms for the tomb,
Some light to concentrate its gloom.

Doth thine heart faint?—ay, look around,
Pale shadowy things life's idols are!
Somewhat whereon to lean is found,
Is trusted,—all too far!
'Tis gone! what words may call it back,
What eye may follow on its track?

Yet, Christian, all undaunted, keep
Thy onward course amid the spoil;
Yield not thy faith to earthly sleep,
Thy love to earthly soil;
But where a worthier promise lies,
There press thou, even to the skies!

Ay, down thy path, thus dust bestrew'd,
Go, bravely, surely, trusting on!
And, Phœnix-like, with life renew'd,
Heed not the ashes gone:—
Not all unreck'd of dost thou roam,
God is thy sire, and Heaven thy home!

From the Spectator

## COMBE'S NOTES ON THE UNITED STATES.

This is one of the most impartial and judicious works illustrative of the character and condition of the United States, and at the same time the most unpretending, that has been published. It contains statistical information as valuable as that collected by Mr. Stuart; disquisitions on the phenomena of society and the individual mind as free from commonplace as those of Miss Martineau, less coloured by sentiment, and uttered without the note of preparation blown by that lady before her dicta like a herald's trumpet; and many acute, quiet remarks upon incidents and peculiarities, fit to be classed with those of Hall, Trollope, or Marryat. We allude to the authors named, not for the purpose of undervaluing their respective merits, or of saying that in the peculiar walk of each the merits of Mr. Combe approach to his or her's in degree, but for the purpose of indicating the various qualities combined in his view of America.

Mr. Combe's book is a *true* book; it has in every page internal evidence that the account Mr. Combe gives of its origin is literally correct. "From my first arrival I kept a note-book, into which I entered from day to day such observations as were suggested by the objects and circumstances around me. At first the novelty of aspect under which even commonplace objects occasionally presented themselves, imparted to many of them an interest which they did not intrinsically possess. But as at that time my journal was written solely for private use, I felt no scruple in entering in its pages many observations and impressions which would never have found a place in it had it been composed originally with a view to publication. In proportion, however, as the country and its affairs opened up to me in more familiar intercourse, higher objects excited attention; and many passing events, institutions, and social arrangements, suggested reflections, which, judging from my own experience, seemed calculated to interest the British public. It was only at a late period that the idea of publishing my observations presented itself, and that the considerations to be afterwards mentioned gradually led to its being realised."

Two circumstances have exercised a beneficial influence on the work,—first, the circumstance alluded to by Mr. Combe, that he did not visit America with a predetermination to publish an account of it; secondly, that the peculiar bent of his enquiries leads him at all times to scrutinise narrowly the thoughts, feelings, and actions of those by whom he is surrounded. His observations on the United States are a portion of those experiences which it has become almost his profession to accumulate, with a view to enable him to fathom the mystery of human life. He did not sally forth, note-book in hand, to collect materials for a work; but when he found that the materials collected for his own use possessed value and interest in themselves, he made up his mind to publish them. Besides that earnestness in the pursuit of truth to which we adverted in reviewing Mr. Combe's *Moral Philosophy*, and his practice in mental analysis, he had other qualifications for the task. His professional avocations as a solicitor in Edinburgh had made him familiar with the rise, progress, and consequences of the speculative rage which shook Scotland in 1825. There is something in the tastes and habits of Scotchmen—a lingering remnant of the sluttish well-being remarked about the domicile of Dandie Dinmont—less likely to be repelled by the want of elegant finish which characterises the substantial wealth of the United States, than the more fastidious feelings of Englishmen. Mr. Combe was qualified to judge of the economical relations of the United States, and to detect the real value of their unpolished treasures. In addition to this, the puritanical views which gained the ascendency in Scotland during our civil broils, laid the foundations of the social institutions of America. The moral and intellectual struggle which marks the progress of society in Scotland and America is the same—a struggle between the sceptical tendencies of science and a popular faith which had at an earlier period been burnt into the national mind by persecution; not, as in England, a struggle between the same scientific spirit and the temporal influence of an accomplished and sometimes rather lax, aristocratical hierarchy. The controversies between a voluntary and a compulsory state church—between Calvinism and the compromise between Deistical logic and Christian tradition called Unitarianism—are real questions with Yankees and Scotchmen, but which few Englishmen understand and fewer care about. Lastly, Mr. Combe's pursuits, making him a zealous advocate of education and amelioration of the penal law, were a masonic password to the confidence and co-operation of the leading spirits of the Union; and while directly giving and receiving information on those subjects, he was of necessity indirectly instructed regarding the peculiar position and views of his associates. With such opportunities and such preparation, an energetic mind like Mr. Combe's, in which an earnestness of purpose assuming almost the character of religious faith and a true Scotch caution are blended in nearly equal proportions, could not fail to make observations worthy of being preserved.

Mr. Combe arrived in America about the end of September 1838, and left in the beginning of June, 1840. His most prolonged visits were to New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and the vicinity of Portland in Maine. He visited Canada, but did not penetrate into the southern and western states of the Union. His personal observation is confined to the well-peopled part of the Union—to the great centres of its commercial and manufacturing industry—to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and the seat of the Central Government. His remarks apply to that portion of the Union, which, except in its closer propinquity and the equality of political privilege, stands to the southern and western states nearly in the same relation that Great Britain does to its Tropical and Australasian Colonies—to that part of the nation in which the centralisation of trading activity and accumulated capital has placed the preponderance of power. The armies of the Union (should it need or think it needs them) must be in a great measure recruited from the hardy pioneers of the west, and officered by the reckless chivalry of the south; but the larger share of political influence must remain with the capitalists of the north-east. The almost nomade independence of the inhabitants

of the western territory, and the voice which they have in the Legislature and appointment of the Executive, will always oblige an American Government to regard their views and wishes respectfully; but the nucleus of the American state, the seat of its vitality, is in the districts visited by Mr. Combe. It is this portion of the nation, therefore, which is mainly interesting to foreigners; especially to us, seeing that the centre of American action is situated in close proximity to the remote frontiers of our possessions.

Mr. Combe visited the United States at a period particularly favourable to the observation of the peculiar forms and workings of their civil and social institutions. The nakedness of the machinery of government in that democracy renders its routine workings at all times visible; but Mr. Combe had the good fortune to see that machinery tried by a period of national excitement. During his stay, the Union underwent a commercial panic and a fit of warlike mania. He found the country in a state of high prosperity, and remained long enough to witness the alarm and stagnation occasioned by the suspension of the Western banks, at the time when the contest for ascendency between the bank and the President had converted the government party into a minority of the people, (as has since been shown,) and driven Mr. Biddle to resign. He was present while the spirit of enmity towards England, excited by the disputes on the Canadian frontier and about the Maine boundary, raged most fiercely. Moments of high excitement like these throw nations as well as men off their guard; and Mr. Combe has profited by them. He has placed many of the workings of the economical system of the United States in a new light. He has recorded many facts bearing upon the question of the permanency of the Union. These are topics that might lead us into too wide a field of discussion: we select in preference, Mr. Combe's remarks upon the national character of the Americans.

He thus judiciously treats the frequent charge against Americans of too exclusive a direction to the pursuit of wealth; and shows how even excessive application to such a pursuit does not necessarily imply sordid motives—

"The Americans are taunted by the British for their exclusive devotion to the pursuit of wealth; but in this respect, as well as in many others, they are the genuine heirs of English dispositions, with a better apology for their conduct. One of the earliest injunctions of the Creator to man was, 'to multiply and replenish the earth.' The Americans have a fertile country of vast extent placed before them, inviting them to fulfil this commandment; and it would argue mental lethargy or imbecility were they to disobey the call. But how can a wilderness be peopled and replenished without the creation of wealth? Houses must be built and furnished, clothes and implements of husbandry must be manufactured, animals must be reared; yet these are the constituent elements of wealth. The fertile soil of the West, therefore, invites the active and enterprising spirits of each generation to advance and take possession of it. Within two years after it is cleared, it places in the hands of the occupier a surplus produce after supplying his own wants. He sends this surplus to the Eastern cities to be sold, and receives in exchange the various manufactured articles which constitute the conveniences and ornaments of civilised life. The demand of the West on the capital and industry of the East is incessant and increasing. The rich lands of the west, aided by the rapid increase of population, present investments which can scarcely fail, after a few years, to yield an immense profit to the adventurer; and this legitimate drain for capital affects profits and interest and the value of property all over the Union. There are revulsions, no doubt, but the wave never recedes so far as it had advanced; and those who fail are generally men who have engaged in enterprises far beyond the measure of their capital and legitimate credit. Were the people of the East, therefore, to despise riches, and to become merely the cultivators of literature, philosophy, the fine arts, and all the social graces, they would be fit subjects for their own lunatic asylums. The *physique* must precede the *morale* in the order of nature. We must be well lodged, clothed, nourished, and altogether physically comfortable, before we can bend our minds successfully to refinement, philosophy, and the investigations of abstract science. The people of the United States, therefore, are only fulfilling a law of nature. They are peopling and replenishing the desert, and devoting themselves to this duty with a degree of energy, assiduity, and success, that is truly astonishing. It is in vain to blame their institutions or their manners for these results. They owe their origin to nature.

"But while I thus hold the Americans as not meriting disapprobation for pursuing wealth as their national vocation, I regard the impulse which prompts them to do so, as one which needs to be watched, and within certain limits to be resisted, lest it should swallow up all other virtues. Their real prosperity depends on the co-ordinate activity of their acquisitive with their moral and intellectual faculties. If their external circumstances stimulate acquisitiveness with a power equal to 10, they should put on a power of moral, religious, and intellectual cultivation equal to 15, to guide and restrain it. They are endeavouring to do so by their public schools; and if they succeed, they will in due season become a magnificently great nation—great equally in the possession of physical and moral civilisation.

"The Americans, although highly acquisitive, are not sordid as a nation. They expend their wealth freely; and where the object meets with their approbation, they are even munificent in their donations. The sums contributed by them to religious and benevolent societies, to the building of churches and colleges, and to the support of hospitals and similar institutions, are very large."

Still more important is our author's exposition of the warlike tendency of the American public, and its causes:

"The opinion is generally entertained in Britain, that the Americans are so intensely devoted to gain and so averse to taxation, that they are not a warlike nation: but my conviction is different. The history of their country, which, in one form or another, constitutes the staple of their instruction at school, records heart-stirring adventures of their ancestors in their contests with the Indians; and afterwards many successful battles in the cause of freedom when they fought for their own independence. Next comes

the war with Britain in 1813, in which the existing generation boasts of many victories. All these achievements are described in the most fervid language; and every battle in which the Americans were victorious is illustrated by engravings or cuts, and celebrated in songs. In the hotels, and in innumerable private houses, pictures representing their triumphs by sea and land adorn the walls; the panels of some of their stage-coaches are ornamented with representations of their frigates capturing their British antagonists; in short, in the United States, the mind of each generation is rendered familiar with tales of war, and excited by their stirring influence from the first dawn of reason till manhood.

"Nor are these seeds sown on a barren soil. The Americans inherit the cerebral organisation of the three British nations; in whom the organs of combativeness, destructiveness, self-esteem, and firmness, the elements of pugnacity and warlike adventure, are largely developed. In them this endowment is accompanied by a restless activity of mind, which finds natural and agreeable vent in war, and by a degree of intelligence which renders them capable equally of individual enterprise and of combination in action. Add to all these the influence of extreme youth, and the belligerent spirit of this people is easily accounted for. In mentioning their extreme youth, I do not refer to their short national existence of only sixty-three years since the 4th of July, 1776, but to the extraordinary proportion of young persons in their population. It is well known that the population of the United States doubles every twenty-five years by natural increase alone, and every twenty-three years when assisted by immigration; but I have not observed that any just appreciation has been made by travellers of the influence of this fact on the character of the people. Nearly three generations are on the field at the same time; and as nearly every male on arriving at twenty-one years of age has a vote, the preponderating influence of the young men on the national resolves is very striking. From attending their public political meetings, my conviction is that the majority of their voters are under thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. Here, then, we have a people of naturally pugnacious dispositions, reared in the admiration of warlike deeds, imperfectly instructed in the principles on which the real greatness of nations is founded, possessed of much mental activity, impelled by all the fervour of youth, and unrestrained by experience. It would be matter of surprise if they were not predisposed to rush into a contest, especially with Britain, whom they still regard as their hereditary foe.

"Fortunately, however, for the people, and for the interests of civilisation throughout the world, there are numerous and strong impediments to the gratification of their warlike propensities. Their actual pursuits are all pacific; they live in plenty, and suffer no grievances except those which flow from their own errors, and which they have the power to remove; they have no warlike neighbours to threaten their frontiers; and the constitutions of the General Government and of the several States leave the executive power so feeble that it can only add to its own embarrassments by engaging in hostilities. The American standing army consists of only 12,539 men of all arms and all ranks, while its corps of militia are altogether unadapted to aggressive warfare. The nation, therefore, has no force, except seven line-of-battle ships, twelve frigates, and twenty sloops of war, (exclusive of those on the stocks,) with which to maintain a war of aggression. So thoroughly inefficient was the militia found to be in the last war, except as a defensive force, that the General Government resorted to the expedient of engaging volunteers; and on the present occasion Congress has authorised the raising of 50,000 men on the same terms. Fifty thousand volunteers may not appear to be a very formidable host to those who do not know the American people; but it would probably be found to consist of tough materials. A proclamation for the enlistment of such a force would call forth that number of young, ardent, enthusiastic men, with heads full of fancies about glory, and temperaments burning for the gratifications arising from enterprise and danger. A few months would suffice to confer on them the advantages of discipline; and they would then closely resemble the hosts of excited Frenchmen whom Napoleon led to the easy conquest of Italy and Germany. It is a blessing to the civilised world that so many impediments exist to this class of men attaining the ascendancy in the national councils."

These remarks have a necessary and important bearing upon the opinions expressed by Mr. Combe regarding the most prominent defect in American institutions:

"One defect in the American institutions and social training, at present, appears to me to be, that they do not sufficiently cultivate habits of deference, prudence, and self-restraint. They powerfully call forth all the faculties that subserve the interests and ambition of the individual, but they leave the higher social qualities imperfectly exercised and ill-directed. There is no training of veneration, except in religious tuition, which is too often confined to vague moral instruction and to the points of faith regarded as essential to salvation. Making allowance for individual exceptions, it may be stated, that an American young man, in emerging from school, has scarcely formed a conception that he is subject to any natural laws, which he must obey in every step of his progress in life, or suffer. He has not been taught the laws of health, the laws by which the production and distribution of wealth are regulated, or the laws which determine the progress of society; nor is he trained to subject his own inclinations and will to those or any similar laws as indispensable to his well being and success. On the contrary, he comes forth a free-born, self-willed, sanguine, confident citizen, of what he considers to be the greatest, the best, and the wisest nation on earth; and he commences his career in life guided chiefly by the inspirations of his own good pleasure. He votes and acts on the destinies of his country in the same condition of mind. In Britain, we cannot boast of much superiority in practical education, but our young men are not ushered into life so early; they are trained by the institutions and circumstances by which they are surrounded to a greater exercise of prudence and self-restraint; and few of them wield political power.

"It was my endeavour to explain to the Americans the importance of the new philosophy to a people in their present condition. Phrenology brings home to

every mind capable of ordinary reflection, that all our functions and faculties, bodily and mental, are regulated by the Creator according to fixed laws; that within certain limits they produce enjoyment, and beyond these misery. By teaching children this view of their own constitution, and also rendering them familiar with the physical, organic, and moral laws instituted by the Creator, and *by training them to obey them*, that reckless self-confident spirit, which now animates many of them in the United States, would be supplanted by a disciplined understanding and regulated affections. Their institutions render them indisposed to reverence man, or human wisdom; but still they may venerate God, and practically fulfil his laws. Indeed, this species of moral and intellectual discipline appears to me to be indispensable to the permanence and success of a democracy. If the Americans do not adopt it, and rely on it as their sheet-anchor, no other means which ordinary sagacity can discover will lead them safely through the perils that will rise thicker and thicker in their path in proportion as their population becomes more dense."

Mr. Combe had occasion, like all other English visiters of America, to be struck with the servile deference paid to what is assumed to be popular opinion: less one-sided than his predecessors, however, he points out the prevalence of the same weakness at home:

"British authors have in general erroneously estimated the comparative influence of public opinion in their own country and in the United States. It appears to me to be pretty nearly as active and influential in Britain as it is in America, certain differences in its modes of operation being taken into consideration. In Britain (see p. 100) society is divided into a number of distinct classes, each of which has standards of opinion of its own. There is a public opinion peculiar to each class; and that opinion has acquired definite forms by the influence of ancient institutions. The opinions and modes of feeling of the individuals in each class grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength; and in the maturity of life these conventional impressions appear to be absolutely natural. The differences between the grades of society produce corresponding differences in opinion and modes of action; and when an observer surveys individuals of each class acting according to their own perceptions of propriety, he may imagine that, because they differ, each is manifesting a fine moral independence, in following the dictates of his own judgment. But this is an error: in America all men are regarded as equal; there is no distinct separation into classes with a set of established opinions and feelings peculiar to each. As society is young and the institutions are recent, there are no great influences in operation to mould opinion into definite forms, even within this one circle, which nominally includes all American citizens. The proper contrast, therefore, is between the power of public opinion in an English grade and in the American single circle; and if so viewed, the difference will not be found to be so greatly against the Americans as is generally supposed.

"The English candidates for public offices do not bow to popular opinions, because the people have no offices to bestow; but if we select the fashionable circle in London, and consider how many of the individuals who move in it could be induced by the dictates of reason, or even by motives of moral or religious duty, to brave its opinions and to pursue a line of conduct, however virtuous, that was stigmatised by the whole circle as vulgar or unfashionable, we should find the number very small. The same lack of moral courage, which is considered so peculiar to the Americans, would be found almost universally prevalent in it. If we proceed to another grade, the same fear of incurring disapprobation will be found to pervade its members; and so down to the lowest where public opinion ceases to act. In regard to private conduct the same result presents itself. In Edinburgh, a certain style of entertainment is in use in a certain rank; and although many condemn the pomp, circumstance, and heavy vanity of the style, not one individual out of fifty will venture to depart from the established usage. In Scotland, instead of the tyranny of the majority, we live under 'the fear of the folk;' and the most inattentive observer must have remarked that it is a most potential fear: it sends thousands to church who privately confess that they derive little edification from the exercises; it withholds thousands from countenancing their inferiors in society lest they should be regarded as ungenteel; and it impels countless multitudes to give an ostensible adherence to opinions and observances of which they in their consciences disapprove."

Amusingly illustrative of American deference for the people are some remarks headed

### HOW TO MANAGE THE PEOPLE.

The American people may be held by promptness, good nature, and tact, but they will not be driven. In 1812, previously to the declaration of war against England, the mob of Philadelphia seized the rudder of a British brig lying at the wharf, to prevent her from sailing, there being at that time no legal authority for detaining her. Mr. —— a highly respectable and well-known citizen, met them dragging the rudder through the streets in triumph; he joined them, and hauled the rope and cheered with the rest. They proposed to go and break the windows of the British Consul. He went with them; and when they came opposite to the house, he addressed them, as if he had never heard of the proposal to break the windows, and said, "Now, my brave lads, let us give him three cheers, to show that we are not afraid of the British, and be off." He cheered instantly, and they all joined. At the close of the last cheer, he gave the word, "Off to the State-house!" and suited the action to the word so rapidly that nobody had time to suggest or do any thing else. Arrived at the State-house, he said, "Let us give three cheers for America, and lock up the helm in the State-house." "America for ever! Hurrah! hurrah!" The key of the cellar was obtained, and the helm locked up. Three cheers were given "for ourselves." "Dismiss!" was then uttered, and acted on by his walking away; and all followed his example. As the whole proceeding had been illegal, Mr. —— went quietly to the ship, and desired the captain to send up to the State-house for his helm in the night. He did so; put it on; and when the sun rose, he was down the Delaware on his voyage to England.

Another anecdote of the same gentleman is equally characteristic of the "way to manage the people." Between Walnut and Spruce Streets lay a piece of ground named the Potter's Field, or burial-place for strangers. Interments in it had long been prohibited; but it contained some graves and monuments enclosed by railings. There was a strong desire in the minds of many enlightened citizens to clear these away and to turn the ground into an ornamental square, as it now lay in the heart of the city; but every proposal to obliterate them was resisted by the public sentiment, although no living person could be found who was interested in any of them. Mr. —— suggested to a marble-cutter to carry off the monuments quietly and by slow degrees, at dead of night. In the course of two years, they all disappeared mysteriously, nobody knew how. The rails followed. Nobody interfered; nobody noticed the change until it was complete. He employed men quietly at night to level the surface over the graves. Thus was completed, in less than three years, without any authority whatever, a change which the enlightened residents had in vain solicited permission to accomplish. The ground being reduced to a waste, the civic corporation, without any hesitation, voted money to enclose it with a handsome rail, to plant it, and to furnish it with gravel-walks. It is now Washington Square; one of the greatest ornaments, and a great benefit to the city.

We had marked many passages for extract, but find we have already indulged too much. The effect of the work is to inspire faith in the permanence and beneficial tendency of the democratic institutions of the Union; a faith which seems to have grown up insensibly in the author's mind, dissipating the nightmare apprehensions inspired by the close book-closet atmosphere of Edinburgh. And, not to pause on small blemishes, we repeat that Mr. Combe's Notes will he found beyond all question the best general work that has yet been published on the United States.

---

## THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Blue-bird, on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming! spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdling dear?
What is that in misty shroud
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whiten'd ground,
Yet thou singest blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming! spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threat'ning eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou woo'd some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower—
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by,
Though thy curtain'd chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it spring for thee.

---

## SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

Thy foes, O Liberty! are hale and strong;
And, exultingly, their forts and fanes,
Wherein to shelter their great idol, Wrong,
Who looks through loop-holes and religious panes
Upon a prostrate world. Alas! thy friends
Have often failed to read thy truths aright;
And grieved thee by mistaking means for ends,
Till tyranny has pointed to thy light
And said: "'tis but a vapour that ascends,
Out of the swamps of life, to mock its night."
I hoped that one had risen up, of late,
To teach the monarch and the mitred slave
How pure a thing it is they fear and hate:
But he who promised this reposes in the grave.

*Tait's Magazine.*

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Commodore Sir Charles Napier has achieved a rapid and universal notoriety; first, by his brilliant conduct in Syria; secondly, by his self-laudatory progresses through particular districts of this country, and his squabble with Sir Robert Stopford, as to their respective shares in the glory of routing the Egyptians; and lastly, and more immediately, by his having been enabled to procure his return for the metropolitan borough of Marylebone, on the retirement of the late member, Lord Teignmouth. As his name is just now in every body's mouth, and as the readers of the Britannia are not likely to have been included in any of the many mobs or multitudes whom the gallant Narcissus has been of late addressing, it may be well to anticipate a very probable curiosity, by taking measure of his intellectual and physical proportions, and showing what manner of man he is.

But it may be said that it is unfair, or, to say the least, unwise, to criticise a man as a member of Parliament, before he has even entered the walls of the House of Commons; and one or the other it does in truth at first sight seem to be. Not so, however, in the case of Sir Charles Napier. He is one of those men about whose calibre of intellect and judgment it is almost impossible to make a mistake. Nor are we likely to err as to the course which such a man would be apt to take—at all events, as to that which would be wisest for him. Every one has heard of the facetious advice written by the Eton scholar under the word "Resurgam" on the tombstone of his master:—

> "Lie still, if you're wise;
> You'll be —— if you rise!"

The same advice might, with propriety, be given to the new M. P. for Marylebone. His cup of glory is full. If, in the intoxication of his joy, he attempts any Bacchanalian impossibilities, it will assuredly overflow. Out of doors, Sir Charles is a very great man, but the atmosphere of the House of Commons is not for such as he. He is an Un-common, and as surely as he rises in that House he will as rapidly be brought to his level. What the Egyptian cannon-balls could not effect, the derisive cheers, or the intentional Babel, of a crowded House on a great debate-night, will assuredly bring to pass. Presently I will endeavour to show why.

Not for an instant would I presume to doubt the naval and military reputation of this gallant officer. He is, perhaps, unrivalled in that kind of bull-dog courage and insensibility or indifference to danger, which, in the intense ardour of animal impulse, flings itself into the arms of Fate, and knows at the moment no other object but indiscriminate destruction. Such a man is a kind of human percussion-shell. Nothing can hope to stand against him, and Fortune, who always cherishes those that flout her, shields him from bullets and cannon-balls. Half-a-dozen Sir Charles Napiers, at the head of such fine fighting material as our soldiers and sailors, would pacificate the world, for no men would oppose them. Stone walls would crumble at their approach—at least, so says Sir Charles Napier—and treaties of peace would be concluded so soon as it was known how many of these men each country contained. The honour, however, of first inventing these moral peace-makers belongs not to either Sir Charles or to Captain Warner, but to our good King Harry the Eighth, who caused the gates of some French fortress to open at the mere sight of an enormous wooden cannon, which the simple garrison thought to be real; thus giving the first great historical instance of a people succumbing to a "demonstration."

But while fully prepared to accord to Sir Charles Napier almost all, if not all, the extravagant honour which has been heaped upon him by his Palmerstonian supporters, and which, having been heaped on him, he seems too polite or too self-appreciating to fling off again, I must be allowed to doubt whether the quality of physical bravery in the field be exactly the best passport into the House of Commons, particularly when its owner represents a metropolitan constituency. If it be said that it is right that the foreign successes of the Whigs should be represented in the House of Commons, and that no man would be so likely in his own person perpetually to remind the House of them as Sir Charles Napier, then at least it will be admitted that it would have been much better that he had started for some naval borough, than for a place like Marylebone, with whose sober, quiet, shop-keeping inhabitants, such a slashing, roaring, hot-headed sailor as Sir Charles can have nothing whatever in common. If he were wise, he would take his seat quietly, and hold his tongue for the remainder of his days; or until Lord Palmerston required to shoot him off from Downing-street to shatter the empire of Russia, or the kingdom of France, into unimaginable Homœopathic particles. Yet, if he were to take the advice of his well-wishers and do this, surely the electors of Marylebone would not be satisfied. A metropolitan member a dumb parrot! A Hawes or a Wakley without the talking instinct! Forbid it Reform! Forbid it the Genius that waiteleth over multitudes, and revels in the music of their roar! But Sir Charles Napier, judging from his past exhibitions, is not very likely to play the dumb-dog—he seems, the rather, inclined, on every possible occasion, to exercise his vocal organs for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. On one theme he is always magnanimously eloquent, and that is precisely the theme which the House of Commons never tolerates, except in the case of some particular pets. Whether it be from envy, or from practical habits, the House will never listen patiently to any man who talks about himself. They always require a *quid pro quo*—some beneficial suggestion, or some new idea—as a compensation for the tedium of listening. Now, deprived of the opportunity of talking of himself and his own exploits, what on earth will Sir Charles Napier find to talk about? Of general politics, trade, finance, law, railroads, what knows he? He will be too honest to be put upon election committees, too untractable to submit to the "thimble-rig" mystifications of his party. What then will he do? First, he will disappoint the Marylebone people; and then the Whigs—if they should be in office—will get him a ship and put him out of the way as soon as possible. His return has served a party purpose, and that purpose answered, they will consign him to the dangerous honour of dashing his head against the bulwarks of some other Acre, or perhaps send him on a glorious mission to China, to pull the nose of his Celestial Majesty and cut off his pigtail.

The simple truth is, that Sir Charles Napier is exactly one of those men who are the least fitted for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. In his own sphere he is undoubtedly of high value, as shewing that that bold and dauntless bravery is not passed away from among us, which contributed so much to the gaining of those great victories that have made the naval history of this country the most brilliant in the world. But put such a man as that in a conspicuous position in an assembly where tact, coolness, and judgment are the qualities most certain to ensure success, and you run the risk of forcing him to become worse than a nonentity, you place him where he has irresistible temptations to make himself ridiculous. This is bad enough for the individual, but for the country it is worse, because, at a time when comparatively so few are distinguished, especial care should be taken to have no unnecessary drawbacks on their fame. Soult, as a minister, has frittered away much of his deserved reputation as a soldier, and so, in a greater proportion, because of his being relatively of less importance, will Sir Charles Napier, unless he has the sense to be silent, gradually weary that good feeling which at present is felt for him by persons in all ranks and parties. His first sally may perhaps be listened to with curiosity, but even the savage gets tired of the eternal beating of a drum. His very sincerity and simplicity of mind will tell against him.

His appearance and manner, too, will not help him in making his way in the House, although they are strikingly characteristic, as is the case with all men of marked peculiarities. He is not above the middle size, and there is nothing commanding in his appearance, while his style of speaking exhibits a vivacity bordering on extravagance—something approaching to that which the vulgar are apt to designate as "mad-headed." His countenance is very intelligent, but it is rather of that sort which consists in mobility of feature and perpetual change of expression, than an intelligence evincing the existence of the higher qualities of the mind. His eye, however, struck me as most remarkable, being particularly large and full. The only similitude I can think of for it is, that of the eye of a bull when excited. I defy any man to look steadfastly at it without some undefined feeling of fear; nor without a consciousness that its possessor was a man of extraordinary determination.

The leading events in Commodore Napier's career are well known. His service in our navy in the last American war, his brilliant achievements in Portugal, his previous unsuccessful attempts to enter parliament, his rapid victory in Syria, and lastly, his contest and return for Marylebone, are in every one's mouth, and may be read for a few pence in every print-shop. I only hope that Marylebone will not be his Moscow.—*Britannia.*

---

## BROUGHAM COME BACK.

"Oh for him back again!
I wish I had him back again:
I would gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again."

The horrible flatness of the Parliamentary debates during the present session has more than once set us to humming this old Scotch song. Our prayer has been heard. The truant has watched his moment: the first white specks on the crests of the popular wave, giving indication of a rising breeze, have lured the strong-pinioned sea-bird back to dally with the storm.

There has been a growing interest attaching to the debates in the House of Lords for a week or two back. The Corn-law question has forced itself in among them, and sorely ruffled the equanimity of some of their lordships. The pertinacity of Earls Fitzwilliam and Radnor has transformed the dignified and somewhat supercilious assembly into a rather vivacious *ecole d'enseignement mutuel.* Protesting against the discussion of subordinate parts of the great question, the Peers have shown themselves as unable to resist the temptation to argument, as the wandering scholars challenged by Gil Blas and his school-fellows. They have discussed with great neatness the controversies about the relations between prices and wages, the justice of subjecting the necessaries of life to taxation, &c. &c. Under the guidance of Lord Fitzwilliam, a promising scholar of the upper form, they have been training themselves for a more comprehensive discussion—storing up facts and arguments, strengthening their minds, and rendering them more adroit by exercise. Intelligent bystanders have experienced a benevolent pleasure in seeing so many ingenious minds so usefully employed.

The sudden mingling of the clear emphatic voice of Brougham with these gentle disputations produced a startling effect. It was the apparition of a practiced debater, aiming his blow at the vital part, and striking home at once, and without effort. Lord Brougham stripped the subject of the adventitous accessories with which it has been encumbered. He placed it on the unassailable basis of justice and expediency. He reminded his hearers, how the question had been urged upon them in a period of comparative calm; and how it was the necessary consequence of their refusing to entertain it then, that it was now forcing itself upon their notice in the clamour of agitation, at a moment when the financial and economical condition of the country rendered immediate action unavoidable.

Lord Brougham has taken possession of the question of the day in the House of Lords. Never the indiscriminate eulogists, we have sometimes been the sharp censors of Lord Brougham; but truth and justice compel praise from lips unused to flatter.—Brougham is the only man of his own high class of intellect now in public life. He has in his time done service to the cause of rational government which no one but himself could have done, as he has at times perilled a high reputation with a wantonness in which no less robust a genius could have indulged without utter and irrecoverable destruction. He stands now in the maturity of his powers—ripened, mellowed by experience and time, with all his energies unimpaired. He stands forth emancipated from party trammels. By reliance on his own genius and persevering industry, he has taught an assembly which cannot be expected to sympathise with him, to listen with deference and fear. He is regarded with a kindly feeling even by the most excited portion of the democracy. He can plead the great cause which is now depending, with more knowledge, greater variety of argument and illustration, and more im-

pressive power than any other living orator: he can plead it more acceptably to the House of Lords than any other man: he can count upon a more willing attention from the Chartists than will be given to any other. By becoming the exponent of principles, heedless as to whether men applaud and follow him or not, he can make himself the champion of the rights of industry, the central point in which discordant wills may meet in harmony. He can do for Free Trade all and more than he formerly did against the Orders in Council; thereby rendering a service to his country as much transcending his former services as the matured power of Lord Brougham exceed the wayward energies of young Henry Brougham. At times "spots have come over his mortal star;" but an opportunity is now afforded him to efface their recollection for ever, and to cast a light on what may be the closing scene of his life, stronger and steadier than has shone on any portion of his previous career.

---

From the Examiner.

## GERMANY.

The King of Prussia has no easy task before him. No sooner did he seize the despotic reins of his father's government than he relaxed them, spoke of giving his coursers full swing, and never doubted of his ability to manage them even at that pace. They have accordingly set out very rapidly, and his Majesty is alarmed. He half promised his people a half constitution; they have instantly set up a cry for a whole one. He promised that every act of his government should be laid before the provincial assemblies, and these have not tarried to discuss them. He promised publicity for the minutes of their proceedings. Not content with this, the states have published the very speeches of the members. The *Augsburg Gazette* for the last week has had several columns devoted to the speeches of the Rhenish deputies on the burning affair of the Archbishop of Cologne. This has evidently given birth to two opinions or two parties in the Prussian cabinet—one for repression, one for persevering in patience and semi-liberalism. Thus several of the Liberal prints of Germany were proscribed in Prussia a week or two ago; whilst the latest accounts tell us that the prohibition was a mistake, and that it had been taken off. This is a critical moment, for it is evident that the King of Prussia must either go on or fall back. All the states have petitioned for the reality of a constitution; the present commencement of one will certainly not suffice. His Majesty has reprimanded the Silesians for their hardihood in asking for the fulfilment of the promises of the old King, but the several states of the Prussian monarchy seemed determined on pressing for their rights. The King, therefore, must go on or recoil; if he recoils, he may resume his despotic powers of government without exciting any immediate trouble, but then he loses that progressive influence and authority over the whole German mind which Prussia was fast gaining. Prussia is now the commercial sovereign of Germany, and the intellectual head, moreover, of its several countries To add the political sceptre to its other ones is the great object; to be the *Great Fredéric of peace* is the aim of the present sovereign.—This cannot be done by turning suddenly, like the King of Bavaria, from extreme liberalism as Prince to a capricious tyrant as King. The Monarch of Prussia has a great and a difficult character to support; he has not yet failed in it, and cool patience seems one of his qualities;—his long and painful negotiation with Rome shows this. But the next two years will form a critical epoch in Prussian and German history; and for our part, we watch their progress with interest and anxiety.

Another difficulty with the King of Prussia, in addition to the necessity of his attaining the political sceptre of Germany, is to retain the intellectual one. Were Prussia to set free the press and each professor's tongue, this were soon done; but to half check both, to secure the quiescence of these, yet obviate the danger of excess, is the difficult point. The political press of Prussia is completely gagged; but the license of liberalism breaks out in literary papers, in religious, critical, philosophical discussion. Just as in France under the Restoration, when the censorship stopped political discussion, people began to discuss spiritualism and materialism, and these became the symbols of the political parties.—Hence the dislike of the Prussian government to Hegel and his philosophical heirs, deeming his transcendentation hostile to monarchic and religious principle. It has to fight ultra-Catholicism on one hand, and the school which analyses religion into a mere *caput mortuum* on the other. This intellectual combat is too subtle, too profound, for a government to carry on. 'Twere better to give more liberty on substantial points, for when people have political, municipal, and personal rights and interests to discuss, it soon neglects metaphysical ones. When Napoleon extinguished the French press, those who were most annoyed were the metaphysicians, or, as he called them, the *ideologues*. So is it with the King of Prussia. He keeps down newspaper writers, and he has to combat the more formidable band of wild priests and mad philosophers; and he has, moreover, to keep up the character of the kingdom for intellectual supremacy over the rest of Germany. There is no exaggeration, therefore, in calling his task difficult.

Neither should we forget that Prussia has undertaken to manage the commercial interests of Germany, make treaties for it, protect its manufactures, and find markets for its produce. With this view Prussia has concluded a reciprocity treaty with England, allowing British vessels, under certain duties and restrictions, to supply the German Union with colonial articles. This has created considerable ferment, and angered not merely the German beet-root growers, but set all the theorists in arms. German patriots demand nothing less than a German navy; and, as they have no colonies, they assert that Brazil is the best connexion, the mother of its prince being a German, its sugar being the cheapest, and Brazil allowing trade on the most advantageous terms. There is a Jew of the name of Lizt, or Moser, who has learned, from a residence in the United States, a hatred of England, and a smattering of political economy. He is a writer as indefatigable as Cobbett, and he daily pours forth diatribes against England, which are not without influence upon his half-informed readers.

## ALGIERS.

The French expedition, which was to have crushed the Moors and finished the conquest of Africa, is beginning to show its fruits. General Bugeaud went express from Paris to mend the mishaps of his predecessors. The General was so confident of settling the affair to his own satisfaction, that he took two of the King's sons along with him, and even put them in command—a matter which in France is always regarded as the sign of a holyday campaign. For no French King or Prince for the last two centuries has ever joined the army, except when that army was expected to walk over the course. Henry the IV. was the last fighting King of France, until Napoleon finished the race of the Royal non-combatants, and heard the whistling of bullets in person.

So began the triumphal march of the new General. All was as much *en regle* as a ballet at the Opera. The staff were in their full dress coats, the bulletin writers were all at their posts, and the Royal duke was superb in gold embroidery and blood-royal heroism. All was as showy as a review on the Boulevard of Paris. But all was not quite so safe in the end. It is true, that the General marched over leagues of unresisting sand, that he stormed several ruined villages, captured some sick and wounded of the natives, and erected the French banner on the brow of a range of hills unnamed in the French maps. But when we look for the true facts of victory—the submission of the native chiefs, the capture of native squadrons, or the allegiance of native provinces—we look in vain. At length, however, the truth comes in a more tangible shape. We find that the General-in-Chief has returned to Algiers, apparently with enough on his hands in the simple task of defending it; next, that he complains of having been disappointed of "complete victory" by the too great enthusiasm, the too ardent daring, the too precipitate heroism of some of his especial champions!—for, be it known to mankind, that whenever a Frenchman is outwitted, it is always in consequence of an excess of talent, as, whenever he is beaten, the affair is always the result of his superabundant valour. But still more palpable evidences of ill-luck now begin to transpire. The French journal, the *Commerce*, tells us, that no less than three Generals are returning to France, disgusted with the state of things in Africa. One of them retires in irritation at the Governor-General's having named him as the cause of a false movement, which that Governor-General says prevented his surrounding the Arab army. The officer thus charged, however, recriminates by saying that the Arabs were so far from being surrounded, that they were actually on the point of surrounding the French, having already outflanked them, and that his movement was actually essential to rescuing the army. "Who shall decide when heroes disagree?" But nothing can be clearer than that quarrels at head-quarters are no proofs of triumphs in the field; that courts-martial are rather dubious evidences of unanimity; and that the retreat of a French force before an attacking Arab one is not highly predictive of the conquest of Africa.

The French feeling on the subject of these perilous and profitless expeditions is not yet turned into the channel of common sense. Every French tinker or cobbler no sooner reads the word glory at the head of a bulletin, than he imagines himself a hero, and burns for the conquest of the globe. A nest of wasps probably imagines it a lost day when it has not plundered a neighbouring hive, or fixed its stings in a neighbouring herd. The French are always restless until they are soundly beaten, and even then they submit only until they are in a condition to be restless and beaten again. This process has taken place regularly every half century since the days of the Capets, with occasional interludes of havoc, which have only been foretastes of still heavier retribution.

The French populace will still imagine that the shadow of glory is an equivalent for its substance, and that every Frenchman is several inches taller on the day of a declaration of hostilities. To this mistaken theory we must attribute the sort of distempered excitement with which the very mention of abandoning the horrible warfare in Africa is received in France. We see the French legislature start from their seats at the very idea that Louis Philippe had ever harboured the thought of extinguishing this flame, which is already wasting away the wealth, the blood, and even the military character of France. The Minister is forced to explain, qualify, and promise, and protest, in the name of national glory, against giving up a war which produces nothing but lists of killed and wounded. Louis Philippe is a rational man, and we have no doubt that he would rejoice to see the last French soldier taking his leave of Algiers; but what can he do with thirty millions of fanatics, who overlook the horrors that must be waded through in the most trivial war? The Minister defends the King from the charge of treachery. We are satisfied that the present King has not broken any promise. But it is not with Louis Philippe that the expedition originated. What answer can the Minister of Charles the Tenth give? That Minister, with all his Cabinet, have undergone a long penalty for their administration. It is of them that the question of pledges should be asked, or France should be taught the necessity of being guided by the same laws which regulate the intercourses of honest men, whether in the humblest condition in life, or on the throne. *Britannia.*

---

## FRANCE AND THE LEVANT.

France and England have been mutually waging for the last year a financial war, one effect of which has been to increase tenfold the difficulties of government in both countries. Some of its effects in England are too clearly and too recently before the public to need recapitulation. In France the Finance Minister has quite as hard a task. Notwithstanding the enormous increase of expenditure, there is no new tax that he durst invent. For even his straining of the old, so as to wring the last penny legally from the tax payer, is raising a storm in the provinces, far louder than the mock-storms of war, which the press alone excited through the country. M. Humann keeps his loan suspended over the market, both he and the capitalists, who are to engage in it, waiting for the solution of the Eastern question and the re-

entrance of France into the *Concert European*. Were this to be further obstructed, and Eastern and European affairs became again embarrassed, France would inevitably experience a financial crisis, deeply wounding to her credit and prosperity. Hence there prevails a considerable anxiety, and a sincere wish, that Mehemet may at once accept the new offers made to him. M. Guizot sincerely wishes it, and the instructions sent to Count Rohan Chabot, the French Consul at Alexandria, are as imperative and pressing as can be. Austria too, and Prince Metternich, who are both of them as timid and Gallican in 1841, as they were valiant and *Gallophage* in 1840, has used her utmost influence in Constantinople to render favourable the new condition to be offered to Mehemet. These conditions are indeed as favourable as he could require, except, perhaps, as far as regards the amount of tribute. And Austria has obtained, that the sum demanded shall not be peremptory, but that the Turkish Envoy shall have power to make a compromise, and accept considerably less than the £400,000 annual tribute formally demanded.

All this would be a very satisfactory prognostic of peace, did repose reign all round the Mediterranean. But it is to be feared that the French want to settle the Alexandria question, merely in order to awaken another, in which the four powers are not allied, and in which France may recover the influence and *eclat* which she imagines herself to have lost lately. The question they would, if not excite, at least take advantage of, is the old one of Greek against Turk, Christian against Mahommedan.—French agents declare that the Christians are rising, or about to rise, every where against the Porte, in Syria, in Mesopotamia, Asia-Minor, on the Danube, and in the islands. And the French hope to *exploiter* the movement. The case of Candia is the most flagrant, where the Greeks have risen and held the mountains against the Turks. The French press, the same organ which represented M. Thiers's ideas, call on the French government to interfere for the Greeks. This could only be done by an expedition. And as the French say their statesmen have avowed designs on Candia, such an expedition would be tantamount to conquest. Other powers would not suffer it, and war might be the consequence. There is danger, therefore, in the Candiate struggle continuing. The English authorities have interfered to bring about an accommodation, by which the Greeks would be ensured their privileges and a certain degree of freedom. We are yet to learn the result.

Turkey resembles a sick individual, around whose bed all the powers of Europe have collected or sent their state physicians. France, after the first look, has declared it a hopeless case, gives over the patient, declares aid or medicine quite idle, and instead of joining a consultation to save the sick, merely meditates the best way of appropriating or partitioning his spoil. Lord Palmerston and Lord Ponsonby, on the contrary, stand up for the vitality of Turkey, deny its disease to be fatal or mortal, and insist that care and restoratives will bring back the patient to the energy of health and manhood. It is highly probable that the doctors on both sides are mistaken, and that Turkey is neither on the point of death, as the French wish and imagine, nor yet possessed of *stamina* sufficient to give hopes of a perfect recovery. Turkey may still live on many years of epileptic life, with that power of resistance which an originally robust body offers to decay. Russia, perhaps, takes this view of the subject, for her policy applies merely temporary remedies to Turkey's ills. Russia does not recommend reform, or any of those alteratives proposed in order to restore the patient to health. Let things be, is Russia's plan. No one shall rob my dying friend of his property, because I am the presumptive heir. But as to making him young again, as English empirics attempt, why they may try, but Russia will look on and laugh at them. Thus, we believe, lies Turkey, with a *pessimist* doctor on one side, an *optimist* doctor on the other, whilst a third interested party stands with a drawn sword merely to watch that no alteration be made in the will. If the two quarrelling doctors had common sense, they would consult together on their own interests, as well as on that of their patient, and leave off squabbling for theories.—*Examiner*.

---

## SINGULAR PRISONERS.

James Swan, an American merchant, was committed to the prison of St. Pélagie [in Paris], on the 28th of July, 1808, for a sum of 625,640 francs (upwards of £25,000,) and re-passed the gates, for the first time, on their opening to the Revolution, on the 28th of July, 1830, twenty-two years afterwards, to a day. This man, possessed of a fortune amounting to nearly four millions of francs, denied the justness of the claim beyond the sum of six or seven thousand francs, and determined to pass his life in prison, rather than obey a judicial sentence which he considered unjust. Having, first, caused it to be intimated to his wife and children that he would disinherit them to the last farthing of his property if they paid the debt, he furnished his prison apartment in a style of princely magnificence, and hired, in the Rue de la Célé, opposite the gates of St. Pélagie, a spacious dwelling, with coach-house and stables, for his friends, cooks, &c. For the former class, he kept two carriages; and they were commissioned to appear for him, and spend his money, in the Bois-de-Boulogne, public streets and promenades, balls and theatres. "A curious original was James Swan. He strutted and attitudinised in his prison, like Chodrue-Duclos in his rags: it was his method of flinging a defiance in the face of society. Consistent in his determination, he was preparing to return to his prison, after the events of the 'three days,' when, on the 31st of July, he was seized with apoplexy at his temporary lodging," and consigned to the closer and longer imprisonment of the grave. The motives of the well-known M. Ouvrard are less honourable, though the consequences to himself were less severe. Not disputing the debt for which he was detained, he yet refused to pay it, and determined, like Mr. Swan, to undergo his imprisonment, which, as a Frenchman, could not, in his case, exceed five years. He, too, led a life of princely expenditure in his prison; and, amongst other instances of his extravagance, it is told of him that, for the purpose of adding a neighbouring room to his establishment, he paid the debt of the prisoner who occupied it. "One day, when M. de Villèle, the Finance Minister, was

dining with him, the latter urged him to settle matters with Séguin, representing the scandal which his conduct reflected on the government, which had so long retained him as contractor-general. '*Parbleu*, Monseigneur!' replied Ouvrard; 'you speak very much at your ease. I am here for five years, for five millions of money: I gain, therefore, by my imprisonment, one million a year; and if you know of any speculation at once more lucrative and sure, I am not obstinately wedded to *this*, observe! In that case, I will pay to-morrow.'" For the sake of its honourable contrast, we may add to these the case of Dante, the Conde de Foscolo, patriarch of Jerusalem, who was incarcerated for 100,000 francs, at the suit of a curé of Paris, and liberated by an accidental omission in the deposit of the *aliment* money required by law on the part of the detaining creditor, after an imprisonment of upwards of six years. "But the patriarch was an honest man. When he had recovered his liberty, and was under no further compulsion to do so, he paid every farthing of his original debt; and the curé eventually lost nothing but those costs which a more evangelical spirit would have prevented his incurring."—*Athenæum*.

## CHOICE OF PAPERS FOR ROOMS.

Many elegant patterns are displayed on coloured grounds: the effect may please in one room, which in another will be displeasing; yet the cause will be inexplicable: light, more or less, will account for the difference. Coloured grounds, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In London, this is an essential matter of consideration; even in the country, the aspect and number of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained, that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colours fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a coloured ground; for the same reason, the doors and other wood-work should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may r joice in a less confined range of colours. Another failure in effect—little suspected in the choice of colours, even where light can be commanded to an unlimited extent—is the want of consideration of the hue that will best "light up." Exquisite as is pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even where sparingly introduced, ay, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white (as in large concert rooms,) it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle-light is unsatisfactory; and a room with blue grounded paper and blue paint to correspond, will never light well at night; an apartment similarly decorated with buff or "flesh" colour would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, if blue would swallow up the light of eighteen candles, and *then* not produce an agreeable impression. Pale flesh, or pink and buff, are very charming hues, but are ill for the complexion; few persons look in health with much of these colours around them; and blue is trying; white, with a *hint* of blush, or that of stone, is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint, "picked in" with pale slate to correspond. Rooms hung with or painted scarlet are rich, but very dismal, and invariably look less than if adorned with a light tint. They require also to be illuminated more, and much earlier in an evening, than those with pale colours. Towards dusk, scarlet appears black: let any person doubting this try the fact, by wearing a scarlet cloak or shawl, and look at it as the shades of twilight advance. Yellow, and buff, and pink, can be scarcely better discriminated by candle-light than can blue and green.

*Magazine of Domestic Economy*.

## ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

As a fond mother o'er her children bends
  In melting love, and clasps one to her breast,—
One at her feet, one on her knee she tends,
  Whilst to another's brow her lips are press'd;
And 'mid their sports and murmurs still attends
  To every varied fanciful request,—
Whispers to one—to one a glance she sends,
  And smiles or chides, in all her love confess'd:
So watches over us the sovereign power
  Of Providence; this comforts, that supplies,
Hears all, and doth on all His mercy shower.
  And if some grace or favour He denies,
'Tis but to teach the soul her prayers to pour,
  Or by denial graciously replies.

Filacaja.

## ON THE LOSS OF SIGHT.

Already, ere my sun of life descend,
  The shades of night are closing o'er these eyes,
  Lessening the worth of those frail things we prize,
Which to the world their vain adornments lend.
My failing sight these shadowy forms offend,
  Eternal objects (I dared once despise,
  Forget or lightly think of) now arise,
And round me still in magnitude extend.
Thus, as in feeble light the diamond's ray
  Gleams out, and brighter doth itself reveal
Than when exposed to the broad glare of day;
  So doth my feeble sight teach me to feel
Supernal things, and the dark shade display
  The brighter glories of the empyreal!

Filacaja.

## CHAPTER XCI.—A Rencontre.

"Lieutenant O'Malley, 14th Light Dragoons, is appointed an extra aide-de-camp to Major-General Crawford, until the pleasure of his royal highness the prince regent is known." Such was the first paragraph of a general order, dated Fuentes D'Onoro, the day after the battle, which met me as I awoke from a sound and heavy slumber, the result of thirteen hours on horseback.

A staff appointment was not exactly what I coveted at the moment; but I knew that with Crawford my duties were more likely to be at the pickets and advanced posts of the army, than in the mere details of note-writing or despatch-bearing; beside that, I felt whenever any thing of importance was to be done, I should always obtain his permission to do duty with my regiment.

Taking a hurried breakfast, therefore, I mounted my horse, and cantered over to Villa Formosa, where the general's quarters were, to return my thanks for the promotion, and take the necessary steps for assuming my new functions.

Although the sun had risen about two hours, the fatigue of the previous day had impressed itself upon all around. The cavalry, men and horses, were still stretched upon the sward, sunk in sleep; the videttes, weary and tired, seemed anxiously watching for the relief, and the disordered and confused appearance of every thing bespoke that discipline had relaxed its stern features, in compassion for the bold exertions of the preceding day. The only contrast to this general air of exhaustion and weariness on every side, was a corps of sappers, who were busily employed upon the high-grounds above the village. Early as it was, they seemed to have been at work some hours—at least so their labours bespoke; for already a rampart of considerable extent had been thrown up, stockades implanted, and a breastwork was in a state of active preparation. The officer of the party, wrapped up in a loose cloak, and mounted upon a sharp-looking hackney, rode hither and thither, as the occasion warranted, and seemed, as well as from the distance I could guess, something of a tartar. At least I could not help remarking how, at his approach, the several inferior officers seemed suddenly so much more on the alert, and the men worked with an additional vigour and activity. I stopped for some minutes to watch him, and seeing an engineer captain of my acquaintance among the party, couldn't resist calling out—

"I say, Hachard, your friend on the chestnut mare must have had an easier day, yesterday, than some of us, or I'll be hanged if he'd be so active this morning." Hachard hung his head in some confusion, and did not reply; and, on my looking round, whom should I see before me but the identical individual whom I had so coolly been criticising, and who, to my utter horror and dismay, was no other than Lord Wellington himself. I did not wait for a second peep: helter-skelter, through water, thickets, and brambles, away I went, clattering down the causeway like a madman. If a French squadron had been behind me, I'd have had a stouter heart, although I did not fear pursuit. I felt his eye was upon me—his sharp and piercing glance, that shot like an arrow into me; and his firm look stared at me in every object about me.

Onward I pressed, feeling in the very recklessness of my course some relief to my sense of shame, and ardently hoping that some accident—some smashed arm or broken collar-bone—might befal me, and rescue me from any notice my conduct might otherwise call for. I never drew rein till I reached the Villa Formosa, and pulled up short at a small cottage, where a double sentry apprised me of the general's quarters. As I came up, the low lattice sprang quickly open, and a figure, half dressed, and more than half asleep, protruded his head:

"Well! what has happened? Any thing wrong?" said he, whom I now recognised to be General Crawford.

"No; nothing wrong, sir," stammered I with evident confusion: "I merely came to thank you for your kindness in my behalf."

"You seemed in a devil of a hurry to do it, if I'm to judge by the pace you came at. Come in and take your breakfast with us; I shall be dressed presently, and you will meet some of your brother aides-de-camp."

Having given my horse to an orderly, I walked into a little room whose humble accommodations and unpretending appearance seemed in perfect keeping with the simple and unostentatious character of the general. The preparations for a good and substantial breakfast were before me; and an English newspaper of a late date spread its most ample pages to welcome me. I had not been long absorbed in my reading when the door opened, and the general, whose toilet was not yet completed, made his appearance.

"Egad, O'Malley, you startled me this morning: I thought we were in for it again."

I took this as the most seasonable opportunity to recount my mishap of the morning, and accordingly, without more ado, detailed the unlucky meeting with the commander-in-chief. When I came to the end, Crawford threw himself into a chair and laughed till the very tears coursed down his bronzed features.

"You don't say so, boy? You don't really tell me you said that? By Jove, I had rather have faced a platoon of musketry than have stood in your shoes! You did not wait for a reply, I think?"

"No faith, sir, that I did not!"

"Do you suspect he knows you?"

"I trust not, sir, the whole thing passed so rapidly."

"Well, it's most unlucky in more ways than one!" He paused for a few moments as he said this, and then added, "Have you seen the general order?" pushing towards me a written paper as he spoke. It ran thus:

"G. O. Adjutant-General's Office, Villa Formosa, 6th May, 1811.

"*Memorandum.*—Commanding officers are requested to send into the military secretary, as soon as possible, the names of officers they may wish to have promoted in succession to those who have fallen in action."

"Now look at this list. The honourable Harvey Howard, Grenadier Guards, to be first lieutenant

*vice*———. No, not that: Henry Beauchamp—George Villiers. Ay, here it is! Captain Lyttleton, 14th Light Dragoons, to be major in the 3d dragoon guards, *vice* Godwin killed in action; Lieutenant O'Malley to be captain, *vice* Lyttleton promoted. You see, boy, I did not forget you: you were to have the vacant troop in your own regiment. Now! I almost doubt the prudence of bringing your name under Lord Wellington's notice! He may have recognised you; and, if he did so—why, I rather think—that is, I suspect—I mean the quieter you keep the better."

While I poured forth my gratitude as warmly as I was able for the general's great kindness to me, I expressed my perfect concurrence in his views.

"Believe me, sir," said I, "I should rather wait any number of years for my promotion, than incur the risk of a reprimand; the more so as it is not the first time I have blundered with his lordship," I here narrated my former meeting with Sir Arthur, at which Crawford's mirth again burst forth, and he paced the room, holding his sides in an ecstacy of merriment.

"Come, come, lad, we'll hope for the best; we'll give you the chance that he has not seen your face, and send the list forward as it is: but here come our fellows."

As he spoke the door opened and three of his staff entered, to whom, being severally introduced, we chatted away about the news of the morning until breakfast.

"I have frequently heard of you from my friend Hammersley," said Captain Fitzroy, addressing me; "you were intimately acquainted, I believe?"

"Oh yes! Pray where is he now? We have not met for a long time."

"Poor Fred's invalided; that sabre cut upon his head has turned out a sad affair, and he's gone back to England on a sick leave. Old Dashwood took him back with him as a private secretary or something of that sort."

"Ah!" said another, "Dashwood has daughters, hasn't he? No bad notion of his, for Hammersley will be a baronet one of these days, with a rent roll of some eight or nine thousand per annum."

"Sir George Dashwood," said I, "has but one daughter, and I am quite sure that in his kindness to Hammersley, no intentions of the kind you mention were mixed up."

"Well, I don't know," said the third, a pale sickly youth, with handsome but delicate features. "I was on Dashwood's staff until a few weeks ago, and certainly I thought there was something going on between Fred and Miss Lucy, who, be it spoken, is a devilish fine girl, though rather disposed to give herself airs."

I felt my cheeks and my temples boiling like a furnace; and my hand trembled as I lifted my coffee to my lips; and I would have given my expected promotion twice over to have had any reasonable ground of quarrel with the speaker.

"Egad, lads," said Crawford, "that's the very best thing I know about a command. As a bishop is always sure to portion off his daughters with deaneries and rectories, so your knowing old general always marries his among his staff."

This sally was met with the ready laughter of the subordinates, with which, however little disposed, I was obliged to join.

"You are quite right, sir," rejoined the pale youth; "and Sir George has no fortune to give his daughter."

"How came it, Horace, that you escaped?" said Fitzroy, with a certain air of affected seriousness in his voice and manner; "I wonder they let such a prize escape them."

"Well, it was not exactly their fault, I do confess. Old Dashwood did the civil toward me; and *la belle Lucie* herself was condescending enough to be less cruel than to the rest of the staff. Her father threw us a good deal together; and, in fact, I believe—I fear—that is—that I didn't behave quite well."

"You may rest perfectly assured of it, sir," said I; "whatever your previous conduct may have been, you have completely relieved your mind on this occasion, and behaved most ill."

Had a shell fallen in the midst of us, the faces around me could not have been more horror-struck, than when, in a cool, determined tone, I spoke these few words. Fitzroy pushed his chair slightly back from the table, and fixed his eyes full upon me: Crawford grew dark purple over his whole face and forehead, and looked from one to the other of us, without speaking; while the Honourable Horace Delawar, the individual addressed, never changed a muscle of his wan and sickly features, but lifting his eyes slowly from his muffin, lisped softly out—

"You think so? How very good!"

"General Crawford," said I, the moment I could collect myself sufficiently to speak. "I am deeply grieved that I should have so far forgotten myself as to disturb the harmony of your table; but when I tell you that Sir George Dashwood is one of my warmest friends on earth; that from my intimate knowledge of him, I am certain that gentleman's statements are either the mere outpourings of folly or worse——"

"By Jove, O'Malley, you have a very singular mode of explaining away the matter. Delawar, sit down again. Gentlemen, I have only one word to say about this transaction; I'll have no squabbles nor broils here; from this room to the guard-house is a five minutes' walk: promise me, upon your honours, this altercation ends here, or as sure as my name's Crawford, you shall be placed under arrest, and the man who refuses to obey me shall be sent back to England."

Before I well knew in what way to proceed, Mr. Delawar rose, and bowed formally to the general, while I, imitating his example silently, we resumed our places; and, after a pause of a few moments, the current of conversation was resumed, and other topics discussed, but with such awkwardness and constraint, that all parties felt relieved when the general rose from the table.

"I say, O'Malley, have you forwarded the returns to the anjutant-general's office?"

"Yes, sir; I despatched them this morning before leaving my quarters.

"I'm glad of it; the irregularities on this score have called forth a heavy reprimand at head quarters."

I was also glad of it, and it chanced that by mere accident I remembered to charge Mike with the pa-

pers, which, had they not been lying unsealed upon the table before me, would, in all likelihood, have escaped my attention. The post started to Lisbon that same morning, to take advantage of which I had sat up writing for half the night. Little was I aware at the moment what a mass of trouble and annoyance was in store for me from the circumstance.

---

## CHAPTER XCII.—Almeida.

On the morning of the 7th, we perceived, from a movement in the French camp, that the wounded were being sent to the rear, and shortly afterward the main body of their army commenced its retreat. They moved off with slow, and, as it were, reluctant steps; and Bassieres, who commanded the Imperial Guards, turned his eyes more than once to that position which all the bravery of his troops was unavailing to capture. Although our cavalry lay in force to the front of our line, no attempt was made to molest the retreating French; and Massena, having retired beyond the Aguada, left a strong force to watch the ford, while the remainder of the army fell back upon Ciudad Rodrigo.

During this time we had succeeded in fortifying our position at Fuentes D'Onoro so strongly as to resist any new attack, and Lord Wellington now turned his whole attention to the blockade of Almeida, which, by Massena's retreat, was abandoned to its fate.

On the morning of the 10th, I accompanied General Crawford in a reconnoissance of the fortress, which, from the intelligence we had lately received, could not much longer hold out against our blockade. The fire from the enemy's artillery was, however, hotly maintained; and, as night fell, some squadrons of the fourteenth, who were picketed near, were unable to light their watch fires, being within reach of their shot. As the darkness increased, so did the cannonade, and the bright flashes from the walls, and the deep booming of the artillery became incessant.

A hundred conjectures were afloat to account for the circumstance; some asserting that what we heard were mere signals to Massena's army; and others, that Brennier was destroying and mutilating the fortress before he evacuated it to the allies.

It was a little past midnight when, tired from the fatigues of the day, I had fallen asleep beneath a tree, an explosion louder than any which preceded it burst suddenly forth, and, as I awoke and looked about me, I perceived the whole heavens illuminated by one bright glare, while the crashing noises of falling stones and crumbling masonry, told me that a mine had been sprung: the moment after all was calm, and still, and motionless; a thick black smoke, increasing the sombre darkness of the night, shut out every star from view, and some drops of heavy rain began to fall.

The silence, ten times more appalling than the din which had preceded it, weighed heavily upon my senses, and a dread of some unknown danger crept over me: the exhaustion, however, was greater than my fear, and again I sank into slumber.

Scarcely had I been half an hour asleep when the blast of a trumpet again woke me, and I found amid the confusion and excitement about, that something of importance had occurred. Questions were eagerly asked on all sides, but no one could explain what had happened. Toward the town all was still as death, but a dropping irregular fire of musketry issued from the valley beside the Aguada. "What can this mean? what can it be?" we asked of each other. "A sortie from the garrison," said one; "a night attack by Massena's troops," cried another; and, while thus we disputed and argued, a horseman was heard coming along the road at the top of his speed.

"Where are the cavalry?" cried a voice I recognised as one of my brother aides-de-camp. "Where are the fourteenth?"

A cheer from our party answered his question, and the next moment, breathless and agitated, he rode in among us.

"What is it? are we attacked?"

"Would to heaven that were all. But come along, lads, follow me."

"What can it be then?" said I again, while my anxiety knew no bounds.

"Brennier has escaped; burst his way through Pack's division; and has already reached Valde Mula."

"The French have escaped," was repeated from mouth to mouth, while pressing spurs to our horses we broke into a gallop, and dashed forward in the direction of the musketry. We soon came up with the thirty-sixth infantry, who, having thrown away their knapsacks, were rapidly pressing the pursuit. The maledictions which burst from every side, proving how severely the misfortune was felt by all, while the eager advance of the men bespoke how ardently they longed to repair the mishap.

Dark as was the night, we passed them in a gallop, when suddenly the officer who commanded the leading squadron called out to halt.

"Take care there, lads," cried he, "I hear the infantry before us; we shall be down upon our own people."

The words were hardly spoken when a bright flash blazed out before us, and a smashing volley was poured into the squadron.

"The French! the French, by Jove!" said Hampden. "Forward, boys, charge them!"

Breaking into open order, to avoid our wounded comrades, several of whom had fallen by the fire, we rode down among them. In a moment their order was broken, their ranks pierced, and fresh squadrons coming up at the instant, they were sabred to a man.

After this the French pursued their march in silence, and, even when assembling in force, we rode down upon their squares, they never halted nor fired a shot. At Barba del Puerco, the ground being unfit for cavalry, the thirty-sixth took our place, and pressed them hotly home. Several of the French were killed, and above three hundred taken prisoners, but our fellows following up the pursuit too rashly, came upon an advanced body of Massena's force, drawn up to await and cover Brennier's retreat; the result was, the loss of above thirty men in killed or wounded.

Thus were the great efforts of the three preceding days rendered fruitless and nugatory. To maintain this blockade, Lord Wellington, with an inferior force and a position by no means strong, had ventured to

give the enemy battle, and now, by the unskilfulness of some and the negligence of others, were all his combinations thwarted, and the French general enabled to march his force through the midst of the blockading columns almost unmolested and uninjured.

Lord Wellington's indignation was great, as well it might be; the prize for which he had contested was torn from his grasp at the very moment he had won it, and although the gallantry of the troops in the pursuit might, under other circumstances, have elicited eulogium, his only observation on the matter was a half sarcastic allusion to the inconclusive effects of undisciplined bravery. "Notwithstanding," says the general order of the day, "what has been printed in gazettes and newspapers, we have never seen small bodies unsupported successfully opposed to large, nor has the experience of any officer realised the stories which all have read, of whole armies being driven by a handfull of light infantry and dragoons."

---

## CHAPTER XCIII.—A Night in the Azara.

Massena was now recalled, and Marmont having assumed the command of the French army, retired towards Salamanca, while our troops went into cantonments upon the Aguada. A period of inaction succeeded to our previous life of bustle and excitement, and the whole interest of the campaign was now centred in Beresford's army exposed to Soult in Estremadura.

On the 15th Lord Wellington set out for that province, having already directed a strong force to march upon Badajos.

"Well, O'Malley," said Crawford, as he returned from bidding Lord Wellington "good-bye;" "your business is all right, the commander-in-chief has signed my recommendation, and you will get your troop."

While I continued to express my grateful acknowledgments for his kindness, the general, apparently inattentive to all I was saying, paced the room with hurried steps, stopping every now and then to glance at a large map of Spain which covered one wall of the apartment, while he muttered to himself some broken and disjointed sentences.

"Eight leagues——too weak in cavalry——with the left upon Fuenta Grenaldo——a strong position——. O'Malley, you'll take a troop of dragoons and patrole the country towards Castro; you'll reconnoitre the position the sixth corps occupies, but avoid any collision with the enemy's pickets, keeping the Azara between you and them. Take rations for three days."

"When shall I set out, sir?"

"Now!" was the reply.

Knowing with what pleasure the hardy veteran recognised any thing like alacrity and dispatch, I resolved to gratify him, and, before half an hour had elapsed, was ready with my troop to receive his final orders.

"Well done, boy!" said he, as he came to the door of the hut, "you've lost no time. I don't believe I have any further instructions to give you; to ascertain as far as possible the probable movement of the enemy is my object, that's all." As he spoke this, he waved his hand, and wishing me "good-bye," walked leisurely back into the house. I saw that his mind was occupied by other thoughts, and, although I desired to obtain some more accurate information for my guidance, knowing his dislike to questions, I merely returned his salute, and set forth upon my journey.

The morning was beautiful; the sun had risen about an hour, and the earth, refreshed by the heavy dew of the night, was breathing forth all its luxuriant fragrance. The river, which flowed beside us, was clear as crystal, showing beneath its eddying current the shining pebbly bed, while, upon the surface the water-lilies floated, or sank, as the motion of the stream inclined. The tall cork trees spread their shadows about us, and the richly plumed birds hopped from branch to branch awaking the echoes with their notes.

It is but seldom that the heart of man is thoroughly attuned to the circumstances of the scenery around him. How often do we need a struggle with ourselves to enjoy the rich and beautiful landscape which lies smiling in its freshness before us! How frequently do the blue sky and the calm air look down upon the heart darkened and shadowed with affliction! and how often have we felt the discrepancy between the lowering look of winter and the glad sunshine of our ownhearts! The harmony of the world without, with our thoughts within, is one of the purest, as it is one of the greatest sources of happiness. Our hopes and our ambition lose their selfish character when feeling that fortune smiles upon us from all around, and the flattery which speaks to our hearts from the bright stars and the blue sky, is greater in its mute eloquence, than all the tongue of man can tell us of.

This feeling did I experience in all its fulness, as I ruminated upon my bettered my fortunes, and felt within myself that secret instinct that tells of happiness to come. In such moods of mind my thoughts strayed ever homeward, and I could not help confessing how little were all my successes in my eyes, did I not hope for the day when I should pour forth my tale of war and battle-field to the ears of those who loved me.

I resolved to write home at once to my uncle. I longed to tell him each incident of my career, and my heart glowed as I thought over the broken and disjointed sentences which every cottier around would whisper of my fortunes, far prouder as they would be in the humble deeds of one they knew, than in the proudest triumphs of a nation's glory.

Indeed Mike himself gave the current to my thoughts. After riding beside me for some time in silence, he remarked—

"And isn't it Father Rush will be proud when he sees your honour's a captain; to think of the little boy that he used to take before him on the ould gray mare for a ride down the avenue, to think of him being a real captain, six feet two without boots, and galloping over the French as if they were lurchers. Peggy Mahon, that nursed you, will be the proud woman the day she hears it; and there won't be a soldier sober in his quarters that night in Portumna barracks. 'Pon my soul, there's not a thing with a red coat on it, if it was even a scarecrow to frighten

the birds from the barley, that won't be treated with respect when they hear the news."

The country through which we travelled was marked at every step by the traces of a retreating army; the fields of rich corn lay flattened beneath the tramp of cavalry or the wheels of the baggage-wagons; the roads, cut up and nearly impassable, were studded here and there with marks which indicated a bivouac: at the same time every thing around bore a very different aspect from what we had observed in Portugal; there, the vindictive cruelty of the French soldier had been seen in full sway. The ruined chateaux, the burned villages, the desecrated altars, the murdered peasantry—all attested the revengeful spirit of a beaten and baffled enemy. No sooner, however, had they crossed the frontiers than, as if by magic, their character became totally changed. Discipline and obedience succeeded to recklessness and pillage; and, instead of treating the natives with inhumanity and cruelty, in all their intercourse with the Spaniards the French behaved with moderation and even kindness. Paying for every thing, obtaining their billets peaceably and quietly, marching with order and regularity, they advanced into the heart of the country, showing, by the most irrefragable proof, the astonishing evidences of a discipline which, by a word, could convert the lawless irregularities of a ruffian soldiery into the orderly habits and obedient conduct of a highly organised army.

As we neared the Azara, the tracks of the retiring enemy became gradually less perceptible, and the country, uninjured by the march, extended for miles around us in all the richness and abundance of a favoured climate. The tall corn waving its yellow gold, reflected like a sea the clouds that moved slowly above it. The wild gentian and the laurel grew thickly around, and the cattle stood basking in the clear streams, while some listless peasant lounged upon the bank beside them. Strange as all these evidences of peace and tranquillity were so near to the devastating track of a mighty army, yet I have more than once witnessed the fact, and remarked how but a short distance from the line of our hurried march, the country lay untouched and uninjured; and, though the clank of arms, and the dull roll of the artillery, may have struck upon the ear of the far-off dweller in his native valley, he listened as he would have done to the passing thunder as it crashed above him, and when the bright sky and pure air succeeded to the lowering atmosphere and the darkening storm, he looked forth upon his smiling fields and happy home, while he muttered to his heart a prayer of thanksgiving that the scourge was passed.

We bivouacked upon the bank of the Azara, a truly Salvator Rosa scene; the rocks, towering high above us, were fissured by the channel of many a trickling stream, seeking in its zigzag current the bright river below. The dark pine tree and the oak mingled their foliage with the graceful cedar, which spread its fan-like branches about us. Through the thick shade some occasional glimpses of a starry sky could yet be seen, and a faint yellow streak upon the silent river told that the queen of night was there.

When I had eaten my frugal supper, I wandered forth alone upon the bank of the stream, now standing to watch its bold sweeps as it traversed the lonely valley before me, now turning to catch a passing glance at our red watch-fires and the hardy features which sat around. The hoarse and careless laugh, the deep-toned voice of some old campaigner holding forth his tale of flood and field, were the only sounds I heard; and gradually I strolled beyond the reach of even these. The path beside the river, which seemed scarped from the rock, was barely sufficient for the passage of one man,—a rude balustrade of wood being the only defence against the precipice which, from a height of full thirty feet, looked down upon the stream. Here and there some broad gleam of moonlight would fall upon the opposite bank, which, unlike the one I occupied, stretched out into rich meadow and pasturage, broken by occasional clumps of lilex and beech. River scenery had been ever a passion with me. I can glory in the bold and broken outline of a mighty mountain; I can gaze with delighted eyes upon the boundless sea, and know not whether to like it more in all the mighty outpouring of its wrath, when the white waves lift their heads to heaven, and break themselves in foam upon the rocky beach, or in the calm beauty of its broad and mirrored surface, in which the bright world of sun and sky are seen full many a fathom deep. But far before these, I love the happy and tranquil beauty of some bright river, tracing its winding current through valley and through plain, now spreading into some calm and waveless lake, now narrowing to an eddying stream, with mossy rocks and waving trees darkening over it. There's not a hut, however lowly, where the net of the fisherman is stretched upon the sward around, around whose hearth I do not picture before me, the faces of happy toil and humble contentment, while, from the ruined tower upon the crag, methinks I hear the ancient sounds of wassail and of welcome; and, though the keep is fissured and the curtain fallen, and, though for banners there "waves some tall wall flower," I can people its crumbling walls with images of the past; and the merry laugh of the warder, and the clanking tread of the mailed warrior, are as palpably before me as the tangled lichen that now trails from its battlements.

As I wandered on I reached a little rustic stair, which led downward from the path to the river side; and, on examining further, perceived that in this place the stream was fordable: a huge flat rock filling up a great part of the river's bed, occupied the middle, on either side of which the current ran with increased force.

Bent upon exploring, I descended the cliff, and was preparing to cross, when my attention was attracted by the twinkle of a fire at some distance from me, on the opposite side; the flame rose and fell in fitful flashes, as though some hand were ministering to it at the moment: as it was impossible, from the silence on every side, that it could proceed from a bivouac of the enemy—I resolved on approaching it and examining it for myself. I knew what the shepherds in remote districts were accustomed thus to pass the summer nights with no other covering save the blue vault above them. It was not impossible too, that it might prove a guerilla party, who frequently, in small numbers, hang upon the rear of a retreating army. Thus conjecturing, I crossed the stream, and, quickening my pace, walked forward in the direction of the blaze. For a moment a project-

ing rock obstructed my progress; and, while I was devising some means of proceeding further, the sound of voices near me arrested my attention. I listened, and what was my astonishment to hear that they spoke in French; I now crept cautiously to the verge of the rock, and looked over: the moon was streaming in its full brilliancy upon a little shelving strand beside the stream; and here I now beheld the figure of a French officer. He was habited in the undress uniform of a *chasseur a cheval*, but wore no arms; indeed, his occupation at the moment was any thing but a warlike one, he being leisurely employed in collecting some flasks of Champagne which apparently had been left to cool within the stream.

"*Eh bien, Alphonse!*" said a voice in the direction of the fire, "what are you delaying for?" "I'm coming, I'm coming," said the other; "but, *par Dieu!* I can only find five of our bottles; one seems to have been carried away by the stream." "No matter," replied the other, "we are but three of us, and one is, or should be, on the sick list."

The only answer to this was, the muttered chorus of a French drinking song, interrupted at intervals by an imprecation on the missing flask. It chanced, at this moment, a slight clinking noise attracted me, and, on looking down, I perceived at the foot of the rock the prize he sought for. It had been, as he conceived, carried away by an eddy of the stream, and was borne, as a true prisoner of war, within my grasp. I avow that from this moment my interest in the scene became considerably heightened: such a waif as a bottle of Champagne, was not to be despised in circumstances like mine; and I watched with anxious eyes every gesture of the impatient Frenchman, and alternately vibrated between hope and fear, as he neared or receded from the coveted flask.

"Let it go to the devil," shouted his companion once more. "Jacques has lost all patience with you."

"Be it so, then," said the other, as he prepared to take up his burthen. At this instant I made a slight effort so to change my position as to obtain a view of the rest of the party. The branch by which I supported myself, however, gave way beneath my grasp with a loud crash. I lost my footing, and slipping downward from the rock, came plump into the stream below. The noise, the splash, and more than all, the sudden appearance of a man beside him, astounded the Frenchman, who almost let fall his pannier, and thus we stood confronting each other for at least a couple of minutes in silence. A hearty burst of laughter from both parties terminated this awkward moment, while the Frenchman, with the readiness of his country, was the first to open the negotiation.

"*Sacre Dieu!*" said he, "what can you be doing here? You're English, without doubt."

"Even so," said I; "but that is the very question I was about to ask you; what are you doing here?"

"*Eh bien!*" replied the other gayly, "you shall be answered in all frankness. Our captain was wounded in the action of the eighth, and we heard had been carried up the country by some peasants. As the army fell back, we obtained permission to go in search of him: for two days all was fruitless; the peasantry fled at our approach; and, although we captured some of our stolen property, among other things the contents of this basket, yet we never came upon the track of our comrade till this evening. A good-hearted shepherd had taken him to his hut, and treated him with every kindness, but no sooner did he hear the gallop of our horses, and the clank of our equipments, than, fearing himself to be made a prisoner, he fled up the mountains, leaving our friend behind him: *Voila notre histoire.* Here we are, three in all, one of us with a deep sabre cut in his shoulder. If you are the stronger party, we are, I suppose, your prisoners; if not ——."

What was to have followed I know not, for at this moment his companion, who had finally lost all patience, came suddenly to the spot.

"A prisoner," cried he, placing a heavy hand upon my shoulder, while with the other, he held his drawn sword pointed toward my breast.

To draw a pistol from my bosom was the work of a second; and while gently turning the point of his weapon away, I coolly said—

"Not so fast, my friend, not so fast! The game is in my hands, not yours. I have only to pull this trigger, and my dragoons are upon you; whatever fate befal me, yours is certain."

A half scornful laugh betrayed the incredulity of him I addressed, while the other, apparently anxious to relieve the awkwardness of the moment, suddenly broke in with—

"He is right, Auguste, and you are wrong; we are in his power; that is," added he, smiling, "if he believes there is any triumph in capturing such *paurres diables* as ourselves."

The features of him he addressed suddenly lost their scornful expression, and sheathing his sword with an air of almost melo-dramatic solemnity, he gravely pulled up his moustaches, and after a pause of a few seconds, solemnly ejaculated a malediction upon his fortune.

"*C'est toujours la meme chose,*" said he, with a bitterness that only a Frenchman can convey when cursing his destiny.

"*Soyez bon enfant*, and see what will come of it. Only be good natured, only be kind, and if you haven't bad luck at the end of it, it's only because fortune has a heavier stroke in reserve for you hereafter."

I could not help smiling at the Frenchman's philosophy, which, assuming as a good augury, he gaily said, "So, then, you'll not make us prisoners. Isn't it so?"

"Prisoners," said the other: "nothing of the kind. Come and sup with us, I'll venture to say our larder is as well stocked as your own; in any case an omelette, a cold chicken, and a glass of champagne are not bad things in our circumstances."

I could not help laughing outright at the strangeness of the proposal. "I fear I must decline," said I, "you seem to forget I am placed here to watch, not to join you."

"*A la bonheur,*" cried the younger of the two: "do both. Come along; *soyez bon comrade;* you are always near your own people, so don't refuse us."

In proportion as I declined, they both became more pressing in their entreaties, and, at last, I began to dread lest my refusal might seem to proceed from some fear as to the good faith of the invitation, and I

never felt so awkwardly placed as when one plumply pressed me by saying—

"*Mais pourquoi pas? mon cher.*"

I stammered out something about duty and discipline, when they both interrupted me by a long burst of laughter.

"Come, come!" said they; "in an hour—in half an hour, if you will—you shall be back with your own people. We've had plenty of fighting latterly, and we are likely to have enough in future: we know something of each other by this time in the field; let us see how we get on in the bivouac!"

Resolving not to be outdone in generosity, I replied at once, "Here goes then!"

Five minutes afterwards I found myself seated at their bivouac fire. The captain, who was the oldest of the party, was a fine soldier-like fellow of some forty years old: he had served in the Imperial Guard through all the campaigns of Italy and Austria, and abounded in anecdotes of the French army. From him I learned many of those characteristic traits which so eminently distinguish the imperial troops, and saw how completely their bravest and boldest feats of arms depended upon the personal valour of him who led them on. From the daring enterprise of Napoleon at Lodi to the conduct of the lowest corporal in the *grande armee*, the picture presents nothing but a series of brilliant and splendid chivalry; while at the same time, the warlike character of the nation is displayed by that instinctive appreciation of courage and daring which teaches them to follow their officers to the very cannon's mouth.

"It was at Elchingen," said the captain, "you should have seen them. The regiment in which I was a lieutenant was ordered to form close column; and, charging through a narrow ravine to carry a brigade of guns, which, by a flanking fire, were devastating our troops. Before we could reach the causeway, we were obliged to pass an open plain in which the ground dipped for about a hundred yards; the column moved on, and, though it descended one hill, not a man ever mounted the opposite one. A very avalanche of balls swept the entire valley; and yet, amid the thunder and the smoke, the red glare of the artillery, and the carnage around them, our grenadiers marched firmly up. At last, Marshal Ney sent an aide-de-camp with orders to the troops to lay flat down, and in this position the artillery played over us for above half an hour. The Austrians gradually slackened and finally discontinued their fire: this was a moment to resume the attack. I crept cautiously to my knees and looked about. One word brought my men around me; but I found to my horror that of a battalion who came into action fourteen hundred strong, not five hundred remained; and that I myself, a mere lieutenant, was now the senior officer of the regiment. Our gallant colonel lay dead beside my feet. At this instant a thought struck me. I remembered a habit he possessed, in moments of difficulty and danger, of placing in his shako a small red plume which he commonly carried in his belt. I searched for it, and found it. As I held it aloft a maddening cheer burst around me, while from out of the line each officer sprang madly forward and rushed to the head of the column. It was no longer a march: with a loud cry of vengeance the mass rushed forward, the men trying to outstrip their officers, and come first in contact with the foe. Like tigers on the spring, they fell upon the enemy, who, crushed, overwhelmed, and massacred, lay in slaughtered heaps around the cannon; the cavalry of the guard came thundering on behind us, a whole division followed, and 3500 prisoners and fourteen pieces of artillery were captured.

"I sat upon the carriage of a gun, my face begrimed with powder, and my uniform blackened and blood stained; the whole thing appeared like some shocking dream. I felt a hand upon my shoulder while a rough voice called in my ear, '*Captaine, du soixante neuvieme! tu es mon frere.*'"

"It was Ney who spoke. This," added the brave captain, his eyes filling as he said the words, "and this is the sabre he gave me."

I know not why I have narrated this anecdote, it has little in itself, but somehow to me it brings back in all its fulness the recollection of that night.

There was something so strongly characteristic of the old Napoleonist in the tone of his narrative that I listened throughout with breathless attention. I began to feel too, for the first time, what a powerful arm in war the emperor had created by fostering the spirit of individual enterprise. The field thus opened to fame and distinction, left no bounds to the ambition of any. The humble conscript, as he tore himself from the embraces of his mother, wiped his tearful eyes to see before him in the distance the baton of a marshal. The bold soldier who stormed a battery felt his heart beat more proudly and more securely beneath the cordon of the legion than behind a cuirasse of steel, and to a people in whom the sense of duty alone would seem cold, barren, and inglorious, he had substituted the highly wrought chivalrous enthusiasm, and by the *prestige* of his own name, the proud memory of his battles, and the glory of those mighty tournaments at which all Europe were the spectators, he had converted the nation into an army.

By a silent and instinctive compact, we appeared to avoid those topics of the campaign in which the honour of our respective arms was interested; and once, when by mere accident, the youngest of the party adverted to Fuentes d'Onoro, the old captain adroitly turned the current of the conversation by saying, "Come, Alphonse, let's have a song."

"Yes," said the other, "*Le pas de charge.*"

"No, no," said the captain; "if I am to have a choice, let it be that little Breton song you gave us on the Danube."

"So be it then," said Alphonse. "Here goes."

I have endeavoured convey, by a translation, the words he sang; but I feel conscious how totally their feeling and simplicity are lost when deprived of their own *patois*, and the wild but touching melody that accompanied them.

"When the battle is o'er, and the sounds of fight
Have closed with the closing day,
How happy, around the watch-fire's light,
To chat the long hours away,
To chat the long hours away, my boy,
And talk of the days to come,
Or a better still, and a purer joy,
To think of our far off home.

How many a cheek will then grow pale,
That never felt a tear!

And many a stalwart heart will quail,
That never quailed in fear!
And the breast that, like some mighty rock
Amid the foaming sea,
Bore high against the battle's shock,
Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,
Their hands together steal,
Each thinks of some long hallowed spot,
And all like brothers feel:
Such holy thoughts to all are given;
The lowliest has his part;
The love of home, like love of heaven,
Is woven in our heart."

There was a pause, as he concluded, each sunk in his own reflections.

How long we should have thus remained, I know not; but we were speedily aroused by the tramp of horses near us. We listened, and could plainly detect in their rude voices and coarse laughter the approach of a body of guerillas. We looked from one to the other in silence and fear. Nothing could be more unfortunate should we be discovered. Upon this point we were left little time to deliberate; for, with a loud cheer, four Spanish horsemen galloped up to the spot, their carbines in the rest. The Frenchmen sprang to their feet and seized their sabres, bent on making a resolute resistance. As for me, my determination was at once taken. Remaining quietly seated upon the grass, I stirred not for a moment, but, addressing him who appeared to be the chief of the guerillas, said in Spanish—

"These are my prisoners; I am a British officer of dragoons, and my party is yonder."

This evidently unexpected declaration seemed to surprise them, and they conferred for a few moments together. Meanwhile, they were joined by two others, in one of whom we could recognise, by his costume, the real leader of the party.

"I am captain in the light dragoons," said I, repeating my declaration.

"Morte de Dios!" replied he; "it is false; you are a spy!"

The word was repeated from lip to lip by his party, and I saw in their lowering looks and darkening features, that the moment was a critical one for me.

"Down with your arms!" cried he, turning to the Frenchmen: "Surrender yourselves our prisoners; I'll not bid ye twice!"

The Frenchmen turned upon me an enquiring look, as though to say that upon me now their hopes entirely reposed.

"Do as he bids you," said I; while at the same moment I sprang to my legs, and gave a loud shrill whistle, the last echo of which had not died away in the distance, ere it was replied to.

"Make no resistance now," said I to the Frenchmen, "our safety depends upon this."

While this was passing, two of the Spaniards had dismounted, and, detaching a coil of rope which hung from their saddle peak, were proceeding to tie the prisoners wrist to wrist, the others, with their carbines to the shoulder, covered us man by man, the chief of the party having singled out me as his peculiar prey.

"The fate of Mascarhenhas might have taught you better," said he, "than to play this game;" and then added, with a grim smile, "but we'll see if an Englishman will not make as good a carbonado as a Portuguese."

This cruel speech made my blood run cold, for I knew well to what he alluded. I was at Lisbon at the time it happened; but the melancholy fate of Julian Mascarhenhas the Portuguese spy, had reached me there. He was burnt to death at Torres Vedras!

The Spaniard's triumph over my terror was short-lived indeed; for scarcely had the words fallen from his lips, when a party of the fourteenth, dashing through the river at a gallop, came riding up. The attitude of the guerillas, as they sat with presented arms, was sufficient for my fellows, who needed not the exhortation of him who rode formost of the party—

"Ride them down, boys! Tumble them over! Flatten their broad beavers, the infernal thieves!"

"Whoop!" shouted Mike, as he rode at the chief, with the force of a catapult. Down went the Spaniard, horse and all, and, before he could disentangle himself, Mike was upon him, his knee pressed upon his neck.

"Isn't it enough for ye to pillage the whole country, without robbing the king's throops?" cried he, as he held him fast to the earth with one hand, while he presented a loaded pistol to his face.

By this time the scene around me was sufficiently ludicrous. Such of the guerillas as had not been thrown by force from their saddles, had slid peaceably down, and, depositing their arms upon the ground, dropped upon their knees in a semicircle around us, and, amid the hoarse laughter of the troopers and the irrepressible merriment of the Frenchmen, rose up the muttered prayers of the miserable Spaniards, who believed their last hour had come.

"*Madre de Dios*, indeed!" cried Mike, imitating the tone of a repentant old sinner in a patched mantle; "it's much the blessed Virgin thinks of the like o' ye, thieves and rogues as ye are; it a'most puts me beyond my senses, to see ye there crossing yourselves like *rale* Christians."

I could not help indulging myself in this retributive cruelty toward the chief, and leaving him to the tender mercies of Mike, I ordered the others to rise and form in a line before me. Affecting to occupy myself entirely with them, I withdrew the attention of all from the French officers, who remained quiet spectators of the scene around them.

"There, Mike, let the poor devil rise." I confess appearances were strong against me, just now. "Well Capitain, are you convinced by this time, that I was not deceiving you?"

The guerilla muttered some words of apology between his teeth, and while he shook the dust from his cloak, and arranged the broken feathers of his hat, cast a look of scowling and indignant meaning upon Mike, whose rough treatment he had evidently not forgiven.

"Don't be looking at me that way, you black thief! or I'll——"

"Hold there!" said I—"no more of this. Come, gentlemen, we must be friends. If I mistake not, we've got something like refreshment at our bivouac. In any case you'll partake of our watchfire till morning.

They gladly accepted our invitation, and ere half an hour elapsed, Mike's performance in the part of

host had completely erased every unpleasant impression his first appearance gave rise to; and as for myself, when I did sleep at last, the confused mixture of Spanish and Irish airs, which issued from the thicket beside me, proved that a most friendly alliance had grown up between the parties.

"*Point de façons*, gentlemen," said I in a whisper. "Get to your horses and away! now's your time; good bye!"

A warm grasp of the hand from each was the only reply, and I turned once more to my discomfited friends, the guerillas.

---

## CHAPTER XCIV.—The Arrest.

An hour before daybreak the guerillas were in motion, and, having taken a most ceremonious leave of us, they mounted their horses and set out upon their journey. I saw their gaunt figures wind down the valley, and watched them till they disappeared in the distance. Yes, brigands though they be, thought I, there is something fine, something heroic, in the spirit of their unrelenting vengeance; the sleuth-hound never followed the lair of his victim with a more ravening appetite for blood than they track the retreating columns of the enemy. Hovering around the line of march, they sometimes swoop down in masses, and carry off a part of the baggage, or the wounded. The wearied soldier, overcome by heat and exhaustion, who drops behind his ranks, is their certain victim; the sentry on an advanced post is scarcely less so. Whole pickets are sometimes attacked and carried off to a man; and, when traversing the lonely passes of some mountain gorge, or defiling through the dense shadows of a wooded glen, the stoutest heart has felt a fear, lest from behind the rock that frowned above him, or from the leafy thicket, whose branches stirred without a breeze, the sharp ring of a guerilla carbine might sound his death knell.

It was thus in the retreat upon Corunna fell Colonel Lefebre. Ever foremost in the attack upon our rear guard, this gallant youth (he was scarce six-and twenty) a colonel of his regiment, and decorated with the legion of honour, he led on every charge of his bold "*sabreurs*," riding up to the very bayonets of our squares, waving his hat above his head, and seeming actually to court his death wound; but so struck were our brave fellows with his gallant bearing, that they cheered him as he came on.

It was in one of these moments as, rising high in his stirrups, he bore down upon the unflinching ranks of the British infantry, the shrill whistle of a ball strewed the leaves upon the road side, the exulting shout of a guerilla followed it, and at the same instant Lefebre fell forward upon his horse's mane, a deluge of blood bursting from his bosom. A broken cry escaped his lips, a last effort to cheer on his men; his noble charger galloped forward between our squares, bearing to us as our prisoner the corpse of his rider.

"Captain O'Malley," said a mounted dragoon to the advanced sentry at the bottom of the little hill upon which I was standing; "despatches from head quarters, sir," said he, delivering into my hands a large sealed packet from the adjutant-general's office. While he proceeded to search for another letter of which he was the bearer, I broke the seal and read as follows:

Sir,—On the receipt of this order you are directed, having previously resigned your command to the officer next in seniority, to repair to head quarters at Fuentes D'Onoro, there to report yourself under arrest. "I have the honour to be

"Your obedient servant,

"George Hopeton,

"Military Secretary."

What the devil can this mean? said I to myself as I read the lines over again and again. What have I done lately, or what have I left undone to involve me in this scrape? Ah! thought I, to be sure it can be nothing else. Lord Wellington *did* recognise me that unlucky morning, and has determined not to let me pass unpunished. How unfortunate! scarcely twenty-four hours have elapsed since fortune seemed to smile upon me from every side, and now the very destiny I most dreaded stares me fully in the face. A reprimand, or the sentence of a court-martial, I shrunk from with a coward's fear: it mattered comparatively little from what source arising, the injury to my pride as a man and my spirit as a soldier, would be almost the same.

"This is the letter, sir," said the orderly, presenting me with a packet, the address of which was in Power's handwriting. Eagerly tearing it open, I sought for something which might explain my unhappy position. It bore the same date as the official letter, and ran thus:

"My Dear Charley,

"I joined yesterday, just in time to enjoy the heartiest laugh I have had since our meeting. If notoriety can gratify you, by Jove you have it; for Charles O'Malley and his man Mickey Free are by-words in every mess from Villa Formosa to the rear-guard. As it's only fair you should participate a little in the fun you've originated, let me explain the cause: Your inimitable man Mike, to whom it appears you intrusted the report of killed and wounded for the adjutant-general, having just at that moment accomplished a letter to his friends at home, substituted his correspondence for your returns, and doubtless sent the list of the casualties as very interesting information to his sweetheart in Ireland. If such be the case, I hope and trust she has taken the blunder in better part than old Colbourn, who swears he'll bring you to a court-martial, under heaven knows what charges. In fact, his passion has known no bounds since the event; and a fit of jaundice has given his face a kind of neutral tint between green and yellow, like nothing I know of except the facings of the 'dirty half-hundred.'*

"As Mr. Free's letter may be as great a curiosity to you, as it has been to us, I enclose you a copy of it, which Hopeton obtained for me. It certainly places the estimable Mike in a strong light as a despatch-writer. The occasional interruption to the current of the letter, you will perceive, arises from Mike having used the pen of a comrade, writing being, doubtless, an accomplishment forgotten in

* For the information of my unmilitary readers, I may remark that this *sobriquet* was applied to the 50th regiment.

the haste of preparing Mr. Free for the world; and the amanuensis has, in more than one instance, committed to paper more than was meant by the author:

"'MRS. M'GRA: Tear and ages, sure I need not be treating her that way. Now just say, Mrs. Mary—ay, that'll do—Mrs. Mary, it's maybe surprised that you'll be to be reading a letter from your humble servant, sitting on the top of the Alps. Arrah, maybe it's not the Alps; but sure she'll never know—forment the whole French army, with Bony himself and all his jinnerals—God be between us and harm—ready to murther every mother's son of us, av they was able, Molly darlin'; but, with the blessing of Providence, and Lord Wellington, and Misther Charles, we'll bate them yet, as we bate them afore.

"'My lips is wathering at the thought o' the plunder. I often think of Tim Riley, that was hanged for sheep-stealing; he'd be worth his weight in gold here.

"'Misther Charles is now Captain—devil a less—and myself might be somethin' that same, but ye see I was always of a bashful nature, and recommended the masther in my place. He's mighty young, Mr. Charles is, says my Lord Wellington to me—he's mighty young, Mr. Free. 'He is, my lord,' says I; 'he's young, as you obsarve, but he's as much divilment in him as many that might be his father.' 'That's somethin', Mr. Free,' says my lord; 'ye say he comes of a good stock.' 'The *rale* sort, my lord,' says I; 'an ould, ancient family, that's spent every sixpence they had in treating their neighbours. My father lived near them for years'—you see, Molly, I said that to season the discourse. 'We'll make him a captain,' says my lord; 'but, Mr. Free, could we do nothing for you?' 'Nothing, at present, my lord. When my friends comes into power,' says I, 'they'll think of me. There's many a little thing to give away in Ireland, and they often find it mighty hard to find a man for Lord Lieutenant; and if that same, or a tide-waiter's place was vacant'——'Just tell me,' says my lord. 'It's what I'll do,' says I. 'And now, wishing you happy dreams, I'll take my lave.' Just so, Molly, it's hand and glove we are. A pleasant face, agreeable manners, seasoned with natural modesty, and a good pair of legs, them's the gifts to push a man's way in the world. And even with the ladies—but sure I'm forgetting, my masther was proposed for, and your humble servant, too, by two illigant creatures in Lisbon; but it wouldn't do, Molly—it's higher nor that we'll be looking—*rale* princess, the devil a less. Tell Kitty Hannigan, I hope she's well: she was a disarving young woman in her situation in life. Shusey Dogherty, at the cross-roads, if I don't forget the name—was a good-looking slip too, give her my affectionate salutations, as we say in the Portuguese. I hope I'll be able to bear the inclementuous nature of your climate, when I go back; but I can't expect to stay long, for Lord Wellington can't get along without me. We play duets on the guitar together every evening. The masther is shouting for a blanket, so no more at present from Your very affectionate friend,

"'MICKEY FREE.

"'P. S.—I don't write this myself, for the Spanish tongue puts me out o' the habit of English. Tell Father Rush, if he'd study the Portuguese, I'd use my interest for him with the Bishop of Toledo. It's a country he'd like—no regular stations, but promiscuous eating and drinking, and as pretty girls as ever confessed their sins.'

"My poor Charley, I think I'm looking at you. I think I can see the struggle between indignation and laughter, which every line of this letter inflicts upon you. Get back as quickly as you can, and we'll try if Crawford won't pull you through the business. In any case, expect no sympathy, and if you feel disposed to be angry with all who laugh at you, you had better publish a challenge in the next General Order. George Scott, of the Greys, bids me say, that if you're hard-up for cash, he'll give you a couple of hundred for Mickey Free. I told him, I thought you'd accept it, as your uncle has the breed of those fellows upon his estate, and might have no objection to weed his stud. Hammersley's gone back with the Dashwoods; but I don't think you need fear any thing in that quarter. At the same time, if you wish for success, make a bold push for the peerage, and half-a-dozen decorations, for Miss Lucy is decidedly gone wild about military decorations. As for me, my affairs go on well; I've had half-a-dozen quarrels with Inez, but we parted good friends, and my bad Portuguese has got me out of all difficulties with papa, who pressed me tolerable close as to fortune. I shall want your assistance in this matter yet. If parchments would satisfy him, I think I could get up a qualification; but somehow the matter must be done, for I'm resolved to have his daughter.

"The orderly is starting, so no more till we meet.

Yours ever, FRED. POWER."

"Godwin," said I, as I closed the letter, "I find myself in a scrape at head-quarters: you are to take the command of the detachment, for I must set out at once."

"Nothing serious, I hope, O'Malley."

"Oh no, nothing of consequence. A most absurd blunder of my rascally servant."

"The Irish fellow, yonder?"

"The same."

"He seems to take it easily, however."

"Oh, confound him! he does not know what trouble he has involved me in; not that he'll care much when he does."

"Why, he does not seem to be of a very desponding temperament. Listen to the fellow! I'll be hanged if he's not singing!"

"I'm devilishly disposed to spoil his mirth. They tell me, however, he always keeps the troop in good humour; and see, the fellows are actually cleaning his horses for him, while he is sitting on the bank."

"Faith, O'Malley, that fellow knows the world. Just hear him."

Mr. Free was, as Godwin described, most leisurely reposing on a bank, a mug of something drinkable beside him, and a pipe of that curtailed proportion which an Irishman loves, held daintily between his fingers. He appeared to be giving his directions to some soldiers of the troop, who were actually cleaning his horses and accoutrements for him.

"That's it, Jim! Rub 'em down along the hocks; he won't kick; it's only play. Scrub away, honey; that's the devil's own carbine to get clean."

"Well, I say, Mr. Free, are you going to give us that ere song?"

"Yes; I'll be danged if I burnish your sabre if you don't sing."

"Tear and ages! aint I composin' it? Av I was Tommy Moore I couldn't be quicker."

"Well, come along, my hearty; let's hear it."

"Oh murther! said Mike, draining the pot to its last few drops, which he poured pathetically upon the grass before him, and then having emptied the ashes from his pipe, he heaved a deep sigh, as though to say, life had no more pleasures in store for him. A brief pause followed, after which, to the evident delight of his expectant audience, he began the following song, to the popular air of "Paddy O'Carroll:"

"BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING."

AIR—*Paddy O'Carroll.*

"Bad luck to this marching,
Pipeclaying and starching;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French!
I'm sick of parading,
Through wet and cowld wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in the trench.
To the tune of a fife,
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
Now I like Garryowen,
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

"Then though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster,
Befel the paymaster;
On my conscience I think that the money's not there.
And, just think, what a blunder;
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear;
Though there is n't a village,
But cries 'come and pillage,'
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

"Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where it is no disgrace,
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
With no serjeant t' abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon;
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon!"

"There's a sweet little bit for you," said Mike, as he concluded; "thrown off as aisy as a game of foot-ball."

"I say, Mr. Free, the Captain's looking for you; he's just received despatches from the camp, and wants his horses."

"In that case, gentlemen, I must take my leave of you—with the more regret, too, that I was thinking of treating you to a supper this evening. You need n't be laughing, it's in earnest I am. Coming, sir!—coming!" shouted he in a louder tone, answering some imaginary call, as an excuse for his exit.

When he appeared before me, an air of most business-like alacrity had succeeded to his late appearance, and having taken my orders to get the horses in readiness, he left me at once, and in less than half an hour we were upon the road.

## CHAPTER XCV.—MONSOON IN TROUBLE.

As I rode along toward Fuentes d'Onoro, I could not help feeling provoked at the absurd circumstances in which I was involved. To be made the subject of laughter for a whole army, was by no means a pleasant consideration; but what I felt far worse was, the possibility that the mention of my name in connection with a reprimand might reach the ears of those who knew nothing of the cause.

Mr. Free himself seemed little under the influence of similar feelings; for when, after a silence of a couple of hours, I turned suddenly toward him with a half angry look, and remarked, "You see, sir, what your confounded blundering has done;" his cool reply was—

"Ah, then, won't Mrs. M'Gra be frightened out of her life, when she reads all about the killed and wounded in your honour's report! I wonder if they ever had the manners to send my own letter afterward, when they found out their mistake!"

"*Their* mistake! do you say! rather *yours!* You appear to have a happy knack of shifting blame from your own shoulders; and do you fancy that they've nothing else to do than to trouble their heads about your absurd letters?"

"Faith! it's easily seen you never saw my letter, or you wouldn't be saying that; and sure it's not much trouble it would give Colonel Fitzroy, or any o' the staff that writes a good hand, just to put in a line to Mrs. M'Gra, to prevent her feeling alarmed about that murthering paper. Well, well, it's God's blessing! I don't think there's any body of the name of Mickey Free high up in the army but myself; so that the family won't be going into mourning for me on a false alarm."

I had not patience to participate in this view of the case; so that I continued my journey without speaking. We had jogged along for some time after dark, when the distant twinkle of the watch-fires announced our approach to the camp. A detachment of the fourteenth formed the advanced post, and from the officer in command I learned that Power was quartered at a small mill about half a mile distant; thither I accordingly turned my steps, but, finding that the path which led abruptly down to it was broken, and cut up in many places, I sent Mike back with the horses, and continued my way alone on foot.

The night was deliciously calm, and, as I approached the little rustic mill, I could not help feeling struck with Power's taste in a billet.

A little vine-clad cottage, built close against a rock nearly concealed by the dense foliage around it, stood beside a clear rivulet whose eddying current supplied water to the mill, and rose in a dew-like spray which sparkled like gems in the pale moonlight. All was still within, but as I came nearer I thought I could detect the chords of a guitar. Can it be, thought I, that Master Fred has given himself up to minstrelsy? or, is it some little dress rehearsal for a serenade? But, no, thought I, that certainly is not Power's voice. I crept stealthily down the little path, and approached the window; the lattice lay open, and, as the curtain waved to and fro with the night air, I could see plainly all who were in the room.

Close beside the window sat a large dark-featured

Spaniard, his hands crossed upon his bosom, and his head inclined heavily forward; the attitude perfectly denoting deep sleep, even had not his cigar, which remained passively between his lips, ceased to give forth its blue smoke wreath. At a little distance from him sat a young girl, who even by the uncertain light I could perceive was possessed of all that delicacy of form and gracefulness of carriage which characterises her nation.

Her pale features, paler still from the contrast with her jet black hair and dark costume, were lit up with an expression of animation and enthusiasm as her fingers swept rapidly and boldly across the strings of a guitar.

"And you're not tired of———?" said she, bending her head downward toward one, whom I now for the first time perceived.

Reclining carelessly at her feet, his arm leaning upon her chair, while his hand occasionally touched her taper fingers, lay my friend Master Fred Power. An undress jacket thrown loosely open, and a black neckcloth negligently knotted, bespoke the *nonchalance* with which he prosecuted his courtship.

"Do sing it again!" said he, pressing her fingers to his lips.

What she replied I could not catch; but Fred resumed—"No, no, he never wakes: the infernal clatter of that mill is his lullaby."

"But your friend will be here soon," said she; "is it not so?"

"Oh, poor Charley! I'd almost forgotten him; by-the-bye, you musn't fall in love with him; there now, do not look angry; I only meant that, as I knew he'd be desperately smitten, you shouldn't let him fancy he got any encouragement."

"What would you have me do?" said she artlessly.

"I've been thinking over that too. In the first place, you'd better never let him hear you sing; scarcely ever smile; and, as far as possible, keep out of his sight."

"One would think, senor, that all these precautions were to be taken more on my account than his. Is he so very dangerous, then?"

"Not a bit of it!—good looking enough he is, but—only a boy; at the same time a devilish bold one! and he'd think no more of springing through that window, and throwing his arms round your neck, the very first moment of his arrival, than I should of whispering how much I love you."

"How very odd he must be! I'm sure I should like him."

"Many thanks to both for your kind hints, and now, to take advantage of them." So saying, I stepped lightly upon the window-sill, cleared the miller with one spring, and before Power could recover his legs, or ——— her astonishment, I clasped her in my arms, and kissed her on either cheek.

"Charley! Charley! Damn it man, it won't do," cried Fred, while the young lady, evidently more amused at his discomfiture than affronted at the liberty, threw herself into a seat, and laughed immoderately.

"Ha! Holloa there! What is't?" shouted the miller, rousing himself from his nap, and looking eagerly around. "Are they coming? Are the French coming?"

A hearty renewal of his daughter's laughter was the only reply; while Power relieved his anxiety by saying—

"No, no, Pedrillo, not the French; a mere marauding party: nothing more. I say, Charley," continued he in a lower tone, "you had better lose no time in reporting yourself at head-quarters.—We'll walk up together. Devilish awkward scrape yours."

"Never fear, Fred, time enough for all that. For the present, if you permit me, I'll follow up my acquaintance with our fair friend here."

"Gently, gently!" said he, with a look of imposing seriousness. "Don't mistake her; she's not a mere country girl: you understand—been bred in a convent here—rather superior kind of a thing,"

"Come, come, Fred, I'm not the man to interfere with you for a moment."

"Good night, senor," said the old miller, who had been waiting patiently all this time to pay his respects before going.

"Yes; that's it!" cried Power eagerly. "Good night, Pedrillo."

"*Buenos noches*," lisped out Margaritta, with a slight courtesy.

I sprang forward to acknowledge her salutation, when Power coolly interposed between us, and, closing the door after them, placed his back against it.

"Master Charley, I must read you a lesson——"

"You inveterate hypocrite, don't attempt this nonsense with *me*. But come, tell me how long you have been here."

"Just twenty-four of the shortest hours I ever passed at an outpost. But listen: do you know that voice? Is n't it O'Shaughnessy?"

"To be sure it is: hear the fellow's song."

"My father cared little for shot or shell,
He laughed at death and dangers;
And he'd storm the very gates of hell,
With a company of the 'Rangers.'
So sing tow, row, row, row, &c."

"Ah then, Mister Power, it's twice I'd think of returning your visit, if I knew the state of your avenue. If there's a grand jury in Spain, they might give you a presentment for this bit of road. My knees are as bare as a commissary's conscience, and I've knocked as much flesh off my shin bones as would make a cornet in the hussars."

A regular roar of laughter from both of us apprised Dennis of our vicinity.

"And it's laughing ye are! Wouldn't it be as polite just to hold a candle or lantern for me, in this confounded watercourse?"

"How goes it, major?" cried I, extending my hand to him through the window.

"Charley—Charley O'Malley, my son! I'm glad to see you. It's a hearty laugh you gave us this morning. My friend Mickey's a pleasant fellow for a secretary at war. But it's all settled now; Crawford arranged it for you this afternoon."

"You don't say so! Pray tell me all about it."

"That's just what I won't; for, ye see, I don't know it: but I believe old Monsoon's affair has put every thing out of their heads."

"Monsoon's affair! What is that? Out with it, Dennis."

"Faith, I'll be just as discreet about that as your

own business. All I can tell you is, that they brought him up to head-quarters this evening, with a serjeant's guard, and they say he's to be tried by court-martial; and Picton is in a blessed humour about it."

"What could it possibly have been? some plundering affair, depend on it."

"Faith, you may swear it wasn't for his little charities, as Dr. Pangloss calls them, they've pulled him up," cried Power.

"Maurice is in high feather about it," said Dennis. "There are five of them up at Fuentes, making a list of charges to send to Monsoon; for Bob Mahon, it seems, heard of the old fellow's doings up the mountains."

"What glorious fun!" said Power. "Haste and join them, boys!"

"Agreed," said I, "is it far from this?"

"Another stage. When we've got something to eat," said the Major, "if Power has any intentions that way——"

"Well I really did begin to fear Fred's memory was lapsing; but somehow, poor fellow, smiles have been more in his way than sandwiches lately."

An admonishing look from Power was his only reply, as he walked toward the door. Bent upon teasing him, however, I continued—

"Who, Monsoon is it?"

"No, no. Not Monsoon; another friend of ours."

"Faith, I scarcely thought your fears of old Monsoon worth calling for. He's a fox—the devil a less."

"No, no, Dennis. I wasn't thinking of him. My anxieties were for a most soft-hearted young gentleman—one Fred Power."

"Charley, Charley!" said Fred from the door, where he had been giving directions to his servant about supper; "a man can scarce do a more silly thing than marry in the army; all the disagreeables of married life, with none of its better features."

"Marry—marry!" shouted O'Shaughnessy; "upon my conscience, it is incomprehensible to me how a man can be guilty of it. To be sure, I don't mean to say that there are not circumstances—such as half-pay, old age, infirmity, the loss of your limbs, and the like; but that, with good health, and a small balance at your bankers, you should be led into such an embarrassment——"

"Men will flirt," said I, interrupting; "men will press taper fingers, look into bright eyes, and feel their witchery; and, although the fair owners be only quizzing them half the time, and amusing themselves the other, and though they be the veriest hackneyed coquettes——"

"Did you ever meet the Dalrymple girls, Dennis?" said Fred, with a look I shall never forget.

What the reply was I cannot tell. My shame and confusion were overwhelming, and Power's victory complete.

"Here comes the prog," cried Dennis, as Power's servant entered with a very plausible-looking tray, while Fred proceeded to place before us a strong army of decanters.

Our supper was excellent; and we were enjoying ourselves to the utmost, when an orderly serjeant suddenly opened the door, and raising his hand to his cap, asked if Major Power was there?

"A letter for you, sir."

"Monsoon's writing, by Jove! Come, boys, let us see what it means. What a hand the old fellow writes! the letters look all crazy, and are tumbling against each other on every side. Did you ever see any thing half so tipsy as the crossing of that *t*?"

"Read it: read it out, Fred!"

"Tuesday Evening

"Dear Power,

"I'm in such a scrape! Come up and see me at once: bring a little sherry with you; and we'll talk over what's to be done. "Yours ever,

"Quarter General. B. Monsoon."

We resolved to finish our evening with the major: so that, each having armed himself with a bottle or two, and the remnants of our supper, we set out toward his quarters, under the guidance of the orderly. After a sharp walk of half an hour, we reached a small hut, where two sentries of the eighty-eighth were posted at the door.

O'Shaughnessy procured admittance for us, and in we went. At a small table, lighted by a thin tallow candle, sat old Monsoon, who, the weather being hot, had neither coat nor wig on; an old cracked china teapot, in which, as we found afterward, he had mixed a little grog, stood before him, and a large mass of papers lay scattered around on every side: he himself being occupied in poring over their contents, and taking occasional draughts from his uncouth goblet.

As we entered noiselessly he never perceived us, but continued to mumble over, in a low tone, from the documents before him—

"Upon my life, it's like a dream to me. What infernal stuff this brandy is!

"'Charge No. 8.—For conduct highly unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in forcing the cellar of the San Nicholas convent at Banos, taking large quantities of wine therefrom, and subsequently compelling the prior to dance a bolero, thus creating a riot, and tending to destroy the harmony between the British and the Portuguese, so strongly inculcated to be preserved by the general orders.'

"'Destroying the harmony! Bless their hearts! How little they know of it! I've never seen a jollier night in the Peninsula! The prior's a trump, and, as for the bolero, he *would* dance it. I hope they say nothing about my hornpipe.

"'Charge No 9.—For a gross violation of his duty as an officer, in sending a part of his brigade to attack and pillage the alcade of Banos; thereby endangering the public peace of the town, being a flagrant breach of discipline and direct violation of the articles of war.'

"Well, I'm afraid I was rather sharp on the alcade, but we did him no harm except the fright. What sherry the fellow had! 'twould have been a sin to let it fall into the hands of the French.

"'Charge No. 10.—For threatening, on or about the night of the 3d, to place the town of Banos under contribution, and subsequently forcing the authorities to walk in procession before him, in absurd and ridiculous costumes.'

"Lord, how good it was!—I shall never forget the old alcade! One of my fellows fastened a dead lamb round his neck, and told him it was the goldea

fleece. The commander-in-chief would have laughed himself if he were there. Picton's much too grave; never likes a joke.

"'CHARGE No. 11.—For insubordination and disobedience, in refusing to give up his sword, and rendering it necessary for the Portuguese guard to take it by force; thereby placing himself in a situation highly degrading to a British officer.'"

"Didn't I lay about me before they got it!—— Who's that! Who's laughing there! Ah! boys I'm glad to see you. How are you, Fred! Well, Charley, I've heard of your scrape; very sad thing for so young a fellow as you are; I don't think you'll be broke; I'll do what I can—I'll see what I can do with Picton; we are very old friends—were at Eton together."

"Many thanks, major, but I hear your own affairs are not flourishing. What's all this court-martial about!"

"A mere trifle; some little insubordination in the legion. Those Portuguese are sad dogs. How very good of you, Fred., to think of that little supper."

While the major was speaking, his servant with a dexterity, the fruit of long habit, had garnished the table with the contents of our baskets, and Monsoon, apologising for not putting on his wig, sat down among us with a face as cheerful as though the floor was not covered with the charges of the court-martial to be held on him.

As we chatted away over the campaign and its chances, Monsoon seemed little disposed to recur to his own fortunes. In fact, he appeared to suffer much more from what he termed my unlucky predicament than from his own mishaps. At the same time, as the evening wore on, and the sherry began to tell upon him, his heart expanded into its habitual moral tendency, and, by an easy transition, he was led from the religious association of convents, to the pleasures of pillaging them.

"What wine they have in their old cellars!—It's such fun drinking it out of great silver vessels as old as Methuselah. 'There's much treasure in the house of the righteous,' as David says; and any one who has ever sacked a nunnery knows that."

"I should like to have seen that prior dancing the bolero," said Power.

"Wasn't it good though! he grew jealous of me, for I performed a hornpipe. Very good fellow the prior; not like the alcade; there was no fun in him. Lord bless him, he'll never forget me."

"What did you do with him, major!"

"Well, I'll tell you; but you mustn't let it be known, for I see they have not put it in the court-martial. Is there no more sherry there! There, that will do; I'm always contented. 'Better a dry morsel with quietness," as Moses says. Ay, Charley, and never forget—'and a merry heart is just like medicine.' Job found that you know."

"Well, but the alcade, major."

"Oh, the alcade, to be sure: these pious meditations make me forget earthly matters."

"This old alcade at Banos, I found out was quite spoiled by Lord Wellington: he used to read all the general orders, and got an absurd notion in his head that, because we were his allies, we were not allowed to plunder. Only think, he used to snap his fingers at Beresford; didn't care twopence about the legion; and laughed outright at Wilson; so when I was ordered down there, I took another way with him; I waited till nightfall, ordered two squadrons to turn their jackets, and sent forward two of my aides-de-camp with a few trooper's to the alcade's house. They galloped into the court-yard, blowing trumpets and making an infernal hubbub. Down came the alcade in a passion. 'Prepare quarters quickly, and rations for eight hundred men.'

"'Who dares to issue such an order?' said he.

"The aid-de-camp whispered one word in his ear, and the old fellow grew as pale as death. 'Is he here?—is he coming?—is he coming?' said he, trembling from head to foot.

"I rode in myself at this moment, looking thus—

"'*Ou est le malheureux?*' said I in French; you know I speak French like Portuguese.

"Devilish like, I've no doubt," muttered Power.

"'*Pardon, gracias excellentissima!*' said the alcade on his knees."

"Who the deuce did he take you for, major!"

"You shall hear: you'll never guess, though. Lord! I shall never forget it. He thought I was Marmont: my aid-de-camp told him so."

One loud burst of laughter interrupted the major at this moment, and it was some considerable time before he could continue his narrative.

"And do you really mean," said I, "that you personated the Duke de Ragusa?"

"Did I not though? If you only had seen me with a pair of great moustaches, and a drawn sabre in my hand, pacing the room up and down in presence of the assembled authorities. Napoleon himself might have been deceived. My first order was to cut off all their heads; but I commuted the sentence to a heavy fine. Ah, boys, if they only understood at head-quarters how to carry on a war in the Peninsula, they'd never have to grumble in England about increased taxation. How I'd mulct the nunneries! How I'd grind the corporate towns! How I'd inundate the country with exchequer bills! I'd sell the priors at so much a head, and put the nuns up to auction by the dozen."

"You sacrilegious old villain! But continue the account of your exploits."

Faith, I remember little more. After dinner I grew somewhat mellow, and a kind of moral bewilderment, which usually steals over me about eleven o'clock, induced me to invite the alcade and all the aldermen to come and sup. Apparently, we had a merry night of it, and when morning broke, we were not quite clear in our intellects. Hence came that infernal procession; for when the alcade rode round the town with a paper cap, and all the aldermen after him, the inhabitants felt offended it seems, and sent for a large guerilla force, who captured me and my staff after a vigorous resistance. The alcade fought like a trump for us, for I promised to make him prefect of the Seine; but we were overpowered, disarmed, and carried off: the remainder you can read in the court-martial; for you may think that what, after sacking the town, drinking all night, and fighting in the morning, my memory was none of the clearest."

"Did you not explain that you were not the marshal, general!"

"No, faith; I knew better than that; they'd have murdered me, had they known their mistake. They

brought me to head-quarters in the hope of a great reward, and it was only when they reached this, that they found out I was not the Duke de Ragusa; so you see, boys, it's very complicated business."

"Gad, and so it is," said Power, "and an awkward one too."

"He'll be hanged as sure as my name's Dennis," vociferated O'Shaughnessy, with an energy that made the major jump from his chair. "Picton will hang him!"

"I'm not afraid," said Monsoon; "they know me so well. Lord bless you, Beresford couldn't get on without me."

"Well, major," said I, "in any case you certainly take no gloomy nor desponding view of your case."

"Not I, boy. You know what Jeremiah says—'A merry heart is a continual feast;' and so it is. I may die of repletion, but they'll never find me starved with sorrow."

"And, faith, it's a strange thing," muttered O'Shaughnessy, thinking aloud; "a most extraordinary thing. An honest fellow would be sure to be hanged; and there's that old rogue, that's been melting down more saints and blessed virgins than the whole army together, he'll escape. Ye'll see he will!"

"There goes the patrol," said Fred; "we must start."

"Leave the sherry, boys; you'll be back again. I'll have it put up carefully."

We could scarce resist a roar of laughter as we said, "Good night."

"Adieu, major," said I; "we shall meet anon."

So saying, I followed Power and O'Shaughnessy toward their head-quarters.

"Maurice has done it beautifully," said O'Shaughnessy. "Pleasant revelations the old fellow will make on the court-martial, if he only remembers what we heard to-night. But here we are, Charley; so good night; and remember you breakfast with me to-morrow."

---

From the Athenæum.

## THE WIFE.

BY ELENORA LOUISA MONTAGUE.

Oh, come, beloved! to yon gray wood,
Where oft in childhood's hour we strayed,
Ere yet with plighted hands we stood
Beneath yon bending willow's shade;
And I my early dream will tell,
And blush not though thine eye behold me;
I feel thy voice's soothing spell,
Thy loved and loving arms enfold me.

Ah! little did'st thou dream how long
I loved thee with a hidden heart;
When even amid some touching song
My sighs would breathe, my tears would start:
Thou could'st not deem that this weak breast,
Which in thy joy stood mute before thee,
Longed but to share thy soul's unrest
When sorrow's night was deepening o'er thee.

Oh! then the sullen years drew on
When thou must part, yet leave no token,
And I must bear, unshared, alone,
A grief which yet might not be spoken.
Oh, Love! it was a fearful time,
But all is past, forgotten now;
Yet something of its youthful prime
Hath fled from this devoted brow.

This grieves me not, for well I know
Thy spirit will not love me less,
Though time upon my head should snow,
Or on my cheek too rudely press:
I feel that thou wilt dearer be—
If aught to me can make thee dearer—
When the spring leaves of life's young tree
Around thy brow are growing scarer.

Years waned; and thou rememberest yet
The hour which led thee back to me,
When, sicken'd with the world, we met,
And each was changed—yet both were free:
Not changed in soul, but sadder grown,
And touched as by the wand of sorrow;
And doomed, like buds too early blown,
To greet, with wasted bloom, the morrow.

Then once again I dared to dream,
But now no more a dream of sadness;
Thy presence smoothed my life's rough stream,
And led me back to youth and gladness!
And something did our hearts subdue,
A yearning thought—a thought of home—
As though our souls more closely drew
Ere yet the darker days should come.

Now, let them come! I fear them not:
For art not thou, beloved, mine?
And is not this time-hallowed spot
The altar of a love divine?
Oh, may the lamp which lights us now,
For ever on that altar burn,
And ne'er through life our spirits know
One severed hour o'er which to mourn!

## CHAPTER XCV—The Confidence.

"I have changed the venue, Charley," said Power, as he came into my room the following morning: "I've changed the venue, and come to breakfast with you."

I could not help smiling as a certain suspicion crossed my mind; perceiving which he quickly added—

"No, no, boy! I guess what you're thinking of: I'm not a bit jealous in that quarter. The fact is, you know one cannot be too guarded."

"Nor too suspicious of one's friends, apparently."

"A truce with quizzing. I say, have you reported yourself?"

"Yes; and received this moment a most kind note from the general. But it appears I'm not destined to have a long sojourn among you, for I'm desired to hold myself in readiness for a journey this very day."

"Where the deuce are they going to send you now?"

"I'm not certain of my destination. I rather suspect there are despatches for Badajos. Just tell Mike to get breakfast, and I'll join you immediately."

When I walked into the little room which served as my saloon, I found Power pacing up and down, apparently rapt in meditation.

"I've been thinking, Charley," said he, after a pause of about ten minutes—"I've been thinking over our adventures in Lisbon. Devilish strange girl, that senhora! When you resigned in my favor, I took it for granted that all difficulty was removed. Confound it! I no sooner began to profit by your absence, in pressing my suit, than she turned short round, treated me with marked coldness, exhibited a hundred wilful and capricious fancies, and concluded one day by quietly confessing to me—you were the only man she cared for."

"You are not serious in all this, Fred," said I.

"Ain't I though, by Jove? I wish to heaven I were not! My dear Charley, the girl is an inveterate flirt—a decided coquette. Whether she has a particle of heart or not, I can't say; but certainly, her greatest pleasure is to trifle with that of another. Some absurd suspicion that you were in love with Lucy Dashwood piqued her vanity, and the anxiety to recover a lapsing allegiance led her to suppose herself attached to you, and made her treat all my advances with a most frigid indifference, or wayward caprice: the more provoking," continued he, with a kind of bitterness in his tone, "as her father was disposed to take the thing favourably; and, if I must say it, I felt devilish spooney about her myself.

"It was only two days before I left, that, in conversation with Don Emanuel, he consented to receive my addresses to his daughter on my becoming lieutenant-colonel. I hastened back with delight to bring her the intelligence, and found her with a lock of hair on the book before her, over which she was weeping. Confound me if it was not yours! I don't know what I said, nor what she replied; but when we parted, it was with a perfect understanding we were never to meet again. Strange girl! She came that evening, put her arm within mine as I was walking alone in the garden, and, half in jest, half in earnest, talked me out of all my suspicions, and left me fifty times more in love with her than ever. Egad! I thought I used to know something about women, but here is a chapter I've yet to read. Come now, Charley, be frank with me: tell me all you know."

"My poor Fred! If you were not head and ears in love, you would see as plainly as I do that your affairs prosper. And after all, how invariable is it, that the man who has been the very veriest flirt with women—sighing, serenading, sonneteering, flinging himself at the feet of every pretty girl he meets with, should become the most thorough dupe to his own feelings when his heart is really touched. Your man of eight-and-thirty is always the greatest fool about women."

"Confound your impudence! How the devil can a fellow with a moustache not stronger than a Circassian's eyebrow read such a lecture to me?"

"Just for the very reason you've mentioned: you *glide* into an attachment at *my* time of life: you *fall* in love at *yours*."

"Yes," said Power, musingly, "there is some truth in that. This flirting is sad work. It is just like sparring with a friend: you put on the gloves in perfect good humour, with the most friendly intentions of exchanging a few amicable blows; you find yourself insensibly warm with the enthusiasm of the conflict, and some unlucky hard knock decides the matter, and it ends in a downright fight.

"Few men, believe me, are regular seducers; and, among those who behave 'vilely,' (as they call it,) three-fourths of the number have been more sinned against than sinning. You adventure upon love as upon a voyage to India: leaving the cold northern latitudes of first acquaintance behind you, you gradually glide into the warmer and more genial climate of intimacy. Each day you travel southward shortens the miles and the hours of your existence: so tranquil is the passage, and so easy the transition, you suffer no shock by the change of temperature about you. Happy were it for us, that, in our courtship, as in our voyage, there were some certain Rubicon to remind us of the miles we have journeyed! Well were it, if there were some equinox in love!"

"I'm not sure, Fred, that there is not that same shaving process they practise on the line occasionally performed for us by parents and guardians at home; and I'm not certain that the iron hoop of old Neptune is not a pleasanter acquaintance than the hair-trigger of some indignant fire-eating brother. But come, Fred, you have not told me the most important point—How fare your fortunes now? or, in other words—what are your present prospects as regards the senhora?"

"What a question to ask me! why not request me to tell you where Soult will fight us next, and when Marmont will cross the frontier? My dear boy, I have not seen her for a week, an entire week—seven full days and nights, each with their twenty-four hours of change and vacillation!"

"Well then, give me the last bulletin from the seat of war; that at least you can do: tell me how you parted."

"Strangely enough. You must know we had a grand dinner at the Villa the day before I left; and when we adjourned for our coffee to the garden, my spirits were at the top of their bent. Inez never looked so beautiful—never was one half so gracious;

and, as she leaned upon my arm, instead of following the others toward the little summer-house, I turned, as if inadvertently, into a narrow dark alley that skirts the lake."

"I know it well: continue."

Power reddened slightly, and went on—

"'Why are we taking this path?' said Donna Inez; 'this is surely not a short way.'

"'Oh! I——wished to make my adieus to my old friends the swans. You know I go to-morrow.'

"'Ah! that's true,' added she. 'I'd quite forgotten it.'

"This speech was not very encouraging; but, as I felt myself in for the battle, I was not going to retreat at the skirmish. Now, or never, thought I. I'll not tell you what I said: I couldn't, if I would. It is only with a pretty woman upon one's arm—it is only when stealing a glance at her bright eyes, as you bend beyond the border of her bonnet—that you know what it is to be eloquent: watching the changeful colour of her cheek with a more anxious heart than ever did mariner gaze upon the fitful sky above him, you pour out your whole soul in love; you leave no time for doubt, you leave no space for reply; the difficulties that shoot across her mind you reply to ere she is well conscious of them: and when you feel her hand tremble, or see her eyelid fall, like the leader of a storming party, when the guns slacken in their fire, you spring boldly forward in the breach, and, blind to every danger around you, rush madly on, and plant your standard upon the walls."

"I hope you allow the vanquished the honours of war," said I, interrupting.

Without noticing my observation he continued—

"I was on my knee before her, her hand passively resting in mine, her eyes bent upon me softly and tearfully——"

"The game was your own, in fact."

"You shall hear.

"'Have we stood long enough thus, senhor?' said she, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"I sprang to my legs in anger and indignation.

"'There, don't be passionate; it is so tiresome. What do you call that tree there?'

"'It is a tulip tree,' said I, coldly.

"'Then, to put your gallantry to the test, do climb up there, and pluck me that flower——No, the far one. If you fall into the lake and are drowned, why, it would put an end to this foolish interview.'

"'And if not?' said I.

"'Oh, then I shall take twelve hours to consider of it; and, if my decision be in your favor, I'll give you the flower ere you leave to-morrow.'

"It's somewhat about thirty years since I went bird-nesting; and hang me! if a tight jacket and spurs are the best equipment for climbing a tree; but up I went, and amid a running fire of laughter and quizzing, reached the branch and brought it down safely.

"Inez took especial care to avoid me the rest of the evening: we did not meet until breakfast the following morning. I perceived then that she wore the flower in her belt; but, alas! I knew her too well to augur favourably from that; beside that, instead of any trace of sorrow or depression at my approaching departure, she was in high spirits, and the life of the party. 'How can I manage to speak with her?' said I to myself; 'but one word—I already anticipate what it must be; but let the blow fall—any thing is better than this uncertainty?'

"'The general and the staff have passed the gate, sir,' said my servant at this moment.

"'Are my horses ready?'

"'At the door, sir; and the baggage gone forward.'

"I gave Inez one look—

"'Did you say more coffee?' said she, smiling.

"I bowed coldly, and rose from the table. They all assembled upon the terrace to see me ride away.

"'You'll let us hear from you,' said Don Emanuel.

"'And pray don't forget the letter to my brother,' cried old Madame Forjas.

"Twenty similar injunctions burst from the party; but not a word said Inez.

"'Adieu, then!' said I. 'Farewell!'

"'Adios! Go with God!' chorussed the party.

"'Good-by, senhora,' said I. 'Have *you* nothing to tell me ere we part?'

"'Not that I remember,' said she, carelessly. 'I hope you'll have good weather.'

"'There is a storm threatening,' said I, gloomily.

"'Well! a soldier cares little for a wet jacket.'

"'Adieu!' said I sharply, darting at her a look that spoke my meaning.

"'Farewell!' repeated she, curtseying slightly, and giving one of her sweetest smiles.

"I drove the spurs into my horse's flanks, but holding him firmly on the curb at the same moment, instead of dashing forward, he bounded madly in the air.

"'What a pretty creature!' said she, as she turned toward the house; then, stopping carelessly, she looked around.

"'Should you like this bouquet?'

"Before I could reply, she disengaged it from her belt, and threw it towards me. The door closed behind her as she spoke; I galloped on to overtake the staff—*et voila tout*. Now, Charley, read my fate for me, and tell me what this portends."

"I confess I only see one thing certain in the whole."

"And that is?" said Power,

"That Master Fred Power is more irretrievably in love than any gentleman on full pay I ever met with."

"By Jove! I half fear as much! Is that orderly waiting for you, Charley? Who do you want, my man?"

"Captain O'Malley, sir: General Crawford desires to see you at head quarters immediately."

"Come, Charley, I'm going toward Fuentes. Take your cap: we'll walk down together."

So saying, we cantered toward the village, where we separated—Power to join some fourteenth men stationed there on duty; and I to the general's quarters to receive my orders.

---

## CHAPTER XCVI.—The Cantonment.

Soon after this the army broke up from Caja, and went into cantonments along the Tagus; the head quarters being at Portalegre, we were here joined by four regiments of infantry lately arrived from Eng-

land, and the 12th light dragoons. I shall not readily forget the first impression created among our reinforcements, by the habit of our life at this period.

Brimful of expectation, they had landed at Lisbon; their minds filled with all the glorious expectancy of a brilliant campaign, sieges, storming, and battle-fields, floated before their excited imagination.—Scarcely, however, had they reached the camp, when these illusions were dissipated. Breakfasts, dinners, private theatricals, pigeon matches, formed our daily occupation. Lord Wellington's hounds threw off regularly twice a week, and here might be seen every imaginable species of equipment, from the artillery officer, mounted on his heavy troop horse, to the infantry subaltern, on a Spanish jennet. Never was any thing more ludicrous than our turn out; every quadruped in the army was put in requisition; and even those who rolled not from their saddles from sheer necessity, were most likely to do so from laughing at their neighbours. The pace may not have equalled Melton, nor the fences been as stubborn as in Leicestershire, but I'll be sworn there was more laughter, more fun, and more merriment, in one day with us, than in a whole season with the best organised pack in England. With a lively trust that the country was open, and the leaps easy, every man took the field; indeed, the only anxiety evinced at all, was to appear at the meeting in something like jockey fashion, and I must confess that this feeling was particularly conspicuous among the infantry.—Happy the man whose kit boasted a pair of cords, or buckskins; thrice happy he who sported a pair of tops. I myself was in that enviable position, and well remember with what pride of heart I cantered up to cover, in all the superior *eclat* of my costume, though, if truth were to be spoken, I doubt if I should have passed muster among my friends of the "Blazers." A round cavalry jacket, and a foraging cap, with a hanging tassel, were the strange accompaniments of my more befitting nether garments. Whatever our costumes, the scene was a most animated one. Here the shell jacket of a heavy dragoon was seen storming the fence of a vineyard. There the dark green of a rifleman was going the pace over the plain. The unsportsman-like figure of a staff-officer might be observed emerging from a drain, while some neck-or-nothing Irishman, with light infantry wings, was flying at every fence before him, and overturning all in his way. The rules and regulations of the service prevailed not here; the starred and gartered general, the plumed and aiguiletted colonel obtained but little deference, and less mercy, from his more humble subaltern. In fact, I am half disposed to think that many an old grudge of rigid discipline or severe duty met with its retribution here. More than once have I heard the muttered sentences around me which boded something like this:

"Go the pace, Harry! never flinch it! There's old Colquhoun—take him in the haunches—roll him over."

"See here, boys—watch how I'll scatter the staff—beg your pardon, general, hope I have'nt hurt you. Turn about—fair play—I have taught *you* to take up a position now."

I need scarcely say, there was one whose person was sacred from all such attacks: he was well mounted upon a strong half-bred horse; rode always foremost, following the hounds with the same steady pertinacity with which he would have followed the enemy; his compressed lip rarely opening for a laugh, when even the most ludicrous misadventure was enacting before him; and when, by chance, he would give way, the short ha! ha! was over in a moment, and the cold stern features were as fixed and impassive as before.

All the excitement, all the enthusiasm of a hunting field, seemed powerless to turn his mind from the pre-occupation which the mighty interests he presided over, exacted. I remember once an incident which, however trivial in itself, is worth recording, as illustrative of what I mean. We were going along at a topping pace, the hounds a few fields in advance, were hidden from our view by a small beech copse; the party consisted of not more than six persons, one of whom was Lord Wellington himself. Our run had been a splendid one, and, as we were pursuing the fox to earth, every man of us pushed his horse to his full stride in the hot enthusiasm of such a moment.

"This way, my lord—this way," said Colonel Conyers, an old Melton man who led the way. "The hounds are in the valley—keep to the left." As no reply was made, after a few moments' pause, Conyers repeated his admonition. "You are wrong, my lord, the hounds are hunting yonder."

"I know it!" was the brief answer given, with a shortness that almost savoured of asperity; for a second or two not a word was spoken.

"How far is Niza, Gordon?" enquired Lord Wellington.

"About five leagues, my lord," replied the astonished aid-de-camp.

"That's the direction, is it not?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Let's go over and inspect the wounded."

No more was said, and before a second was given for consideration, away went his lordship, followed by his aid-de-camp; his pace the same stretching gallop, and apparently feeling as much excitement, as he dashed onward towards the hospital, as though following in all the headlong enthusiasm of a fox-chase.

Thus passed our summer; a life of happy ease and recreation succeeding to the harassing fatigues and severe privations of the preceding campaign.—Such are the lights and shadows of a soldier's life; such the checkered surface of his fortunes; constituting by their very change, that buoyant temperament, that happy indifference, which enables him to derive its full enjoyment from each passing incident of his career.

While thus we indulged in all the fascinations of a life of pleasure, the rigid discipline of the army was never forgotten: reviews, parades, and inspections, were of daily occurrence, and even a superficial observer could not fail to detect, that under this apparent devotion to amusement and enjoyment, our commander-in-chief concealed a deep stroke of his policy.

The spirits of both men and officers broken in spite of their successes, by the incessant privations they had endured, imperatively demanded this period of repose. The infantry, many of whom had served in the ill-fated campaign of Walcheren, were still suffering from the effects of the intermittent fever. The

cavalry, from deficient forage, severe marches, and unremitting service, were in great part unfit for duty. To take the field under circumstances like these, was therefore impossible, and, with the double object of restoring their wonted spirits to the troops, and checking the ravages which sickness and the casualties of war had made within his ranks, Lord Wellington embraced the opportunity of the enemy's inaction, to take up his present position on the Tagus.

Meanwhile, that we enjoyed all the pleasures of a country life, enhanced tenfold by daily association with the gay and cheerful companions, the master mind, whose reach extended from the profoundest calculations of strategy to the minutest details of military organisation, was never idle. Foreseeing that a period of inaction, like the present, must only be like the solemn calm that precludes the storm, he prepared for the future by those bold conceptions and unrivalled combinations which were to guide him through many a field of battle and of danger, to end his career of glory in the liberation of the Peninsula.

The failure of the attack upon Badajos had neither damped his ardor, nor changed his views; and he proceeded to the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo with the same intense determination of uprooting the French occupation in Spain, by destroying their strongholds and cutting off their resources. Carrying aggressive war in one hand, he turned the other towards the maintenance of those defences which, in the event of disaster or defeat, must prove the refuge of the army.

To the lines of Torres Vedras he once more directed his attention. Engineer officers were despatched thither, the fortresses were put into repair; the bridges broken or injured during the French invasion were restored; the batteries upon the Tagus were rendered more effective, and furnaces for heating shot were added to them.

The inactivity and apathy of the Portuguese government but ill corresponded with his unwearied exertions; and, despite of continual remonstrances and unceasing representations, the bridges over the Leira and Alva were left unrepaired, and the roads leading to them, so broken as to be almost impassable, might seriously have endangered the retreat of the army, should such a movement be deemed necessary.

It was in the first week in September I was sent with despatches for the engineer officer in command of the lines, and, during the fortnight of my absence, was enabled for the first time to examine those extraordinary defences which, for the space of thirty miles, extended over a country undulating in hill and valley, and presenting, by a succession of natural and artificial resources, the strongest and most impregnable barrier that has ever been presented against the advance of a conquering army.

---

## CHAPTER XCVII.—Mickey Free's adventure.

When I returned to the camp, I found the greatest excitement prevailing on all sides. Each day brought in fresh rumours that Marmont was advancing in force; that sixty thousand Frenchmen were in full march upon Ciudad Rodrigo, to raise the blockade, and renew the invasion of Portugal. Intercepted letters corroborated these reports; and the guerillas who joined us, spoke of large convoys which they had seen upon the roads from Salamanca and Tamanes.

Except the light division, which, under the command of Crawford, were posted upon the right of the Aguada, the whole of our army occupied the country from El Bodon to Gallegos; the fourth division being stationed at Fuente Guenaldo, where some entrenchments had been hastily thrown up.

To this position Lord Wellington resolved upon retreating, as affording points of greater strength and more capability of defence than the other line of road, which led to Almeida upon the Coa. Of the enemy's intentions we were not long to remain in doubt; for, on the morning of the 24th a strong body were seen descending from the pass above Ciudad Rodrigo, and cautiously *reconnoitring* the banks of the Aguada. Far in the distance a countless train of wagons, bullock-cars, and loaded mules were seen winding their slow length along, accompanied by several squadrons of dragoons.

Their progress was slow, but, as evening fell, they entered the gates of the fortress, and the cheering of the garrison mixing with the strains of martial music, faint from distance, reached us where we lay upon the far-off heights of El Bodon. So long as the light lasted, we could perceive fresh troops arriving; and even when the darkness came on, we could detect the position of the reinforcing columns, by the bright watch-fires that gleamed along the plain.

By daybreak we were under arms, anxiously watching for the intentions of the enemy, which soon became no longer dubious. Twenty-five squadrons of cavalry, supported by a whole division of infantry, were seen to defile along the great road from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guenaldo. Another column equally numerous marched straight upon Espeja: nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more martial than their appearance; emerging from a close mountain-gorge, they wound along the narrow road, and appeared upon the bridge of the Aguada, just as the morning sun was bursting forth; his bright beams tipping the polished cuirasses and their glittering equipments, they shone in their panoply like the gay troop of some ancient tournament. The lancers of Berg, distinguished by their scarlet dolmans and gorgeous trappings, were followed by the cuirassiers of the guard, who again were succeeded by the *chasseurs a cheval*, their bright steel helmets and light blue uniforms, their floating plumes and dappled chargers, looking the very *beau ideal* of light horsemen; behind, the dark masses of the infantry pressed forward, and deployed into the plain; while bringing up the rear, the rolling din, like distant thunder, announced the "dread artillery."

On they came, the seemingly interminable line converging on to that one spot upon whose summit now we assembled a force of scarcely ten thousand bayonets.

While this brilliant panorama was passing before our eyes, we ourselves were not idle. Orders had been sent to Picton to come up from the left with his division. Alten's cavalry, and a brigade of artillery were sent to the front, and every preparation, which

the nature of the ground admitted, was made to resist the advance of the enemy. While these movements on either side occupied some hours, the scene was every moment increasing in interest. The large body of cavalry was now seen forming into columns of attack. Nine battalions of infantry moved up to their support, and, forming into columns, echellons, and squares, performed before us all the manœuvres of a review with the most admirable precision and rapidity; but from these our attention was soon taken by a brilliant display upon our left. Here, emerging from the wood which flanked the Aguada, were now to be seen the gorgeous staff of Marmont himself.—Advancing at a walk, they came forward amid the vivas of the assembled thousands burning with ardour and thirsting for victory. For a moment, as I looked, I could detect the marshal himself, as, holding his plumed hat above his head, he returned the salute of a lancer regiment who proudly waved their banners as he passed; but, hark! what are those clanging sounds, which, rising high above the rest, seem like the war-cry of a warrior?

"I can't mistake those tones," said a bronzed old veteran beside me. "Those are the brass bands of the imperial guard. Can Napoleon be there? see! there they come." As he spoke, the head of a column emerged from the wood, and, deploying as they came, poured into the plain. For above an hour that mighty tide flowed on, and, and before noon, a force of sixty thousand men was collected in the space beneath us.

I was not long to remain an unoccupied spectator of this brilliant display; for I soon received orders to move down with my squadron to the support of the eleventh light dragoons, who were posted at the base of the hill. The order at the moment was any thing but agreeable, for I was mounted upon a hack pony, on which I had ridden over from Crawford's division early in the morning, and, suspecting there might be some hot work during the day, had ordered Mike to follow with my horse. There was no time, however, for hesitation, and I moved my men down the slope in the direction of the skirmishers.

The position we occupied was singularly favourable: our flanks defended on either side by brushwood, we could only be assailed in front; and here, notwithstanding our vast inferiority of force, we steadily awaited the attack. As I rode from out the thick wood I could not help feeling surprised at the sounds which greeted me. Instead of the usual low and murmuring tones—the muttered sentences which precede a cavalry advance—a roar of laughter shook the entire division, while exclamations burst from every side around me:—"Look at him now!" —"they have him!—by heavens they have him!" "Well done!—well done!" "How the fellow rides!" "He's hit!—he's hit!" "No! no!" "Is he down!" "He's down!"

A loud cheer rent the air at this moment, and I reached the front in time to learn the reason of all this excitement. In the wide plain before me a horseman was seen, having passed the ford of the Aguada, to advance at the top of his speed toward the British lines. As he came nearer, it was perceived that he was accompanied by a led horse, and, apparently with a total disregard of the presence of an enemy, rode boldly and carelessly forward: behind rode three lancers, their lances couched, their horses at full speed: the pace was tremendous, and the excitement intense; for sometimes, as the leading horseman of the pursuit neared the fugitive, he would bend suddenly upon his saddle, and swerving to the right or left, totally evade him, while again, at others, with a loud cry of bold defiance, rising in his stirrups, he would press on, and, with a shake of his bridle that bespoke the jockey, almost distance the enemy.

"That must be your fellow, O'Malley; that must be your Irish groom," cried a brother officer. There could be no doubt of it. It was Mike himself.

"I'll be hanged if he's not playing with them," said Baker. "Look at the villain! He's holding in: that's more than the Frenchmen are doing. Look, look at the fellow on the gray horse: he has flung his trumpet to his back and drawn his sabre."

A loud cheer burst from the French lines: the trumpeter was gaining at every stride. Mike had got into deep ground, and the horses would not keep together. "Let the brown horse go! let him go, man!" shouted the dragoons, while I re-echoed the cry with my utmost might. But not so: Mike held firmly on, and, spurring madly, he lifted his horse at each stride; turning, from time to time, a glance at his pursuer. A shout of triumph rose from the French side: the trumpeter was beside him; his arm was uplifted; the sabre above his head. A yell broke from the British, and with difficulty could the squadron be restrained. For above a minute the horses went side by side, but the Frenchman delayed his stroke until he could get a little in the front. My excitement had rendered me speechless: if a word cou'd have saved my poor fellow, I could not have spoken. A mist seemed to gather across my eyes, and the whole plain, and its peopled thousands, danced before my eyes.

"He's down!" "He's down! by heavens!" "No! no! no!" "Look there—nobly done!" "Gallant fellow!" "He has him! he has him, by ——." A cheer that rent the very air above us broke from the squadrons, and Mike galloped in among us, holding the Frenchman by the throat with one hand: the bridle of his horse he firmly grasped with his own in the other.

"How was it? How did he do it?" cried I.

"He broke his sword-arm with a blow, and the Frenchman's sabre fell to the earth."

"Here he is, Misther Charley; and musha, but it's trouble he gave me to catch him! and I hope your honour won't be displeased at me losing the brown horse. I was obliged to let him go when the thief closed on me; but sure there he is: may I never—! if he's not galloping into the lines by himself." As he spoke, my brown charger came cantering up to the squadrons, and took his place in the line with the rest.

I had scarcely time to mount my horse, amid a buzz of congratulations, when our squadron was ordered to the front. Mixed up with detachments from the eleventh and sixteenth, we continued to resist the enemy for above two hours.

Our charges were quick, sharp, and successive, pouring in our numbers wherever the enemy appeared for a moment to be broken, and then retreating under cover of our infantry, when the opposing cavalry came down upon us in overwhelming numbers.

Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which the different troops relieved each other during this part of the day. When the French squadrons advanced, ours met them as boldly. When the ground became no longer tenable, we broke and fell back, and the bayonets of the infantry arrested their progress. If the cavalry pressed heavily upon the squares, ours came up to the relief, and as they were beaten back, the artillery opened upon them with an avalanche of grape-shot.

I have seen many battles of greater duration, and more important in result—many have there been, in which more tactic was displayed, and greater combinations called forth; but never did I witness a more desperate hand-to-hand conflict than on the heights of El Bodon.

Baffled by our resistance, Montbrun advanced with the cuirassiers of the guard. Riding down our advanced squadrons, they poured upon us like some mighty river overwhelming all before it, and charged, cheering, up the heights. Our brave troopers were thrown back upon the artillery, and many of them cut down beside the guns. The artillery men and the drivers shared the same fate, and the cannon were captured. A cheer of exultation burst from the French, and their vivas rent the air. Their exultation was short-lived, and that cheer their death-cry; for the fifth foot, who had hitherto lain concealed in the grass, sprang madly to their feet, their gallant Major Ridge at their head. With a yell of vengeance they rushed upon the foe: the glistening bayonets glanced amid the cavalry of the French; the troops pressed hotly home; and, while the cuirassiers were driven down the hill, the guns were re-captured, limbered up, and brought away. This brilliant charge was the first recorded instance of cavalry being assailed by infantry in line.

But the hill could no longer be held; the French were advancing on either flank; overwhelming numbers pressed upon the front, and retreat was unavoidable. The cavalry were ordered to the rear, and Picton's division, throwing themselves into squares, covered the retreating movement.

The French dragoons bore down upon every face of those devoted battalions; the shouts of triumph cheered them as the earth trembled beneath their charge; but the British infantry, reserving their fire until the sabres clanked with the bayonet, poured in a shattering volley, and the cry of the wounded and the groans of the dying rose from the smoke around them.

Again and again the French came on; and the same fate ever awaited them; the only movement in the British squares was closing up the spaces as their comrades fell or sank wounded to the earth.

At last reinforcements came up from the left: the whole retreated across the plain, until, as they approached Guenaldo, our cavalry having re-formed, came to their aid with one crushing charge, which closed the day.

That same night Lord Wellington fell back, and, concentrating his troops within a narrow loop of land, bounded on either flank by the Coa, awaited the arrival of the light division, which joined us at three in the morning.

The following day Marmont again made a demonstration of his force, but no attack followed: the position was too formidable to be easily assailed, and the experience of the preceding day had taught him, that, however inferior in numbers, the troops he was opposed to were as valiant as they were ably commanded.

Soon after this Marmont retired on the valley of the Tagus. Dorsenne also fell back, and, for the present, at least, no further effort was made to prosecute the invasion of Portugal.

---

## CHAPTER XCVIII.—The San Petro.

"Not badly wounded, O'Malley, I hope?" said General Crawford, as I waited upon him soon after the action.

I could not help starting at the question, while he repeated it, pointing at the same time to my left shoulder, from which a stream of blood was now flowing down my coat sleeve.

"I never noticed it, sir, till this moment: it can't be of much consequence, for I have been on horseback the entire day, and never felt it."

"Look to it at once, boy: a man wants all his blood for this campaign. Go to your quarters; I shall not need you for the present, so pray see the doctor at once."

As I left the General's quarters I began to feel sensible of pain, and, before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, had quite convinced myself that my wound was a severe one. The hand and arm were swollen, heavy, and distended with hemorrhage beneath the skin; my thirst became great, and a cold shuddering sensation passed over me from time to time.

I sat down for a moment upon the grass, and was just reflecting within myself what course I should pursue, when I heard the tramp of feet approaching. I looked up, and perceived some soldiers in fatigue dresses followed by a few others, who, from their noiseless gesture and sad countenances, I guessed were carrying some wounded comrade to the rear.

"Who is it, boys?" cried I.

"It's the major, sir: the Lord be good to him!" said a hardy looking eighty-eighth man, wiping his eyes with the cuff of his coat as he spoke.

"Not your major? not Major O'Shaughnessy!" said I, jumping up, and rushing towards the litter. Alas! too true, it was the gallant fellow himself; there he lay, pale and cold; his bloodless cheek and parted lips looking like death itself. A thin blue rivulet trickled down his forehead, but his most serious wound appeared to be in the side; his coat was open, and showed a mass of congealed and clotted blood, from the midst of which, with every motion of the way, a fresh stream kept welling upward. Whether from the shock, or my loss of blood, or from both together, I know not, but I sank fainting to the ground.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

It would have needed a clearer brain and a cooler judgment than I possessed, to have conjectured where I was, and what had occurred to me when next I recovered my senses. Weak, fevered, and with a burning thirst, I lay, unable to move, and could merely perceive the objects which lay within the immediate reach of my vision. The place was cold,

calm, and still as the grave. A lamp which hung high above my head, threw a faint light around, and showed me, within a niche of the opposite wall, the figure of a gorgeously dressed female: she appeared to be standing motionless, but, as the pale light flickered upon her features, I thought I could detect the semblance of a smile. The splendour of her costume, and the glittering gems which shone upon her spotless robe, gleamed through the darkness with an almost supernatural brilliancy, and so beautiful did she look, so calm her pale features, that, as I opened and shut my eyes and rubbed my lids, I scarcely dared to trust my erring senses, and believe it could be real. What could it mean! Whence this silence—this cold sense of awe and reverence; was it a dream! was it the fitful vision of a disordered intellect! Could it be death! My eyes were rivetted upon that beautiful figure: I essayed to speak, but could not: I would have beckoned her toward me, but my hands refused their office. I felt I know not what charm she possessed to calm my throbbing brain and burning heart; but, as I turned from the gloom and darkness around, to gaze upon her fair brow and unmoved features, I felt like the prisoner who turns from the cheerless desolation of his cell, and looks upon the fair world and the smiling valleys lying sunlit and shadowed before him.

Sleep at length came over me; and when I awoke, the day seemed breaking, for a faint gray tint stole through a stained glass window, and fell in many coloured patches upon the pavement. A low muttering sound attracted me; I listened—it was Mike's voice. With difficulty raising myself upon one arm, I endeavoured to see more around me. Scarcely had I assumed this position, when my eyes once more fell upon the white-clad figure of the preceding night. At her feet knelt Mike, his hands clasped, and his head bowed upon his bosom. Shall I confess my surprise—my disappointment! It was no other than an image of the blessed virgin, decked out in all the gorgeous splendour which Catholic piety bestows upon her saints. The features, which the imperfect light and my more imperfect faculties had endowed with an expression of calm angelic beauty, were to my waking senses but the cold and barren mockery of loveliness: the eyes, which my excited brain gifted with looks of tenderness and pity, stared with no speculation in them; yet, contrasting my feelings of the night before, full as they were of their deceptions, with my now waking thoughts, I longed once more for that delusion which threw a dreamy pleasure over me, and subdued the stormy passions of my soul into rest and repose.

"Who knows," thought I, "but he who kneels yonder feels now as I did then? Who can tell how little the cold unmeaning reality before him resembles the spiritualised creation the fervor of his love and the ardour of his devotion may have placed upon that altar! Who can limit or bound the depth of that adoration for an object whose attributes appeal not only to every sentiment of the h art, but also to every sense of the brain! I fancy that I can picture to myself how these tinselled relics, these tasteless wax works, changed by the magic of devotion and of dread, become to the humble worshipper images of loveliness and beauty. The dim religious light; the reverberating footsteps echoed along those solemn aisles; the vaulted arches, into whose misty heights the sacred incense floats upward, while the deep organ is pealing its notes of praise or prayer: these are no slight accessaries to all the pomp and grandeur of a church, whose forms and ceremonial, unchanged for ages, and hallowed by a thousand associations, appeal to the mind of the humblest peasant or the proudest noble, by all the weaknesses as by all the more favoured features of our nature."

How long I might have continued to meditate in this strain I know not, when a muttered observation from Mike turned the whole current of my thoughts. His devotion over, he had seated himself upon the steps of the altar, and appeared to be resolving some doubts within himsef concerning his late pious duty.

"Masses is dearer here than in Galway. Father Rush would be well pleased at two and sixpence for what I paid three doubloons for this morning. And sure it's droll enough. How expensive an amusement it is to kill the French. Here's half a dollar I gave for the soul of a cuirassier that I kilt yesterday, and nearly twice as much for an artillery man I cut down at the guns; and because the villain swore like a heythen, Father Pedro told me he'd cost more nor if he died like a decent man."

At these words he turned suddenly round towards the virgin, and crossing himself devoutly, added—

"And sure it's yourself knows if it's fair to make me pay for devils that don't know their duties; and, after all, if you don't understand English nor Irish, I've been wasting my time here this two hours."

"I say, Mike, how's the major? How's Major O'Shaughnessy?"

"Charmingly, sir. It was only loss of blood that ailed him: a thief with a pike—one of the chaps they call Poles, bekase of the long sticks they carry with them—stuck the major in the ribs; but Doctor Quill—God reward him! he's a great doctor, and a funny devil too—he cured him in no time."

"And where is he now, Mike?"

"Just convanient, in a small chapel off the sacristy; and throuble enough we have to keep him quiet. He gave up the *con*fusion of roses and took to punch; and faith it isn't hymns nor pasalms (psalms) he'a singing all night. And they had me there mixing materials and singing songs till I heard the bell for matins, and, what between the punch and the prayers, I never closed my eyes."

"What do they call the convent?"

"It is a hard word, I misremember; it's something like saltpetre, But how's your honor? it's time to ask."

"Much better, Mike; much better. But, as I see that either your drink or your devotion seems to have affected your nerves, you'd better lie down for an hour or two. I shall not want you."

"That's just what I can't; for you see I'm making a song for this evening. The Rangers has a little supper, and I'm to be there: and, though I've made one, I'm not sure it 'll do. Maybe your honor would give me your opinion about it?"

"With all my heart, Mike: let's hear it."

"Arrah! is it here! before the virgin and the two blessed saints that's up there in the glass cases! But sure, when they make an hospital of the place, and after the major's songs last night—"

"Exactly so, Mike; out with it."

"Well, ma'am," said he, turning towards the virgin, "as I suspect you don't know English, maybe

you'll think it's my offices I'm singing. So, saving your favour, here it is"—

MR. FREE'S SONG.

AIR—"*Arrah, Catty, now, can't you be asy?*"

"Oh what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
And the gallant fourteenth is disbanded,
Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
When safely in Ireland I'm landed.
With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
I'll drive the young girl's half crazy;
And some cute one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
Mister Free, now—'*why can't you be asy?*'

"I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
And destroyed them all at 'Talavera,'
And then I'll just add, how we finished the night,
In learning to dance the 'bolera;'
How by the moonshine, we drank raal wine,
And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
'Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy?*'

"I'll tell how the nights, with Sir Arthur we spent,
Around a big fire in the air too,
Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,
Exactly like Donnybrook fair too;
How he'd call out to me—'pass the wine, Mr. Free,
For you're a man never is lazy!'
Then some one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
'Arrah, Mickey dear—*can't you be asy?*'

"I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
'But, acushla,' says I, 'the truth is I'm shy!
There's a lady in Ballymacrazy!
And I swore on the book'—he gave me a look,
And cried, Mickey—'*now can't you be asy?*'

"Arrah! Mickey, now can't you be *asy!*" sang out a voice in chorus, and the next moment Dr. Quill himself made his appearance.

"Well, O'Malley, is it a penitential psalm you're singing, or is my friend Mike endeavouring to raise your spirits with a Galway sonata?"

"A little bit of his own muse, doctor, nothing more; but tell me, how goes it with the major—is the poor fellow out of danger?"

"Except from the excess of his appetite, I know of no risk he runs. His servant is making gruel for him all day in a thing like the grog tub of a frigate: but you've heard the news—Sparks has been exchanged; he came here last night, but the moment he caught sight of me, he took his departure. Begad I'm sure he'd rather pass a month in Verdun than a week in my company.

"By-the-bye, doctor, you never told me how this same antipathy of Sparks for you had its origin."

"Sure I drove him out of the tenth before he was three weeks with the regiment."

"Ay, I remember you began the story for me one night on the retreat from the Coa, but something broke it off in the middle."

"Just so; I was sent for to the rear to take off some gentlemen's legs that wern't in dancing condition; but, as there's no fear of interruption now, I'll finish the story. But, first, let us have a peep at the wounded. What beautiful anatomists they are in the French artillery. Do you feel the thing I have now in my forceps—there, don't jump—that's a bit of the brachial nerve, most beautifully displayed—faith, I think I'll give Mike a demonstration."

"Oh! misther Quill dear! Oh! doctor darling!"

"Arrah! Mickey, now can't ye be aisy?" sang out Maurice, with a perfect imitation of Mike's voice and manner.

"A little lint here—bend your arm—that's it—don't move your fingers. Now, Mickey, make me a cup of coffee with a glass of brandy in it. And now, Charley, for Sparks. I believe I told you what kind of fellows the tenth were—regular out and outers; we hadn't three men in the regiment that were not from the south of Ireland; the *Bocca Corkana* on their lips, fun and devilment in their eyes, and more drollery and humbug in their hearts, than in all the messes in the service put together. No man had any chance among them if he wasn't a real droll one: every man wrote his own songs, and sang them too: it was no small promotion could tempt a fellow to exchange out of the corps. You may think, then, what a prize your friend Sparks proved to us; we held a court martial upon him the week after he joined; it was proved in evidence that he had never said a good thing in his life, and had about as much notion of a joke as a Cherokee has of the Court of Chancery; and, as to singing, Lord bless you! he had a tune with wooden turns to it, it was most cruel to hear; and then the look of him: those eyes, like dropsical oysters, and the hair standing every way, like a field of insane flax, and the mouth, with a curl in it like the slit in the side of a fiddle. A pleasant fellow that for a mess, that always boasted the best looking chaps in the service."

"'What's to be done with him?' said the major; 'shall we tell him we are ordered to India, and terrify him about his liver?'

"'Or drill him into a hectic fever?'

"'Or drink him dry?'

"'Or get him into a fight, and wing him?'

"'Oh no,' said I, 'leave him to me: we'll laugh him out of the corps.'

"'Yes, we'll leave him to you, Maurice,' said the rest.'

"'And that day week you might read in the Gazette, 'Pierce Flynn O'Hagerty, to be ensign, tenth foot, *vice* Sparks exchanged'"

"But how was it done, Maurice? You haven't told me that."

"Nothing easier. I affected great intimacy with Sparks; bemoaned our hard fate, mutually, in being attached to such a regiment, a damnable corps this—low, vulgar fellows—practical jokes: not the kind of thing one expects in the army. But, as for me, I've joined it partly from necessity. You, however, who might be in a crack regiment, I can't conceive your remaining in it."

"'But why did you join, doctor?' said he; 'what necessity could have induced you.'

"'Ah! my friend,' said I, '*that* is the secret; *that* is the hidden grief that must lie buried in my own bosom.'

"I saw that his curiosity was excited, and took every means to increase it further. At length, as if yielding to a sudden impulse of friendship, and

having sworn him to secrecy, I took him aside, and began thus:

"'I may trust you, Sparks, I feel I may, and when I tell you that my honour, my reputation, my whole fortune is at stake, you will judge of the importance of the trust.'

"The goggle eyes rolled fearfully, and his features exhibited the most craving anxiety to hear my story.

"'You wish to know why I left the fifty-sixth. Now I'll tell you, but mind, you're pledged, you're sworn, never to divulge it.'

"'Honor bright.'

"'There, that's enough: I'm satisfied. It was a slight infraction of the articles of war; a little breach of the rules and regulations of the service; a trifling misconception of the mess code: they caught me one evening leaving the mess with—what do you think in my pocket? but you'll never tell! No, no, I know you'll not; eight forks, and a gravy spoon; silver forks every one of them; devil a lie in it.'

"'There now,' said I, grasping his hand, 'you have my secret; my fame and character are in your hands; for, you see, they made me quit the regiment; a man can't stay in a corps where he is laughed at.'

"Covering my face with my handkerchief, as if to conceal my shame, I turned away and left Sparks to his meditations. That same evening we happened to have some strangers at mess, the bottle was passing freely round, and, as usual, the good spirits of the party at the top of their bent, when suddenly, from the lower end of the table, a voice was heard demanding, in tones of the most pompous importance, permission to address the president upon a topic where the honour of the whole regiment was concerned.

"'I rise, gentlemen,' said Mr. Sparks, 'with feelings the most painful, whatever may have been the laxity of habit and freedom of conversation habitual in this regiment, I never believed that so flagrant an instance as this morning came to my ears ——'

"'Oh! murder,' said I; 'Oh, Sparks darling, sure you're not going to tell?'

"'Doctor Quill,' replied he in an austere tone, 'it is impossible for me to conceal it.'

"'Oh! Sparks dear, will you betray me?'

"I gave him here a look of the most imploring entreaty, to which he replied by one of unflinching sternness.

"'I have made up my mind, sir,' continued he; 'it is possible the officers of this corps may look more leniently than I do upon this transaction; but know it they shall.'

"'Out with it, Sparks—tell it by all means,' cried a number of voices, for it was clear to every one, by this time, that he was involved in a hoax.

"Amid, therefore, a confused volley of entreaty on one side, and my reiterated prayers for his silence on the other, Sparks thus began:

"'Are you aware, gentlemen, why Dr. Quill left the fifty-sixth?'

"'No, no, no,' rang from all sides, 'let's have it.'

"'No, sir!' said he, turning toward me, 'concealment is impossible—an officer detected with the mess plate in his pocket'—

"They never let him finish, for a roar of laughter shook the table from one end to the other, while Sparks, horror struck at the lack of feeling and propriety that could make men treat such a matter with ridicule, glared around him on every side.

"'Oh! Maurice, Maurice,' cried the major, wiping his eyes, 'this is too bad—this is too bad.'

"'Gracious heaven!' screamed Sparks, 'can you laugh at it?'

"'Laugh at it,' re-echoed the paymaster. 'God grant I only don't burst a blood vessel;' and, once more, the sounds of merriment rang out anew, and lasted for several minutes.

"'Oh! Maurice Quill,' cried an old captain, 'you've been too heavy on the lad; why, Sparks, man, he's been humbugging you.'

"Scarcely were the words spoken when he sprang from the room; the whole truth flashed at once upon his mind; in an instant he saw that he had exposed himself to the merciless ridicule of a mess table, and that all peace for him in that regiment at least was over.

"We got a glorious fellow in exchange for him; and Sparks descended into a cavalry regiment—I ask your pardon, Charley—where, as you are well aware, sharp wit and quick intellect are by no means indispensable. There now don't be angry, or you'll do yourself harm: so good-by for an hour or two."

## CHAPTER XCVIII.—The Count's Letter.

O'Shaughnessy's wound, like my own, was happily only formidable from the loss of blood. The sabre or the lance are rarely, indeed, so death-dealing as the musket or the bayonet; and the murderous fire from a square of infantry is far more terrific in its consequences than the heaviest charge of a cavalry column. In a few weeks, therefore, we were once more about, and fit for duty: but, for the present, the campaign was ended; the rainy season, with the attendant train of sickness and sorrow set in; the troops were cantoned along the line of the frontier, the infantry occupying the villages, and the cavalry being stationed wherever forage could be obtained.

The fourteenth were posted at Avintas; but I saw little of them: I was continually employed upon the staff; and, as General Crawford's activity suffered no diminution from the interruption of the campaign, rarely passed a day without being eight or nine hours on horseback.

The preparations for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo occupied our undivided attention. To the reduction of this fortress and of Badajos, Lord Wellington looked as the most important objects, and prosecuted his plans with unremitting zeal. To my staff appointment I owed the opportunity of witnessing that stupendous feature of war, a siege; and, as many of my friends formed a part of the blockading force, I spent more than one night in the trenches. Indeed, except for this, the tiresome monotony of life was most irksome at this period. Day after day the incessant rain poured down; the supplies were bad, scanty, and irregular; the hospitals crowded with sick; field-sports impracticable; books there were none; and a dulness and spiritless depression prevailed on every side. Those who were actively engaged around Ciudad Rodrigo had, of course, the excitement and interest which the enterprise involved: but even there, the works made slow progress; the

breaching artillery was defective in every way; the rain undermined the fasces of the bastions; the clayey soil sank beneath the weight of the heavy guns; and the storms of one night frequently destroyed more than a whole week's labour had effected.

Thus passed the dreary months along; the cheeriest and gayest among us broken in spirit, and subdued in heart, by the tedium of our life. The very news which reached us partook of the gloomy features of our prospects: we heard only of strong reinforcements marching to the support of the French in Estremadura; we were told that the emperor, whose successes in Germany enabled him to turn his entire attention to the Spanish campaign, would himself be present in the coming spring, with overwhelming odds, and a firm determination to drive us from the peninsula.

In that frame of mind which such gloomy and depressing prospects are well calculated to suggest, I was returning one night to my quarters at Mucia, when suddenly I beheld Mike galloping toward me with a large packet in his hand, which he held aloft to catch my attention. "Letters from England, sir," said he; "just arrived with the general's despatches." I broke the envelope at once, which bore the war-office seal, and as I did so, a perfect avalanche of letters fell at my feet: the first which caught my eye was an official intimation from the Horse Guards, that the Prince Regent had been graciously pleased to confirm my promotion to the troop, my commission to bear date from the appointment, &c., &c. I could not help feeling struck, as my eye ran rapidly across the lines, that although the letter came from Sir George Dashwood's office, it contained not a word of congratulation nor remembrance on his part, but was couched in the usual cold and formal language of an official document. Impatient, however, to look over my other letters, I thought but little of this; so throwing them hurriedly into my sabertash, I cantered on to my quarters without delay. Once more alone and in silence, I sat down to commune with my far-off friends; and, yet, with all my anxiety to hear of home, passed several minutes in turning over the letters, guessing from whom they might have come, and picturing to myself their contents. Ah! Frank Webber, I recognise your slap-dash, bold hand, without the aid of the initials in the corner; and this—what can it be?—this queer, mis-shapen thing, representing nothing save the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, and the address seemingly put on with a cat's-tail dipped in lampblack? Yes! true enough, it is for Misther Free himself; and what have we here? this queer, quaint hand is no new acquaintance: how many a time have I looked upon it as the *ne plus ultra* of caligraphy! But here is one I'm not so sure of: who could have written this bolt-upright, old-fashioned superscription; not a letter of which seems on speaking terms with its neighbour—the very O absolutely turns its back upon the M, in O'Malley, and the final Y wags his tail with a kind of independent shake, as if he did not care a curse for his predecessors! and the seal, too: surely I know that griffin's head, and the stern motto—"*non rogo sed capio*." To be sure, it is Billy Considine's, the Count himself. The very paper, yellow and time-stained, looks coeval with his youth, and I could even venture to wager that his sturdy pen was nibbed half a century since. I'll not look further among this confused mass of three-cornered billets, and long, treacherous-looking epistles, the very folding of which denote the dun: here goes for the Count! So saying to myself, I drew closer to the fire, and began the following epistle:

"O'MALLEY CASTLE, Nov. 3d.

"Dear Charley—Here we sit in the little parlour, with your last letter, 'The Times,' and a big map before us, drinking your health, and wishing you a long career of the same glorious success you have hitherto enjoyed. Old as I am—eighty-two or eighty-three (I forget which) in June—I envy you with all my heart. Luck has stood to you, my boy; and, if a French sabre or a bayonet finish you now, you've at least had a splendid burst of it. I was right in my opinion of you, and Godfrey himself owns it now—a lawyer indeed! Bad luck to them! we've had enough of lawyers: there's old Henessy—honest Jack, as they used to call him—that your uncle trusted for the last forty years, has raised eighteen thousand pounds on the title-deeds——and gone off to America. The old scoundrel——but it's no use talking: the blow is a sore one to Godfrey, and the gout more troublesome than ever. Drumgold is making a motion in Chancery about it, to break the sale, and the tenants are in open rebellion, and swear they'll murther a receiver, if one is sent down among them. Indeed, they came in such force into Galway, during the assizes, and did so much mischief that the cases for trial were adjourned, and the judges left, with a military escort to protect them. This, of course, is gratifying to our feelings; for, thank Providence, there is some good in the world yet. Kilmurry was sold last week for twelve thousand. Andy Blake would foreclose the mortgage, although we offered him every kind of satisfaction. This has done Godfrey a deal of harm; and some pitiful economy—taking only two bottles of claret after his dinner—has driven the gout to his head. They've been telling him he'd lengthen his days by this, and I tried it myself, and faith it was the longest day I ever spent in my life. I hope and trust you take your liquor like a gentleman—and an Irish gentleman.

"Kinshela, we hear, has issued an execution against the house and furniture; but the attempt to sell the demesne nearly killed your uncle. It was advertised in a London paper, and an offer made for it by an old general, whom you may remember when down here. Indeed, if I mistake not, he was rather kind to you in the beginning. It would appear he did not wish to have his name known, but we found him out, and such a letter as we sent him! It's little liking he'll have to buy a Galway gentleman's estate over his head, that same Sir George Dashwood. Godfrey offered to meet him any where he pleased, and, if the doctor thought he could bear the sea voyage, he'd even go over to Holyhead; but the sneaking fellow sent an apologetic kind of a letter, with some humbug excuse about very different motives, &c. But we've done with him, and I think he with us."

When I had read thus far, I laid down the letter, unable to go on; the accumulated misfortunes of one I loved best in the world following so fast one upon another; the insult, unprovoked, gratuitous insult to him upon whom my hopes of future happiness so much depended, completely overwhelmed me. I tried to continue: alas! the catalogue of evils went on;

each line bore testimony to some further wreck of fortune—some clearer evidence of a ruined house.

All that my gloomiest and darkest forebodings had pictured was come to pass; sickness, poverty, harassing, unfeeling creditors, treachery and ingratitude were goading to madness and despair a spirit whose kindliness of nature was unequalled. The shock of blasted fortunes was falling upon the dying heart; the convictions which a long life had never brought home, that men were false, and their words a lie, were stealing over the man, upon the brink of the grave; and he who had loved his neighbour like a brother was to be taught, at the eleventh hour, that the beings he trusted were perjured and forsworn.

A more unsuitable adviser than Considine, in difficulties like these, there could not be; his very contempt for all the forms of law and justice, was sufficient to embroil my poor uncle still further, so that I resolved at once to apply for leave, and, if refused, and no other alternative offered, to leave the service. It was not without a sense of sorrow bordering on despair, that I came to this determination. My soldier's life had become a passion with me: I loved it for its bold and chivalrous enthusiasm, its hour of battle and strife, its days of endurance and hardship; its trials, its triumphs, its very reverses were endeared by those they were shared with; and the spirit of adventure, and the love of danger—that most exciting of all gambling—had now entwined themselves in my very nature: to surrender all these at once, and to exchange the daily, hourly enthusiasm of a campaign for the prospects now before me, was almost maddening. But still a sustaining sense of duty of what I owed to him who, in his love, had sacrificed all for me, overpowered every other consideration: my mind was made up.

Father Rush's letter was little more than a recapitulation of the count's. Debt, distress, sickness, and the heartburnings of altered fortunes filled it, and when I closed it, I felt like one over all whose views in life a dark and ill-omened cloud was closing for ever. Webber's I could not read: the light and cheerful raillery of a friend would have seemed, at such a time, like the cold, unfeeling sarcasm of an enemy. I sat down, at last, to write the general, enclosing my application for leave; and begging of him to forward it, with a favourable recommendation, to head-quarters.

This done, I lay down upon my bed, and overcome by fatigue and fretting, fell asleep to dream of my home and those I had left there, which, strangely, too, were presented to my mind with all the happy features that made them so dear to my infancy.

---

## CHAPTER XCIX.—The Trenches.

"I have not had time, O'Malley, to think of your application," said Crawford, "nor is it likely I can for a day or two. Read that." So saying, he pushed towards me a note, written in pencil, which ran thus:

Ciudad Rodrigo, 18th December.

"Dear C.:—Fletcher tells me, that the breaches will be practicable by to-morrow evening, and I think so myself. Come over then at once, for we shall not lose any time. "Yours, "W."

"I have some despatches for your regiment, but if you prefer coming along with me——"

"My dear general, dare I ask for such a favour?"

"Well, come along: only remember that, although my division will be engaged, I cannot promise you any thing to do; so now, get your horses ready; let's away."

It was in the afternoon of the following day that we rode into the large plain before Ciudad Rodrigo, and in which the allied armies were now assembled to the number of twelve thousand men. The loud booming of the siege artillery had been heard by me for some hours before; but, notwithstanding this prelude and my own high-wrought expectations, I was far from anticipating the magnificent spectacle which burst upon my astonished view. The air was calm and still; a clear blue wintry sky stretched over head, but, below, the dense blue smoke of the deafening guns rolled in mighty volumes along the earth, and entirely concealed the lower part of the fortress; above this the tall towers and battlemented parapets rose into the thin transparent sky, like fairy palaces. A bright flash of flame would now and then burst forth from the walls, and a clanging crash of the brass metal he heard; but the unceasing roll of our artillery nearly drowned all other sounds, save when a loud cheer would burst from the trenches; while the clattering fall of masonry, and the crumbling stones as they rolled down, bespoke the reason of the cry. The utmost activity prevailed on all sides; troops pressed forward to the reliefs in the parallels; ammunition wagons moved to the front; general and staff officers rode furiously about the plain; and all betokened that the hour of attack was no longer far distant.

While all parties were anxiously awaiting the decision of our chief, the general order was made known, which, after briefly detailing the necessary arrangements, concluded with the emphatic words, "Ciudad Rodrigo *must* be stormed to-night." All speculation as to the troops to be engaged in this daring enterprise, was soon at an end; for, with his characteristic sense of duty, Lord Wellington made no invidious selection, but merely commanded that the attack should be made by whatever divisions might chance to be that day in the trenches. Upon the third and light divisions, therefore, this glorious task devolved; the former was to attack the main breach; to Crawford's division was assigned the, if possible, more difficult enterprise of carrying the lesser one, while Pack's Portuguese brigade were to menace the convent of La Caridad by a feint attack, to be converted into a real one, if circumstances should permit.

The decision, however matured and comprehensive in all its details, was finally adopted so suddenly that every staff-officer upon the ground was actively engaged during the entire evening in conveying the orders to the different regiments. As the day drew to a close the cannonade slackened on either side, a solitary gun would be heard at intervals, and, in the calm stillness around, its booming thunder re-echoed along the valleys of the Sierra; but, as the moon rose and night set in, these were no longer heard, and a perfect stillness and tranquillity prevailed around. Even in the trenches, crowded with armed and anxious soldiers, not a whisper was heard; and, amid that mighty host which filled the plan, the tramp of

a patrol could be distinctly noted, and the hoarse voice of the French sentry upon the walls, telling that all was well in Ciudad Rodrigo.

The massive fortress looming larger as its dark shadow stood out from the sky, was still as the grave; while in the greater breach a faint light was seen to twinkle for a moment, and then suddenly to disappear, leaving all gloomy and dark as before.

Having been sent with orders to the third division, of which the eighty-eighth formed a part, I took the opportunity of finding out O'Shaughnessy, who was himself to lead an escalade party in M'Kinnon's brigade. He sprang towards me as I came forward, and, grasping my hand with more than usual earnestness, called out, "the very man I wanted! Charley my boy, do us a service now!"

Before I could reply, he continued in a low tone, "A young fellow of ours, Harry Beauclerc, has been badly wounded in the trenches, but, by some blunder, his injury is reported as a slight one, and, although the poor fellow can scarcely stand, he insists upon going with the stormers."

"Come here, major! come here!" cried a voice at a little distance.

"Follow me, O'Malley," cried O'Shaughnessy, moving in the direction of the speaker.

By the light of a lantern we could descry two officers, kneeling upon the ground; between them on the grass lay the figure of a third, upon whose features, as the pale light fell, the hand of death seemed rapidly stealing. A slight froth, tinged with blood, rested on his lip, and the florid blood, which stained the buff facing of the uniform, indicated that his wound was through the lungs.

"He has fainted," said one of the officers in a low tone.

"Are you certain it is fainting?" said the other, in a still lower.

"You see how it is, Charley," said O'Shaughnessy; "this poor boy must be carried to the rear. Will you then, like a kind fellow, hasten back to Colonel Campbell and mention the fact. It will kill Beauclerc, should any doubt rest upon his conduct, if he ever recover this."

While he spoke, four soldiers of the regiment place the wounded officer in a blanket. A long sigh escaped him, and he muttered a few broken words.

"Poor fellow! it's his mother he's talking of. He only joined a month since, and he is a mere boy. Come, O'Malley, lose no time. By Jove! it is too late, there goes the first rocket for the columns to form. In ten minutes more the stormers must fall in."

"What's the matter, Giles," said he to one of the officers, who had stopped the soldiers as they were moving off with their burden; what is it?"

"I have been cutting the white tape off his arm; for, if he sees it on waking, he'll remember all about the storming."

"Quite right—thoughtfully done!" said the other; "but who is to lead his fellows? He was in the forlorn hope."

"I'll do it," cried I with eagerness. "Come, O'Shaughnessy, you'll not refuse me——"

"Refuse you, boy!" said he, grasping my hand with both of his. "Never! but you must change your coat. The gallant eighty-eighth will never mistake their countryman's voice. But your uniform will be devilish likely to get you a bayonet through it, so come back with me, and we'll make you a ranger in no time."

"I can give your friend a cap."

"And I," said the other, "a brandy flask, which, after all, is not the worst part of a storming equipage."

"I hope," said O'Shaughnessy, "they may find Maurice in the rear. Beauclerc's all safe in his hands."

"That they'll not," said Giles, "you may swear. Quill is this moment in the trenches, and will not be the last man in the breach."'

"Follow me now, lads," said O'Shaughnessy, in a low voice. "Our fellows are at the angle of this trench. Who the deuce can that be, talking so loud?"

"It must be Maurice," said Giles.

The question was soon decided by the doctor himself, who appeared giving directions to his hospital-sergeant.

"Yes, Peter, take the tools up to a convenient spot near the breach. There's many a snug corner there in the ruins, and, although we mayn't have as good an operation-room as in old 'Stephens's,' yet we'll beat them hollow in cases."

"Listen to the fellow," said Giles, with a shudder. "The thought of his confounded thumb-screws and tourniquets is worse to me than a French howitzer."

"The devil a kinder hearted fellow than Maurice," said O'Shaughnessy, "for all that; and, if his heart was to be known this moment, he'd rather handle a sword than a saw."

"True for you, Dennis," said Quill, overhearing him; "but we are both useful in our way, as the hangman said to Lord Clare."

"But should you not be in the rear, Maurice?" said I.

"You are right, O'Malley," said he, in a whisper; but you see I owe the Cork Insurance Company a spite, for making me pay a gout premium, and that's the reason I'm here. I warned them at the time that their stinginess would come to no good."

"I say, Captain O'Malley," said Giles, "I find I can't be as good as my word with you; my servant has moved to the rear with all my traps."

"What is to be done?" said I.

"Is it shaving utensils you want?" said Maurice. "Would a scalpel serve your turn?"

"No, doctor, I'm going to take a turn of duty with your fellows to-night."

"In the breach?—with the stormers?"

"With the forlorn hope," said O'Shaughnessy. "Beauclerc is so badly wounded that we've sent him back, and Charley, like a good fellow, has taken his place."

"Martin told me," said Maurice, "that Beauclerc was only stunned, but, upon my conscience, the hospital mates now-a-days are no better than the watchmakers; they can't tell what's wrong with the instrument, till they pick it to pieces. Whiz——there goes a blue light."

"Move on; move on; whispered O'Shaughnessy; they're telling off the stormers. That rocket is the order to fall in."

"But what am I to do for a coat?"

"Take mine, my boy," said Maurice, throwing off an upper garment of coarse gray frieze, as he spoke.

"There's a neat bit of uniform," continued he, turning himself round for our admiration; "don't I look mighty like the pictures of George the First, at the battle of Dettingen!"

A burst of approving laughter was our only answer to this speech, while Maurice proceeded to denude himself of his most extraordinary garment.

"What, in the name of Heaven, is it!" said I.

"Don't despise it, Charley; it knows the smell of gunpowder as well as any bit of scarlet in the service," while he added in a whisper, "it's the ould Roscommon yeomanry. My uncle commanded them in the year '42, and this was his coat. I don't mean to say that it was new then, for you see it's a kind of heir-loom in the Quill family, and it's not every one I'd be giving it to."

"A thousand thanks, Maurice," said I, as I buttoned it on, amid an ill-suppressed titter of laughter.

"It fits you like a sentry box," said Maurice, as he surveyed me with his lantern. "The skirts separate behind in the most picturesque manner, and, when you button the collar, it will keep your head up so high, that the devil a bit you'll see except the blessed moon. It's a thousand pities you haven't the three-cocked hat, with the feather trimming. If you wouldn't frighten the French, my name's not Maurice."

"Turn about here till I admire you. If you only saw yourself in a glass, you'd never join the dragoons again. And look now, don't be exposing yourself, for I wouldn't have those blue facings destroyed for a week's pay."

"Ah, then, it's yourself is the darlin, doctor dear," said a voice behind me. I turned round; it was Mickey Free, who was standing with a most profound admiration of Maurice, beaming in every feature of his face. "It's yourself has a joke for every hour o' the day."

"Get to the rear, Mike, get to the rear with the cattle; this is no place for you or them."

"Good night, Mickey," said Maurice.

"Good night! your honour," muttered Mike to himself; "may I never die till you set a leg for me."

"Are you dressed for the ball?" said Maurice, fastening the white tape upon my arm. "There now, my boy, move on, for I think I hear Picton's voice; not that it signifies now, for he's always in a heavenly temper when any one's going to be killed. I'm sure he'd behave like an angel, if he only knew the ground was mined under his feet."

"Charley, Charley," cried out O'Shaughnessy, in a suppressed voice, "come up quickly."

"No. 24, John Forbes—here! Edward Gillespie—here!"

"Who leads this party, Major O'Shaughnessy?"

"Mr. Beauclerc, sir," replied O'Shaughnessy, pushing me forward by the arm while he spoke.

"Keep your people together, sir: spare the powder, and trust to your cold iron." He grasped my hand within his iron grip, and rode on.

"Who was it Dennis?" said I.

"Don't you know him, Charley? that was Picton."

## CHAPTER C.

### The storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance, when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move.

It came at last: the word "march!" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant, from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive, be dealt on all sides. The hurried fitful thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to heaven, while, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulchre.

Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward.

All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said M'Kinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoken, when a musket, whose charge contrary to orders had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upward towards the sky.—For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns, compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain.

A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the adders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides;

the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch breathless, hesitating, and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonizing cries of the wounded and the dying, rent our very hearts.

"Make way there! make way! here comes Mackie's party," cried an officer in front, and as he spoke the forlorn hope of the eighty-eighth came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made towards the breach; the supporting division of stormers gave one inspiriting cheer, and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear. Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree compare: the whole ground, covered with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clangour of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yell of those in whose ranks alone the dying and the dead were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled; the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way.

By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well-known leader fell dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose notes I was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death-cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy, triumphed in derision at the effort.

"Stormers, to the front! only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet," cried a voice, whose almost cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death notes around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on, a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and the dying, bounded like blood-hounds on their prey. Meanwhile, the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, and bravely held their ground. Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death struggle of vengeance and despair. At this instant an explosion louder than the loudest thunder shook the air; the rent and torn up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims: for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying, The artillery and the murderous musketry were stilled, paralysed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them: both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met: the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.

---

## SHEEP ON THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

Graze on, graze on—there comes no sound
Of border warfare here;
No slogan cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe or spear.
No belted knight in armour bright,
With glance of kindling ire,
Doth change the sport of Chevy Chase
To conflict stern and dire.

Say, know ye that ye press the spot
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches, in his pride,
The "chiefest harts" to slay!
And where the stout Earl Douglass rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
To stay the invader's deed!

Graze on, graze on—there's many a rill
Wild wandering through the glade,
Where you may freely slake your thirst,
With none to make afraid:
There's many a murmuring stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Distains its crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feuds
That made their noblest bleed;
And like two friends, around whose hearts
Some brief estrangement run,
Love all the closer for the past,
And sit them down as one.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

Pondering on his unhappy lot, Joe sat and listened for a long time, expecting every moment to hear their creaking footsteps on the stairs, or to be greeted by his worthy father with a summons to capitulate unconditionally, and deliver himself up straightway. But neither voice nor footstep came; and though some distant echoes, as of closing doors and people hurrying in and out of rooms, resounding from time to time through the great passages, and penetrating to his remote seclusion, gave note of unusual commotion down stairs, no nearer sound disturbed his place of retreat, which seemed the quieter for these far-off noises, and was as dull and full of gloom as any hermit's cell.

It came on darker and darker. The old-fashioned furniture of the chamber, which was a kind of hospital for all the invalided movables in the house, grew indistinct and shadowy in its many shapes; chairs and tables, which by day were as honest cripples as need be, assumed a doubtful and mysterious character; and one old leprous screen of faded India leather and gold binding, which had kept out many a cold breath of air in days of yore and shut in many a jolly face, frowned on him with a spectral aspect, and stood at full height in its allotted corner, like some gaunt ghost who waited to be questioned. A portrait opposite the window—a queer, old, gray-eyed general, in an oval frame—seemed to wink and doze as the light decayed, and at length when the last faint glimmering speck of day went out, to shut its eyes in good earnest and fall sound asleep. There was such a hush and mystery about every thing that Joe could not help following its example; and so went off into a slumber likewise, and dreamed of Dolly, until the clock of Chigwell church struck two.

Still nobody came. The distant noises in the house had ceased, and out of doors all was quiet; save for the occasional barking of some deep-mouthed dog, and the shaking of the branches by the night-wind. He gazed mournfully out of the window at each well-known object as it lay sleeping in the dim light of the moon; and creeping back to his former seat, thought about the late uproar, until, with long thinking of, it seemed to have occurred a month ago. Thus, between dozing and thinking, and walking to the window and looking out, the night wore away; the grim old screen, and the kindred chairs and tables, began slowly to reveal themselves in their accustomed forms; the gray-eyed general seemed to wink and yawn and rouse himself; and at last he was broad awake again, and very uncomfortable and cold and haggard he looked, in the dull gray light of morning.

The sun had begun to peep above the forest trees, and already flung across the curling mist bright bars of gold, when Joe dropped from his window on the ground below, a little bundle and his trusty stick, and prepared to descend himself.

It was not a very difficult task; for there were so many projections and gable ends in the way, that they formed a series of clumsy steps, with no greater obstacle than a jump of some few feet at least. Joe, with his stick and bundle on his shoulder, quickly stood on the firm earth, and looked up at the old Maypole, it might be for the last time.

He didn't apostrophise it, for he was no great scholar. He didn't curse it, for he had little ill-will to give to any thing on earth. He felt more affectionate and kind to it than ever he had done in all his life before, so said with all his heart, "God bless you!" as a parting wish, and turned away.

He walked along at a brisk pace, big with the great thoughts of going for a soldier and dying in some foreign country where it was very hot and sandy, and leaving God knows what unheard-of wealth in prize-money to Dolly, who would be very much affected when she came to know of it; and full of such youthful visions, which were sometimes sanguine and sometimes melancholy, but always had her for their main point and centre, pushed on vigorously until the noise of London sounded in his ears, and the Black Lion hove in sight.

It was only eight o'clock then, and very much astonished the Black Lion was, to see him come walking in with dust upon his feet at that early hour, with no gray mare to bear him company. But as he ordered breakfast to be got ready with all speed, and on its being set before him gave him indisputable tokens of a hearty appetite, the Lion received him, as usual, with a hospitable welcome; and treated him with those marks of distinction, which, as a regular customer, and one within the freemasonry of the trade, he had a right to claim.

This lion or landlord—for he was called both man and beast, by reason of his having instructed the artist who painted his sign, to convey into the features of the lordly brute whose effigy it bore, as near a counterpart of his own face as his skill could compass and devise—was a gentleman almost as quick of apprehension, and of almost as subtle a wit as the mighty John himself. But the difference between them lay in this, that whereas Mr. Willet's extreme sagacity and acuteness were the efforts of unassisted nature, the lion stood indebted, in no small amount, to beer, of which he swigged such copious draughts, that most of his faculties were utterly drowned and washed away, except the one great faculty of sleep, which he retained in surprising perfection. The creaking lion over the house door was, therefore, to say the truth, rather a drowsy, tame, and feeble lion; and as these social representatives of a savage class are usually of a conventional character, (being depicted, for the most part, in impossible attitudes and unearthly colours,) he was frequently supposed by the more ignorant and uninformed among the neighbours, to be the veritable portrait of the host as he appeared on the occasion of some great funeral ceremony or public mourning.

"What noisy fellow is that in the next room!" said Joe, when he had disposed of his breakfast, and had washed and brushed himself.

"A recruiting serjeant," replied the Lion.

Joe started involuntarily. Here was the very thing he had been dreaming of, all the way along.

"And I wish," said the Lion, "he was any where else but here. The party make noise enough, but they don't call for much. There's great cry there, Mr. Willet, but very little wool. Your father wouldn't like 'em, I know."

Perhaps not much under any circumstances.—

Perhaps if he could have known what was passing at that moment in Joe's mind, he would have liked them still less.

"Is he recruiting for a—for a fine regiment?" said Joe, glancing at a little round mirror that hung in the bar.

"I believe he is," replied the host. "It's much the same thing, whatever regiment he's recruiting for. I'm told there a'n't a deal of difference between a fine man and another one, when they're shot through and through."

"They're not all shot," said Joe.

"No," the Lion answered, "not all. Those that are—supposing it's done easy—are the best off in my opinion."

"Ah!" retorted Joe, "but you don't care for glory."

"For what?" said the Lion.

"Glory."

"No," returned the Lion, with supreme indifference. "I don't. You're right in that, Mr. Willet. When Glory comes here, and calls for any thing to drink, and changes a guinea to pay for it, I'll give it to him for nothing. It's my belief, sir, that the Glory's arms wouldn't do a very strong business."

These remarks were not at all comforting. Joe walked out, stopped at the door of the next room and listened. The serjeant was describing a military life. It was all drinking, he said, except that there were frequent intervals of eating and love-making. A battle was the finest thing in the world—when your side won it—and Englishmen always did that. "Supposing you should be killed, sir?" said a timid voice in one corner. "Well, sir, supposing you should be," said the serjeant, "what then? Your country loves you, sir; his Majesty King George the Third loves you; your memory is honoured, revered, respected; every body's fond of you, and grateful to you; your name's wrote down at full length in a book in the War Office. Damme, gentlemen, we must all die some time or another, eh?"

The voice coughed, and said no more.

Joe walked into the room. A group of half-a-dozen fellows had gathered together in the tap-room, and were listening with greedy ears. One of them, a carter in a smock frock, seemed wavering and disposed to enlist. The rest, who were by no means disposed, strongly urged him to do so (according to the custom of mankind,) backed the serjeant's arguments, and grinned among themselves. "I say nothing, boys," said the serjeant, who sat a little apart, drinking his liquor. "For lads of spirit,"—here he cast an eye on Joe—"this is the time. I don't want to inveigle you. The king's not come to that, I hope. Brisk young blood is what we want; not milk and water. We won't take five men out of six. We want top-sawyers, we do. I'm not a going to tell tales out of school, but, damme, if every gentleman's son that carries arms in our corps, through being under a cloud and having little differences with his relations, was counted up"—here his eye fell on Joe again, and so good-naturedly, that Joe beckoned him out. He came directly.

"You're a gentleman, by G—!" was his first remark, as he slapped him on the back. "You're a gentleman in disguise. So am I. Let's swear a friendship."

Joe did'nt exactly do that, but he shook hands with him, and thanked him for his good opinion.

"You want to serve," said his new friend. "You shall. You were made for it. You are one of us by nature. What'll you take to drink?"

"Nothing just now," replied Joe, smiling faintly. "I haven't quite made up my mind."

"A mettlesome fellow like you, and not made up his mind!" cried the serjeant. "Here—let me give the bell a pull, and you'll make up your mind in half a minute, I know."

"You're right, so far"—answered Joe, "for if you pull the bell here, where I'm known, there'll be an end of my soldiering inclinations in no time. Look in my face. You see me, do you?"

"I do," replied the serjeant with an oath, "and a finer young fellow or one better qualified to serve his king and country, I never set my—" he used an adjective in this place—"eyes on."

"Thank you," said Joe, "I didn't ask you for want of a compliment, but thank you all the same. Do I look like a sneaking fellow or a liar?"

The serjeant rejoined with many choice asseverations that he didn't; and that if his (the serjeant's) own father were to say he did, he would run the old gentleman through the body cheerfully, and consider it a meritorious action.

Joe expressed his obligation, and continued, "You can trust me then, and credit what I say. I believe I shall enlist in your regiment to-night. The reason I don't do so now is, because I don't want, until to-night, to do what I can't recall. Where shall I find you this evening?"

His friend replied with some unwillingness, and after much ineffectual entreaty having for its object the immediate settlement of the business, that his quarters would be at the Crooked Billet in Tower Street; where he would be found waking until midnight, and sleeping until breakfast time to-morrow.

"And if I do come—which it's a million to one I shall—when will you take me out of London?" demanded Joe.

"To-morrow morning, at half-past eight o'clock," replied the serjeant. "You'll go abroad—a country where it's all sunshine and plunder—the finest climate in the world."

"To go abroad," said Joe, shaking hands with him, "is the very thing I want. You may expect me."

"You're the kind of lad for us," cried the serjeant, holding Joe's hand in his, in the excess of his admiration. "You're the boy to push your fortune. I don't say it because I owe you any envy, or would take away from the credit of the rise you'll make, but if I'd been bred and taught like you, I'd have been a colonel by this time."

"Tush man!" said Joe, "I'm not so young as that. Needs must when the devil drives; and the devil that drives me is an empty pocket and an unhappy home. For the present, good-bye."

"For king and country!" cried the serjeant, flourishing his cap.

"For bread and meat!" cried Joe, snapping his fingers. And so they parted.

He had very little money in his pocket; so little, indeed, that, after paying for his breakfast (which

he was too honest and perhaps too proud to score up to his father's charge) he had but a penny left. He had courage, notwithstanding, to resist all the affectionate importunities of the serjeant, who waylaid him at the door with many protestations of eternal friendship, and did in particular request that he would do him the favour to accept of only one shilling as a temporary accommodation. Rejecting his offers both of cash and credit, Joe walked away with stick and bundle as before, bent upon getting through the day as he best could, and going down to the locksmith's in the dusk of the evening; for it should go hard, he had resolved, but he would have a parting word with charming Dolly Varden.

He went out by Islington, and so on to Highgate, and sat on many stones and gates, but there were no voices in the bells to bid him turn. Since the time of noble Whittington, fair flower of merchants, bells have come to have less sympathy with humankind. They only ring for money and on state occasions. Wanderers have increased in number; ships leave the Thames for distant regions, carrying from stem to stern no other cargo; the bells are silent; they ring out no entreaties or regrets; they are used to it, and have grown worldly.

Joe bought a roll, and reduced his purse to the condition (with a difference) of that celebrated purse of Fortunatus, which, whatever were its favoured owner's necessities, had one unvarying amount in it. In these real times, when all the Fairies are dead and buried, there are still a great many purses which possess that quality. The sum-total they contain is expressed in arithmetic by a circle, and whether it be added to or multiplied by its own amount, the result of the problem is more easily stated than any known in figures.

Evening drew on at last. With the desolate and solitary feeling of one who had no home or shelter, and was alone utterly in the world for the first time, he bent his steps towards the locksmith's house. He had delayed till now, knowing that Mrs. Varden sometimes went out alone, or with Miggs for her sole attendant, to lectures in the evening; and devoutly hoping that this might be one of her nights of moral culture.

He had walked up and down before the house, on the opposite side of the way, two or three times, when he returned to it again, he caught a glimpse of a fluttering skirt at the door. It was Dolly's—to whom else could it belong! no dress but hers had such a flow as that. He plucked up his spirits, and followed it into the workshop of the Golden Key.

His darkening the door caused her to look round. Oh that face! "If it hadn't been for that," thought Joe, "I should never have walked into poor Tom Cobb. She's twenty times handsomer than ever. She might marry a Lord!"

He didn't say this. He only thought it—perhaps looked it also. Dolly was glad to see him, and was so sorry her father and mother were away from home. Joe begged she wouldn't mention it on any account.

Dolly hesitated to lead the way into the parlour, for there it was nearly dark; at the same time she hesitated to stand talking in the workshop, which was yet light and open to the street. They had got by some means, too, before the little forge; and Joe having her hand in his (which he had no right to have, for Dolly only gave it him to shake,) it was so like standing before some homely altar being married, that it was the most embarrassing state of things in the world.

"I have come," said Joe, "to say good-bye—to say good-bye, for I don't know how many years; perhaps for ever. I am going abroad."

Now this was exactly what he should not have said. Here he was, talking like a gentleman at large who was free to come and go and roam about the world at his pleasure, when that gallant coach-maker had vowed but the night before that Miss Varden held him bound in adamantine chains; and had positively stated in so many words that she was killing him by inches, and that in a fortnight more or thereabouts he expected to make a decent end and leave the business to his mother.

Dolly released her hand and said "Indeed!" She remarked in the same breath that it was a fine night, and in short, betrayed no more emotion than the forge itself.

"I couldn't go," said Joe, "without coming to see you. I hadn't the heart to."

Dolly was more sorry than she could tell, that he should have taken so much trouble. It was such a long way, and he must have had such a deal to do. And how *was* Mr. Willet—that dear old gentleman—

"Is this all you say!" cried Joe.

All! Good gracious, what did the man expect! She was obliged to take her apron in her hand and run her eyes along the hem from corner to corner, to keep herself from laughing in his face;—not because his gaze confused her—not at all.

Joe had small experience in love affairs, and had no notion how different young ladies are at different times: he had expected to take Dolly up again at the very point where he had left her after that delicious evening ride, and was no more prepared for such an alteration than to see the sun and moon change places. He had buoyed himself up all day with an indistinct idea that she would certainly say "Don't go," or "Don't leave us," or "Why do you go?" or "Why do you leave us?" or would give him some little encouragement of that sort; he had even entertained the possibility of her bursting into tears, of her throwing herself into his arms, of her falling down in a fainting-fit without previous word or sign, but any approach to such a line of conduct as this, had been so far from his thoughts that he could only look at her in silent wonder.

Dolly in the meanwhile, turned to the corners of her apron and measured the sides, and smoothed out the wrinkles, and was as silent as he. At last after a long pause, Joe said good-bye. "Good-bye"—said Dolly—with as pleasant a smile as if he were going into the next street, and were coming back to supper; "good-bye."

"Come," said Joe, putting out both his hands, "Dolly, dear Dolly, don't let us part like this. I love you dearly, with all my heart and soul; with as much truth and earnestness as ever man loved woman in this world, I do believe. I am a poor fellow, as you know—poorer now than ever, for I have fled from home, not being able to bear it any longer, and must fight my own way without help. You are beautiful, admired, are loved by every body, are well off and happy; and may you ever be so!

Heaven forbid I should ever make you otherwise; but give me a word of comfort. Say something kind to me. I have no right to expect it of you, I know, but I ask it because I love you, and shall treasure the slightest word from you all through my life. Dolly, dearest, have you nothing to say to me?"

No. Nothing. Dolly was a coquette by nature, and a spoilt child. She had no notion of being carried by storm in this way. The coachmaker would have been dissolved in tears, and would have knelt down, and called himself names, and clasped his hands, and beat his breast, and tugged wildly at his cravat, and done all kinds of poetry. Joe had no business to be going abroad. He had no right to be able to do it. If he was in adamantine chains, he couldn't.

"I have said good-bye," said Dolly, "twice. Take your arm away directly, Mr. Joseph, or I'll call Miggs."

"I'll not reproach you," answered Joe, "it's my fault, no doubt. I have thought sometimes that you didn't quite despise me, but I was a fool to think so. Every one must, who has seen the life I have led—you most of all. God bless you!"

He was gone, actually gone. Dolly waited a little while, thinking he would return, peeped out at the door, looked up the street and down as well as the increasing darkness would allow, came in again, waited a little longer, went up stairs humming a tune, bolted herself in, laid her head down on her bed, and cried as if her heart would break. And yet such natures are made up of so many contradictions, that if Joe Willet had come back that night, next day, next week, next month, the odds are a hundred to one she would have treated him in the very same manner, and have wept for it afterward with the very same distress.

She had no sooner left the workshop than there cautiously peered out from behind the chimney of the forge, a face which had already emerged from the same concealment twice or thrice, unseen, and which, after satisfying itself that it was now alone, was followed by a leg, a shoulder, and so on by degrees, until the form of Mr. Tappertit stood confessed with a brown-paper cap stuck negligently on one side of his head, and its arms very much a-kimbo.

"Have my ears deceived me," said the 'Prentice, "or do I dream! am I to thank thee, Fortun', or to cus thee—which?"

He gravely descended from his elevation, took down his piece of looking-glass, planted it against the wall upon the usual bench, twisted his head round, and looked closely at his legs.

"If they're a dream," said Sim, "let sculptures have such visions, and chisel 'em out when they wake. This is reality. Sleep has no such limbs as them. Tremble, Willet, and despair. She's mine! She's mine!"

With these triumphant expressions, he seized a hammer and dealt a heavy blow at a vice, which in his mind's eye represented the sconce or head of Joseph Willet. That done, he burst into a peal of laughter which startled Miss Miggs even in her distant kitchen, and dipping his head into a bowl of water, had recourse to a jack-towel inside the closet door, which served the double purpose of smothering his feelings and drying his face.

Joe, disconsolate and down-hearted, but full of courage too, on leaving the locksmith's house made the best of his way to the Crooked Billet, and there enquired for his friend, the serjeant, who, expecting no man less, received him with open arms. In the course of five minutes after his arrival at that house of entertainment, he was enrolled among the gallant defenders of his native land; and within half an hour, was regaled with a steaming supper of boiled tripe and onions, prepared, as his friend assured him more than once, at the express command of his most Sacred Majesty the King. To this meal, which tasted very savoury after his long fasting, he did ample justice—and when he had followed it up, or down, with a variety of loyal and patriotic toasts, he was conducted to a straw mattress in a loft over the stable, and locked in there for the night.

The next morning, he found that the obliging care of his martial friend had decorated his hat with sundry parti-coloured streamers, which made a very lively appearance; and in company with that officer, and three other military gentlemen newly enrolled, who were under a cloud so dense that it only left three shoes, a boot, and a coat and a half visible among them, repaired to the river-side. Here they were joined by a corporal and four more heroes, of whom two were drunk and daring, and two sober and penitent, but each of whom, like Joe, had his dusty stick and bundle. The party embarked in a passage-boat bound for Gravesend, whence they were to proceed on foot to Chatham; the wind was in their favour, and they soon left London behind them, a mere dark mist—a giant phantom in the air.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Misfortunes, saith the adage, never come singly. There is little doubt that troubles are exceedingly gregarious in their nature, and flying in flocks, are apt to perch capriciously; crowding on the heads of some poor wights until there is not an inch of room left on their unlubky crowns, and taking no more notice of others who offer as good resting-places for the soles of their feet than if they had no existence. It may have happened that a flight of troubles brooding over London, and looking out for Joseph Willet, whom they couldn't find, darted down hap-hazard on the first young man that caught their fancy, and settled on him instead. However this may be, certain it is that on the very day of Joe's departure they swarmed about the ears of Edward Chester, and did so buzz and flap their wings, and persecute him, that he was most profoundly wretched.

It was evening, and just eight o'clock, when he and his father, having wine and dessert set before them, were left to themselves for the first time that day. They had dined together, but a third person had been present during the meal, and until they met at table they had not seen each other since the previous night.

Edward was reserved and silent. Mr. Chester was more than usually gay; but not caring, as it seemed, to open a conversation with one whose humour was so different, he vented the lightness of his spirit in smiles and sparkling looks, and made no effort to awaken his attention. So they remained

for some time: the father lying on a sofa with his accustomed air of graceful negligence; the son seated opposite to him with downcast eyes, busied, it was plain, with painful and uneasy thoughts.

"My dear Edward," said Mr. Chester at length, with a most engaging laugh, "do not extend your drowsy influence to the decanter. Suffer *that* to circulate, let your spirits be never so stagnant."

Edward begged his pardon, passed it, and relapsed into his former state.

"You do wrong not to fill your glass," said Mr. Chester, holding up his own before the light. "Wine in moderation—not in excess, for that makes men ugly—has a thousand pleasant influences. It brightens the eyes, improves the voice, imparts a new vivacity to one's thoughts and conversation: you should try it, Ned."

"Ah father!——" cried his son.

"My good fellow," interposed the parent hastily, as he set down his glass, and raised his eyebrows with a startled and horrified expression, "for heaven's sake don't call me by that obsolete and ancient name. Have some regard for delicacy. Am I gray, or wrinkled, do I go on crutches, have I lost my teeth, that you adopt such a mode of address? Good God, how very coarse!"

"I was about to speak to you from my heart, sir," returned Edward, "in the confidence which should subsist between us; and you check me in the outset."

"Now *do*, Ned, *do* not," said Mr. Chester, raising his delicate hand imploringly, "talk in that monstrous manner. About to speak from your heart! Don't you know that the heart is an ingenious part of our formation—the centre of the blood-vessels and all that sort of thing—which has no more to do with what you say or think, than your knees have? How can you be so very vulgar and absurd? These anatomical allusions should be left to gentlemen of the medical profession. They are really not agreeable in society. You quite surprise me, Ned."

"Well! there are no such things to wound, or heal, or have regard for. I know your creed, sir, and will say no more," returned his son.

"There again," said Mr. Chester, sipping his wine, "you are wrong. I distinctly say there are such things. We know there are. The hearts of animals—of bullocks, sheep, and so forth—are cooked and devoured, as I am told, by the lower classes, with a vast deal of relish. Men are sometimes stabbed to the heart, shot to the heart; but as to speaking from the heart, or to the heart, or being warm-hearted, or cold-hearted, or broken-hearted, or being all heart, or having no heart—bah! these things are nonsense, Ned."

"No doubt, sir," returned his son, seeing that he paused for him to speak. "No doubt."

"There's Haredale's niece, your late flame," said Mr. Chester, as a careless illustration of his meaning, "No doubt in your mind she was all heart once. Now she has none at all. Yet she is the same person, Ned, exactly."

"She is a changed person, sir," cried Edward, reddening; "and changed by vile means, I believe."

"You have had a cool dismissal, have you?" said his father. "Poor Ned! I told you last night what would happen. May I ask you for the nut crackers?"

"She has been tampered with, and most treacherously deceived," cried Edward, rising from his seat. "I never will believe that the knowledge of my real position, given her by myself, has worked this change. I know she is beset and tortured. But though our contract is at an end, and broken past all redemption; though I charge upon her want of firmness and want of truth, both to herself and me; I do not now, and never will believe, that any sordid motive or her own unbiased will, has led her to this course—never!"

"You make me blush," returned his father gayly, "for the folly of your nature, in which—but we never know ourselves—I devoutly hope there is no reflection of my own. With regard to the young lady herself, she has done what is very natural and proper, my dear fellow; what you yourself proposed, as I learn from Haredale; and what I predicted—with no great exercise of sagacity—she would do. She supposed you to be rich, or at least quite rich enough; and found you poor. Marriage is a civil contract; people marry to better their worldly condition and improve appearances: it is an affair of house and furniture, of liveries, servants, equipage, and so forth. The lady being poor, and you poor also, there is an end of the matter. You cannot enter upon these considerations, and have no manner of business with the ceremony. I drink her health in this glass, and respect and honour her for her extreme good sense. It is a lesson to you. Fill yours, Ned."

"It is a lesson," returned his son, "by which I hope I may never profit, and if years and their experience impress it on—"

"Don't say on the heart," interposed his father.

"On men whom the world and its hypocrisy have spoiled," said Edward, warmly, "Heaven keep me from its knowledge."

"Come, sir," returned his father, raising himself a little on the sofa, and looking straight toward him; "we have had enough of this. Remember, if you please, your interest, your duty, your moral obligations, you filial affections, and all that sort of thing, which is so very delightful and charming to reflect upon; or you will repent it."

"I shall never repent the preservation of my self-respect, sir," said Edward. "Forgive me if I say that I will not sacrifice it at your bidding, and that I will not pursue the track which you would have me take, and to which the secret share you have had in this late separation, tends."

His father rose a little higher still, and looking at him as though curious to know if he were quite resolved and earnest, dropped gently down again, and said in the calmest voice—eating his nuts meanwhile.

"Edward, my father had a son, who being a fool like you, and, like you, entertaining low and disobedient sentiments, he disinherited and cursed one morning after breakfast. The circumstance occurs to me with a singular clearness of recollection this evening. I remember eating muffins at the time, with marmalade. He led a miserable life (the son, I mean) and died early; it was a happy release on all accounts; he degraded the family very much. It is a sad circumstance, Edward, when a father finds it necessary to resort to such strong measures."

"It is," replied Edward, "and it is sad when a son, proffering him his love and duty in their best and truest sense, finds himself repelled at every turn, and forced to disobey. Dear father," he added,

more earnestly, though in a gentler tone, "I have reflected many times on what occurred between us when we first discussed this subject. Let there be a confidence between us; not in terms, but truth. Hear what I have to say."

"As I anticipate what it is, and cannot fail to do so, Edward," returned the father coldly, "I decline. I couldn't possibly. I am sure it would put me out of temper, which is a state of mind I can't endure. If you intend to mar my plans for your establishment in life, and the preservation of that gentility and becoming pride, which our family have so long sustained—if, in short, you are resolved to take your own course, you must take it, and my curse with it. I am very sorry, but there's really no alternative."

"The curse may pass your lips," said Edward, "but it will be but empty breath. I do not believe that any man on earth has greater power to call one down upon his fellow—least of all, upon his own child—than he has to make one drop of rain or flake of snow fall from the clouds above us, at his impious bidding. Beware, sir, what you do."

"You are so very irreligious, so exceedingly undutiful, so horribly profane," rejoined his father, turning his face lazily toward him, and cracking another nut, "that I positively must interrupt you here. It is quite impossible we can continue to go on upon such terms as these. If you will do me the favour to ring the bell, the servant will show you to the door. Return to this roof no more, I beg you. Go, sir, since you have no moral sense remaining; and go to the devil, at my express desire. Good day."

Edward left the room without another word or look, and turned his back upon the house for ever.

The father's face was slightly flushed and heated, but his manner was quite unchanged, as he rung the bell again, and addressed his servant on his entrance.

"Peak, if that gentleman who has just gone out——"

"I beg your pardon, sir—Mr. Edward?"

"Were there more than one, dolt, that you ask the question? If that gentleman should send here for his wardrobe, let him have it—do you hear? If he should call himself at any time, I'm not at home. You'll tell him so—and shut the door."

So, it soon got whispered about, that Mr. Chester was very unfortunate in his son, who had occasioned him grief and sorrow. And the good people who heard this and told it again, marvelled the more at his equanimity and even temper, and said, "What an amiable nature that man must have, who, having undergone so much, could be so placid and so calm." And when Edward's name was spoken, society shook its head and laid its finger on its lip, and sighed, and looked very grave; and those who had sons about his age, waxed wrathful and indignant, and hoped, for Virtue's sake, that he was dead. And the world went on turning round, as usual, for five years, concerning which this narrative is silent.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

One wintry evening, early in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty, a keen north wind arose as it grew dark, and night came on with black and dismal looks. A bitter storm of sleet, sharp, dense, and icy-cold, swept the wet streets, and rattled on the trembling windows. Signboards, shaken past endurance in their creaking frames, fell crashing on the pavement; old tottering chimneys reeled and staggered in the blast; and many a steeple rocked again that night, as though the earth were troubled.

It was not a time for those who could by any means get light and warmth, to brave the fury of the weather. In the coffee-houses of the better sort, guests crowded round the fire, forgot to be political, and told each other with a secret gladness that the blast grew fiercer every minute. Each humble tavern by the water-side, had its group of uncouth figures round the hearth; who talked of vessels foundering at sea, and all hands lost, related many a dismal tale of shipwreck and drowned men, and hope that some they knew were safe, and shook their heads in doubt. In private dwellings, children clustered near the blaze; listening with timid pleasure to tales of ghosts and goblins, and tall figures clad in white standing by bedsides, and people who had gone to sleep in old churches and being overlooked had found themselves alone there at the dead hour of the night: until they shuddered at the thought of the dark rooms up stairs, yet loved to hear the wind moan too, and hoped it would continue bravely. From time to time these happy in-door people stopt to listen, or one held up his finger and cried, "Hark!" and then, above the rumbling of the chimney, and the fast pattering on the glass, was heard a wailing, rushing sound, which shook the walls as though a giant's hand were on them; then a hoarse roar as if the sea had risen; then such a whirl and tumult that the air seemed mad; and then, with a lengthened howl, the waves of wind swept on, and left a moment's interval of rest.

Cheerily, though there were none abroad to see it, shone the Maypole light that evening. Blessings on the red—deep, ruby, glowing red—old curtain of the window; blending into one rich stream of brightness, fire and candle, meat, drink, and company, and gleaming like a jovial eye upon the bleak waste out of doors! Within, what carpet like its crunching sand, what music merry as its crackling logs, what perfume like its kitchen's dainty breath, what weather genial as its hearty warmth! Blessings on the old house, how sturdily it stood! How did the vexed wind chafe and roar about its stalwart roof; how did it pant and strive with its wide chimneys, which still poured forth from their hospitable throats, clouds of smoke, and puffed defiance in its face; how above all, did it strive and rattle at the casement, emulous to extinguish that cheerful glow, which would not be put down and seemed the brighter for the conflict!

The profusion too, the rich and lavish bounty, of that goodly tavern! It was not enough that one fire roared and sparkled on its spacious hearth; in the tiles which paved and compassed it, five hundred flickering fires burnt brightly also. It was not enough that one red curtain shut the wild night out, and shed its cheerful influence on the room. In every saucepan lid, and candlestick, and vessel of copper, brass, or tin that hung upon the walls, were countless ruddy hangings, flashing and gleaming with every motion of the blaze, and offering, let the

eye wander where it might, interminable vistas of the same rich colour. The old oak wainscoting, the beams, the chairs, the seats, reflected it in a deep, dull glimmer. There were fires and red curtains in the very eyes of the drinkers, in their buttons, in their liquor, in the pipes they smoked.

Mr. Willet sat in what had been his accustomed place five years before, with his eyes on the eternal boiler; and had sat there since the clock struck eight, giving no other signs of life than breathing with a loud and constant snore (though he was wide awake), and from time to time putting his glass to his lips, or knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and filling it anew. It was now half-past ten. Mr. Cobb and long Phil Parkes were his companions, as of old, and for two mortal hours and a half, none of the company had pronounced one word.

Whether people, by dint of sitting together in the same place and the same relative positions, and doing exactly the same things for a great many years, acquire a sixth sense, or some unknown power of influencing each other which serves them in its stead, is a question for philosophy to settle. But certain it is that old John Willet, Mr. Parkes, and Mr. Cobb, were one and all firmly of opinion that they were very jolly companions — rather choice spirits than otherwise; that they looked at each other every now and then as if there were a perpetual interchange of ideas going on among them; that no man considered himself or his neighbour by any means silent; and that each of them nodded occasionally when he caught the eye of another, as if he would say, "You have expressed yourself extremely well, sir, in relation to that sentiment, and I quite agree with you."

The room was so very warm, the tobacco so very good, and the fire so very soothing, that Mr. Willet by degrees began to doze; but as he had perfectly acquired, by dint of long habit, the art of smoking in his sleep, and as his breathing was pretty much the same, awake or asleep, saving that in the latter case he sometimes experienced a slight difficulty in respiration (such as a carpenter meets with when he is planing and comes to a knot), neither of his companions was aware of the circumstance, until he met with one of these impediments and was obliged to try again.

"Johnny's dropped off," said Mr. Parkes in a whisper.

"Fast as a top," said Mr. Cobb.

Neither of them said any more until Mr. Willet came to another knot—one of surpassing obduracy—which bade fair to throw him into convulsions, but which he got over at last without waking, by an effort quite superhuman.

"He sleeps uncommon hard," said Mr. Cobb.

Mr. Parkes, who was possibly a hard sleeper himself, replied with some disdain, "Not a bit on it;" and directed his eyes towards a handbill pasted over the chimney-piece, which was decorated at the top with a woodcut representing a youth of tender years running away very fast, with a bundle over his shoulder at the end of a stick, and—to carry out the idea—a finger-post and a mile-stone beside him. Mr. Cobb likewise turned his eyes in the same direction, and surveyed the placard as if that were the first time he had ever beheld it. Now this was a document which Mr. Willet had himself indited on the disappearance of his son Joseph, acquainting the nobility and gentry and the public in general with the circumstances of his having left his home; describing his dress and appearance; and offering a reward of five pounds to any person or persons who would pack him up and return him safely to the Maypole at Chigwell, or lodge him in any of his Majesty's jails until such time as his father should come and claim him. In this advertisement Mr. Willet had obstinately persisted, despite the advice and entreaties of his friends, in describing his son as a "young boy;" and furthermore as being from eighteen inches to a couple of feet shorter than he really was: two circumstances which perhaps accounted in some degree, for its never having been productive of any other effect than the transmission to Chigwell at various times and at a vast expense, of some five-and-forty run-aways varying from six years old to twelve.

Mr. Cobb and Mr. Parkes looked mysteriously at this composition, at each other, and at old John. From the time he had pasted it up with his own hands, Mr. Willet had never by word or sign alluded to the subject, or encouraged any one else to do so. Nobody had the least notion what his thoughts or opinions were, connected with it; whether he remembered it or forgot it; whether he had any idea that such an event had ever taken place. Therefore, even while he slept, no one ventured to refer to it in his presence; and for such sufficient reasons, these his chosen friends were silent now.

Mr. Willet had got by this time into such a complication of knots, that it was perfectly clear he must wake or die. He chose the former alternative, and opened his eyes.

"If he don't come in five minutes," said John, "I shall have supper without him."

The antecedent of this pronoun had been mentioned for the last time at eight o'clock. Messrs. Parkes and Cobb being used to this style of conversation, replied without difficulty that to be sure Solomon was very late, and they wondered what had happened to detain him.

"He a'n't blow away, I suppose," said Parkes. "It's enough to carry a man of his figure off his legs, and easy too. Do you hear it? It blows great guns, indeed. There'll be many a crash in the Forest to-night, I reckon, and many a broken branch upon the ground to-morrow."

"It won't break any thing in the Maypole, I take it, sir," returned old John. "Let it try. I give it leave—what's that?"

"The wind," cried Parkes. "It's howling like a Christian, and has been all night long."

"Did you ever, sir," asked John, after a minute's contemplation, "hear the wind say 'Maypole?'"

"Why, what man ever did?" said Parkes.

"Nor 'ahoy,' perhaps?" added John.

"No. Nor that neither."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Willet, perfectly unmoved; "then if that was the wind just now, and you'll wait a little time without speaking, you'll hear it say both words very plain."

Mr. Willet was right. After listening for a few moments, they could clearly hear, above the roar and tumult out of doors, this shout repeated; and that with a shrillingness and energy, which denoted that it came from some person in great distress or

terror. They looked at each other, turned pale, and held their breath. No man stirred.

It was in this emergency, that Mr. Willet displayed something of that strength of mind and plenitude of mental resource, which rendered him the admiration of all his friends and neighbours. After looking at Messrs. Parkes and Cobb for some time in silence, he clapped his two hands to his cheeks, and sent forth a roar which made the glasses dance and rafters ring—a long-sustained, discordant bellow, that rolled onward with the wind, and startling every echo, made the night a hundred times more boisterous—a deep, loud, dismal bray, that sounded like a human gong. Then, with every vein in his head and face swoln with the great exertion, and his countenance suffused with a lively purple, he drew a little nearer to the fire, and turning his back upon it, said with dignity:

"If that's any comfort to any body, they're welcome to it. If it an't, I'm sorry for 'em. If either of you two gentlemen likes to go out and see what's the matter, you can. I'm not curious, myself."

While he spoke the cry drew nearer and nearer, footsteps passed the window, the latch of the door was raised, it opened, was violently shut again, and Solomon Daisy, with a lighted lantern in his hand, and the rain streaming from his disordered dress, dashed into the room.

A more complete picture of terror than the little man presented, it would be difficult to imagine. The perspiration stood in beads upon his face, his knees knocked together, his every limb trembled, the power of articulation was quite gone; and there he stood, panting for breath, gazing on them with such livid ashy looks, that they were infected with his fear, though ignorant of its occasion, and, reflecting his dismayed and horror-stricken visage, stared back again without venturing to question him; until old John Willet, in a fit of temporary insanity, made a dive at his cravat, and, seizing him by that portion of his dress, shook him to and fro until his very teeth appeared to rattle in his head.

"Tell us what's the matter, sir," said John, "or I'll kill you. Tell us what's the matter, sir, or in another second, I'll have your head under the biler. How dare you look like that? Is any body a following of you? What do you mean? Say something, or I'll be the death of you, I will."

Mr. Willet, in his frenzy, was so near keeping his word to the very letter (Solomon Daisy's eyes already beginning to roll in an alarming manner, and certain guttural sounds, as of a choking man, to issue from his throat,) that the two bystanders, recovering in some degree, plucked him off his victim by main force, and placed the little clerk of Chigwell in a chair. Directing a fearful gaze all round the room, he implored them in a faint voice to give him some drink; and above all to lock the house-door and close and bar the shutters of the room, without a moment's loss of time. The latter request did not tend to re-assure his hearers, or to fill them with the most comfortable sensations; they complied with it, however, with the greatest expedition; and having handed him a bumper of brandy-and-water, nearly boiling hot, waited to hear what he might have to tell them.

"Oh, Johnny," said Solomon, shaking him by the hand. "Oh, Parkes. Oh, Tommy Cobb. Why did I leave this house to-night! On the nineteenth of March—of all nights in the year, on the nineteenth of March!"

They all drew closer to the fire. Parkes, who was nearest to the door, started and looked over his shoulder. Mr. Willet, with great indignation, enquired what the devil he meant by that—and then said, "God forgive me," and glanced over his own shoulder, and came a little nearer.

"When I left here to-night," said Solomon Daisy, "I little thought what day of the month it was. I have never gone alone into the church after dark on this day, for seven-and-twenty years. I have heard it said that as we keep our birthdays when we are alive, so the ghosts of dead people, who are not easy in their graves, keep the day they died upon.—How the wind roars!"

Nobody spoke. All eyes were fastened on Solomon.

"I might have known," he said, "what night it was, by the foul weather. There's no such night in the whole year round as this is, always. I never sleep quietly in my bed on the nineteenth of March."

"Go on," said Tom Cobb, in a low voice. "Nor I neither."

Solomon Daisy raised his glass to his lips: put it down upon the floor with such a trembling hand that the spoon tinkled in it like a little bell; and continued thus:

"Have I ever said that we are always brought back to this subject in some strange way, when the nineteenth of this month comes round? Do you suppose it was by accident, I forgot to wind up the church-clock? I never forget it at any other time, though it's such a clumsy thing that it has to be wound up every day. Why should it escape my memory on this day of all others?

"I made as much haste down there as I could when I went from here, but I had to go home first for the keys; and the wind and rain being dead against me all the way, it was pretty well as much as I could do at times to keep my legs. I got there at last, opened the church-door, and went in. I had not met a soul all the way, and you may judge whether it was dull or not. Neither of you would bear me company. If you could have known what was to come, you'd have been in the right.

"The wind was so strong, that it was as much as I could do to shut the church-door by putting my whole weight against it; and even as it was, it burst wide open twice, with such strength that any of you would have sworn, if you had been leaning against it, as I was, that somebody was pushing on the other side. However, I got the key turned, went into the belfry, and wound up the clock—which was very near run down, and would have stood stock-still in half an hour.

"As I took up my lantern again to leave the church, it came upon me all at once that this was the nineteenth of March. It came upon me with a kind of shock, as if a hand had struck the thought upon my forehead; at the very same moment, I heard a voice outside the tower—rising from among the graves."

Here old John precipitately interrupted the speaker, and begged that if Mr. Parkes (who was seated opposite to him and was staring directly over his head) saw any thing, he would have the goodness to men-

tion it. Mr. Parkes apologised, and remarked that he was only listening; to which Mr. Willet angrily retorted, that his listening with that kind of expression in his face was not agreeable, and that if he couldn't look like other people, he had better put his pocket-handkerchief over his head. Mr. Parkes with great submission pledged himself to do so, if again required, and John Willet turning to Solomon desired him to proceed. After waiting until a violent gust of wind and rain, which seemed to shake even that sturdy house to its foundation, had passed away, the little man complied:

"Never tell me that it was my fancy, or that it was any other sound which I mistook for that I tell you of. I heard the wind whistle through the arches of the church. I heard the steeple strain and creak. I heard the rain as it came driving against the walls. I felt the bells shake. I saw the ropes sway to and fro. And I heard that voice."

"What did it say?" asked Tom Cobb.

"I don't know what; I don't know that it spoke. It gave a kind of cry, as any one of us might do, if something dreadful followed us in a dream, and came upon us unawares; and then it died off: seeming to pass quite round the church."

"I don't see much in that," said John, drawing a long breath, and looking round him like a man who felt relieved.

"Perhaps not," returned his friend, "but that's not all."

"What more do you mean to say, sir, is to come?" asked John, pausing in the act of wiping his face upon his apron. "What are you going to tell us of next?"

"What I saw."

"Saw!" echoed all three, bending forward.

"When I opened the church-door to come out," said the little man, with an expression of face which bore ample testimony to the sincerity of his conviction, "when I opened the church-door to come out, which I did suddenly, for I wanted to get it shut again before another gust of wind came up, there crossed me—so close that by stretching out my finger I could have touched it—something in the likeness of a man. It was bare-headed to the storm. It turned its face without stopping, and fixed its eyes on mine. It was a ghost—a spirit."

"Whose?" they all three cried together.

In the excess of his emotion (for he fell back trembling in his chair, and waved his hand as if entreating them to question him no further,) his answer was lost on all but old John Willet, who happened to be seated close beside him.

"Who?" cried Parkes and Tom Cobb, looking eagerly by turns at Solomon Daisy and at Mr. Willet. "Who was it?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Willet, after a long pause, "you needn't ask. The likeness of a murdered man. This is the nineteenth of March."

A profound silence ensued.

"If you'll take my advice," said John, "we had better, one and all, keep this a secret. Such tales would not be liked at the Warren. Let us keep it to ourselves for the present time at all events, or we may get into trouble, and Solomon may lose his place. Whether it was really as he says, or whether it wasn't, is no matter. Right or wrong, nobody would believe him. As to the probabilities, I don't myself think," said Mr. Willet, eyeing the corners of the room in a manner which showed that, like some other philosophers, he was not quite easy in his theory, "that a ghost as had been a man of sense in his lifetime, would be out a-walking in such weather—I only know that *I* wouldn't, if I was one."

But this heretical doctrine was strongly opposed by the other three, who quoted a great many precedents to show that bad weather was the very time for such appearances; and Mr. Parkes, (who had had a ghost in his family, by the mother's side,) argued the matter with so much ingenuity and force of illustration, that John was only saved from having to retract his opinion by the opportune appearance of supper, to which they applied themselves with a dreadful relish. Even Solomon Daisy himself, by dint of the elevating influences of fire, lights, brandy, and good company, so far recovered as to handle his knife and fork in a highly creditable manner, and to display a capacity both of eating and drinking, such as banished all fear of his having sustained any lasting injury from his fright.

Supper done, they crowded round the fire again, and, as is common on such occasions, propounded all manner of leading questions calculated to surround the story with new horrors and surprises. But Solomon Daisy, notwithstanding these temptations, adhered so steadily to his original account, and repeated it so often, with such slight variations, and with such solemn asseverations of its truth and reality, that his hearers were (with good reason) more astonished than at first. As he took John Willet's view of the matter in regard to the propriety of not bruiting the tale abroad, unless the spirit should appear to him again, in which case it would be necessary to take immediate counsel with the clergyman, it was solemnly resolved that it should be hushed up and kept quiet. And as most men like to have a secret to tell which may exalt their own importance, they arrived at this conclusion with perfect unanimity.

As it was by this time growing late, and was long past their usual hour of separating, the cronies parted for the night. Solomon Daisy, with a fresh candle in his lantern, repaired homewards under the escort of Long Phil Parkes and Mr. Cobb, who were rather more nervous than himself. Mr. Willet, after seeing them to the door, returned to collect his thoughts with the assistance of the boiler, and to listen to the storm of wind and rain, which had not yet abated one jot of its fury.

---

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

Before old John had looked at the boiler quite twenty minutes, he got his ideas into a focus, and brought them to bear on Solomon Daisy's story. The more he thought of it, the more impressed he became with a sense of his own wisdom, and a desire that Mr. Haredale should be impressed with it likewise. At length, to the end that he might sustain a principal and important character in the affair; and might have the start of Solomon and his two friends, through whose means he knew the adventure, with a

variety of exaggerations, would be known to at least a score of people, and most likely to Mr. Haredale himself, by breakfast-time to-morrow; he determined to repair to the Warren before going to bed.

"He's my landlord," thought John, as he took a candle in his hand, and setting it down in a corner out of the wind's way, opened a casement in the rear of the house, looking towards the stables. "We haven't met of late years so often as we used to do—changes are taking place in the family—it's desirable that I should stand as well with them, in point of dignity, as possible—the whispering about of this here tale will anger him—it's good to have confidences with a gentleman of his natur', and set one's-self right besides. Halloa there! Hugh—Hugh. Hal-loa!"

When he had repeated this shout a dozen times, and startled every pigeon from its slumbers, a door in one of the ruinous old buildings opened, and a rough voice demanded what was amiss now, that a man couldn't even have his sleep in quiet.

"What! Haven't you sleep enough, growler, that you're not to be knocked up for once?" said John.

"No," replied the voice, as the speaker yawned and shook himself. "Not half enough."

"I don't know how you *can* sleep, with the wind a bellowing and roaring about you, making the tiles fly like a pack of cards," said John; "but no matter for that. Wrap yourself up in something or another, and come here, for you must go as far as the Warren with me. And look sharp about it."

Hugh, with much low growling and muttering, went back into his lair; and presently reappeared, carrying a lantern and a cudgel, and enveloped from head to foot in an old, frowsy, slouching horse-cloth. Mr. Willet received this figure at the back door, and ushered him into the bar, while he wrapt himself in sundry great-coats and capes, and so tied and knotted his face in shawls and handkerchiefs, that how he breathed was a mystery.

"You don't take a man out of doors at near midnight in such weather, without putting some heart into him, do you, master?" said Hugh.

"Yes I do, sir," returned Mr. Willet. "I put the heart (as you call it) into him when he has brought me safe home again, and his standing steady on his legs an't of so much consequence. So hold that light up, if you please, and go on a step or two before, to show the way."

Hugh obeyed with a very indifferent grace, and a longing glance at the bottles. Old John, laying strict injunctions on his cook to keep the doors locked in his absence, and to open to nobody but himself on pain of dismissal, followed him into the blustering darkness out of doors.

The way was wet and dismal, and the night so black, that if Mr. Willet had been his own pilot, he would have walked into a deep horsepond within a few hundred yards of his own house, and would certainly have terminated his career in that ignoble sphere of action. But Hugh, who had a sight as keen as any hawk's, and, apart from that endowment, could have found his way blindfold to any place within a dozen miles, dragged old John along, quite deaf to his remonstrances, and took his own course without the slightest reference to, or notice of, his master. So they made head against the wind as they best could; Hugh crushing the wet grass beneath his heavy tread, and stalking on after his ordinary savage fashion; John Willet following at arm's length, picking his steps, and looking about him, now for bogs and ditches, and now for such stray ghosts as might be wandering abroad, with looks of as much dismay and uneasiness as his immovable face was capable of expressing.

At length they stood upon the broad gravel-walk before the Warren-house. The building was profoundly dark, and none were moving near it save themselves. From one solitary turret-chamber, however, there shone a ray of light; and towards this speck of comfort in the cold, cheerless, silent scene, Mr. Willet bade his pilot lead him.

"The old room," said John, looking timidly upward; "Mr. Reuben's own apartment, God be with us! I wonder his brother likes to sit there, so late at night—on this night too."

"Why, where else should he sit?" asked Hugh, holding the lantern to his breast, to keep the candle from the wind, while he trimmed it with his fingers. "It's snug enough, an't it?"

"Snug!" said John indignantly. "You have a comfortable idea of snugness, you have, sir. Do you know what was done in that room, you ruffian?"

"Why, what is it the worse for that?" cried Hugh, looking into John's fat face. "Does it keep out the rain, and snow, and wind, the less for that? Is it less warm or dry, because a man was killed there? Ha, ha, ha! Never believe it, master. One man's no such matter as that comes to."

Mr. Willet fixed his dull eyes on his follower, and began—by a species of inspiration—to think it just barely possible that he was something of a dangerous character, and that it might be advisable to get rid of him one of these days. He was too prudent to say any thing, with the journey home before him; and therefore turned to the iron gate before which this brief dialogue had passed, and pulled the handle of the bell that hung beside it. The turret at which the light appeared being at one corner of the building, and only divided from the path by one of the garden-walks, upon which this gate opened, Mr. Haredale threw up the window directly, and demanded who was there.

"Begging pardon, sir," said John, "I knew you sat up late, and made bold to come round, having a word to say to you."

"Willet—is it not?"

"Of the Maypole—at your service, sir."

Mr. Haredale closed the window, and withdrew. He presently appeared at a door in the bottom of the turret, and coming across the garden-walk, unlocked the gate and let them in.

"You are a late visiter, Willet. What is the matter?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir," said John; "an idle tale, I thought you ought to know of; nothing more."

"Let your man go forward with the lantern, and give me your hand. The stairs are crooked and narrow.—Gently with your light, friend. You swing it like a censer."

Hugh, who had already reached the turret, held it more steadily, and ascended first, turning round from time to time to shed his light downward on the steps. Mr. Haredale following next, eyed his lowering face with no great favour; and Hugh, looking down on

him, returned his glances with interest, as they climbed the winding stair.

It terminated in a little ante-room adjoining that from which they had seen the light. Mr. Haredale entered first, and led the way through it into the latter chamber, where he seated himself at a writing table from which he had risen when they rang the bell.

"Come in," he said, beckoning to old John, who remaining bowing at the door. "Not you, friend," he added hastily to Hugh, who entered also. "Willet, why do you bring that fellow here?"

"Why, sir," returned John, elevating his eyebrows, and lowering his voice to the tone in which the question had been asked him, "he's a good guard, you see."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Mr. Haredale, looking towards him as he spoke. "I doubt it. He has an evil eye."

"There's no imagination in his eye, returned Mr. Willet, glancing over his shoulder at the organ in question, "certainly."

"There is no good there, be assured," said Mr. Haredale. "Wait in that little room, friend, and close the door between us."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders, and with a disdainful look, which showed, either that he had overheard, or that he guessed the purport of their whispering, did as he was told. When he was shut out, Mr. Haredale turned to John, and bade him go on with what he had to say, but not to speak too loud, for there were quick ears yonder.

Thus cautioned, Mr. Willet, in an oily whisper, recited all that he had heard and said that night; laying particular stress upon his own sagacity, upon his great regard for the family, and upon his solicitude for their peace of mind and happiness. The story moved his auditor much more than he had expected. Mr. Haredale often changed his attitude, rose and paced the room, returned again, desired him to repeat, as nearly as he could, the very words that Solomon had used, and gave so many other signs of being disturbed and ill at ease, that even Mr. Willet was surprised.

"You did quite right," he said, at the end of a long conversation, "to bid them keep this story secret. It is a foolish fancy upon the part of this weak-brained man, bred in his fears and superstition. But Miss Haredale, though she would know it to be so, would be disturbed by it if it reached her ears; it is too nearly connected with a subject very painful to us all, to be heard with indifference. You were most prudent, and have laid me under a great obligation. I thank you very much."

This was equal to John's most sanguine expectations; but he would have preferred Mr. Haredale's looking at him when he spoke, as if he really did thank him, to his walking up and down, speaking by fits and starts, often stopping with his eyes fixed on the ground, moving hurriedly on again, like one distracted, and seeming almost unconscious of what he said or did.

This, however, was his manner; and it was so embarrassing to John that he sat quite passive for a long time, not knowing what to do. At length he rose. Mr. Haredale stared at him for a moment as though he had quite forgotten his being present, then shook hands with him, and opened the door. Hugh, who was, or feigned to be, fast asleep on the ante-chamber floor, sprang up on their entrance, and throwing his cloak about him, grasped his stick and lantern, and prepared to descend the stairs.

"Stay," said Mr. Haredale. "Will this man drink?"

"Drink! He'd drink the Thames up, if it was strong enough, sir," replied John Willet. "He'll have something when he gets home. He's better without it, now, sir."

"Nay. Half the distance is done;" said Hugh. "What a hard master you are! I shall go home the better for one glassful, half-way. Come!"

As John made no reply, Mr. Haredale brought out a glass of liquor, and gave it to Hugh, who, as he took it in his hand, threw part of it upon the floor.

"What do you mean by splashing your drink about a gentleman's house, sir?" said John.

"I'm drinking a toast," Hugh rejoined, holding the glass above his head, and fixing his eyes on Mr. Haredale's face; "a toast to this house and its master." With that he muttered something to himself, and drank the rest, and setting down the glass, preceded them without another word.

John was a good deal scandalised by this observance, but seeing that Mr. Haredale took little heed of what Hugh said or did, and that his thoughts were otherwise employed, he offered no apology, and went in silence down the stairs, across the walk, and through the garden-gate. They stopped upon the outer side for Hugh to hold the light while Mr. Haredale locked it on the inner; and then John saw with wonder (as he often afterwards related,) that he was very pale, and that his face had changed so much and grown so haggard since their entrance, that he almost seemed another man.

They were in the open road again, and John Willet was walking on behind his escort, as he had come, thinking very steadily of what he had just now seen, when Hugh drew him suddenly aside, and almost at the same instant three horsemen swept past—the nearest brushed his shoulder even then—who, checking their steeds as suddenly as they could, stood still, and waited for their coming up.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

When John Willet saw that the horsemen wheeled smartly round, and drew up three abreast in the narrow road, waiting for him and his man to join them, it occurred to him with unusual precipitation that they must be highwaymen; and had Hugh been armed with a blunderbuss, in place of his stout cudgel, he would certainly have ordered him to fire it off at a venture, and would, while the word of command was obeyed, have consulted his own personal safety in immediate flight. Under the circumstances of disadvantage, however, in which he and his guard were placed, he deemed it prudent to adopt a different style of generalship, and therefore whispered his attendant to address them in the most peaceable and courteous terms. By way of acting up to the spirit and letter of this instruction, Hugh stepped forward, and flourishing his staff before the eyes of the rider nearest to him, demanded roughly what he and his fellows meant by so nearly galloping over them, and why they scoured the king's highway at that late hour of night.

The man whom he addressed was beginning an angry reply in the same strain, when he was checked by the horseman in the centre, who, interposing with an air of authority, enquired in a somewhat loud but not harsh or unpleasant voice:

"Pray, is this London road?"

"If you follow it right, it is," replied Hugh, roughly.

"Nay, brother," said the same person, "you're but a churlish Englishman, if Englishman you be—which I should much doubt but for your tongue. Your companion, I am sure, will answer more civilly. How say you, friend?"

"I say it *is* the London road, sir," answered John. "And I wish," he added in a subdued voice, as he turned to Hugh, "that you was in any other road, you vagabond. Are you tired of your life, sir, that you go a trying to provoke three great neck-or-nothing chaps, that could keep on running over us, back'ards and for'ards, till we was dead, and then take our bodies up behind 'em, and drown us ten miles off?"

"How far is it to London?" enquired the same speaker.

"Why, from here, sir," answered John, persuasively, "it's thirteen very easy mile."

The adjective was thrown in, as an inducement to the travellers to ride away with all speed; but instead of having the desired effect, it elicited from the same person, the remark, "Thirteen miles!" That's a long distance!" which was followed by a short pause of indecision.

"Pray," said the gentleman, "are there any inns hereabouts?"

At the word "inns," John plucked up his spirit in a surprising manner; his fears rolled off like smoke; all the landlord stirred within him.

"There are no inns," rejoined Mr. Willet, with a strong emphasis on the plural number; "but there's an Inn—one Inn—the Maypole Inn. That's an Inn indeed. You won't see the like of that Inn often."

"You keep it, perhaps?" said the horseman, smiling.

"I do, sir," replied John, greatly wondering how he had found this out.

"And how far is the Maypole from here?"

"About a mile"—John was going to add that it was the easiest mile in all the world, when the third rider, who had hitherto kept a little in the rear, suddenly interposed:

"And have you one excellent bed, landlord? Hem! A bed that you can recommend—a bed that you are sure is well aired—a bed that has been slept in by some perfectly respectable and unexceptionable person?

"We don't take in no tagrag and bobtail at our house, sir," answered John. "And as to the bed itself—"

"Say, as to three beds," interposed the gentleman who had spoken before; "for we shall want three if we stay, though my friend only speaks of one."

"No, no, my lord; you are too good, you are too kind; but your life is of far too much importance to the nation in these portentous times, to be placed upon a level with one so useless and so poor as mine. A great cause, my lord, a mighty cause, depends on you. You are its leader and its champion, its advance guard and its van. It is the cause of our altars and our homes, our country and our faith. Let *me* sleep on a chair—the carpet—any where. No one will repine if *I* take cold or fever. Let John Grueby pass the night beneath the open sky—no one will repine for *him*. But forty thousand men of this our island in the wave (exclusive of women and children) rivet their eyes and thoughts on Lord George Gordon; and every day, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same, pray for his health and vigour. "My lord," said the speaker, rising in his stirrups, "it is a glorious cause, and must not be forgotten. My lord, it is a mighty cause, and must not be endangered. My lord, it is a holy cause, and must not be deserted."

"It *is* a holy cause," exclaimed his lordship, lifting up his hat with great solemnity. "Amen!"

"John Grueby," said the long-winded gentleman, in a tone of mild reproof, "his lordship said Amen!"

"I heard my lord, sir," said the man, sitting like a statue on his horse.

"And do not *you* say amen likewise?"

To which John Grueby made no reply at all, but sat looking straight before him.

"You surprise me, Grueby," said the gentleman. "At a crisis like the present, when Queen Elizabeth, that maiden monarch, weeps within her tomb, and Bloody Mary, with a brow of gloom and shadow, stalks triumphant—"

"Oh, sir," cried the man, gruffly, "where's the use of talking of Bloody Mary, under such circumstances as the present, when my lord's wet through and tired with hard riding? Let's either go on to London, sir, or put up at once; or that unfort'nate Bloody Mary will have more to answer for—and she's done a deal more harm in her grave than she ever did in her lifetime, I believe."

By this time Mr. Willet, who had never heard so many words spoken together at one time, or delivered with such volubility and emphasis as by the long-winded gentleman; and whose brain, being wholly unable to sustain or compass them, had quite given itself up for lost; recovered so far as to observe that there was ample accommodation at the Maypole for

all the party: good beds; neat wines; excellent entertainment for man and beast; private rooms for large or small parties; dinners dressed upon the shortest notice; choice stabling, and a lock-up coach-house: and, in short, to run over such recommendatory scraps of language as were painted up on various portions of the building, and which, in the course of some forty years, he had learnt to repeat with tolerable correctness. He was considering whether it was at all possible to insert any novel sentences to the same purpose, when the gentleman who had spoken first, turning to him of the long wind, exclaimed, "What say you, Gashford? Shall we tarry at this house he speaks of, or press forward? You shall decide."

"I would submit, my lord, then," returned the person he appealed to, in a silky tone, "that your health and spirits—so important, under Providence, to our great cause, our pure and truthful cause"—here his lordship pulled off his hat again, though it was raining hard—"require refreshment and repose."

"Go on before, landlord, and show the way," said Lord George Gordon; "we will follow at a footpace."

"If you'll give me leave, my lord," said John Grueby, in a low voice, "I'll change my proper place, and ride before you. The looks of the landlord's friend are not over honest, and it may be as well to be cautious with him."

"John Grueby is quite right," interposed Mr. Gashford, falling back hastily. "My lord, a life so precious as yours must not be put in peril. Go forward, John, by all means. If you have any reason to suspect the fellow, blow his brains out."

John made no answer, but looking straight before him, as his custom seemed to be when the secretary spoke, bade Hugh push on, and followed close behind him. Then came his lordship, with Mr. Willet at his bridle-rein; and, last of all, his lordship's secretary—for that, it seemed, was Gashford's office.

Hugh strode briskly on, often looking back at the servant, whose horse was close upon his heels, and glancing with a leer at his holster case of pistols, by which he seemed to set great store. He was a square-built, strong-made, bull-necked fellow, of the true English breed; and as Hugh measured him with his eye, he measured Hugh, regarding him meanwhile with a look of bluff disdain. He was much older than the Maypole man, being to all appearance five-and-forty; but was one of those self-possessed, hard-headed, imperturbable fellows, who, if they ever are beat at fisty-cuffs, or other kind of warfare, never know it, and go on coolly till they win.

"If I led you wrong now," said Hugh, tauntingly, "you'd—ha, ha, ha, ha!—you'd shoot me through the head, I suppose."

John Grueby took no more notice of this remark than if he had been deaf and Hugh dumb; but kept riding on, quite comfortably, with his eyes fixed on the horizon.

"Did you ever try a fall with a man when you were young, master?" said Hugh. "Can you make any play at single-stick?"

John Grueby looked at him sideways with the same contented air, but deigned not a word in answer.

"—Like this!" said Hugh, giving his cudgel one of those skilful flourishes, in which the rustic of that time delighted. "Whoop!"

"—Or that," returned John Grueby, beating down his guard with his whip, and striking him on the head with its butt end. "Yes, I played a little once. You wear your hair too long; I should have cracked your crown if it had been a little shorter."

It was a pretty smart, loud-sounding rap, as it was, and evidently astonished Hugh; who, for the moment, seemed disposed to drag his new acquaintance from his saddle. But his face betokening neither malice, triumph, rage, nor any lingering idea that he had given him offence; his eyes gazing steadily in the old direction, and his manner being as careless and composed as if he had merely brushed away a fly; Hugh was so puzzled, and so disposed to look upon him as a customer of almost supernatural toughness, that he merely laughed, and cried "Well done!" then sheering off a little, led the way in silence.

Before the lapse of many minutes the party halted at the Maypole door. Lord George and his secretary quickly dismounting, gave their horses to their servant, who, under the guidance of Hugh, repaired to the stables. Right glad to escape from the inclemency of the night, they followed Mr. Willet into the common room, and stood warming themselves and drying their clothes before the cheerful fire, while he busied himself with such orders and preparations as his guest's high quality required.

As he bustled in and out of the room, intent on these arrangements, he had an opportunity of observing the two travellers, of whom, as yet, he knew nothing but the voice. The Lord, the great personage, who did the Maypole so much honour, was about the middle height, of a slender make, and sallow complexion, with an aquiline nose, and long hair of a reddish brown, combed perfectly straight and smooth about his ears, and slightly powdered, but without the faintest vestige of a curl. He was attired, under his great-coat, in a full suit of black, quite free from any ornament, and of the most precise and sober cut. The gravity of his dress, together with a certain lankness of cheek and stiffness of deportment, added nearly ten years to his age, but his figure was that of one not yet past thirty. As he stood musing in the red glow of the fire, it was striking to observe his very bright large eye, which betrayed a restlessness of thought and purpose, singularly at variance with the studied composure and sobriety of his mien, and with his quaint and sad apparel. It had nothing harsh or cruel in its expression; neither had his face, which was thin and mild, and wore an air of melancholy; but it was suggestive of an indefinable uneasiness, which infected those who looked upon him, and filled them with a kind of pity for the man: though why it did so, they would have had some trouble to explain.

Gashford, the secretary, was taller, angularly made, high-shouldered, bony, and ungraceful. His dress, in imitation of his superior, was demure and staid in the extreme; his manner, formal and constrained. This gentleman had an overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in. His manner was smooth and humble, but very sly and slinking. He wore the aspect of a man who

was always lying in wait for something that *wouldn't* come to pass; but he looked patient—very patient—and fawned like a spaniel dog. Even now, while he warmed and rubbed his hands before the blaze, he had the air of one who only presumed to enjoy it in his degree as a commoner; and though he knew his lord was not regarding him, he looked into his face from time to time, and with a meek and deferential manner, smiled as if for practice.

Such were the guests whom old John Willet, with a fixed and leaden eye, surveyed a hundred times, and to whom he now advanced with a state candlestick in each hand, beseeching them to follow him into a worthier chamber. "For, my lord," said John—it is odd enough, but certain people seem to have as great a pleasure in pronouncing titles as their owners have in wearing them—"this room, my lord, isn't at all the sort of place for your lordship, and I have to beg your lordship's pardon for keeping you here, my lord, one minute."

With this address, John ushered them up stairs into the state apartment, which, like many other things of state, was cold and comfortless. Their own footsteps, reverberating through the spacious room, struck upon their hearing with a hollow sound; and its damp and chilly atmosphere was rendered doubly cheerless by contrast with the homely warmth they had deserted.

It was of no use, however, to propose a return to the place they had quitted, for the preparations went on so briskly, that there was no time to stop them. John, with the tall candlesticks in his hands, bowed them up to the fire-place; Hugh striding in with a lighted brand and pile of fire-wood, cast it down upon the hearth, and set it in a blaze; John Grueby (who had a great blue cockade in his hat, which he appeared to despise mightily) brought in the portmanteau he had carried on his horse, and placed it on the floor; and presently all three were busily engaged in drawing out the screen, laying the cloth, inspecting the beds, lighting fires in the bedrooms, expediting the supper, and making every thing as cosy, and as snug as might be, on so short a notice. In less than an hour's time, supper had been served, and ate, and cleared away; and Lord George and his secretary, with slippered feet, and legs stretched out before the fire, sat over some hot mulled wine together.

"So ends, my lord," said Gashford, filling his glass with great complacency, "the blessed work of a most blessed day."

"And of a blessed yesterday," said his lordship, raising his head.

"Ah!"—and here the secretary clasped his hands—"a blessed yesterday indeed! The Protestants of Suffolk are godly men and true. Though others of our country have lost their way in darkness, even as we, my lord, did lose our road to-night, theirs is the light and glory."

"Did I move them, Gashford!" said Lord George.

"Move them, my lord! Move them! They cried to be led on against the Papists, they vowed a dreadful vengeance on their heads, they roared like men possessed—"

"But not by devils," said his lord.

"By devils! my lord! By angels."

"Yes—oh surely—by angels, no doubt," said Lord George, thrusting his hands into his pockets, taking them out again to bite his nails, and looking uncomfortably at the fire. "Of course by angels—eh, Gashford?"

"You do not doubt it, my lord?" said the secretary.

"No—no," returned his lord. "No—Why should I? I suppose it would be decidedly irreligious to doubt it—wouldn't it, Gashford? Though there certainly were," he added, without waiting for an answer, "some plaguy ill-looking characters among them."

"When you warmed," said the secretary, looking sharply at the other's downcast eyes, which brightened slowly as he spoke; "when you warmed into that noble outbreak: when you told them that you were never of the lukewarm or the timid tribe, and bade them take heed that they were prepared to follow one who would lead them on, though to the very death; when you spoke of a hundred and twenty thousand men across the Scottish border who would take their own redress at any time, if it were not conceded; when you cried 'Perish the Pope and all his base adherents; the penal laws against them shall never be repealed while Englishmen have hearts and hands'—and waved your own and touched your sword; and when they cried 'No Popery!' and you cried 'No; not even if we wade in blood,' and they threw up their hats and cried 'Hurrah! not even if we wade in blood; No Popery! Lord George! Down with the Papists—Vengeance on their heads:' when this was said and done, and a word from you, my lord, could raise or still the tumult—ah! then I felt what greatness was indeed, and thought, When was there ever power like this of Lord George Gordon's!"

"It's a great power. You're right. It is a great power!" he cried with sparkling eyes. "But—dear Gashford—did I really say all that?"

"And how much more!" cried the secretary, looking upwards. "Ah! how much more!"

"And I told them what you say, about the one hundred and forty thousand men in Scotland, did I!" he asked with evident delight. "That was bold."

"Our cause is boldness. Truth is always bold."

"Certainly. So is religion. She's bold, Gashford?"

"The true religion is, my lord."

"And that's ours," he rejoined, moving uneasily in his seat, and biting his nails as though he would pare them to the quick. "There can be no doubt of ours being the true one. You feel as certain of that as I do, Gashford, don't you?"

"Does my lord ask *me*," whined Gashford, drawing his chair nearer with an injured air, and laying his broad flat hand upon the table; "*me*," he repeated, bending the dark hollows of his eyes upon him with an unwholesome smile, "who, stricken by the magic of his eloquence in Scotland but a year ago, abjured the errors of the Romish church, and clung to him as one whose timely hand had plucked me from a pit?"

"True. No—No. I—I didn't mean it," replied the other, shaking him by the hand, rising from his seat, and pacing restlessly about the room. "It's a proud thing to lead the people, Gashford," he added as he made a sudden halt.

"By force of reason, too," returned the pliant secretary.

"Ay, to be sure. They may cough, and jeer, and groan in Parliament, and call me fool and madman; but which of them can raise this human sea and make it swell and roar at pleasure? Not one."

"Not one," repeated Gashford.

"Which of them can say for his honesty, what I can say for mine; which of them has refused a minister's bribe of one thousand pounds a year to resign his seat in favour of another? Not one."

"Not one" repeated Gashford again—taking the lion's share of the mulled wine between whiles.

"And as we are honest, true, and in a sacred cause, Gashford," said Lord George with a heightened colour and in a louder voice, as he laid his fevered hand upon his shoulder, "and are the only men who regard the mass of people out of doors, or are regarded by them, we will uphold them to the last; and will raise a cry against these un-English Papists which shall re-echo through the country, and roll with a noise like thunder. I will be worthy of the motto on my coat of arms, 'Called and chosen and faithful.'"

"Called," said the secretary, "by Heaven."

"I am."

"Chosen by the people."

"Yes."

"Faithful to both."

"To the block!"

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the excited manner in which he gave these answers to the secretary's promptings; of the rapidity of his utterance, or of the violence of his tone and gesture; in which, struggling through his Puritan's demeanour, was something wild and ungovernable which broke through all restraint. For some minutes he walked rapidly up and down the room, then stopping suddenly, exclaimed,

"Gashford—*You* moved them yesterday too. Oh yes! You did."

"I shone with a reflected light, my lord," replied the humble secretary, laying his hand upon his heart. "I did my best."

"You did well," said his master, "and are a great and worthy instrument. If you will ring for John Grueby to carry the portmanteau into my room, and will wait here while I undress, we will dispose of business as usual, if you're not too tired."

"Too tired, my lord!—But this is his consideration! Christian from head to foot." With which soliloquy, the secretary tilted the jug, and looked very hard into the mulled wine, to see how much remained.

John Willet and John Grueby appeared together. The one bearing the great candlesticks, and the other the portmanteau, showed the deluded lord into his chamber; and left the secretary alone, to yawn and shake himself, and finally to fall asleep before the fire.

"Now Mr. Gashford sir," said John Grueby in his ear, after what appeared to him a moment of unconsciousness; "my lord's abed."

"Oh. Very good, John," was his mild reply. "Thank you, John. Nobody need sit up. I know my room."

"I hope you're not a going to trouble your head to-night, or my lord's head neither, with anything more about Bloody Mary," said John. "I wish the blessed old creetur had never been born."

"I said you might go to bed, John," returned the secretary. "You didn't hear me, I think."

"Between Bloody Marys, and blue cockades, and glorious Queen Besses, and no Poperys, and Protestant associations, and making of speeches," pursued John Grueby, looking, as usual, a long way off, and taking no notice of this hint, "my lord's half off his head. When we go out o' doors, such a set of ragamuffins comes a shouting after us 'Gordon for ever!' that I'm ashamed of myself and don't know where to look. When we're indoors, they come a roaring and screaming about the house like so many devils: and my lord, instead of ordering them to be drove away, goes out into the balcony and demeans himself by making speeches to 'em, and calls 'em 'Men of England,' and 'Fellow-countrymen,' as if he was fond of 'em and thanked 'em for coming. I can't make it out, but they're all mixed up somehow or another with that unfort'nate Bloody Mary, and call her name out till they're hoarse. They're all Protestants too—every man and boy among 'em: and Protestants is very fond of spoons I find, and silver plate in general, whenever area-gates is left open accidentally. I wish that was the worst of it, and that no more harm might be to come; but if you don't stop these ugly customers in time, Mr. Gashford, (and I know you; you're the man that blows the fire) you'll find 'em grow a little bit too strong for you. One of these evenings, when the weather gets warmer and Protestants are thirsty, they'll be pulling London down,—and I never heerd that Bloody Mary went as far as *that*."

Gashford had vanished long ago, and these remarks had been bestowed on empty air. Not at all discomposed by the discovery, John Grueby fixed his hat on, wrong side foremost, that he might be unconscious of the shadow of the obnoxious cockade, and withdrew to bed; shaking his head in a very gloomy and prophetic manner until he reached his chamber.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

Gashford, with a smiling face, but still with looks of profound deference and humility, betook himself towards his master's room, smoothing his hair down as he went, and humming a psalm tune. As he approached Lord George's door, he cleared his throat and hummed more vigorously.

There was a remarkable contrast between this man's occupation at the moment, and the expression of his countenance, which was singularly repulsive and malicious. His beetling brow almost obscured his eyes; his lip was curled contemptuously; his very shoulders seemed to sneer in stealthy whisperings with his great flapped ears.

"Hush!" he muttered softly, as he peeped in at the chamber-door. "He seems to be asleep. Pray Heaven, he is! Too much watching, too much care, too much thought—ah! Lord preserve him for a martyr! He is a saint, if ever saint drew breath on this bad earth."

Placing his light upon a table, he walked on tip-

toe to the fire, and sitting in a chair before it with his back towards the bed, went on communing with himself like one who thought aloud:

"The saviour of his country and his country's religion, the friend of his poor countrymen, the enemy of the proud and harsh; beloved of the rejected and oppressed, adored by forty thousand bold and loyal English hearts—what happy slumbers his should be!" And here he sighed, and warmed his hands, and shook his head as men do when their hearts are full, and heaved another sigh, and warmed his hands again.

"Why, Gashford!" said Lord George, who was lying broad awake, upon his side, and had been staring at him from his entrance.

"My—my lord," said Gashford, starting and looking round as though in great surprise. "I have disturbed you!"

"I have not been sleeping."

"Not sleeping!" he repeated, with assumed confusion. "What can I say for having in your presence given utterance to thoughts—but they were sincere—they were sincere!" exclaimed the secretary, drawing his sleeve in a hasty way across his eyes; "and why should I regret your having heard them?"

"Gashford," said the poor lord, stretching out his hand with manifest emotion. "Do not regret it. You love me well, I know—too well. I don't deserve such homage."

Gashford made no reply, but grasped the hand and pressed it to his lips. Then rising, and taking from the trunk a little desk, he placed it on a table near the fire, unlocked it with a key he carried in his pocket, sat down before it, took out a pen, and before dipping it in the inkstand, sucked it—to compose the fashion of his mouth perhaps, on which a smile was hovering yet.

"How do our numbers stand since last enrolling-night?" inquired Lord George. "Are we really forty thousand strong, or do we still speak in round numbers when we take the Association at that amount?"

"Our total now exceeds that number by a score and three," Gashford replied, casting his eyes upon his papers.

"The funds?"

"Not very improving; but there is some manna in the wilderness, my lord. Hem! On Friday night the widows' mites dropped in. 'Forty scavengers, three and fourpence. An aged pew-opener of St. Martin's parish, sixpence. A bell-ringer of the established church, sixpence. A Protestant infant, newly born, one half-penny. The United Link Boys, three shillings—one bad. The anti-popish prisoners in Newgate, five and fourpence. A friend in Bedlam, half-a-crown. Dennis the hangman, one shilling.'"

"That Dennis," said his lordship, "is an earnest man. I marked him in the crowd in Welbeck Street, last Friday."

"A good man," rejoined the secretary; "a staunch, sincere, and truly zealous man."

"He should be encouraged," said Lord George. "Make a note of Dennis. I'll talk with him."

Gashford obeyed, and went on reading from his list:

"'The Friends of Reason, half-a-guinea. The Friends of Liberty, half-a-guinea. The Friends of Peace, half-a-guinea. The Friends of Charity, half-a-guinea. The Friends of Mercy, half-a-guinea. The Associated Rememberers of Bloody Mary, half-a-guinea. The United Bull-Dogs, half-a-guinea.'"

"The United Bull-Dogs," said Lord George, biting his nails most horribly, "are a new society, are they not?"

"Formerly the 'Prentice Knights, my lord. The indentures of the old members expiring by degrees, they changed their name, it seems, though they still have 'prentices among them, as well as workmen."

"What is their president's name?" enquired Lord George.

"President," said Gashford, reading, "Mr. Simon Tappert[illegible]"

"I remember him. The little man, who sometimes brings an elderly sister to our meetings, and sometimes another female too, who is conscientious, I have no doubt, but not well-favoured?"

"The very same, my lord."

"Tappertit is an earnest man," said Lord George, thoughtfully. "Eh, Gashford?"

"One of the foremost among them all, my lord. He snuffs the battle from afar, like the war-horse. He throws his hat up in the street as if he were inspired, and makes most stirring speeches from the shoulders of his friends."

"Make a note of Tappertit," said Lord George Gordon. "We may advance him to a place of trust."

"That," rejoined the secretary, doing as he was told, "is all—except Mrs. Varden's box (fourteenth time of opening), seven shillings and sixpence in silver and copper, and half-a-guinea in gold; and Miggs (being the saving of a quarter's wages), one-and-threepence."

"Miggs," said Lord George. "Is that a man?"

"The name is entered on the list as a woman," replied the secretary. "I think she is the tall spare female of whom you spoke just now, my lord, as not being well-favoured, who sometimes comes to hear the speeches—along with Tappertit and Mrs. Varden."

"Mrs. Varden is the elderly lady then, is she!"

The secretary nodded, and rubbed the bridge of his nose with the feather of his pen.

"She is a zealous sister," said Lord George "Her collection goes on prosperously, and is pursued with fervour. Has her husband joined?"

"A malignant," returned the secretary, folding up his papers. "Unworthy such a wife. He remains in outer darkness, and steadily refuses."

"The consequences be upon his own head!—Gashford!"

"My lord!"

"You don't think," he turned restlessly in his bed as he spoke, "these people will desert me, when the hour arrives? I have spoken boldly for them, ventured much, suppressed nothing. They'll not fall off, will they?"

"No fear of that, my lord," said Gashford, with a meaning look, which was rather the involuntary expression of his own thoughts than intended as

any confirmation of his words, for the other's face was turned away. "Be sure there is no fear of that."

"Nor," he said with a more restless motion than before, "of their—but they *can* sustain no harm from leaguing for this purpose. Right is on our side, though Might may be against us. You feel as sure of that as I—honestly, you do?"

The secretary was beginning with "You do not doubt," when the other interrupted him, and impatiently rejoined:

"Doubt! No. Who says I doubt? If I doubted, should I cast away relatives, friends, every thing, for this unhappy country's sake; this unhappy country," he cried, springing up in bed, after repeating the phrase "unhappy country's sake" to himself, at least a dozen times, "forsaken of God and man, delivered over to a dangerous confederacy of Popish powers; the prey of corruption, idolatry, and despotism! Who says I doubt? Am I called, and chosen, and faithful? Tell me. Am I, or am I not."

"To God, the country, and yourself," cried Gashford.

"I am. I will be. I say again, I will be: to the block. Who says as much? Do you? Does any man alive?"

The secretary drooped his head with an expression of perfect acquiescence in any thing that had been said or might be; and Lord George gradually sinking down upon his pillow, fell asleep.

Although there was something very ludicrous in his vehement manner, taken in conjunction with his meager aspect and ungraceful presence, it would scarcely have provoked a smile in any man of kindly feeling; or even if it had, he would have felt sorry and almost angry with himself next moment, for yielding to the impulse. This lord was sincere in his violence and in his wavering. A nature prone to false enthusiasm, and the vanity of being a leader, were the worst qualities apparent in his composition. All the rest was weakness—sheer weakness; and it is the unhappy lot of thoroughly weak men, that their very sympathies, affections, confidences—all the qualities which in better constituted minds are virtues—dwindle into foibles, or turn into downright vices.

Gashford, with many a sly look towards the bed, sat chuckling at his master's folly, until his deep and heavy breathing warned him that he might retire. Locking his desk, and replacing it within the trunk (but not before he had taken from a secret lining two printed handbills) he cautiously withdrew; looking back, as he went, at the pale face of the slumbering man, above whose head the dusty plumes that crowned the Maypole couch, waved drearily and sadly as though it were a bier.

Stopping on the staircase to listen that all was quiet, and to take off his shoes lest his footsteps should alarm any light sleeper who might be near at hand, he descended to the ground floor, and thrust one of his bills beneath the great door of the house. That done, he crept softly back to his own chamber, and from the window let another fall—carefully rapped round a stone to save it from the wind—into the yard below.

They were addressed on the back "To every Protestant into whose hands this shall come," and bore within, what follows:

"Men and Brethren. Whoever shall find this letter, will take it as a warning to join, without delay, the friends of Lord George Gordon. There are great events at hand; and the times are dangerous and troubled. Read this carefully, keep it clean, and then drop it somewhere else. For King and Country. Union."

"More seed, more seed," said Gashford as he closed the window. "When will the harvest come!"

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

To surround any thing, however monstrous or ridiculous, with an air of mystery, is to invest it with a secret charm and power of attraction which to the crowd is irresistible. False priests, false prophets, false doctors, false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, veiling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been, perhaps, more indebted to that resource in gaining and keeping for a time the upper hand of truth and common sense, than to any half-dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture. Curiosity is, and has been from the creation of the world, a master passion. To awaken it, to gratify it by slight degrees, and yet leave something always in suspense, is to establish the surest hold that can be had, in wrong, on the unthinking portion of mankind.

If a man had stood on London bridge, calling till he was hoarse, upon the passers by, to join with Lord George Gordon, although for an object which no man understood, and which in that very incident had a charm of its own,—the probability is, that he might have influenced a score of people in a month. If all zealous Protestants had been publicly urged to join an association for the avowed purpose of singing a hymn or two occasionally, and hearing some indifferent speeches made, and ultimately of petitioning Parliament not to pass an act for abolishing the penal laws against the Roman Catholic priests, the penalty of perpetual imprisonment denounced against those who educated children in that persuasion, and the disqualification of all members of the Romish church to inherit real property in the United Kingdom by right of purchase or descent,—matters so far removed from the business and bosoms of the mass, might perhaps have called together a hundred people. But when vague rumours got abroad, that in this Protestant association a secret power was mustering against the government for undefined and mighty purposes; when the air was filled with whispers of a confederacy among the Popish powers to degrade and enslave England, establish an inquisition in London, and turn the pens in Smithfield market into stakes and cauldrons; when terrors and alarms which no man understood were perpetually broached, both in and out of Parliament, by one enthusiast who did not understand himself, and by-gone bugbears which had lain quietly in their graves for centuries, were raised again to haunt the ignorant and credulous; when all this was done, as it were, in the dark, and secret in-

vitations to join the Great Protestant Association in defence of religion, life, and liberty, were dropped in the public ways, thrust under the house-doors, tossed in at windows, and pressed into the hands of those who trod the streets by night; when they glared from every wall, and shone on every post and pillar, so that stocks and stones appeared infected with the common fear, urging all men to join together blindfold in resistance of they knew not what, they knew not why;—then the mania spread indeed, and the body, still increasing every day, grew forty thousand strong.

So said, at least, in this month of March, 1780, Lord George Gordon, the association's president. Whether it was the fact or otherwise, few men knew, or cared to ascertain. It had never made any public demonstration; had scarcely ever been heard of, save through him; had never been seen; and was supposed by many to be the mere creature of his disordered brain. He was accustomed to talk largely about numbers of men—stimulated, as it was inferred, by certain successful disturbances, arising out of the same subject, which had occurred in Scotland in the previous year; was looked upon as a crack-brained member of the lower house, who attacked all parties and sided with none, and was very little regarded. It was known that there was discontent abroad—there always is; he had been accustomed to address the people by placard, speech, and pamphlet, upon other questions; nothing had come, in England, of his past exertions, and nothing was apprehended from his present. Just as he has come upon the reader, he had come, from time to time, upon the public, and been forgotten in a day; as suddenly as he appears in these pages, after a blank of five long years, did he and his proceedings begin to force themselves, about this period, upon the notice of thousands of people, who had mingled in active life during the whole interval, and who, without being deaf or blind to passing events, had scarcely ever thought of him before.

"My lord," said Gashford in his ear, as he drew the curtain of his bed betimes, "my lord."

"Yes—who's that? What is it?"

"The clock has struck nine," returned the secretary, with meekly folded hands. "You have slept well? I hope you have slept well? If my prayers are heard, you are refreshed indeed."

"To say the truth, I have slept so soundly," said Lord George, rubbing his eyes and looking round the room, "that I don't remember quite—what place is this?"

"My lord!" cried Gashford, with a smile.

"O!" returned his superior. "Yes. You're not a Jew then?"

"A Jew!" exclaimed the pious secretary, recoiling.

"I dreamed that we were Jews, Gashford. You and I—both of us—Jews with long beards."

"Heaven forbid, my lord! We might as well be Papists."

"I suppose we might," returned the other, very quickly. "Eh? You really think so, Gashford?"

"Surely I do," the secretary cried, with looks of great surprise.

"Humph!" he muttered. "Yes, that seems reasonable."

"I hope my lord—" the secretary began.

"Hope!" he echoed, interrupting him. "Why do you say, you hope? There's no harm in thinking of such things."

"Not in dreams," returned the secretary.

—"'Called, and chosen, and faithful,'" said Gashford, taking up Lord George's watch, which lay upon a chair, and seemed to read the inscription on the seal, abstractedly.

It was the slightest action possible, not obtruded on his notice, and apparently the result of a moment's absence of mind, not worth remark. But as the words were uttered, Lord George, who had been going on impetuously, stopped short, reddened, and was silent. Apparently quite unconscious of this change in his demeanour, the wily secretary stepped a little apart, under pretence of pulling up the window blind, and returning, when the other had had time to recover, said:

"The holy cause goes bravely on, my lord. I was not idle, even last night. I dropped two of the handbills before I went to bed, and both are gone this morning. Nobody in the house has mentioned the circumstance of finding them, though I have been down stairs full half-an-hour. One or two recruits will be their first fruit, I predict; and who shall say how many more, with Heaven's blessing on your inspired exertions!"

"It was a famous device in the beginning," replied Lord George; "an excellent device, and did good service in Scotland. It was quite worthy of you. You remind me not to be a sluggard, Gashford, when the vineyard is menaced with destruction, and may be trodden down by papist feet. Let the horses be saddled in half-an-hour. We must be up and doing!"

He said this with a heightened colour, and in a tone of such enthusiasm, that the secretary deemed all further prompting needless, and withdrew.

—"Dreamed he was a Jew," he said, thoughtfully, as he closed the bedroom door. "He may come to that before he dies. It's like enough. Well! After a time, and provided I lost nothing by it, I don't see why that religion shouldn't suit me as well as any other. There are rich men among the Jews; shaving is very troublesome;—yes, it would suit me well enough. For the present, though, we must be Christian to the core. Our prophetic motto will suit all creeds in their turn, that's a comfort." Reflecting on this source of consolation, he reached the sitting-room, and rang the bell for breakfast.

Lord George was quickly dressed (for his plain toilet was easily made,) and as he was no less frugal in his repasts than in his Puritan attire, his share of the meal was soon despatched. The secretary, however, more devoted to good things of this world, or more intent on sustaining his strength and spirits for the sake of the Protestant cause, ate and drank to the last minute, and required indeed some three or four reminders from John Grueby, before he could resolve to tear himself away from Willet's plentiful providing.

At length he came down stairs, wiping his greasy mouth, and having paid John Willet's bill, climbed into his saddle. Lord George, who had been walking up and down before the house, talking to himself with earnest gestures, mounted his horse; and returning old John Willet's stately bow, as well as the parting salutation of a dozen idlers whom the rumour of a live lord being about to leave the Maypole had

gathered round the porch, they rode away, with stout John Grueby in the rear.

If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet over night, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was confirmed this morning, and increased a hundred fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair, dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days; and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct; all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole inn.

Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it might be, "Hurrah, Geordie! No Popery!" At which he would gravely pull off his hat, and bow. When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches, he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat cry "Gentlemen, No Popery!" to which the gentlemen would respond with lusty voices, and with three times three; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest following at his horse's heels, and shouting till their throats were parched.

The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a weazen, piping, shrill "Hurrah, my Lord." Others waved their hands, or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem, he received with profound gravity and respect; bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet was not puffed-up or proud.

So they rode (to the deep and unspeakable disgust of John Grueby) the whole length of Whitechapel, Leadenhall-street, and Cheapside, and into Saint Paul's churchyard. Arriving close to the cathedral, he halted; spoke to Gashford, and looking upward at its lofty dome, shook his head as though he said "The Church in Danger!" Then to be sure, the bystanders stretched their throats indeed; and he went on again with mighty acclamations from the mob, and lower bows than ever.

So along the Strand, up Swallow street, into Oxford road, and thence to his house in Welbeck street, near Cavendish-square, whither he was attended by a few dozen idlers; of whom he took leave on the steps with this brief parting, "Gentlemen, No Popery. Good day. God bless you." This being rather a shorter address than they expected, was received with some displeasure, and cries of "A speech! a speech!" which might have been complied with, but that John Grueby, making a mad charge upon them with all three horses, on his way to the stables, caused them to disperse into the adjoining fields, where they presently fell to pitch and toss, chuck-farthing, odd or even, dog-fighting, and other Protestant recreations.

In the afternoon Lord George came forth again, dressed in a black velvet coat, and trousers and waistcoat of the Gordon plaid, all of the same Quaker cut; and in this costume, which made him look a dozen times more strange and singular than before, went down on foot to Westminster. Gashford, meanwhile, bestirred himself in business matters; with which he was still engaged, when, shortly after dusk, John Grueby entered and announced a visiter.

"Let him come in," said Gashford.

"Here! come in!" growled John to somebody without; "You're a Protestant, an't you!"

"*I* should think so," replied a deep, gruff voice.

"You've the looks of it," said John Grueby. "I'd have known you for one, any where." With which remark he gave the visiter admission, retired, and shut the door.

The man who now confronted Gashford was a squat, thickset personage, with a low retreating forehead, a coarse shock head of hair, and eyes so small and near together, that his broken nose alone seemed to prevent their meeting and fusing into one of the usual size. A dingy handkerchief twisted like a cord about his neck, left his great veins exposed to view, and they were swoln and starting, as though with gulping down strong passions, malice, and ill-will. His dress was of threadbare velveteen—a faded, rusty, whitened black, like the ashes of a pipe or a coal fire after a day's extinction; discoloured with the soils of many a stale debauch, and reeking yet with pot-house odours. In lieu of buckles at his knees, he wore unequal loops of packthread; and in his grimy hands he held a knotted stick, the knob of which was carved into a rough likeness of his own vile face. Such was the visiter who doffed his three cornered hat in Gashford's presence, and waited, leering, for his notice.

"Ah! Dennis!" cried the secretary. "Sit down."

"I see my lord down yonder"—cried the man, with the jerk of his thumb towards the quarter that he spoke of, "and he says to me, says my lord, 'If you've nothing do, Dennis, go up to my house and talk with Muster Gashford.' Of course I'd nothing to do, you know. These an't my working hours. Ha, ha! I was a taking the air when I see my lord,

that's what I was doing. I takes the air by night, as the howls does, Muster Gashford."

"And sometimes in the day time, eh?" said the secretary—"when you go out in state, you know."

"Ha, ha!" roared the fellow, smiting his leg; "for a gentleman as 'ull say a pleasant thing in a pleasant way, give me Muster Gashford agin' all London and Westminster! My lord an't a bad 'un at that, but he's a fool to you. Ah to be sure—when I go out in state."

"And have your carriage," said the secretary; "and your chaplain, eh? and all the rest of it?"

"You'll be the death of me," cried Dennis with another roar, "you will. But what's in the wind now, Muster Gashford," he asked hoarsely, "Eh! Are we to be under orders to pull down one of them Popish chapels—or what?"

"Hush! said the secretary, suffering the faintest smile to play upon his face. "Hush! God bless me, Dennis! We associate, you know, for strictly peaceable and lawful purposes."

"*I* know, bless you," returned the man, thrusting his tongue into his cheek; "I entered a' purpose, didn't I!"

"No doubt," said Gashford, smiling as before. And when he said so, Dennis roared again, and smote his leg still harder, and falling into fits of laughter, wiped his eyes with the corner of his neckerchief, and cried "Muster Gashford again all England—hollow!"

"Lord George and I were talking of you last night," said Gashford, after a pause. "He says you are a very earnest fellow."

"So I am," returned the hangman.

"And that you truly hate the Papists."

"So I do," and he confirmed it with a good round oath. "Lookye here, Muster Gashford," said the fellow, laying his hat and stick upon the floor, and slowly beating the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other; "Observe. I'm a constitutional officer that works for my living, and does my work creditable. Do I, or do I not?"

"Unquestionably."

"Very good. Stop a minute. My work is sound, Protestant, constitutional, English work. Is it, or is it not?"

"No man alive can doubt it."

"Nor dead neither. Parliament says this here—says Parliament 'If any man, woman, or child, does any thing which goes again a certain number of our acts'—how many hanging laws may there be at this present time, Muster Gashford? Fifty?"

"I don't exactly know how many," replied Gashford, leaning back in his chair and yawning; "a great number though."

"Well; say fifty. Parliament says, 'If any man, woman, or child, does any thing again any one of them fifty acts, that man, woman, or child, shall be worked off by Dennis.' George the Third steps in when they number very strong at the end of a sessions, and says, 'these are too many for Dennis. I'll have half for *myself* and Dennis shall have half for *himself*;' and sometimes he throws me in one over that I don't expect, as he did three years ago, when I got Mary Jones, a young woman of nineteen who come up to Tyburn with a infant at her breast, and was worked off for taking a piece of cloth off the counter of a shop in Ludgate-hill, and putting it down again when the shopman see her; and who had never done any harm before, and only tried to do that, in consequence of her husband having been pressed three weeks previous, and she being left to beg, with two young children—as was proved upon the trial. Ha ha!—Well! That being the law and the practice of England, is the glory of England, an't it Muster Gashford?"

"Certainly," said the secretary.

"And in times to come," pursued the hangman, "if our grandsons should think of their grandfathers' times, and find these things altered, they'll say, 'Those were days indeed, and we've been going down hill ever since.'—Won't they, Muster Gashford?"

"I have no doubt they will," said the secretary.

"Well then, look here," said the hangman. "If these papists get into power, and begins to boil and roast instead of hang, what becomes of my work! If they touch my work that's a part of so many laws, what becomes of the laws in general, what becomes of the religion, what becomes of the country?—Did you ever go to church, Muster Gashford?"

"Ever, repeated the secretary with some indignation; "of course."

"Well," said the ruffian, "I've been once—twice, counting the time I was christened—and when I heard the Parliament prayed for, and thought how many new hanging laws they made every sessions, I considered that *I* was prayed for. Now mind, Muster Gashford," said the fellow, taking up his stick and shaking it with a ferocious air, "I mustn't have my Protestant work touched, nor this here Protestant state of things altered in no degree, if I can help it; I mustn't have no Papists interfere with me, unless they come to me to be worked off in course of law; I mustn't have no biling, no roasting, no frying—nothing but hanging. My lord may well call me an earnest fellow. In support of the great Protestant principle of having plenty of that, I'll," and here he beat his club upon the ground, "burn, fight, kill—do any thing you bid me, so that it's bold and devilish—though the end of it was that I got hung myself.—There, Muster Gashford!"

He had appropriately followed up his frequent prostitution of a noble word to the vilest purposes, by pouring out in a kind of ecstacy, at least a score of most tremendous oaths; then wiped his heated face upon his neckerchief, and cried, "No Popery! I'm a religious man, by G—!"

Gashford had leant back in his chair, regarding him with eyes so sunken, and so shadowed by his heavy brows, that for aught the hangman saw of them, he might have been stone blind. He remained smiling in silence for a short time longer, and then said, slowly and distinctly:

"You are indeed an earnest fellow, Dennis—a most valuable fellow—the staunchest man I know of in our ranks. But you must calm yourself; you must be peaceful, lawful, mild as any lamb. I am sure you will be though."

"Ay, ay, we shall see, Muster Gashford, we shall see. You won't have to complain of me," returned the other, shaking his head.

"I am sure I shall not," said the secretary in the same mild tone, and with the same emphasis. "We shall have, we think, about next month, or May, when this Papist relief bill comes before the house,

to convene our whole body for the first time. My lord has thoughts of our walking in procession through the streets—just as an innocent display of strength—and accompanying our petition down to the door of the House of Commons."

"The sooner, the better," said Dennis, with another oath.

"We shall have to draw up in divisions, our numbers being so large; and, I may venture to say," resumed Gashford, affecting not to hear the interruption, "though I have no direct instructions to that effect—That Lord George has thought of you as an excellent leader for one of these parties. I have no doubt you would be an admirable one."

"Try me," said the fellow with an ugly wink.

"You would be cool, I know," pursued the secretary, still smiling, and still managing his eyes so that he could watch him closely, and really not to be seen in turn, "obedient to orders, and perfectly temperate. You would lead your party into no danger, I am certain."

"I'd lead them, Muster Gashford"—the hangman was beginning in a reckless way, when Gashford started forward, laid his finger on his lips, and feigned to write, just as the door was opened by John Grueby.

"Oh!" said John, looking in; "here's another Protestant."

"Some other room, John," cried Gashford in his blandest voice. "I'm engaged just now."

But John had brought this new visiter to the door, and he walked in unbidden, as the words were uttered; giving to view the form and features, rough attire, and reckless air, of Hugh.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

The secretary put his hand before his eyes to shade them from the glare of the lamp, and for some moments looked at Hugh with a frowning brow, as if he remembered to have seen him lately, but could not call to mind where, or on what occasion. His uncertainty was very brief, for before Hugh had spoken a word, he said, as his countenance cleared up:

"Ay, ay, I recollect. It's quite right, John, you needn't wait. Don't go, Dennis."

"Your servant, master," said Hugh, as Grueby disappeared.

"Your's friend," returned the secretary in his smoothest manner. "What brings *you* here? We left nothing behind us, I hope!"

Hugh gave a short laugh, and thrusting his hand into his breast, produced one of the handbills, soiled and dirty from lying out of doors all night, which he laid upon the secretary's desk after flattening it upon his knee, and smoothing out the wrinkles with his heavy palm.

"Nothing but that, master. It fell into good hands, you see."

"What is this!" said Gashford, turning it over with an air of perfectly natural surprise. "Where did you get it from, my good fellow; what does it mean? I don't understand this at all."

A little disconcerted by his reception, Hugh looked from the secretary to Dennis, who had risen and was standing at the table, too, observing the stranger by stealth, and seeming to derive the utmost satisfaction from his manners and appearance. Considering himself silently appealed to by this action, Mr. Dennis shook his head thrice, as if to say of Gashford, "No. He don't know any thing at all about it. I know he don't. I'll take my oath he don't;" and hiding his profile from Hugh with one long end of his frowzy neckerchief, nodded and chuckled behind this screen in extreme approval of the secretary's proceedings.

"It tells the man that finds it, to come here, don't it?" asked Hugh. "I'm no scholar, myself, but I showed it to a friend, and he said it did."

"It certainly does," said Gashford, opening his eyes to their utmost width; "really this is the most remarkable circumstance I have ever known. How did you come by this piece of paper, my good friend?"

"Muster Gashford," wheezed the hangman under his breath, "agin all Newgate!"

Whether Hugh heard him, or saw by his manner that he was being played upon, or perceived the secretary's drift of himself, he came in his blunt way to the point at once.

"Here!" he said, stretching out his hand and taking it back; "never mind the bill, or what it says, or what it don't say. You don't know any thing about it, master,—no more do I,—no more does he," glancing at Dennis. "None of us know what it means, or where it comes from: there's an end of that. Now, I want to make one against the Catholics, I'm a No-Popery man, and ready to be sworn in. That's what I've come here for."

"Put him down on the roll, Muster Gashford," said Dennis, approvingly. "That's the way to go to work—right to the end at once, and no palaver."

"What's the use of shooting wide of the mark, eh, old boy!" cried Hugh.

"My sentiments all over!" rejoined the hangman. "This is the sort of chap for my division, Muster Gashford. Down with him, sir. Put him on the roll. I'd stand godfather to him, if he was to be christened in a bonfire, made of the ruins of the Bank of England."

With these and other expressions of confidence of the like flattering kind, and Mr. Dennis gave him a hearty slap on the back, which Hugh was not slow to return.

"No Popery, brother!" cried the hangman.

"No Property, brother!" responded Hugh.

"Popery, Popery," said the secretary, with his usual mildness.

"It's all the same!" cried Dennis, "It's all right. Down with him, Muster Gashford. Down with every body, down with every thing! Hurrah for the Protestant religion! That's the time of day, Muster Gashford!"

The secretary regarded them both with a very favourable expression of countenance, while they gave loose to these and other demonstrations of their patriotic purpose; and was about to make some remark aloud, when Dennis, stepping up to him, and shading his mouth with his hand, said, in a hoarse whisper, as he nudged him with his elbow:

"Don't split upon a constitutional officer's profession, Muster Gashford. There are popular prejudices, you know, and he mightn't like it. Wait till he comes to be more intimate with me. He's a fine built chap, an't he!"

"A powerful fellow, indeed!"

"Did you ever, Muster Gashford," whispered

Dennis, with a horrible kind of admiration, such as that with which a cannibal might regard his intimate friend, when hungry,—"did you ever"—and here he drew still closer to his ear, and fenced his mouth with both his open hands—"see such a throat as his? Do but cast your eye upon it. There's a neck for stretching, Muster Gashford!"

The secretary assented to this proposition with the best grace he could assume—it is difficult to feign a true professional relish: which is eccentric sometimes—and after asking the candidate a few unimportant questions, proceeded to enrol him a member of the Great Protestant Association of England. If any thing could have exceeded Mr. Dennis's joy on the happy conclusion of this ceremony, it would have been the rapture with which he received the announcement that the new member could neither read nor write: those two arts being (as Mr. Dennis swore) the greatest possible curse a civilised community could know, and militating more against the professional emoluments and usefulness of the great constitutional office he had the honour to hold, than any adverse circumstances that could present themselves to his imagination.

The enrolment being completed, and Hugh having been informed by Gashford, in his peculiar manner, of the peaceful and strictly lawful objects contemplated by the body to which he now belonged—during which recital Mr. Dennis nudged him very much with his elbow, and made divers remarkable faces—the secretary gave them both to understand that he desired to be alone. Therefore they took their leaves without delay, and came out of the house together.

"Are you walking, brother!" said Dennis.

"Ay!" returned Hugh. "Where you will."

"That's social," said his new friend. "Which way shall we take? Shall we go and have a look at doors that we shall make a pretty good clattering at, before long—eh, brother!"

Hugh answering in the affirmative, they went slowly down to Westminster, where both houses of Parliament were then sitting. Mingling in the crowd of carriages, horses, servants, chairmen, linkboys, porters, and idlers of all kinds, they lounged about; while Hugh's new friend pointed out to him significantly the weak parts of the building, how easy it was to get into the lobby, and so to the very door of the House of Commons; and how plainly, when they marched down there in grand array, their roars and shouts would be heard by the members inside; with a great deal more to the same purpose, all of which Hugh received with manifest delight.

He told him, too, who some of the Lords and Commons were, by name, as they came in and out; whether they were friendly to the Papists or otherwise; and bade him take notice of their liveries and equipages, that he might be sure of them, in case of need. Sometimes he drew him close to the windows of a passing carriage, that he might see its master's face by the light of the lamps; and, both in respect of people and localities, he showed so much acquaintance with every thing around, that it was plain he had often studied there before; as indeed, when they grew a little more confidential, he confessed he had.

Perhaps the most striking part of all this was, the number of people—never in groups of more than two or three together—who seemed to be skulking about the crowd for the same purpose. To the greater part of these, a slight nod or a look from Hugh's companion was sufficient greeting; but now and then, some man would come and stand beside him in the throng, and without turning his head or appearing to communicate with him, would say a word or two in a low voice, which he would answer in the same cautious manner. Then they would part, like strangers. Some of these men often reappeared again unexpectedly in the crowd close to Hugh, and as they passed by, pressed his hand, or looked him sternly in the face; but they never spoke to him, nor he to them; no, not a word.

It was remarkable, too, that whenever they happened to stand where there was any press of people, and Hugh chanced to be looking downward, he was sure to see an arm stretched out—under his own perhaps, or perhaps across him—which thrust some paper into the hand or pocket of a bystander, and was so suddenly withdrawn that it was impossible to tell from whom it came; nor could he see in any face, on glancing quickly round, the least confusion or surprise. They often trod upon a paper like the one he carried in his breast, but his companion whispered him not to touch it or to take it up,—not even to look towards it,—so they let them lie, and passed on.

When they had paraded the street and all the avenues of the building in this manner for near two hours, they turned away, and his friend asked him what he thought of what he had seen, and whether he was prepared for a good hot piece of work if it should come to that. "The hotter the better," said Hugh, "I'm prepared for any thing"—"So am I," said his friend, "and so are many of us;" and they shook hands upon it with a great oath, and with many terrible imprecations on the Papists.

As they were thirsty by this time, Dennis proposed that they should repair together to the Boot, where there was good company and strong liquor.—Hugh yielding a ready assent, they bent their steps that way with no loss of time.

This Boot was a lone house of public entertainment, situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital; a very solitary spot at that period, and quite deserted after dark. The tavern stood at some distance from any high road, and was approachable only by a dark and narrow lane; so that Hugh was much surprised to find several people drinking there, and great merriment going on. He was still more surprised to find among them almost every face that had caught his attention in the crowd; but his companion having whispered him outside the door, that it was not considered good manners at the Boot to appear at all curious about the company, he kept his own counsel, and made no show of recognition.

Before putting his lips to the liquor which was brought for them, Dennis drank in a loud voice the health of Lord George Gordon, President of the Great Protestant Association; which toast Hugh pledged likewise, with corresponding enthusiasm.—A fiddler who was present, and who appeared to act as the appointed minstrel of the company, forthwith struck up a Scotch reel; and that in tones so invigorating, that Hugh and his friend (who had both been drinking before) rose from their seats as by previous concert, and, to the great admiration of the assembled guests, performed an extemporaneous No-Popery Dance.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

The applause which the performance of Hugh and his new friend elicited from the company at The Boot, had not yet subsided, and the two dancers were still panting from their exertions, which had been of a rather extreme and violent character, when the party was reinforced by the arrival of some more guests, who, being a detachment of United Bull-Dogs, were received with very flattering marks of distinction and respect.

The leader of this small party—for, including himself, they were but three in number—was our old acquaintance, Mr. Tappertit, who seemed, physically speaking, to have grown smaller with years (particularly as to his legs, which were stupendously little), but who, in a moral point of view, in personal dignity and self-esteem, had swelled into a giant. Nor was it by any means difficult for the most unobservant person to detect this state of feeling in the quondam 'Prentice, for it not only proclaimed itself impressively and beyond mistake in his majestic walk and kindling eye, but found a striking means of revelation in his turned-up nose, which scouted all things of earth with deep disdain, and sought communion with its kindred skies.

Mr. Tappertit, as chief or captain of the Bull-Dogs, was attended by his two lieutenants; one, the tall comrade of his younger life; the other, a 'Prentice Knight in days of yore—Mark Gilbert, bound in the olden time to Thomas Curzon of the Golden Fleece. These gentlemen, like himself, were now emancipated from their 'Prentice thraldom, and served as journeymen; but they were, in humble emulation of his great example, bold and daring spirits, and aspired to a distinguished state in great political events. Hence their connexion with the Protestant Association of England, sanctioned by the name of Lord George Gordon; and hence their present visit to The Boot.

"Gentlemen!" said Mr. Tappertit, taking off his hat as a great General might in addressing his troops. "Well met. My lord does me and you the honour to send his compliments per self."

"You've seen my Lord, too, have you?" said Dennis. "*I* see him this afternoon."

"My duty called me to the Lobby when our shop shut up; and I saw him there, sir," Mr. Tappertit replied, as he and his lieutenants took their seats.

"How do *you* do?"

"Lively, master, lively," said the fellow. "Here's a new brother, regularly put down in black and white by Muster Gashford; a credit to the cause; one of the stick-at-nothing sort; one arter my own heart. D'ye see him? Has he got the looks of a man that'll do, do you think?" he cried, as he slapped Hugh on the back.

"Looks or no looks," said Hugh, with a drunken flourish of his arm, "I'm the man you want. I hate the Papists, every one of 'em. They hate me, and I hate them. They do me all the harm they can, and I'll do them all the harm *I* can. Hurrah!"

"Was there ever," said Dennis, looking round the room when the echo of his boisterous voice had died away; "was there ever such a game boy! Why, I mean to say, brothers, that if Muster Gashford had gone a hundred mile and got together fifty men of the common run, they wouldn't have been worth this one."

The greater part of the company implicitly subscribed to this opinion, and testified their faith in Hugh, by nods and looks of great significance. Mr. Tappertit sat and contemplated him for a long time in silence, as if he suspended his judgment; then drew a little nearer to him, and eyed him over more carefully; then went close up to him, and took him apart into a dark corner.

"I say," he began, with a thoughtful brow, "haven't I seen you before?"

"It's like you may," said Hugh, in his careless way. "I don't know; shouldn't wonder."

"No, but it's very easily settled," returned Sim "Look at me. Did you ever see *me* before? You wouldn't be likely to forget it, you know, if you ever did. Look at me. Don't be afraid; I won't do you any harm. Take a good look—steady now."

The encouraging way in which Mr. Tappertit made this request, and coupled it with an assurance that he needn't be frightened, amused Hugh mightily—so much indeed, that he saw nothing at all of the small man before him, through closing his eyes in a fit of hearty laughter, which shook his great broad sides until they ached again.

"Come!" said Mr. Tappertit, growing a little impatient under this disrespectful treatment. "Do you know me, feller?"

"Not I," cried Hugh. "Ha, ha, ha! Not I! But I should like to."

"And yet I'd have wagered a seven shilling piece," said Mr. Tappertit, folding his arms, and confronting him with his legs wide apart, and firmly planted on the ground, "that you once were hostler at the Maypole.

Hugh opened his eyes on hearing this, and looked at him in great surprise.

"—And so you were, too," said Mr. Tappertit, pushing him away, with a condescending playfulness. "When did *my* eyes ever deceive — unless it was a young woman! Don't you know me now?"

"Why it a'n't—" Hugh faltered.

"A'n't it," said Mr. Tappertit. Are you sure of that? You remember G. Varden, don't you?"

Certainly Hugh did, and he remembered D. Varden, too; but that he didn't tell him.

"You remember coming down there, before I was out of my time, to ask after a vagabond that had bolted off, and left his disconsolate father a prey to the bitterest emotions, and all the rest of it—don't you?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"Of course I do!" cried Hugh. "And I saw you there."

"Saw me there!" said Mr. Tappertit. "Yes, I should think you did see me there. The place would be troubled to go on without me. Don't you remember my thinking you liked the vagabond, and on that account going to quarrel with you; and then finding you detested him worse than poison, going to drink with you! Don't you remember that?"

"To be sure!" cried Hugh.

"Well! and are you in the same mind now?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"Yes!" roared Hugh.

"You speak like a man," said Mr. Tappertit, "and I'll shake hands with you."—With these conciliatory

expressions, he suited the action to the word; and Hugh meeting his advances readily, they performed the ceremony with a show of great heartiness.

"I find," said Mr. Tappertit, looking round on the assembled guests, "that brother What's-his-name and I are old acquaintance.—"You never heard any thing more of that rascal, I suppose, eh?"

"Not a syllable," replied Hugh. "I never want to. I don't believe I ever shall. He's dead long ago, I hope."

"It's to be hoped, for the sake of mankind in general and the happiness of society, that he is," said Mr. Tappertit, rubbing his palm upon his legs, and looking at it between whiles. "Is your other hand at all cleaner? Much the same. Well, I'll owe you another shake. We'll suppose it done, if you've no objection."

Hugh laughed again, and with such thorough abandonment to his mad humour, that his limbs seemed dislocated, and his whole frame in danger of tumbling to pieces; but Mr. Tappertit, so far from receiving this extreme merriment with any irritation, was pleased to regard it with the utmost favour, and even to join in it, so far as one of his gravity and station could, with any regard to that decency and decorum which men in high places are expected to maintain.

Mr. Tappertit did not stop here, as many public characters might have done, but, calling up his brace of lieutenants, introduced Hugh to them with high commendation; declaring him to be a man who, at such times as those in which they lived, could not be too much cherished. Further, he did him the honour to remark, that he would be an acquisition of which even the United Bull-Dogs might be proud; and finding, upon sounding him, that he was quite ready and willing to enter the society (for he was not at all particular, and would have leagued himself that night with any thing, or any body, for any purpose whatsoever), caused the necessary preliminaries to be gone into upon the spot. This tribute to his great merit delighted no man more than Mr. Dennis, as he himself proclaimed with several rare and surprising oaths; and indeed it gave unmingled satisfaction to the whole assembly.

"Make any thing you like of me!" cried Hugh, flourishing the can he had emptied more than once. "Put me on any duty you please. I'm your man. I'll do it. Here's my captain—here's my leader. Ha, ha, ha! Let him give me the word of command, and I'll fight the whole Parliament House single-handed, or set a lighted torch to the King's Throne itself!" With that he smote Mr. Tappertit on the back, with such violence that his little body seemed to shrink into a mere nothing; and roared again until the very foundlings near at hand were startled in their beds.

In fact a sense of something whimsical in their companionship seem to have taken entire possession of his rude brain. The bare fact of being patronised by a great man whom he could have crushed with one hand, appeared in his eyes so eccentric and humorous, that a kind of ferocious merriment gained the mastery over him, and quite subdued his brutal nature. He roared and roared again; toasted Mr. Tappertit a hundred times; declared himself a Bull-Dog to the core; and vowed to be faithful to him to the last drop of blood in his veins.

All these compliments Mr. Tappertit received as matters of course—flattering enough in their way, but entirely attributable to his vast superiority. His dignified self-possession only delighted Hugh the more; and in a word, this giant and dwarf struck up a friendship which bade fair to be of long continuance, as the one held it to be his right to command, and the other considered it an exquisite pleasantry to obey. Nor was Hugh by any means a passive follower, who scrupled to act without precise and definite orders; for when Mr. Tappertit mounted on an empty cask which stood by way of rostrum in the room, and volunteered a speech upon the alarming crisis then at hand, he placed himself beside the orator, and though he grinned from ear to ear at every word he said, threw out such expressive hints to scoffers in the management of his cudgel, that those who were at first the most disposed to interrupt, became remarkably attentive, and were the loudest in their approbation.

It was not all noise and jest, however, at The Boot, nor were the whole party listeners to the speech. There were some men at the other end of the room (which was a long, low-roofed chamber) in earnest conversation all the time; and when any of this group went out, fresh people were sure to come in soon afterwards and sit down in their places, as though the others had relieved them on some watch or duty; which it was pretty clear they did, for these changes took place by the clock, at intervals of half an hour. These persons whispered very much among themselves, and kept aloof, and often looked round, as jealous of their speech being overheard; some two or three among them entered in books what seemed to be reports from the others; when they were not thus employed, one of them would turn to the newspapers which were strewn upon the table, and from the Saint James's Chronicle, the Herald, Chronicle, or Public Advertiser, would read to the rest in a low voice some passage having reference to the topic in which they were all so deeply interested. But the great attraction was a pamphlet called The Thunderer, which espoused their own opinions, and was supposed at that time to emanate directly from the Association. This was always in request; and whether read aloud, to an eager knot of listeners, or by some solitary man, was certain to be followed by stormy talking and excited looks.

In the midst of all his merriment, and admiration of his captain, Hugh was made sensible by these and other tokens, of the presence of an air of mystery, akin to that which had so much impressed him out of doors. It was impossible to discard a sense that something serious was going on, and that under the noisy revel of the public house, there lurked unseen and dangerous matter. Little affected by this, however, he was perfectly satisfied with his quarters and would have remained there till morning, but that his conductor rose soon after midnight, to go home; Mr. Tappertit following his example, left him no excuse to stay. So they all three left the house together—roaring a No-Popery song until the fields resounded with the dismal noise.

"Cheer up, captain!" cried Hugh, when they had roared themselves out of breath. "Another stave!"

Mr. Tappertit, nothing loath, began again; and

so the three went staggering on, arm-in-arm, shouting like madmen, and defying the watch with great valour. Indeed this did not require any unusual bravery or boldness, as the watchmen of that time, being selected for the office on account of excessive age and extraordinary infirmity, had a custom of shutting themselves up tight in their boxes on the first symptoms of disturbance, and remaining there until they disappeared. In these proceedings, Mr. Dennis, who had a gruff voice and lungs of considerable power, distinguished himself very much, and acquired great credit with his two companions.

"What a queer fellow you are!" said Mr. Tappertit. "You're so precious sly and close. Why don't you ever tell what trade you're of?"

"Answer the captain instantly," cried Hugh, beating his hat down on his head; "why don't you ever tell what trade you're of?"

"I'm of as gen-teel a calling, brother, as any man in England—as light a business as any gentleman could desire."

"Was you 'prenticed to it?" asked Mr. Tappertit.

"No. Natural genius," said Mr. Dennis. "No 'prenticing. It came by natur'. Muster Gashford knows my calling. Look at that hand of mine.—Many and many a job that hand has done, with a neatness and dexterity never known afore. When I look at that hand," said Mr. Dennis, shaking it in the air, "and remember the helegant bits of work it has turned off, I feel quite mollancholy to think it should ever grow old and feeble. But such is life!"

He heaved a deep sigh, as he indulged in these reflections; and putting his fingers with an absent air on Hugh's throat, and particularly under his left ear, as if he were studying the anatomical development of that part of his frame, shook his head in a despondent manner and actually shed tears.

"You're a kind of artist, I suppose—eh?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"Yes," rejoined Dennis; "yes—I may call myself a artist—a fancy workman—art improves natur'—that's my motto."

"And what do you call this?" said Mr. Tappertit, taking his stick out of his hand.

"That's my portrait atop," Dennis replied; "d'ye think it's like?"

"Why—it's a little too handsome," said Mr. Tappertit. "Who did it? You?"

"I!" repeated Dennis, gazing fondly on his image. "I wish I had the talent. That was carved by a friend of mine, as is now no more. The very day afore he died, he cut that with his pocket-knife, from memory! I'll die game, says my friend, and my last moments shall be dewoted to making Dennis's pictur'. That's it."

"That was a queer fancy, wasn't it?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"It *was* a queer fancy," rejoined the other, breathing on his fictitious nose, and polishing it with the cuff of his coat, "but he was a queer subject altogether—a kind of gipsy—one of the finest, stand-up-men, you ever see. Ah! he told me some things that would startle you a bit, did that friend of mine, on the morning when he died."

"You were with him at the time, were you?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"Yes," he answered, with a curious look. "I was there. Oh! yes, certainly, I was there. He wouldn't have gone off half as comfortable without me. I had been with three or four of his family under the same circumstances. They were all fine fellows."

"They must have been fond of you," remarked Mr. Tappertit, looking at him sideways.

"I don't know that they was exactly fond of me," said Dennis, with a little hesitation, "but they all had me near 'em when they departed. I come in for their wardrobes, too. This very hankercher that you see round my neck, belonged to him that I've been speaking of—him as did that likeness."

Mr. Tappertit glanced at the article referred to, and appeared to think that the deceased's ideas of dress were of a peculiar and by no means an expensive kind. He made no remark upon the point, however, and suffered his mysterious companion to proceed without interruption.

"These smalls," said Dennis, rubbing his legs; "these very smalls—they belonged to a friend of mine that's left off such incumbrances for ever: this coat, too—I've often walked behind this coat, in the streets, and wondered whether it would ever come to me: this pair of shoes have danced a hornpipe for another man, afore my eyes, full half-a-dozen times at least: and as to my hat," he said, taking it off, and twirling it round upon his fist—"Lord! I've seen this hat go up Holborn on the box of a hackney-coach—ah, many and many a day!"

"You don't mean to say their old wearers are *all* dead, I hope?" said Mr. Tappertit, falling a little distance from him, as he spoke.

"Every one of 'em," replied Dennis. "Every man, Jack!"

There was something so very ghastly in this circumstance, and it appeared to account, in such a very strange and dismal manner, for his faded dress—which, in this new aspect, seemed discoloured by the earth from graves—that Mr. Tappertit abruptly found he was going another way, and stopping short, bade him good night with the utmost heartiness.—As they happened to be near the Old Bailey, and Mr. Dennis knew there were turnkeys in the lodge with whom he could pass the night, and discuss professional subjects of common interest among them before a rousing fire, and over a social glass, he separated from his companions without any great regret, and warmly shaking hands with Hugh, and making an early appointment for their meeting at The Boot, left them to pursue their road.

"That's a strange sort of man," said Mr. Tappertit, watching the hackney-coachman's hat as it went bobbing down the street. "I don't know what to make of him. Why can't he have his smalls made to order, or wear live clothes at any rate?"

"He's a lucky man, captain," cried Hugh. "I should like to have such friends as his."

"I hope he don't get 'em to make their wills and then knock 'em on the head," said Mr. Tappertit, musing. "But come. The United B.'s expect me. Oh!—What's the matter?"

"I quite forgot," said Hugh, who had started at the striking of a neighbouring clock. "I have somebody to see to-night—I must turn back directly. The drinking and singing put it out of my head.—It's well I remembered it!"

Mr. Tappertit looked at him as though he were about to give utterance to some very majestic senti-

ments in reference to this act of desertion; but as it was clear, from Hugh's hasty manner, that the engagement was one of a pressing nature, he graciously forbore, and gave him his permission to depart immediately,—which Hugh acknowledged with a roar of laughter.

"Good night, captain!" he cried. "I am yours to the death, remember!"

"Farewell!" said Mr. Tappertit, waving his hand. "Be bold and vigilant!"

"No Popery, captain!" roared Hugh.

"England in blood first!" cried his desperate leader. Whereat Hugh cheered and laughed, and ran off like a greyhound.

"That man will prove a credit to my corps," said Simon, turning thoughtfully upon his heel. "And let me see. In an altered state of society—which must ensue if we break out and are victorious—when the locksmith's child is mine, Miggs must be got rid of somehow, or she'll poison the tea-kettle one evening when I'm out. He might marry Miggs, if he was drunk enough. It shall be done. I'll make a note of it."

## CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

Little thinking of the plan for his happy settlement in life which had suggested itself to the teeming brain of his provident commander, Hugh made no pause until Saint Dunstan's giants struck the hour above him, when he worked the handle of a pump which stood hard by, with great vigour, and thrusting his head under the spout, let the water gush upon him until a little stream ran down from every uncombed hair, and he was wet to the waist. Considerably refreshed by this ablution, both in mind and body, and almost sobered for the time, he dried himself as he best could; then crossed the road, and plied the knocker of the Middle Temple gate.

The night-porter looked through a small grating in the portal with a surly eye, and cried "Halloa?" which greeting Hugh returned in kind, and bade him open quickly.

"We don't sell beer here," cried the man; "what else do you want?"

"To come in," Hugh replied, with a kick at the door.

"Where to go to?"

"Paper-Buildings."

"Whose chambers?"

"Sir John Chester's." Each of which answers, he emphasised with another kick.

After a little growling on the other side, the gate was opened, and he passed in: undergoing a close inspection from the porter as he did so.

"*You* wanting Sir John, at this time of night!" said the man.

"Ay!" said Hugh. "I! What of that?"

"Why, I must go with you and see that you do, for I don't believe it."

"Come along then."

Eyeing him with suspicious looks, the man, with key and lantern, walked on at his side, and attended him to Sir John Chester's door, at which Hugh gave one knock, that echoed through the dark staircase like a ghostly summons, and made the dull light tremble in the drowsy lamp.

"Do you think he wants me now?" said Hugh.

Before the man had time to answer, a footstep was heard within, a light appeared, and Sir John, in his dressing-gown and slippers, opened the door.

"I ask your pardon, Sir John," said the porter, pulling off his hat. "Here's a young man says he wants to speak to you. It's late for strangers. I thought it best to see that all was right."

"Aha?" cried Sir John, raising his eyebrows. "It's you, messenger, is it? Go in. Quite right, friend. I commend your prudence highly. Thank you. God bless you. Good night."

To be commended, thanked, God-blessed, and bade good night by one who carried "Sir" before his name, and wrote himself M. P. to boot, was something for a porter. He withdrew with much humility and reverence. Sir John followed his late visiter into the dressing-room, and sitting in his easy chair before the fire, and moving it so that he could see him as he stood, hat in hand, beside the door, looked at him from head to foot.

The old face, calm and pleasant as ever; the complexion, quite juvenile in its bloom and clearness; the same smile; the wonted precision and elegance of dress; the white, well-ordered teeth; the delicate hands; the composed and quiet manner; every thing as it used to be: no marks of age or passion, envy, hate, or discontent: all unruffled and serene, and quite delightful to behold.

He wrote himself M. P.—but how? Why, thus. It was a proud family—more proud, indeed, than wealthy. He had stood in danger of arrest; of bailiffs, and a jail—a vulgar jail, to which the common people with the small incomes went. Gentlemen of ancient houses have no privilege of exemption from such cruel laws—unless they are of one great house, and then they have. A proud man of his stock and kindred had the means of sending him there. He offered—not indeed to pay his debts, but to let him sit for a close borough until his own son came of age, which, if he lived, would come to pass in twenty years. It was quite as good as an Insolvent Act, and infinitely more genteel. So Sir John Chester was a member of Parliament.

But how Sir John? Nothing so simple, or so easy. One touch with a sword of state, and the transformation is effected. John Chester, Esquire, M. P. attended court—went up with an address—headed a deputation. Such elegance of manner, so many graces of deportment, such powers of conversation, could never pass unnoticed. Mr. was too common for such merit. A man so gentlemanly should have been—but Fortune is capricious—born a duke: just as some dukes should have been born labourers. He caught the fancy of the king, knelt down a grub, and rose a butterfly. John Chester, Esquire, was knighted and became Sir John.

"I thought when you left me this evening, my esteemed acquaintance," said Sir John, after a pretty long silence, "that you intended to return with all despatch?"

"So I did, master."

"And so you have?" he retorted, glancing at his watch. "Is that what you would say?"

Instead of replying, Hugh changed the leg on which he leant, shuffled his cap from one hand to

the other, looked at the ground, the wall, the ceiling, and finally at Sir John himself; before whose pleasant face he lowered his eyes again, and fixed them on the floor.

"And how have you been employing yourself in the mean while?" quoth Sir John, lazily crossing his legs. "Where have you been? what harm have you been doing?"

"No harm at all, master," growled Hugh, with humility. "I have only done as you ordered."

"As I *what?*" returned Sir John.

"Well, then," said Hugh, easily, "as you advised, or said I ought, or said I might, or said that you would do, if you was me. Don't be so hard upon me, master."

Something like an expression of triumph in the perfect control he had established over this rough instrument, appeared in the knight's face for an instant; but it vanished directly, as he said—paring his nails while speaking:

"When you say I ordered you, my good fellow, you imply that I directed you to do something for me—something I wanted done—something for my own ends and purposes—you see? Now I am sure I needn't enlarge upon the extreme absurdity of such an idea, however unintentional; so please"—and here he turned his eyes upon him—"to be more guarded. Will you?"

"I meant to give you no offence," said Hugh. "I don't know what to say. You catch me up so very short."

"You will be caught up much shorter, my good friend—infinitely shorter—one of these days, depend upon it," replied his patron, calmly. "By-the-bye, instead of wondering why you have been so long, my wonder should be why you came at all. Why did you?"

"You know, master," said Hugh, "that I couldn't read the bill I found, and that supposing it to be something particular from the way that it was wrapped up, I brought it here."

"And could you ask no one else to read it, Bruin?" said Sir John.

"No one that I could trust with secrets, master. Since Barnaby Rudge was lost sight of for good and all—and that's five years ago—I haven't talked with any one but you."

"You have done me honour, I am sure."

"I have come to and fro, master, all through that time, when there was any thing to tell, because I knew that you'd be angry with me if I stayed away," said Hugh, blurting the words out, after an embarrassed silence; "and because I wished to please you if I could, and not to have you go against me. There. That's the true reason why I came to-night. You know that, master, I am sure."

"You are a specious fellow," returned Sir John, fixing his eyes upon him, "and carry two faces under your hood, as well as the best. Didn't you give me in this room this evening, any other reason; no dislike of any body who has slighted you, lately, on all occasions, abused you, treated you with rudeness; acted towards you, more as if you were a mongrel dog than a man like himself?"

"To be sure I did!" cried Hugh, his passion rising, as the other meant it should; "and I say it all over now, again. I'd do any thing to have some revenge on him—any thing. And when you told me that he and all the Catholics would suffer from those who joined together under that hand-bill, I said I'd make one of 'em, if their master was the devil himself. I *am* one of 'em. See whether I am as good as my word and turn out to be among the foremost, or no. I mayn't have much head, master, but I've head enough to remember those that use me ill. You shall see, and so shall he, and so shall hundreds more, how my spirit backs me when the time comes. My bark is nothing to my bite. Some that I know, had better have a wild lion among 'em, than me, when I am fairly loose—they had!"

The knight looked at him with a smile of far deeper meaning than ordinary; and pointing to the old cupboard, followed him with his eyes while he filled and drank a glass of liquor; and smiled when his back was turned, with deeper meaning yet.

"You are in a blustering mood, my friend," he said, when Hugh confronted him again.

"Not I, master!" cried Hugh. "I don't say half I mean. I can't. I haven't got the gift. There are talkers enough among us; I'll be one of the doers."

"Oh! you have joined those fellows then?" said Sir John, with an air of most profound indifference.

"Yes. I went up to the house you told me of, and got put down upon the muster. There was another man there, named Dennis—"

"Dennis, eh!" cried Sir John, laughing. "Ay, ay! a pleasant fellow, I believe?"

"A roaring dog, master—one after my own heart—hot upon the matter too—red hot."

"So I have heard," replied Sir John carelessly. "You don't happen to know his trade, do you?"

"He wouldn't say," cried Hugh. "He keeps it secret."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sir John. "A strange fancy—a weakness with some persons—you'll know it one day, I dare swear."

"We're intimate already," said Hugh.

"Quite natural! And have been drinking together, eh?" pursued Sir John. "Did you say what place you went to in company, when you left Lord George's?"

Hugh had not said or thought of saying, but he told him; and this inquiry being followed by a long train of questions, he related all that had passed both in and out of doors, the kind of people he had seen, their numbers, state of feeling, mode of conversation, apparent expectations and intentions. His questioning was so artfully contrived, that he seemed even in his own eyes to volunteer all this information rather than to have it wrested from him; and he was brought to this state of feeling so naturally, that when Mr. Chester yawned at length and declared himself quite wearied out, he made a rough kind of excuse for having talked so much.

"There—get you gone," said Sir John, holding the door open in his hand. "You have made a pretty evening's work. I told you not to do this. You may get into trouble. You'll have an opportunity of revenging yourself on your proud friend Haredale, though, and for that, you'd hazard any thing I suppose?"

"I would," retorted Hugh, stopping in his passage out, and looking back; "but what do I risk? What do I stand a chance of losing, master? Friends, home? A fig for 'em all; I have none; they are nothing to me. Give me a good scuffle; let

me pay off old scores in a bold riot where there are men to stand by me; and then use me as you like—it don't matter much to me what the end is!"

"What have you done with that paper?" said Sir John.

"I have it here, master."

"Drop it again as you go along; it's as well not to keep such things about you."

Hugh nodded, and touching his cap with an air of as much respect as he could summon up, departed.

Sir John, fastening the doors behind him, went back to his dressing-room, and sat down again before the fire, at which he gazed for a long time, in earnest meditation.

"This happens fortunately," he said, breaking into a smile, "and promises well. Let me see. My relative and I, who are the most Protestant fellows in the world, give our worst wishes to the Roman Catholic cause; and to Saville, who introduces their bill, I have a personal objection besides; but as each of us has himself for the first article in his creed, we cannot commit ourselves by joining with a very extravagant madman, such as this Gordon most undoubtedly is. Now really, to foment his disturbances in secret, through the medium of such a very apt instrument as my savage friend here, may further our real ends; and to express at all becoming seasons, in moderate and polite terms, a disapprobation of his proceedings, though we agree with him in principle, will certainly be to gain a character for honesty and uprightness of purpose, which cannot fail to do us infinite service, and to raise us into some importance. Good! So much for public grounds. As to private considerations, I confess that if these vagabonds *would* make some riotous demonstration (which does not appear impossible,) and *would* inflict some little chastisement on Haredale as a not inactive man among his sect, it would be extremely agreeable to my feelings, and would amuse me beyond measure. Good again! Perhaps better!"

When he came to this point, he took a pinch of snuff; then beginning slowly to undress, he resumed his meditations, by saying with a smile:

"I fear, I *do* fear exceedingly, that my friend is following fast in the footsteps of his mother. His intimacy with Mr. Dennis is very ominous. But I have no doubt he must have come to that end any way. If I lend him a helping hand, the only difference is, that he may, upon the whole, drink a few gallons, or puncheons, or hogsheads, less in this life than he otherwise would. It's no business of mine. It's a matter of very small importance!"

So he took another pinch of snuff, and went to bed.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humoured, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hammered on at a dull monotonous duty, could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of every thing, and felt kindly towards every body, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause in the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy." Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer, not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind; foot passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbours who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good humour stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gaily from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music! A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window, and chequering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. Toby looked on from a tall bench hard by; one beaming smile, from his broad nut-brown face down to his slack-baked buckles in his shoes. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong box or prison door. Cellars of beer and wine, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter—these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust, and cruelty, and restraint, they would have left quadruple-locked for ever.

Tink, tink, tink. The locksmith paused at last, and wiped his brow. The silence roused the cat, who, jumping softly down, crept to the door, and watched with tiger eyes a bird cage in an opposite window. Gabriel lifted Toby to his mouth and took a hearty draught.

Then, as he stood upright, with his head flung back, and his portly chest thrown out, you would have seen that Gabriel's lower man was clothed in military gear. Glancing at the wall beyond, there might have been espied, hanging on their several pegs, a cap and feather, broad-sword, sash, and coat of scarlet; which any man learned in such matters would have known from their make and pattern to be the uniform of a serjeant in the Royal East London Volunteers.

As the locksmith put his mug down, empty, on the bench whence it had smiled on him before, he glanced at these articles with a laughing eye, and

looking at them with his head a little on one side, as though he would get them all into a focus, said, leaning on his hammer:

"Time was, now, I remember, when I was like to run mad with the desire to wear a coat of that colour. If any one (except my father) had called me a fool for my pains, how I should have fired and fumed! But what a fool I must have been, surely!"

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Varden, who had entered unobserved. "A fool indeed. A man at your time of life, Varden, should know better now."

"Why, what a ridiculous woman you are, Martha," said the locksmith, turning round with a smile.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. V. with great demureness. "Of course I am. I know that, Varden. Thank you."

"I mean—" began the locksmith.

"Yes," said his wife, "I know what you mean. You speak quite plain enough to be understood, Varden. It's very kind of you to adapt yourself to my capacity, I am sure."

"Tut, tut, Martha," rejoined the locksmith; "don't take offence at nothing. I mean, how strange it is of you to run down volunteering, when it's done to defend you and all other women, and our own fireside and every body's else in case of need."

"It's unchristian," cried Mrs. Varden, shaking her head.

"Unchristian!" said the locksmith. "Why, what the devil—"

Mrs. Varden looked at the ceiling, as in expectation that the consequence of this profanity would be the immediate descent of the four post bedstead on the second floor, together with the best sitting-room on the first; but no visible judgment occurring, she heaved a deep sigh, and begged her husband, in a tone of resignation, to go on, and by all means to blaspheme as much as possible, because he knew she liked it.

The locksmith did for a moment seem disposed to gratify her, but he gave a great gulp, and mildly rejoined:

"I was going to say, what on earth do you call it unchristian for? Which would be most unchristian, Martha—to sit quietly down and let our houses be sacked by a foreign army, or to turn out like men and drive 'em off? Shouldn't I be a nice sort of a christian, if I crept into a corner of my own chimney and looked on while a parcel of whiskered savages bore off Dolly—or you—?"

When he said "or you," Mrs. Varden, despite herself, relaxed into a smile. There was something complimentary in the idea. "In such a state of things as that, indeed—" she simpered.

"As that!" repeated the locksmith. "Well, that would be the state of things directly. Even Miggs would go. Some black tambourine-player, with a great turban on, would be bearing *her* off, and, unless the tambourine-player was proof against kicking and scratching, it's my belief he'd have the worst of it. Ha, ha, ha! I'd forgive the tambourine-player. I wouldn't have him interfered with on any account, poor fellow." And here the locksmith laughed again so heartily, that tears came into his eyes—much to Mrs. Varden's indignation, who thought the capture of so sound a Protestant and estimable a private character as Miggs by a pagan negro, a circumstance too shocking and awful for contemplation.

The picture Gabriel had drawn, indeed, threatened serious consequences, and would indubitably have led to them, but luckily at that moment a light footstep crossed the threshold, and Dolly, running in, threw her arms round her old father's neck and hugged him tight.

"Here she is at last!" cried Gabriel. "And how well you look, Doll, and how late you are my darling!"

How well she looked! Well! Why, if he had exhausted every laudatory adjective in the dictionary, it wouldn't have been praise enough. When and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, captivating, maddening little puss in all this world as Dolly! What was the Dolly of five years ago, to the Dolly of that day! How many coachmakers, saddlers, cabinetmakers, and professors of other useful arts, had deserted their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and, most of all, their cousins, for the love of her! How many unknown gentlemen—supposed to be of mighty fortunes, if not titles—had waited round the corner after dark, and tempted Miggs the incorruptible, with golden guineas, to deliver offers of marriage folded up in love letters! How many disconsolate fathers and substantial tradesmen had waited on the locksmith for the same purpose, with dismal tales of how their sons had lost their appetites, and taken to shut themselves up in dark bed-rooms, and wandering in desolate suburbs with pale faces, and all because of Dolly Varden's loveliness and cruelty! How many young men, in all previous times of unprecedented steadiness, had turned suddenly wild and wicked for the same reason, and in an ecstacy of unrequited love, taken to wrench off door-knockers, and invert the boxes of rheumatic watchmen! How had she recruited the kings's service, both by sea and land, through rendering desperate his loving subjects between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five! How many young ladies had publicly professed, with tears in their eyes, that for their tastes she was much too short, too tall, too bold, too cold, too stout, too thin, too fair, too dark—too any thing but handsome!—How many old ladies, taking counsel together, had thanked Heaven their daughters were not like her, and had hoped she might come to no harm, and had thought she would come to no good, and had wondered what people saw in her, and had arrived at the conclusion that she was "going off" in her looks, or had never come on in them, and that she was a thorough imposition and a popular mistake!

And yet here was this same Dolly Varden, so whimsical and hard to please that she was Dolly Varden still, all smiles and dimples and pleasant looks, and caring no more for the fifty or sixty young fellows who at that very moment were breaking their hearts to marry her, than if so many oysters had been crossed in love and opened afterwards.

Dolly hugged her father as has been already stated, and having hugged her mother also, accompanied both into the little parlour were the cloth was already laid for dinner, and where Miss Miggs—a trifle more rigid and bony than of yore—received her with a sort of hysterical gasp, intended for a smile. Into the hands of that young virgin, she delivered her bonnet and walking dress (all of a dreadful, artful, and designing kind,) and then said with a laugh, which rivalled the locksmith's music, "How glad I am to be at home again!"

"And how glad we always are, Doll," said her father, putting back the dark hair from her sparkling eyes, "to have you at home! Give me a kiss."

If there had been any body of the male kind there to see her do it—but there was not—it was a mercy.

"I don't like your being at the Warren," said the locksmith, "I can't bear to have you out of my sight. And what is the news over yonder, Doll?"

"What news there is, I think you know already," replied his daughter. "I am sure you do though."

"Ay?" cried the locksmith. "What's that?"

"Come, come," said Dolly, "you know very well. I want you to tell me why Mr. Haredale—oh how gruff he is again, to be sure!—has been away from home for some days past, and why he is travelling about (we know he is travelling because of his letters) without telling his own niece why or wherefore."

"Miss Emma doesn't want to know, I'll swear," returned the locksmith.

"I don't know that," said Dolly; "but *I* do, at any rate. Do tell me. Why is he so secret, and what is this ghost story, which nobody is to tell Miss Emma, and which seems to be mixed up with his going away? Now I see you know, by your colouring so."

"What the story means, or is, or has to do with it, I know no more than you, my dear," returned the locksmith, "except that it's some foolish fear of little Solomon's—which has, indeed, no meaning in it, I suppose. As to Mr. Haredale's journey, he goes, as I believe—"

"Yes," said Dolly.

"As I believe," resumed the locksmith, pinching her cheek, "on business, Doll. What it may be, is quite another matter. Read Blue Beard, and don't be too curious, pet; it's no business of your's or mine, depend upon that, and here's dinner, which is much more to the purpose."

Dolly might have remonstrated against this summary dismissal of the subject, notwithstanding the appearance of dinner, but at the mention of Blue Beard Mrs. Varden interposed, protesting she could not find it in her conscience to sit tamely by, and hear her child recommended to peruse the adventures of a Turk and Musselman—far less of a fabulous Turk, which she considered that Potentate to be. She held that, in such stirring and tremendous times as those in which they lived, it would be much more to the purpose if Dolly became a regular subscriber to the Thunderer, where she would have an opportunity of reading Lord George Gordon's speeches word for word, which would be a greater comfort and solace to her, than a hundred and fifty Blue Beards ever could impart. She appealed in support of this proposition to Miss Miggs, then in waiting, who said that indeed the peace of mind she had derived from the perusal of that paper generally, but especially from one article of the very last week as ever was, entitled "Great Britain drenched in gore," exceeded all belief; the same composition, she added, had also wrought such a comforting effect on the mind of a married sister of hers, then resident at Golden Lion Court, number twenty-siven, second bell-handle on the right-hand door-post, that, being in a delicate state of health, and in fact expecting an addition to her family, she had been seized with fits, directly after its perusal, and had raved of the Inquisition ever since; to the great improvement of her husband and friends. Miss Miggs went on to say that she would recommend all those whose hearts were hardened to hear Lord George themselves, whom she commended first, in respect of his steady Protestantism, then of his oratory, then of his eyes, then of his nose, then of his legs, and lastly of his figure generally, which she looked upon as fit for any statue, prince or angel; to which sentiment Mrs. Varden fully subscribed.

Mrs. Varden having cut in, looked at a box upon the mantel-shelf, painted in imitation of a very red brick dwelling house, with a yellow roof; having at top a real chimney, down which voluntary subscribers dropped their silver, gold, or pence, into the parlour; and on the door the counterfeit presentment of a brass plate, whereon was legibly inscribed "Protestant Association:"—and looking at it, said, that it was to her a source of poignant misery to think that Varden never had, of all his substance, dropped any thing into that temple, save once in secret—as she afterwards discovered—two fragments of tobacco pipe, which she hoped would not be put down to his last account. That Dolly, she was grieved to say, was no less backward in her contributions, better loving, as it seemed, to purchase ribbons and such gauds, than to encourage the great cause, then in such heavy tribulation; and that she did entreat her (her father she much feared could not be moved) not to despise, but imitate the bright example of Miss Miggs, who flung her wages, as it were, into the very countenance of the Pope, and bruised his features with her quarter's money.

"Oh, mim," said Miggs, "don't relude to that. I had no intentions, mim, that nobody should know. Such sacrifices as I can make are quite a widder's mite. It's all I have," cried Miggs with a great burst of tears—for with her they never came on by degrees—"but it's made up to me in other ways; it's well made up."

This was quite true, though not perhaps in the sense that Miss Miggs intended. As she never failed to keep her self denial full in Mrs. Varden's view, it drew forth so many gifts of caps and gowns and other articles of dress, that upon the whole the red brick house was perhaps the best investment for her small capital she could possibly have hit upon; returning her interest, at the rate of seven or eight per cent. in money, and fifty at least in personal repute and credit.

"You needn't cry, Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, herself in tears; "you needn't be ashamed of it, though your poor mistress is on the same side."

Miggs howled at this remark, in a peculiar dismal way, and said she knowed that master hated her.—That it was a dreadful thing to live in families and have dislikes, and not give satisfactions. That to make divisions was a thing she could not abear to think of, neither could her feelings let her do it. That if it was master's wishes as she and him should part, and she hoped he might be the happier for it, and always wishes him well, and that he might find somebody as would meet his dispositions. It would be a hard trial, she said, to part from such a missis, but she could meet any suffering when her conscience told her she was in the rights, and therefore she was willing even to go that lengths. She did not think, she added, that she could long survive the separations, but, as she was hated and looked upon unplea-

sant, perhaps her dying as soon as possible would be the best endings for all parties. With this affecting conclusion, Miss Miggs shed more tears, and sobbed abundantly.

"Can you bear this, Varden?" said his wife in a solemn voice, laying down her knife and fork.

"Why, not very well, my dear," rejoined the locksmith, "but I try to keep my temper."

"Don't let there be words on my account, mim," sobbed Miggs. "It's much the best that we should part. I wouldn't stay—oh, gracious me!—and make dissensions, not for an annual gold mine, and found in tea and sugar."

Lest the reader should be at any loss to discover the cause of Miss Migg's deep emotion, it may be whispered apart that, happening to be listening, as her custom sometimes was, when Gabriel and his wife conversed together, she had heard the locksmith's joke relative to the foreign black who played the tambourine, and bursting with the spiteful feelings which the taunt awoke in her fair breast, exploded in the manner we have witnessed. Matters having now arrived at a crisis, the locksmith as usual, and for the sake of peace and quietness, gave in.

"What are you crying for, girl?" he said. "What's the matter with you? What are you talking about hatred for? I don't hate you, I don't hate any body. Dry your eyes and make yourself agreeable, in Heaven's name, and let us all be happy while we can."

The allied powers deeming it good generalship to consider this a sufficient apology on the part of the enemy, and confession of having been in the wrong, did dry their eyes and take it in good part. Miss Miggs observed that she bore no malice, no not to her greatest foe, whom she rather loved the more indeed, the greater persecution she sustained. Mrs. Varden approved of this meek and forgiving spirit in high terms, and incidentally declared as a closing article of agreement, that Dolly should accompany her to the Clerkenwell branch of the association that very night. This was an extraordinary instance of her great prudence and policy; having had this end in view from the first, and entertaining a secret misgiving that the locksmith (who was bold when Dolly was in question) would object, she had backed Miss Miggs up to this point in order that she might have him at a disadvantage. The manœuvre succeeded so well that Gabriel only made a wry face, and with the warning he had just had, fresh in his mind, did not dare to say one word.

The difference ended, therefore, in Miggs being presented with a gown by Mrs. Varden and a half-a-crown by Dolly, as if she had eminently distinguished herself in the paths of morality and goodness. Mrs. V., according to custom, expressed her hope that Varden would take a lesson from what had passed and learn more generous conduct for the time to come; and the dinner being now cold and nobody's appetite very much improved by what had passed, they went on with it, as Mrs. Varden said, "like Christians."

As there was to be a grand parade of the Royal East London Volunteers that afternoon, the locksmith did no more work; but sat down comfortably with his pipe in his mouth, and his arm round his pretty daughter's waist, looking lovingly on Mrs. V. from time to time, and exhibiting from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, one smiling surface of good humour. And to be sure, when it was time to dress him in his regimentals, and Dolly, hanging about him in all kinds of graceful winning ways, helped to button and buckle and brush him up and get him into one of the tightest coats that ever was made by mortal tailor, he was the proudest father in all England.

"What a handy jade it is!" said the locksmith to Mrs. Varden, who stood by with folded hands—rather proud of her husband too—while Miggs held his cap and sword at arm's length, as if mistrusting that the latter might run some one through the body of its own accord; "but never marry a soldier, Doll, my dear."

Dolly didn't ask why not, or say a word indeed, but stooped her head down very low to tie his sash.

"I never wear this dress," said honest Gabriel, "but I think of poor Joe Willet. I loved Joe; he was always a favourite of mine. Poor Joe!—Dear heart, my girl, don't tie me in so tight."

Dolly laughed—not like herself at all—the strangest little laugh that could be—and held her head down lower still.

"Poor Joe!" resumed the locksmith, muttering to himself; "I always wish he had come to me. I might have made it up between them, if he had. Ah! old John made a great mistake in his way of acting by that lad—a great mistake.—Have you nearly tied that sash, my dear?"

What an ill-made sash it was! There it was, loose again and trailing on the ground. Dolly was obliged to kneel down, and recommence at the beginning.

"Never mind young Willet, Varden," said his wife frowning; "you might find some one more deserving to talk about, I think."

Miss Miggs gave a great sniff to the same effect.

"Nay, Martha," cried the locksmith, "don't let us bear too hard upon him. If the lad is dead indeed, we'll deal kindly by his memory."

"A runaway and a vagabond!" said Mrs. Varden.

Miss Miggs expressed her concurrence as before.

"A runaway, my dear, but not a vagabond," returned the locksmith in a gentle tone. "He behaved himself well, did Joe—always—and was a handsome manly fellow. Don't call him a vagabond, Martha."

Mrs. Varden coughed—and so did Miggs.

"He tried hard to gain your good opinion, Martha, I can tell you," said the locksmith smiling, and stroking his chin. "Ah! that he did. It seems but yesterday that he followed me out to the Maypole door one night, and begged me not to say how like a boy they used him—say here, at home, he meant, though at the time, I recollect, I didn't understand. 'And how's Miss Dolly, sir?' says Joe," pursued the locksmith, musing sorrowfully, "Ah! poor Joe!"

"Well, I declare," cried Miggs. "Oh! Goodness gracious me!"

"What's the matter now?" said Gabriel, turning sharply to her.

"Why, if here an't Miss Dolly," said the handmaid, stooping down to look into her face, "a giving way to floods of tears. Oh, mim! oh, sir. Raly it's give me such a turn," cried the susceptible damsel, pressing her hand upon her side to quell the palpitation of her heart, "that you might knock me down with a feather."

The locksmith, after glancing at Miss Miggs as if he could have wished to have a feather brought straightway, looked on with a broad stare while Dolly hurried away, followed by that sympathising young woman: then turning to his wife, stammered out, "Is Dolly ill? Have *I* done any thing? Is it my fault?"

"Your fault!" cried Mrs. V. reproachfully. "There—You had better make haste out."

"What have I done?" said poor Gabriel. "It was agreed that Mr. Edward's name was never to be mentioned, and I have not spoken of him, have I?"

Mrs. Varden merely replied that she had no patience with him, and bounced off after the other two. The unfortunate locksmith wound his sash about him, girded on his sword, put on his cap, and walked out.

"I am not much of a dab at my exercise," he said, under his breath, "but I shall get into fewer scrapes at that work than at this. Every man came into the world for something; my department seems to be to make every woman cry without meaning it. It's rather hard!"

But he forgot it before he reached the end of the street, and went on with a shining face, nodding to the neighbours, and showering about his friendly greetings like mild spring rain.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

The Royal East London Volunteers made a brilliant sight that day: formed into lines, squares, circles, triangles, and what not, to the beating of drums and the streaming of flags; and performed a vast number of complex evolutions, in all of which Serjeant Varden bore a conspicuous share. Having displayed their military prowess to the utmost in these warlike shows, they marched in glittering order to the Chelsea Bun-house, and regaled in the adjacent taverns until dark. Then at sound of drum they fell in again, and returned amidst the shoutings of His Majesty's lieges to the place from whence they came.

The homeward march being somewhat tardy,—owing to the un-soldierlike behaviour of certain corporals, who, being gentleman of sedentary pursuits in private life and excitable out of doors, broke several windows with their bayonets, and rendered it imperative on the commanding officer to deliver them over to a strong guard, with whom they fought at intervals as they came along,—it was nine o'clock when the locksmith reached home. A hackney-coach was waiting near his door; and as he passed it, Mr. Haredale looked from the window and called him by his name.

"The sight of you is good for sore eyes, sir," said the locksmith, stepping up to him. "I wish you had walked in though, rather than waited here."

"There is nobody at home, I find," Mr. Haredale answered; "besides, I desired to be as private as I could."

"Humph!" muttered the locksmith, looking round at his house. "Gone with Simon Tappertit to that precious Branch, no doubt."

Mr. Haredale invited him to come into the coach, and, if he were not tired or anxious to go home, to ride with him a little way that they might have some talk together. Gabriel cheerfully complied, and the coachman mounting his box drove off.

"Varden," said Mr. Haredale after a minute's pause, "you will be amazed to hear what errand I am on; it will seem a very strange one."

"I have no doubt it's a reasonable one, sir, and has a meaning in it," replied the locksmith; or it would not be yours at all. Have you just come back to town, sir?"

"But half an hour ago."

"Bringing no news of Barnaby, or his mother?" said the locksmith dubiously. "Ah! you needn't shake your head, sir. It was a wild-goose chase. I feared that, from the first. You exhausted all reasonable means of discovery when they went away. To begin again after so long a time has passed is hopeless, sir—quite hopeless."

"Why, where are they?" he returned impatiently, "Where can they be? Above ground?"

"God knows," rejoined the locksmith, "many that I knew above it five years ago, have their beds under the grass now. And the world is a wide place. It's a hopeless attempt, sir, believe me. We must leave the discovery of this mystery, like all others, to time, and accident, and Heaven's pleasure."

"Varden, my good fellow," said Mr. Haredale, "I have a deeper meaning in my present anxiety to find them out, than you can fathom. It is not a mere whim; it is not the casual revival of my old wishes and desires; but an earnest, solemn purpose. My thoughts and dreams all tend to it, and fix it in my mind. I have no rest by day or night; I have no peace or quiet; I am haunted."

His voice was so altered from its usual tones, and his manner bespoke so much emotion, that Gabriel, in his wonder, could only sit and look towards him in the darkness, and fancy the expression of his face.

"Do not ask me," continued Mr. Haredale, "to explain myself. If I were to do so, you would think me the victim of some hideous fancy. It is enough that this is so, and that I cannot—no, I can not—lie quietly in my bed, without doing what will seem to you incomprehensible."

"Since when, sir," said the locksmith, after a pause, "has this uneasy feeling been upon you?"

Mr. Haredale hesitated for some moments, and then replied: "Since the night of the storm. In short, since the last nineteenth of March."

As though he feared that Varden might express surprise, or reason with him, he hastily went on:

"You will think, I know, I labour under some delusion. Perhaps I do. But it is not a morbid one; it is a wholesome action of the mind, reasoning on actual occurrences. You know the furniture remains in Mrs Rudge's house, and that it has been shut up, by my orders, since she went away, save once a-week or so, when an old neighbour visits it to scare away the rats. I am on my way there now."

"For what purpose?" asked the locksmith.

"To pass the night there," he replied; "and not to-night alone, but many nights. This is a secret which I trust to you in case of any unexpected emergency. You will not come, unless in case of strong necessity, to me; from dusk to broad day, I shall be there. Emma, your daughter, and the rest, suppose

me out of London, as I have been until within this hour. Do not undeceive them. This is the errand I am bound upon. I know I may confide it to you, and I rely upon your questioning me no further at this time."

With that, as if to change the theme, he led the astounded locksmith back to the night of the Maypole highwayman, to the robbery of Edward Chester, to the reappearance of the man at Mrs. Rudge's house, and to all the strange circumstances which afterwards occurred. He even asked him carelessly about the man's height, his face, his figure, whether he was like any one he had ever seen—like Hugh, for instance, or any man he had known at any time—and put many questions of that sort, which the locksmith, considering them as mere devices to engage his attention and prevent his expressing the astonishment he felt, answered pretty much at random.

At length they arrived at the corner of the street in which the house stood, where Mr. Haredale, alighting, dismissed the coach. "If you desire to see me safely lodged," he said, turning to the locksmith with a gloomy smile, "you can."

Gabriel, to whom all former marvels had been nothing in comparison with this, followed him along the narrow pavement in silence. When they reached the door, Mr. Haredale softly opened it with a key he had about him, and closing it when Varden entered, they were left in thorough darkness.

They groped their way into the ground-floor room. Here Mr. Haredale struck a light, and kindled a pocket-taper he had brought with him for the purpose. It was then, when the flame was full upon him, that the locksmith saw for the first time how haggard, pale, and changed he looked; how worn and thin he was; how perfectly his whole appearance coincided with all that he had said so strangely as they rode along. It was not an unnatural impulse in Gabriel, after what he had heard, to note curiously the expression of his eyes. It was perfectly collected and rational;—so much so, indeed, that he felt ashamed of his momentary suspicion, and drooped his own when Mr. Haredale looked towards him, as if he feared they would betray his thoughts.

"Will you walk through the house?" said Mr. Haredale, with a glance towards the window, the crazy shutters of which were closed and fastened. "Speak low."

There was a kind of awe about the place, which would have rendered it difficult to speak in any other manner. Gabriel whispered "Yes," and followed him up stairs.

Every thing was just as they had seen it last. There was a sense of closeness from the exclusion of fresh air, and a gloom and heaviness around, as though long imprisonment had made the very silence sad. The homely hangings of the beds and windows had begun to droop; the dust lay thick upon their dwindling folds; and damps had made their way through ceiling, wall, and floor. The boards creaked beneath their tread as if resenting the unaccustomed intrusion; nimble spiders, paralysed by the taper's glare, checked the motion of their hundred legs upon the wall, or dropped like lifeless things upon the ground; the death-watch ticked aloud; and the scampering feet of rats and mice rattled behind the wainscot.

As they looked about them on the decaying furniture, it was strange to find how vividly it presented those to whom it had belonged, and with whom it was once familiar. Grip seemed to perch again upon his high-backed chair; Barnaby to crouch in his old favourite corner by the fire; the mother to resume her usual seat, and watch him as of old. Even when they could separate these objects from the phantoms of the mind which they invoked, the latter only glided out of sight, but lingered near them still; for then they seemed to lurk in closets and behind the doors, ready to start out and suddenly accost them in their well-remembered tones.

They went down stairs, and again into the room they had just now left. Mr. Haredale unbuckled his sword and laid it on the table, with a pair of pocket-pistols; then told the locksmith he would light him to the door.

"But this is a dull place, sir," said Gabriel, lingering; "may no one share your watch?"

He shook his head, and so plainly evinced his wish to be alone, that Gabriel could say no more. In another moment the locksmith was standing in the street, whence he could see that the light once more travelled up stairs, and soon returning to the room below, shone brightly through the chinks in the shutters.

If ever man were sorely puzzled and perplexed, the locksmith was, that night. Even when snugly seated by his own fire-side, with Mrs. Varden opposite in a night-cap and night-jacket, and Dolly beside him (in a most distracting dishabille) curling her hair, and smiling as if she had never cried in all her life and never could—even then, with Toby at his elbow and his pipe in his mouth, and Miggs (but that perhaps was not much) falling asleep in the back-ground, he could not quite discard his wonder and uneasiness. So, in his dreams—still there was Mr. Haredale, haggard and care-worn, listening in the solitary house to every sound that stirred, with the taper shining through the chinks until the day should turn it pale and end his lonely watching.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

Next morning brought no satisfaction to the locksmith's thoughts, nor next day, nor the next, nor many others.—Often after nightfall he entered the street, and turned his eyes towards the well-known house; and as surely as he did so, there was the solitary light, still gleaming through the crevices of the window-shutter, while all within was motionless, noiseless, cheerless, as a grave. Unwilling to hazard Mr. Haredale's favour by disobeying his strict injunction, he never ventured to knock at the door or to make his presence known in any way. But whenever strong interest and curiosity attracted him to the spot—which was not seldom—the light was always there.

If he could have known what passed within, the knowledge would have yielded him no clue to this mysterious vigil. At twilight, Mr. Haredale shut himself up, and at daybreak he came forth. He never missed a night, always came and went alone, and never varied his proceedings in the least degree.

The manner of his watch was this. At dusk, he entered the house in the same way as when the locksmith bore him company, kindled a light, went through the rooms, and narrowly examined them. That done, he returned to the chamber on the ground-floor, and laying his sword and pistols on the table, sat by it until morning.

He usually had a book with him, and often tried to read, but never fixed his eyes or thoughts upon it for five minutes together. The slightest noise without doors, caught his ear; a step upon the pavement seemed to make his heart leap.

He was not without some refreshment during the long lonely hours; generally carrying in his pocket a sandwich of bread and meat, and a small flask of wine. The latter, diluted with large quantities of water, he drank in a heated, feverish way, as though his throat were dried up; but he scarcely ever broke his fast, by so much as a crumb of bread.

If this voluntary sacrifice of sleep and comfort had its origin, as the locksmith on consideration was disposed to think, in any superstitious expectation of the fulfilment of a dream or vision connected with the event on which he had brooded for so many years, and if he waited for some ghostly visiter who walked abroad when men lay sleeping in their beds, he showed no trace of fear or wavering. His stern features expressed the most inflexible resolution; his brows were puckered, and his lips compressed, with deep and settled purpose; and when he started at a noise and listened, it was not with the start of fear but hope, and catching up his sword as though the hour had come at last, he would clutch it in his tight-clenched hand, and listen, with sparkling eyes and eager looks, until it died away.

These disappointments were numerous, for they ensued on almost every sound, but his constancy was not shaken. Still, every night he was at his post, the same stern, sleepless, sentinel; and still night passed and morning dawned, and he must watch again.

This went on for weeks; he had taken a lodging at Vauxhall in which to pass the day and rest himself; and from this place, when the tide served, he usually came to London Bridge from Westminster by water, in order that he might avoid the busy streets.

One evening, shortly before twilight, he came his accustomed road upon the river's bank, intending to pass through Westminster Hall into Palace Yard, and there take boat to London Bridge as usual. There was a pretty large concourse of people assembled round the Houses of Parliament, looking at the members as they entered and departed, and giving vent to rather noisy demonstrations of approval or dislike, according to their known opinions. As he made his way among the throng, he heard once or twice the No-Popery cry, which was then becoming pretty familiar to the ears of most men; but holding it in very slight regard, and observing that the idlers were of the lowest grade, he neither thought nor cared about it, but made his way along, with perfect indifference.

There were many little knots and groups of persons in Westminster Hall: some few looking upward at its noble ceiling, and at the rays of evening light, tinted by the setting sun, which streamed in aslant through its small windows, and growing dimmer by degrees, were quenched in the gathering gloom below; some noisy passengers, mechanics going home from work, and otherwise, who hurried quickly through, waking the echoes with their voices, and soon darkening the small door in the distance, as they passed into the street beyond; some, in busy conference together on political or private matters, pacing slowly up and down with eyes that sought the ground, and seeming, by their attitudes, to listen earnestly from head to foot. Here, a dozen squabbling urchins made a very Babel in the air; there, a solitary man, half clerk, half mendicant, paced up and down with hungry dejection in his look and gait; at his elbow passed an errand lad, swinging his basket round and round, and with his shrill whistle riving the very timbers of the roof; while a more observant schoolboy, halfway through, pocketed his ball, and eyed the distant beadle as he came looking on. It was that time of evening when, if you shut your eyes and open them again, the darkness of an hour appears to have gathered in a second. The smooth-worn pavement, dusty with footsteps, still called upon the lofty walls to reiterate the shuffle and the tread of feet unceasingly, save when the closing of some heavy door resounded through the building like a clap of thunder, and drowned all other noises in its rolling sound.

Mr. Haredale, glancing only at such of these groups as he passed nearest to, and then in a manner betokening that his thoughts were elsewhere, had nearly traversed the Hall, when two persons before him caught his attention. One of these, a gentleman in elegant attire, carried in his hand a cane, which he twirled in a jaunty manner as he loitered on; the other, an obsequious, crouching, fawning figure, listened to what he said—at times throwing in an humble word himself—and, with his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, rubbed his hands submissively, or answered at intervals by an inclination of the head, half-way between a nod of acquiescence, and a bow of most profound respect.

In the abstract there was nothing very remarkable in this pair, for servility, waiting on a handsome suit of clothes and a cane—not to speak of gold and silver

sticks, or wands of office—is common enough. But there was that about the well-dressed man, yes, and about the other likewise, which struck Mr. Haredale with no pleasant feeling. He hesitated, stopped, and would have stepped aside and turned out of his path, but at the moment, the other two faced about quickly, and stumbled upon him before he could avoid them.

The gentleman with the cane lifted his hat and had begun to tender an apology, which Mr. Haredale had begun as hastily to acknowledge and walk away, when he stopped short and cried, "Haredale! God bless me, this is strange indeed!"

"It is," he returned impatiently; "yes—a—"

"My dear friend," cried the other, detaining him, "why such great speed! One minute, Haredale, for the sake of old acquaintance."

"I am in haste," he said. "Neither of us has sought this meeting. Let it be a brief one. Good night!"

"Fie, fie!" replied Sir John (for it was he), "how very churlish! We were speaking of you. Your name was on my lips—perhaps you heard me mention it? No? I am sorry for that. I am really sorry. You know our friend here, Haredale? This is really a most remarkable meeting!"

The friend, plainly very ill at ease, had made bold to press Sir John's arm, and to give him other significant hints that he was desirous of avoiding this introduction. As it did not suit Sir John's purpose, however, that it should be evaded, he appeared quite unconscious of these silent remonstrances, and inclined his hand towards him as he spoke, to call attention to him more particularly.

The friend, therefore, had nothing for it, but to muster up the pleasantest smile he could, and to make a conciliatory bow, as Mr. Haredale turned his eyes upon him. Seeing that he was recognised, he put out his hand in an awkward and embarrassed manner, which was not mended by its contemptuous rejection.

"Mr. Gashford!" said Haredale, coldly. "It is as I have heard then. You have left the darkness for the light, sir, and hate those whose opinions you formerly held, with all the bitterness of a renegade. You are an honour, sir, to any cause. I wish the one you espouse at present, much joy of the acquisition it has made."

The secretary rubbed his hands and bowed, as though he would disarm his adversary by humbling himself before him. Sir John Chester again exclaimed, with an air of great gayety, "Now, really, this is a most remarkable meeting!" and took a pinch of snuff with his usual self-possession.

"Mr. Haredale," said Gashford, stealthily raising his eyes, and letting them drop again when they met the other's steady gaze, "is too conscientious, too honourable, too manly, I am sure, to attach unworthy motives to an honest change of opinion, even though it implies a doubt of those he holds himself. Mr. Haredale is too just, too generous, too clear-sighted in his moral vision, to—"

"Yes, sir;" he rejoined with a sarcastic smile, finding that the secretary stopped. "You were saying"—

Gashford meekly shrugged his shoulders, and looking on the ground again, was silent.

"No, but let us really," interposed Sir John at this juncture, "let us really, for a moment, contemplate the very remarkable character of this meeting. Haredale, my dear friend, pardon me if I think you are not sufficiently impressed with its singularity. Here we stand, by no previous appointment or arrangement, three old schoolfellows, in Westminster Hall: three old boarders in a remarkably dull and shady seminary at Saint Omer's, where you, being Catholics and of necessity educated out of England, were brought up; and where I, being a promising young protestant at that time, was sent to learn the French tongue from a native of Paris!"

"Add to the singularity, Sir John," said Mr. Haredale, "that some of you protestants of promise are at this moment leagued in yonder building, to prevent our having the surpassing and unheard-of privilege of teaching our children to read and write—here—in this land, where thousands of us enter your service every year, and to preserve the freedom of which we die in bloody battles abroad, in heaps: and that others of you, to the number of some thousands as I learn, are led on to look on all men of my creed as wolves and beasts of prey, by this man Gashford. Add to it, besides, the bare fact that this man lives in society, walks the streets in broad day—I was about to say holds up his head, but that he does not—and it will be strange, and very strange, I grant you."

"Oh! you are hard upon your friend," replied Sir John, with an engaging smile. "You are really very hard upon our friend!"

"Let him go on, Sir John," said Gashford, fumbling with his gloves. "Let him go on. I can make allowances, Sir John. I am honoured with your good opinion, and I can dispense with Mr. Haredale's. Mr. Haredale is a sufferer from the penal laws, and I can't expect his favour."

"You have so much of my favour, sir," retorted Mr. Haredale, with a bitter glance at the third party in their conversation, "that I am glad to see you in such good company. You are the essence of your great association, in yourselves."

"Now, there you mistake," said Sir John, in his most benignant way. "There—which is a most remarkable circumstance for a man of your punctuality and exactness, my dear Haredale—you fall into an error. I don't belong to the body; I have an immense respect for its members, but I don't belong to it: although I am, it is certainly true, the conscientious opponent of your being relieved. I feel it my duty to be so; it is a most unfortunate necessity; and cost me a bitter struggle. Will you try this box? If you don't object to a trifling infusion of a very chaste scent, you'll find its flavour exquisite."

"I ask your pardon, Sir John," said Mr. Haredale, declining the proffer with a motion of his hand, "for having ranked you among the humble instruments who are obvious in all men's sight. I should have done more justice to your genius. Men of your capacity plot in secresy and safety, and leave exposed posts to the duller wits."

"Don't apologise, for the world," replied Sir John sweetly; "old friends like you and I may be allowed some freedoms, or the deuce is in it."

Gashford, who had been very restless all this time but had not once looked up, now turned to Sir John, and ventured to mutter something to the effect that he must go, or my Lord would perhaps be waiting.

"Don't distress yourself, good sir," said Mr. Haredale, "I'll take my leave, and put you at your ease —" which he was about to do without further ceremony, when he was stayed by a buzz and murmur at the upper end of the hall, and looking in that direction, saw Lord George Gordon coming on, with a crowd of people round him.

There was a lurking look of triumph, though very differently expressed, in the faces of his two companions, which made it a natural impulse on Mr. Haredale's part not to give way before this leader, but to stand there while he passed.—He drew himself up to his full height, and, clasping his hands behind him, looked on him with a proud and scornful aspect, while Lord George slowly advanced (for the press was great about him) towards the spot where they were standing.

He had left the House of Commons but that moment, and had come straight down into the Hall, bringing with him, as his custom was, intelligence of what had been said that night in reference to the Papists, and what petitions had been presented in their favour, and who had supported them, and when the bill was to be brought in, and when it would be advisable to present their own Great Protestant petition. All this he told the persons about him in a loud voice, and with great abundance of ungainly gesture. Those who were nearest him made comments to each other, and vented threats and murmurings: those who were outside the crowd cried "Silence," and "Stand back," or closed in upon the rest, endeavouring to make a forcible exchange of places: and so they came driving on in a very disorderly and irregular way, as it is the manner of a crowd to do.

When they were very near to where the Secretary, Sir John, and Mr. Haredale stood, Lord George turned round, and, making a few remarks of a sufficiently violent and incoherent kind, concluded with the usual sentiment, and called for three cheers to back it. While these were in the act of being given with great energy, he extricated himself from the press, and stepped up to Gashford's side.—Both he and Sir John being well known to the populace, they fell back a little, and left the four standing together.

"Mr. Haredale, Lord George," said Sir John Chester, seeing that the nobleman regarded him with an inquisitive look. "A Catholic gentleman unfortunately—most unhappily a Catholic—but an esteemed acquaintance of mine, and once of Mr. Gashford's. My dear Haredale, this is Lord George Gordon."

"I should have known that, had I been ignorant of his lordship's person," said Mr. Haredale. "I hope there is but one gentleman in England who, addressing an ignorant and excited throng, would speak of a large body of his fellow-subjects in such injurious language as I heard this moment. For shame, my lord, for shame!"

"I cannot talk to you, sir," replied Lord George in a loud voice, and waving his hand in a disturbed and agitated manner; "we have nothing in common."

"We have much in common—many things—all that the Almighty gave us," said Mr. Haredale; "and common charity, my lord, not to say common sense and common decency, should teach you to refrain from these proceedings. If every one of these men had arms in their hands at this moment, as they have them in their heads, I would not leave this place without telling you that you disgrace your station."

"I don't hear you, sir," he replied in the same manner as before; "I can't hear you. It is indifferent to me what you say. Don't retort, Gashford," for the secretary had made a show of wishing to do so; "I can hold no communion with the worshippers of idols."

As he said this, he glanced at Sir John, who lifted his hands and eyebrows, as if deploring the intemperate conduct of Mr. Haredale, and smiled in admiration of the crowd, and of their leader.

"*He* retort!" cried Haredale. "Look you here, my Lord. Do you know this man?"

Lord George replied by laying his hand upon the shoulder of his cringing secretary, and viewing him with a smile of confidence.

"This man," said Mr. Haredale, eyeing him from top to toe, "who in his boyhood was a thief, and has been from that time to this, a servile, false, and truckling knave; this man, who has crawled and crept through life, wounding the hands he licked, and biting those he fawned upon; this sycophant, who never knew what honour, truth, or courage meant; who robbed his benefactor's daughter of her virtue, and married her to break her heart, and did it with stripes and cruelty; this creature, who has whined at kitchen windows for the broken food, and begged for halfpence at our chapel doors; this apostle of the faith, whose tender conscience cannot bear the altars where his vicious life was publicly denounced.—Do you know this man, my Lord?"

"Oh, really—you are very, very hard upon our friend!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Let Mr. Haredale go on," said Gashford, upon whose unwholesome face the perspiration had broken out during this speech, in blotches of wet; "I don't mind him, Sir John; it's quite as indifferent to me what he says, as it is to my Lord; if he reviles my Lord, as you have heard, Sir John, how can I hope to escape?"

"Is it not enough, my Lord," Mr. Haredale continued, "that I, as good a gentleman as you, must hold my property, such as it is, by a trick at which the state connives because of these hard laws; and that we may not teach our youth in schools the common principles of right and wrong; but must we be denounced and ridden by such men as this! Here is a man to head your No-Popery cry, my Lord. For shame. For shame!"

The infatuated nobleman had glanced more than once at Sir John Chester, as if to enquire whether there was any truth in these statements concerning Gashford, and Sir John had as often plainly answered by a shrug or look, "Oh, dear me! no." He now said, in the same loud key, and in the same strange manner as before:

"I have nothing to say, sir, in reply, and no desire to hear any thing more. I beg you won't obtrude your conversation, or these personal attacks, upon me any further. I shall not be deterred from doing my duty to my countrymen, by any such attempts, whether they proceed from emissaries of the Pope or not, I assure you.—Come, Gashford!"

They had walked on a few paces while speaking, and were now at the Hall-door, through which they passed together. Mr. Haredale, without any leave-taking, turned away to the river-stairs, which were close at hand, and hailed the only boatman who remained there.

But the throng of people—the foremost of whom had heard every word that Lord George Gordon said, and among all of whom the rumour had been rapidly dispersed that the stranger was a Papist who was bearding him for his advocacy of the popular cause—came pouring out pell-mell, and, forcing the nobleman, his secretary, and Sir John Chester on before them, so that they appeared to be at their head, crowded to the top of the stairs where Mr. Haredale waited until the boat was ready, and there stood still, leaving him on a little clear space by himself.

They were not silent, however, though inactive. At first some indistinct mutterings arose among them, which were followed by a hiss or two, and these swelled by degrees into a perfect storm. Then one voice said, "Down with the Papists!" and there was a pretty general cheer, but nothing more. After a lull of a few moments, one man cried out, "Stone him;" another, "Duck him;" another, in a stentorian voice, "No Popery!" This favourite cry the rest re-echoed, and the mob, which might have been two hundred strong, joined in a general shout.

Mr. Haredale had stood calmly on the brink of the steps, until they made this demonstration, when he looked round contemptuously, and walked at a slow pace down the stairs. He was pretty near the boat, when Gashford, as if without intention, turned about, and directly afterwards a great stone was thrown by some hand in the crowd, which struck him on the head, and made him stagger like a drunken man.

The blood sprung freely from the wound, and trickled down his coat. He turned directly, and rushing up the steps with a boldness and a passion which made them all fall back, demanded:

"Who did that? Show me the man who hit me."

Not a soul moved; except some in the rear who slunk off, and, escaping to the other side of the way, looked on like indifferent spectators.

"Who did that?" he repeated. "Show me the man who did it. Dog, was it you? It was your deed, if not your hand—I know you."

He threw himself on Gashford as he said the words, and hurled him to the ground. There was a sudden motion in the crowd, and some laid hands upon him, but his sword was out, and they fell off again.

"My Lord—Sir John"—he cried, draw one of you—you are responsible for this outrage, and I look to you. Draw, if you are gentlemen." With that he struck Sir John upon the breast with the flat of his weapon, and with a burning face and flashing eyes stood upon his guard; alone, before them all.

For an instant, for the briefest space of time the mind can readily conceive, there was a change in Sir John's smooth face, such as no man ever saw there. The next moment he stepped forward, and laid one hand on Mr. Haredale's arm, while with the other he endeavoured to appease the crowd.

"My dear friend, my good Haredale, you are blinded with passion—it's very natural, extremely natural—but you don't know friends from foes."

"I know them all, sir, I can distinguish well"—he retorted, almost mad with rage. "Sir John, my Lord—do you hear me? Are you cowards?"

"Never mind, sir," said a man, forcing his way between and pushing him towards the stairs with friendly violence, "never mind asking that. For God's sake, get away. What CAN you do against this number? And there are as many more in the next street, who'll be round directly"—indeed they began to pour in as he said the words—"you'd be giddy from that cut in the first heat of the scuffle.—Now do retire, sir, or take my word for it you'll be worse used than you would be if every man in the crowd was a woman, and that woman Bloody Mary. Come sir, make haste, as quick as you can."

Mr. Haredale, who began to turn faint and sick, felt how sensible this advice was, and descended the steps with his unknown friend's assistance. John Grueby (for John it was) helped him into the boat, and giving her a shove off which sent her thirty feet into the tide, bade the waterman pull away like a Briton; and walked up again as composedly as if he had just landed.

There was at first a slight disposition on the part of the mob to resent this interference; but John looking particularly strong and cool, and wearing besides Lord George's livery, they thought better of it, and contented themselves with sending a shower of small missiles after the boat, which plashed harmlessly in the water, for she had by this time cleared the bridge, and was darting swiftly down the stream.

From this amusement they proceeded to giving Protestant knocks at the doors of private houses, breaking a few lamps, and assaulting some stray constables. But it being whispered that a detachment of Life Guards had been sent for, they took to their heels with great expedition, and left the street quite clear.

---

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

WHEN the concourse separated, and, dividing into chance clusters, drew off in various directions, there still remained upon the scene of the late disturbance, one man. This man was Gashford, who, bruised by the late fall, and hurt in a much greater degree by the indignity he had undergone, and the exposure of which he had been the victim, limped up and down, breathing curses and threats of vengeance.

It was not the secretary's nature to waste his wrath in words. While he vented the froth of his malevolence in these effusions he kept a steady eye on two men, who, having disappeared with the rest when the alarm was spread, had since returned, and were now visible in the moonlight, at no great distance, as they walked to and fro, and talked together.

He made no move towards them, but waited patiently on the dark side of the street, until they were tired of strolling backwards and forwards and walked away in company. Then he followed, but at some distance: keeping them in view, without appearing to have that object, or being seen by them.

They went up Parliament street, past Saint Martin's church, and away by Saint Giles's to Tottenham Court Road, at the back of which, upon the

western side, was then a place called the Green Lanes. This was a retired spot, not of the choicest kind, leading into the fields. Great heaps of ashes; stagnant pools, overgrown with rank grass and duckweed; broken turnstiles, and the upright posts of palings long since carried off for firewood, which menaced all heedless walkers with their jagged and rusty nails, were the leading features of the landscape: while here and there a donkey, or a ragged horse, tethered to a stake, and cropping off a wretched meal from the coarse stunted turf, were quite in keeping with the scene, and would have suggested (if the houses had not done so sufficiently of themselves) how very poor the people who lived in the crazy huts adjacent, and how fool-hardy it might prove for one who carried money, or wore decent clothes, to walk that way alone, unless by daylight.

Poverty has its whims and shows of taste, as wealth has. Some of these cabins were turretted, some had false windows painted on their rotten walls; one had a mimic clock, upon a crazy tower of four feet high, which screened the chimney; each in its little patch of ground had a rude seat or arbour. The population dealt in bones, in rags, in broken glass, in old wheels, in birds, and dogs. These, in their several ways of stowage, filled the gardens; and shedding a perfume, not of the most delicious nature, in the air, filled it besides with yelps, and screams, and howling.

Into this retreat, the secretary followed the two men whom he had held in sight; and here he saw them safely lodged, in one of the meanest houses, which was but a room, and that of small dimensions. He waited without, until the sound of their voices, joined in a discordant song, assured him they were making merry; and then approaching the door, by means of a tottering plank which crossed the ditch in front, knocked at it with his hand.

"Muster Gashford!" said the man who opened it, taking his pipe from his mouth, in evident surprise. "Why, who'd have thought of this here honour! Walk in, Muster Gashford—walk in, sir."

Gashford required no second invitation, and entered with a gracious air. There was a fire in the rusty grate (for though the spring was pretty far advanced the nights were cold,) and on a stool beside it Hugh sat smoking. Dennis placed a chair, his only one, for the secretary, in front of the hearth; and took his seat again upon the stool he had left, when he rose to give the visiter admission.

"What's in the wind now, Muster Gashford?" he said, as he resumed his pipe, and looked at him askew. "Any orders from head-quarters? Are we going to begin? What is it, Muster Gashford?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," rejoined the secretary, with a friendly nod to Hugh. "We have broken the ice, though. We had a little spurt to-day—eh, Dennis?"

"A very little one," growled the hangman. "Not half enough for me."

"Nor me either!" cried Hugh. "Give us something to do with life in it—with life in it, Master. Ha, ha!"

"Why, you wouldn't," said the secretary, with his worst expression of face, and in his mildest tones, "have any thing to do with—with death in it?"

"I don't know that," replied Hugh. "I'm open to orders. I don't care; not I."

"Nor I!" vociferated Dennis.

"Brave fellows!" said the secretary, in as pastor-like a voice as if he were commending them for some uncommon act of valour and generosity. "By-the-bye"—and here he stopped and warmed his hands: then suddenly looked up—"who threw that stone to-day?"

Mr. Dennis coughed and shook his head, as who should say, "A mystery indeed!" Hugh sat and smoked in silence.

"It was well done!" said the secretary, warming his hands again. "I should like to know that man."

"Would you?" said Dennis, after looking at his face to assure himself that he was serious. "Would you like to know that man, Muster Gashford?"

"I should indeed," replied the secretary.

"Why then, Lord love you," said the hangman, in his hoarsest chuckle, as he pointed with his pipe to Hugh, "there he sits. That's the man. My stars and halters, Muster Gashford," he added in a whisper, as he drew his stool close to him and jogged him with his elbow, "what a interesting blade he is! He wants as much holding in as a thorough-bred bull dog. If it hadn't been for me to-day, he'd have had that 'ere Roman down, and made a riot of it in another minute."

"And why not?" cried Hugh in a surly voice, as he overheard this last remark. "Where's the good of putting things off? Strike while the iron's hot; that's what I say."

"Ah!" retorted Dennis, shaking his head, with a kind of pity for his friend's ingenuous youth: but suppose the iron an't hot, brother? You must get people's blood up afore you strike, and have 'em in the humour. There wasn't quite enough to provoke 'em to-day, I tell you. If you'd had your way, you'd have spoilt the fun to come, and ruined us."

"Dennis is quite right," said Gashford, smoothly. "He is perfectly correct. Dennis has great knowledge of the world."

"I ought to have, Muster Gashford, seeing what a many people I've helped out of it, eh?" grinned the hangman, whispering the words behind his hand.

The secretary laughed at this jest as much as Dennis could desire, and when he had done, said, turning to Hugh:

"Dennis's policy was mine, as you may have observed. You saw, for instance, how I fell when I was set upon. I made no resistance. I did nothing to provoke an outbreak. Oh dear no!"

"No, by the Lord Harry!" cried Dennis with a noisy laugh, "you went down very quiet, Muster Gashford—and very flat besides. I thinks to myself at the time 'it's all up with Muster Gashford!' I never see a man lay flatter nor more still—with the life in him—than you did to-day. He's a rough 'un to play with, is that 'ere Papist, and that's the fact."

The secretary's face, as Dennis roared with laughter, and turned his wrinkled eyes on Hugh, who did the like, might have furnished a study for the devil's picture. He sat quite silent until they were serious again, and then said, looking round:

"We are very pleasant here; so very pleasant, Dennis, that but for my Lord's particular desire that

I should sup with him, and the time being very near at hand, I should be inclined to stop, until it would be hardly safe to go homeward. I come upon a little business—yes, I do—as you supposed. It's very flattering to you, being this. If we ever should be obliged—and we can't tell, you know—this is a very uncertain world"—

"I believe you, Muster Gashford," interposed the hangman with a grave nod. "The uncertainties as I've seen in reference to this here state of existence, the unexpected contingencies as have come about!—Oh my eye!" And feeling the subject much too vast for expression, he puffed at his pipe again, and looked the rest.

"I say, resumed the secretary, in a slow, impressive way; "we can't tell what may come to pass; and if we should be obliged, against our wills, to have recourse to violence, my Lord (who has suffered terribly to-day, as far as words can go) consigns to you two—bearing in mind my recommendation of you both, as good staunch men, beyond all doubt and suspicion—the pleasant task of punishing this Haredale. You may do as you please with him, or his; provided that you show no mercy, and no quarter, and leave no two beams of his house standing where the builder placed them. You may sack it, burn it, do with it as you like, but it must come down; it must be razed to the ground, and he, and all belonging to him, left as shelterless as newborn infants whom their mothers have exposed. Do you nnderstand me?" said Gashford, pausing and pressing his hands together gently.

"Understand you, master!" cried Hugh. "You speak plain now. Why, this is hearty!"

"I knew you would like it," said Gashford, shaking him by the hand; "I thought you would. Good night! Don't rise, Dennis. I would rather find my way alone. I may have to make other visits here, and it's pleasant to come and go without disturbing you. I can find my way perfectly well.—Good night!"

He was gone, and had shut the door behind him. They looked at each other, and nodded approvingly. Dennis stirred up the fire.

"This looks a little more like business!" he said.

"Ay, indeed!" cried Hugh; "this suits me!"

"I've heerd it said of Muster Gashford," said the hangman, thoughtfully, "that he'd a surprising memory and wonderful firmness—that he never forgot, and never forgave. Let's drink his health!"

Hugh readily complied; pouring no liquor on the floor when he drank this toast; and they pledged the secretary as a man after their own hearts, in a bumper.

---

## THE ORCHIS PYRAMIDALIS.

From the Ruins of Thurnham Castle, Kent.

BY DOUGLASS ALLPORT.

A FLOW'R is not a flow'r alone,
  A thousand sanctities invest it;
And as they form a radiant zone,
Around its simple beauty thrown,
Their magic tints become its own,
  As if their spirit had possessed it.

The sprightly morning's "breezy call,"
  And cool gray light around it streaming;
The holy calm of even-fall,
The majesty of night, and all
The glories of its starry pall
  Above it eloquently beaming.

"The precious things of heav'n—the dew"
  That on the turf beneath it trembled;
The distant landscape's tender blue,
The twilight of the woods that threw
Their solemn shadows where it grew,
  Are at its potent call assembled.

And while that simple plant, for me
  Brings all these varied charms together,
I hear the murmurs of the bee,
The splendour of the skies I see,
And breathe those airs that wander free
  O'er banks of thyme and blooming heather.

Thus, when within my sunless room,
  Heart-sick and mocked by mammon's leaven,
Thy pyramids of purple bloom,
Blush through its loneliness and gloom,
The spirit bursts its living tomb,
  And basks beneath the open heaven.

There, as on some green knoll reclined,
  The summer landscape round me glowing,
While gentle ardours fill the mind,
I leave th' unquiet world behind,
And hear a voice in every wind
  Around my fervid temples blowing.

The self-same voice, how calm and still!
  That rends the rock, and wakes in thunder,
Proclaiming from the tinkling rill,
The vocal copse, and breezy hill,
As meekly as the dews distil
  Its ceaseless ministries of wonder.

"Th' Eternal Power and Godhead" then,
  Is seen and loved in all around us;
Seen in the deep and dewy glen,
And loved to agonizing, when
We know ourselves to be but men,
  And feel this tabernacle bound us.

Thus through this wood-side plant, the mind
  Sweeps the vast range of things created,
And longs, and pants, and fails to find,
In earth, air, ocean, sky combined,
Those joys unfading and refined,
  By which its famine may be sated.

Its very cravings wean it hence,
  It anchors where its rest remaineth;
And who has pow'r to drive it thence?
Its helper is Omnipotence,
The Rock of Ages its defence,
  And sinlessness the prize it gaineth.

## Part. XX.

While Mr. Pounce and Mr. Quod, after their own quaint fashion, are doing decisive battle with each other, as it were, in a remote corner of the field of action; while—to change the figure—Mr. Titmouse's pedigree is being subjected to the gloomy, silent, and mysterious inquisition of the ecclesiastical court, let us turn for a moment to contemplate a pitiable figure, a victim of the infernal machinations of Mr. Gammon—I mean the poor old Earl of Dreddlington. He was yet—a month after the death of his unhappy daughter, Lady Cecilia—staggering under the awful shock which he had experienced. Before he had been in any degree restored to consciousness, she had been buried for nearly three weeks; and the earliest notification to him of the melancholy occurrence, was the deep mourning habiliments of Miss Macspleuchan, who scarcely ever quitted his bedside. When, in a feeble and tremulous voice, he enquired as to the cause of her death, he could get no other account of it—either from Miss Macspleuchan, his physicians, or the Duke of Tantallan—than that it was occasioned by the shock of suddenly seeing his lordship brought home seriously ill, she being, moreover, in a very critical state of health. When, at length, he pressed Miss Macspeulchan upon the matter, and challenged her as to the real cause of what had happened—viz. the blighting discovery of Mr. Titmouse's illegitimacy—she resolutely maintained that he was labouring altogether under a delusion—indeed a double delusion; first, as to his imaginary conversation with Mr. Gammon, and secondly, as to his supposed communication of it to Lady Cecilia. Her heart was smitten, however, by the steadfast look of mournful incredulity with which the Earl regarded her from time to time; and, when alone, she reproached herself in tears with the fraud she was practising upon the desolate and broken-hearted old man. The duke, however, seconded by the physician, was peremptory on the point, believing that otherwise the earl's recovery was impossible; and as his grace invariably joined Miss Macspleuchan in scouting the mere mention of the matter as but the figment of a disordered brain, the earl was at length silenced if not convinced. He peremptorily prohibited Mr. Titmouse, however, from entering his house—much more from appearing in his presence; and there was little difficulty in causing him to appear satisfied that the sole cause of his exclusion was his cruelty and profligacy towards the late Lady Cecilia:—whereas, with a sickening inward shudder, he was apprised of the real reason by Mr. Gammon. Very shortly after the earl's illness, the Duke of Tantallan had sent for Mr. Titmouse to interrogate him upon the subject of his lordship's representations; but Mr. Gammon had been beforehand with the duke, and thoroughly tutored Titmouse—dull and weak though he was—in the part he was to play, and which Mr. Gammon made as easy to him as possible. He started with well-feigned astonishment, indignation, and disgust, as soon as the duke had mentioned the matter, and said very little (such were Gammon's peremptory injunctions)—and that little only in expression of amazement—that any one could attach the slightest importance to the mere wanderings of a disordered brain. 'Twas certainly a ticklish matter, the duke felt, to press too far, or to think of entrusting it to third parties. His grace very naturally concluded, that what his own superior tact and activity had failed in eliciting could be detected by no one else. He frequently pressed Mr. Gammon, however, upon the subject; but that gentleman maintained the same calm front he had exhibited when first challenged upon the subject; giving the same account of all he knew of Titmouse's pedigree—and clenching the matter by sending to his grace a copy of the brief, and of the short-hand writer's notes of the trial—challenging, at the same time, the most rigorous investigation into the matter. It was very natural for the duke, under these circumstances, to yield at length, and feel satisfied that the whole affair rested on no other basis than the distempered brain of his suffering kinsman. Nothing shook him more, however, than the sight of Titmouse: for he looked, verily, one whom it was exceedingly difficult to suppose possessed of one drop of aristocratic blood!—Miss Macspleuchan, a woman of superior acuteness, was infinitely more difficult to satisfy upon the subject than the duke; and though she *said* little, her manner showed that she was satisfied of the existence of some dreadful mystery or other, connected with Mr. Titmouse, of which Mr. Gammon was master—and the premature discovery of which had produced the deplorable effects upon the earl under which he was at that moment suffering. The earl, when alone with her, and unconscious of her presence, talked to himself constantly in the same strain; and when conversing with her, in his intervals of consciousness, repeated over and over again, without the slightest variation, facts which seemed as it were to have been burnt in upon his brain. Miss Macspleuchan had—to conceal nothing from the reader—begun to cherish very warm feelings of personal attachment to Mr. Gammon; whose striking person, fascinating conversation, and flattering attention to herself—a thing quite unusual on the part of any of the earl's visiters—were well calculated to conduce to such a result. But from the moment of Lord Dreddlington's having made the statements which had been attended by such dreadful consequences, her feelings towards Mr. Gammon had been completely chilled and alienated. Her demeanour, on the few occasions of their meeting, was constrained and distant; her countenance clouded with suspicion, her manners frozen with reserve and hauteur.

Mr. Gammon's first interview with the earl, after his illness and bereavement, had become a matter of absolute necessity—and was at his lordship's instance; his wishes being conveyed through the Duke of Tantallan, who had intimated to him that it was indeed indispensable, if only to settle some matters of business, of pressing exigency, connected with the failure of the Artificial Rain Company. The duke was with his noble kinsman at the time of Mr. Gammon's calling—having intended to be present at the interview. They awaited his arrival in the earl's library. It is very difficult to describe the feelings with which Mr. Gammon anticipated and prepared for the appointed interview with the man on whom he had inflicted such frightful evil, towards whom he felt that he had acted the part of a fiend. How had he dealt with the absolute and unrestrained confidence which the earl had reposed in him! The

main prop and pillar of the earl's existence—family pride—he, Gammon, had snapped asunder beneath him; and as for fortune—Gammon knew that the earl was absolutely ruined. Not, however, that Gammon really felt any commiseration for his victim: his anxiety was only as to how he should extricate himself from liability in respect of it. And had he not cause for shuddering in approaching the earl on that occasion, to be interrogated concerning Titmouse—to look the earl in the face and deny what had passed between them;—and that, too, when the rigid investigation was pending which might within a few short weeks convict and expose him to the scorn—the indignation—of society, as a monster of fraud and falsehood?

The earl sat in his library, dressed in deep black, which hung upon his shrunk attenuated figure, as upon an old skeleton. He looked twenty years older than he appeared two short months ago. His hair, white as snow, his pallid emaciated cheek, his weak and wandering eye, and a slight tremulous motion about his head and shoulders—all showed the mere wreck of a man that he had become, and would have shocked and subdued the feelings of any beholder. What a contrast he presented to the portly and commanding figure of the Duke of Tantallan, who sat beside him, with a brow clouded by anxiety and apprehension! At length—"Mr. Gammon, my lord," said the servant, in a low tone, after gently opening the door.

"Show him in," said the duke, rather nervously, adding to the earl, in a hurried whisper, "now be calm, my dear Dreddlington—be calm—it will be over in a few minutes' time." The earl's lips quivered a little, his thin white hands trembled, and his eyes were directed to the door with a look of most mournful apprehension, as the fiend entered. Mr. Gammon was pale, and evidently nervous and excited; but his habitual self-command would have concealed it from any but a practised observer. What a glance was that with which he first saw the earl!—"It gives me deep concern, my lord," said he, in a low tone, slowly advancing with an air of profound deference and sympathy, "to see that you have been so great a sufferer!"

"Will you take a chair, sir?" said the duke, pointing to one which the servant had brought for him, and in which Gammon sat down, with a courteous inclination towards the duke, and observing that Lord Dreddlington's face had become suddenly flushed, while his lips moved as if he were speaking, "You see," said his grace, "that my Lord Dreddlington is but slowly recovering!"—Gammon sighed, and gazed at the earl with an expression of infinite concern.

"Is it true, sir?" enquired the earl, after a moment's interval of silence,—evidently with a desperate effort. Gammon felt both his companions eyeing him intently, as he answered calmly—"Alas!—your lordship of course alludes to that unhappy company"—

"*Is it true, sir?*" repeated the earl, altogether disregarding Gammon's attempt at evasion.

"You cannot but be aware, Mr. Gammon, of the subject to which my Lord Dreddlington is alluding," said the duke, in a low tone.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gammon, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, and a sigh—"I understand that your lordship is alluding to some conversation which you suppose has passed between us concerning Mr Titmouse."

"Sir—sir—yes! yes"—gasped the earl, gazing at him intently.

"Well, my lord, I have heard that you suppose I told your lordship that he was *illegitimate*."

"Ay," said the earl, with tremulous eagerness.

"Oh, my lord, you are really labouring under as complete a delusion as ever"—commenced Gammon, with a melancholy smile.

"Sir—Mr. Gammon—do you believe that there is NO GOD?—that HE does not know the—the"—interrupted the earl, but ceased, apparently overpowered by his emotions. Gammon looked in appealing silence at the Duke.

"What makes you imagine, sir, that I am bereft of reason and memory?" presently enquired the earl, with a strength of voice and manner which alarmed Gammon.

"I cannot account, my lord, for the extraordinary hallucination which seems"—

"And I suppose, sir, I am also in a delusion concerning the rent-charge for two thousand a year, which you have got on the Yatton pro—"

"Oh, pardon—pardon me, my lord! All pure—absolute delusion!" interrupted Gammon, with a confident smile, a look, and a tone of voice, that would have staggered the most incredulous.

The earl raised his thin, white, trembling hand, and pressed it against his forehead for a moment; and then said, turning to the duke—"He would deny that he is now in our presence!"

"My dear Dreddlington—don't, for God's sake, excite yourself," said the duke, anxiously; adding, after a pause, "I am as persuaded, as I am of my existence, that you're under a complete delusion! Recollect your serious illness—every one is subject to delusions of some sort or other when he's been so ill as you have!"

"Oh, Tantallan! Tantallan!" replied the earl, mournfully shaking his head—"I take God to witness how this man is lying!" The duke glanced hastily at Gammon as these words were uttered, and observed that he had grown suddenly pale, and was in the act of rising from his chair.

"Pray Mr. Gammon"—commenced the duke, imploringly.

"I can make very great allowance, I assure your grace, for his lordship's situation—but there are bounds which I allow no man living to overstep with impunity," said Gammon, calmly but resolutely—overjoyed at obtaining such a pretext for abruptly terminating the embarrassing interview—"and unless his lordship chooses instantly to retract what he has said, and apologise for it, I will never enter his presence again!"

"Oh—he had better go!" said the earl feebly, addressing the duke, evidently averting his face from Gammon with disgust and horror.

"Mr. Gammon, *pray* resume your seat," said the duke significantly—"I will undertake to warrant you in regarding the words as not having been spoken."

"I thank your grace," replied Gammon determinately—"I require an explicit retractation. I entertain a deep deference towards your grace, but am also aware of what is due to myself. My lord," he added, as if at a sudden impulse addressing the

earl, "do permit me to request your lordship to withdraw and apologise for" ——— But the earl turned his face aside, and extended his hand towards Gammon, feebly motioning him away; on which, with a low bow to the Duke of Tantallan, Gammon took his hat and moved towards the door.

"Sir—Mr. Gammon—you *must* not go," said the duke earnestly—"you are here on business of pressing importance—all *this* must pass away and be forgotten."

"Your grace I shall be most happy to attend at any time, and any where; but this room I quit instantly."

"Then, sir, have the goodness to walk into the next room," said the duke somewhat imperiously, "and I will come to you presently." Mr. Gammon bowed, and withdrew.

"Oh God! how atrocious is the conduct of that man!" said the earl, when they were left alone.

"Really, Dreddlington, you must get rid of these —these—absurd notions."

"Let me never see his face again!" replied the earl feebly. "I have but a short time to live, and that time the sight of *him*, I feel, makes still shorter!" the duke looked both vexed and embarrassed.

"Come, come—now he's here, and on a very important errand—let us have done with him. Let us have him back, and I'll tell him you withdraw"——

"Withdraw! He *is* withdrawn," said the earl, confusedly.

"What d'ye mean, my dear Dreddlington? I say —let me tell him"——

"I mean, it was at his chambers, in Holborn—I pledge my honour, I recollect it as if it were yesterday"——

"Pho, pho!" cried the duke, rather impatiently—"it must be done! He's come on matters of the very last importance—the thing's been put off to the very latest moment on your account—that cursed company!" The earl looked up at his companion, and a faint smile flitted over his wasted features.

"Ah—I'm now satisfied," said he, shaking his head—"that they must dig a very great depth indeed before they come to the copper." The duke looked puzzled, but said, hastily, "That's right!—I'll have him back, and you'll allow me to say it's all a mistake?"

"Certainly—I am satisfied of it."

"That will do, my dear Dreddlington, that's the way such nonsense should be put an end to," said the duke, and, ringing the bell, ordered the servant to request Mr. Gammon to return. After a brief interval, that gentleman re-entered the library, but with some sternness and reluctance of manner.

"Mr. Gammon," replied the duke a little quickly, "my Lord Dreddlington owns he was mistaken—he, of course, withdraws the expression—so we had better at once to business"——

"Ay—certainly! certainly! Have you the papers with you, Mr. Gammon?" enquired the earl, while his trembling fingers were on his gold spectacles. Mr. Gammon bowed rather haughtily, and, resuming the chair he had quitted, drew it to the table, and opened a little packet of papers.

"It was a ridiculous affair, I am afraid, sir," said the earl, addressing Mr. Gammon, who felt a little surprised at the altered look and tone of the earl.

"I fear it was extremely *unfortunate*, my lord, in its issue," he replied gravely, arranging his papers.

"The thing did not look so absurd *at first*, Tantallan, I assure you!" said the earl, addressing the duke, who was eyeing Mr. Gammon's movements with much anxiety; for he had come prepared to state the final result of long negotiations between the creditors and the directors and shareholders of the Artificial Rain Company.

"These things never do—at first," his grace replied, with a sort of sigh.

"Just show us, Mr. Gammon, if you please, the diagrams and the sections of the strata"——

"The *what*?" enquired the duke, turning surprisedly to the earl—so did Mr. Gammon, and for a moment ceased arranging his papers. Both the duke and he turned pale, and gazed in silent dismay at their companion. Gammon felt momentarily sick at heart. It was evident that Lord Dreddlington's mind had gently given away. There was a smile of indescribable weakness flickering about the mouth; the eyes were unsteady; all sternness had vanished from his brow; and his manner was calm, with even an approach towards cheerfulness. Gammon glanced with horror at the duke, who, without removing his eyes from Lord Dreddlington, unconsciously exclaimed, "Oh my God!"

"Is it your lordship's pleasure"——faltered Gammon, his hands trembling visibly.

"You are right, Tantallan," said Lord Dreddlington, as if suddenly struck by the peculiar look with which the duke continued to regard him. "You shall hear all; but we must be alone. Sir, you may retire, and be in attendance another day," he added, abruptly addressing Gammon with all his former stateliness of manner, but with a feeble voice. Mr. Gammon, very greatly agitated, hastily put together the documents he had partially arranged on the table, and with a profound bow withdrew.

"At nine this evening—in Portman Square, sir, if you please," said the duke in an agitated manner.

"I will attend your grace," said Gammon, and with not a little trepidation closed the door after him; on which the earl proceeded, in a very anxious manner, to intimate the existence of a conspiracy on the part of the Earl of Fitzclaret and others, to prevent his—Lord Dreddlington's—obtaining a marquisate, on the ground that he had been connected with Sir Sharper Bubble in a swindling company; and his lordship had good grounds for believing that Mr. Gammon was secretly lending his assistance to the undertaking, and his coming there that morning with the papers relating to the intended purchase of the Isle of Dogs, was in furtherance of his treacherous objects! The duke listened in silent dismay to this rambling account of the imaginary conspiracy, and had just determined upon quietly sending for Miss Macspleuchan, when the earl abruptly paused, and after a confused stare at his companion, pressed his hand to his forehead, and said with hesitation and embarrassment—"Pray, Tantallan, don't think any thing more about what I have been saying! I—I—feel that I have been talking nonsense—incoherently. Surely it must have struck *you* so? Eh, Tantallan?"

There was something so imbecile and miserable in the look with which the earl regarded his compa-

nion, that the duke for a moment could not reply to him. At length, "My dear Dreddlington," said he, gently grasping his hand, "you are, at present, only a little excited—you will soon recover yourself. Let us ask Miss Macspleuchan to join us, as she is sitting all alone up stairs."

"Not just now, Tantallan—I feel I have wandered a little, but all is now right again. He is gone, is he?" The duke nodded. "The sight of that man was at first too much for me; I felt oppressed and confused, but I thought it right to struggle against it!—He denied it all!—Is not that enough to drive a man out of his senses?"

"My dear Dreddlington, we shall get wrong again—let us quit the subject," said the duke, anxiously.

"No," replied the earl, languidly, "do not fear me; I feel quite myself again! I can only repeat to you, that that man's conversation with me about—about"—he shuddered—"as certainly happened as the heavens are above us!" The earl had really, at all events for the present, recovered from the temporary confusion into which his thoughts had fallen; and proceeded, with as much energy as his shattered condition would admit of, to give the duke, as he had often done before, a distinct and consistent account of all that had taken place at Mr. Gammon's chambers:—and as he went on, it all of a sudden occurred to his grace, for the first time—how improbable is it that Lord Dreddlington should have *invented* a scene, which he has uniformly described in almost the same words? What but truth and reality could enable him to preserve such a consistency in a scene described with such a minute circumstantiality? Having once looked at the matter in this new light, every succeeding moment saw him more and more satisfied that such was the true view of it; and before he had quitted his unfortunate kinsman, he had pretty nearly convinced himself of three things; first, that Mr. Titmouse was a hideous, little base-born miscreant and impostor; secondly, that Mr. Gammon must be the profoundest scoundrel living; and lastly, that it was very singular that he—the duke—had been so long in arriving at such a conclusion. But then, it subsequently occurred to the sagacious duke—how was he to act? What position was he to assume with Mr. Gammon, when he came in the evening, in obedience to his grace's own appointment? What reasons could he assign for his sudden change of opinion? Nothing new had occurred: and he felt a little embarrassed, seeing that all he should be able to say, would be, that he had at length taken a different view of the facts! At all events he determined to put the brief of Mr. Titmouse's case, used at the trials, and which Mr. Gammon had some time before forwarded to his grace's house, into the hands of some eminent lawyer, for a candid and confidential opinion.

Mr. Gammon, on quitting Lord Dreddlington's house, quickly recovered from the momentary shock which he had suffered in the Earl's presence; and—shall I record the fact?—all other feelings were merged in one of delight and exultation at the awful calamity which had befallen Lord Dreddlington: no one, Mr. Gammon considered, would thenceforth think of attaching the least importance to any thing the Earl might say, or had said, which was doubtless the mere creation of a disordered brain. Then all that would be necessary, would be the silencing Titmouse—no difficult matter, since even he could comprehend that secrecy was to him a matter of salvation or destruction! But then, again, like a criminal's chance glance at the hideous guillotine in the distance—a recollection of the ecclesiastical enquiry at that instant in vigorous action, blanched the cheek of Mr. Gammon, and dashed all his new hopes to the ground. If those infernal inquisitors *should* discover all, and thereby demonstrate Titmouse's illegitimacy, how perfectly frightful would be the position of Mr. Gammon? What would then avail him the insanity of Lord Dreddlington? Would it not, on the contrary, be then attributed to the right cause—the atrocious cruelty and villany which had been practised upon him? How irretrievably was Gammon committed by his repeated and solemn asseverations to Miss Macspleuchan and the Earl of Dreddlington? The evidence which sufficed to entitle Mr. Aubrey to administer to Lady Stratton, would also suffice to entitle him to an immediate restoration to the Yatton property! And would the matter rest there? Would no steps be taken, in such an event, to fix him—Gammon—as a partner, or a prime mover, in the fraud and conspiracy by which alone, it would then be alleged, Titmouse had been enabled to recover the property? Absorbed by these pleasant contemplations, he was so lost to all around him, that he was within an ace of being crushed to death under the wheels of an enormous coal-wagon, which he had not seen approaching, as he crossed the street. It might, perhaps, have been well—it would certainly have saved him from a "*sea of troubles*," on which he may be tossed for the remainder of his life.

The chief object of Mr. Gammon's interview with the Earl of Dreddlington, had been to communicate to his lordship information concerning the very alarming position in which he stood with reference to the defunct Artificial Rain Company. The very prominent and active part which his lordship had been seduced into taking, in the patronage and management of that company, had very reasonably marked him out as the fittest object of attack to the creditors. The company held no Act of Parliament, nor charter, nor deed of settlement; it was simply a huge unwieldly *partnership*, consisting of all such persons as could be shown to be interested, or to have held themselves out as interested, in it; and consequently, whether individually known or not, liable to the public, who had dealt with the company, and given credit to it, on the very obvious principle of equity, that all who would seek to share the profits of the speculation must be responsible for its liabilities. In the present instance, had it not been for the circumstance of there being a considerable number of weak, inexperienced, but responsible adventurers, who, by entering into the speculation, had become liable to share Lord Dreddlington's burden of liability, his lordship must have been totally ruined to all intents and purposes. As soon as Sir Sharper Bubble's absconding had opened the eyes of the public, and of the shareholders, it became necessary to take instant measures for ascertaining the exact state of affairs,—and the liabilities which had been contracted on behalf of the company Heavens! what a frightful array of creditors now made their appearance against the Artificial Rain

Company! It was inconceivable how so many, and to so immense an amount, could have arisen during the short period of the company's being in existence; but the fact is, that there are always thousands of persons who, as soon as they once see individuals of undoubted responsibility fairly committed to a company of this sort, will give almost unlimited credit, and supply any thing that may be ordered on behalf or for the purposes of the company. This company had originated in a supposed grand discovery of Doctor Diabolus Gander, that there were certain modes of operating upon the atmosphere, by means of electrical agency, which would ensure an abundant supply of rain in seasons of the greatest drought. Now, first and foremost among the creditors of the company, was that distinguished philosopher himself; who, to constitute himself effectually a creditor, had declined to take any shares in the concern. He now claimed £1700 for a series of "preliminary experiments," independently of compensation for his time and services in conducting the aforesaid experiments;—and, in order to put the question of *liability* beyond all doubt, the doctor had taken care, from time to time, to invite the more distinguished and wealthy of the shareholders to come and witness his experiments—always carefully noting down their names, and the names also of those witnesses who could prove their attendance—the interest they took in the experiments—their observations as to the success of the company, &c. &c., and their repeated acknowledgments of the uniform courtesy of the worthy doctor, who thought no pains too great to explain the nature of his surprising operations. Then, again, he had entered into an agreement, signed by Lord Dreddlington, and one or two others on behalf of the company, by which he was appointed "permanent scientific director" for a period of ten years, at a salary of £1000 a-year, over and above the sums agreed to be paid him for "collateral and supplementary services." This latter clause, however, the doctor very generously offered to compromise, in consideration of the exhalation of the company, on payment of four thousand pounds down. Then came a demand amounting to little short of £25,000 for an inconceivable quantity of copper wire, which had been purchased for the purpose of being used in all the cities and towns which chose to avail themselves of the services of the company, in the following way—viz. a complete circle of electric communication was to be obtained, by attaching wires to the summits of all the church steeples, and it was necessary that the wires should be of considerable strength and thickness, to prevent their being broken by birds flying against, and perching upon them: (But, Dr. Gander declared that he had discovered a mode of charging the wires, which would cause any bird which came into contact with them immediately to fall down dead.) Then there were fearful charges for at least nine miles' length of leaden pipes and hose, and for steam-engines, and electrical machines, and so forth; particularly an item of eight thousand pounds for the expenses of trying the experiment in a village in the extremity of Cornwall, and which was very nearly completed, when the unfortunate event occurred which occasioned the sudden break-up of the company. This will suffice to give the uninitiated reader a glimpse of the real nature of the liabilities incurred by those who had become partners in this splendid undertaking. Dr. Gander had two actions commenced the very day after the departure of Sir Sharper Bubble, against six of the principal shareholders, in respect of his "preliminary experiments," and his agreement for ten years' service; and writs came fluttering in almost daily; all which rendered it necessary to take measures for coming to an amicable compromise. After very great exertions, and attending many meetings, Mr. Gammon succeeded in provisionally extricating Lord Dreddlington, on his paying down, within twelve months, the sum of £18,000; the Duke of Tantallan was in for some £3000, the Marquis of Marmalade for £6000: and those two peers made the most solemn vows never to have any thing to do again with joint stock companies: though it must be owned, that they had been, as the phrase is, "let off easily." But I must not disguise from the reader that the Artificial Rain Company was not the only one with which these distinguished individuals, together with Lord Dreddlington, had become connected—there was the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company, of which Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, were the solicitors—but *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*; and let it suffice, for the present, to say, that some short time afterwards the Duke of Tantallan, on the part of the Earl of Dreddlington, paid down the sum of £10,000 on account of the above-mentioned sum of £18,000, the remainder of which was to be called for in six months' time. Mr. Gammon, however, could not think of the possibility of the Gunpowder Company's explosion without a shudder, on account of the dreadful extent to which Lord Dreddlington was implicated, and from which Gammon feared that there really was no means of extricating him. What would he have given never to have seduced the Earl into embarking into any such speculations? Nay, what would he not have given, never to have set eyes upon either the Earl of Dreddlington or the Lady Cecilia? What advantage had he ever gained, after all, by his desperate grasp after aristocratic connexion? If, however, the Earl should prove really and permanently insane, what a god-send would such an event be, in every point of view, to Gammon—silencing for ever the chief sufferer—and saving Gammon from all the endless vexations and anxieties arising out of personal explanations and collisions with the man whom he had drawn into the vortex of pecuniary ruin—from, in short, a world of reproaches and execrations.

As for Mr. Titmouse, the *fortunate* (!) possessor of ten thousand a year—as thousands, with a sigh of envy, regarded him—those of the public who had an opportunity of watching his public motions, gave him credit for feeling very deeply the melancholy bereavement which he has sustained in the loss of the Lady Cecilia; but those more intimately acquainted with his family circumstances, could not help remarking one little ingredient of pleasure in his recent cup of bitterness: viz. that as Lady Cecilia had left no offspring—no dear pledge of affection—Mr. Titmouse was not only saved a vast deal of anxiety as to the bringing up of the child, but had become himself heir-apparent to the barony of Drelingcourt on the death of the Earl of Dreddlington; who, whatever might be the effect of his whispered misfortunes in his pecuniary speculations, had not

the power, being merely tenant for life under the entail, of injuring the fortune annexed to the title. Though Mr. Gammon loathed the very sight, the very thought, of Titmouse, he was yet the centre of prodigious anxiety to Gammon, who felt that he had, at all events at present, a deep stake in the upholding to the world Mr. Titmouse's position and credit. He had been frightened by Gammon into a state of the most abject submission to all his requirements—one of which was, the preservation of that external decorum, when in public, which had produced the very favourable impression already adverted to. The other was—a vast contraction of his expenditure. M. Gammon insisted upon his disposing of his house in Park Lane—which had, indeed, been for months almost destitute of furniture, that having fallen a prey to divers of his execution creditors—but engaged for him a suit of handsome furnished apartments in Chapel Street, May Fair, allowing him the attendance of a valet, as usual; and also hiring for him a cab, tiger, groom, and a couple of saddle-horses, with which Mr. Titmouse contrived to make an appearance, before so much of the world as was left in London during the autumn, suitable to his station. Some of the more clamorous of his creditors, Mr. Gammon had contrived to pacify by considerable payments on account, and a solemn assurance that every one of Mr. Titmouse's debts was in train for rapid liquidation. Could his creditors, indeed,—Gammon asked—fail to see and judge for themselves, what an altered man, in his person and habits, Mr. Titmouse had become, since the shock he had received on the death of Lady Cecilia! Had, indeed, Mr. Titmouse felt never so disposed to re-enter the scenes of gay and expensive profligacy—in which he had revelled so madly during the first eighteen months after his extraordinary exaltation—there was a serious obstacle to his doing so, in his having neglected to pay divers heavy "debts of honour," as they are strangely called; for which delinquencies he had twice had his nose pulled in public, and once been horsewhipped. The gates of the sporting world were thus finally closed against him, and thus one source of profligate expenditure shut out. Though, however, he was free to ride or drive whithersoever he chose—and that, too, as became a man of fashion, in respect of appearance and equipment—he felt but a prisoner at large, and dependent entirely upon the will and pleasure of Mr. Gammon for his very means of subsistence. Most of his evenings were spent in such of the theatres as were open, while his nights were often passed amidst scenes which were very strange ones indeed for a young widower to be seen in! Though he was a frequent visiter at Brookes's, I must nevertheless do that respectable club the justice of saying, that its members were not very anxious for the presence or company of Mr. Titmouse. In fact, but for the continued countenance afforded to him, for reasons best known to that gentleman, by Mr. O'Gibbet, my friend would have been some time ago unceremoniously expelled from the club, where he had made, certainly, one or two exceedingly disagreeable exhibitions. Liquor was made for fools to get drunk with, and to shorten their encumbering existence upon the earth; and as for Titmouse, I really do not think he ever went to bed completely sober; and he avowed, that "whenever he was alone, he felt so miserable;" and there was only one way, he said, which he knew of to "drive dull care away." Though aware of it in point of fact, Titmouse had neither sense nor sensibility enough to appreciate the fearful frailty of that tenure by which he held his present advantages of station—never reflecting that he was liable at any moment to be precipitated down from his present elevation, far deeper into obscurity and poverty than he had ever emerged from! He had no power of enhancing his enjoyment of the present, either by vivid contrast with the past, or with the possible reverses of the future. A wealthy and profligate fool is by no means the enviable person he may appear to silly lookers-on; but what must he be when placed in the circumstances of Titmouse; He found town, at a dull season—the fall of the year—to be sure, become daily duller, the sphere of his enjoyments having become so miserably contracted. Mr. Gammon was becoming more and more stern and gloomy; in fact, Titmouse always dreaded to go near him, and enjoined on him, whenever they met, a circumspection which was new and intolerable. He was refused admission at Lord Dreddlington's; the Duke of Tantallan's he dared not go near. When, in the park, he met the Earl's chariot—a dismal object indeed to him—driving slowly along—all in deep mourning—the place of Lady Cecilia occupied now by Miss Macspleuchan, and the shattered old white-haired man beside her, taking evidently no notice of any thing about him; if Titmouse caught Miss Macspleuchan's eye, it was instantly removed, as from a disagreeable object. He never met the carriage without a shudder, and a violent one, at thought of the frightful fraud of which he had been at first the unconscious instrument, but to which he was now a consenting party. He had earnestly besought Mr. Gammon to allow him to spend a few months on the Continent, and provide him with funds to do so; but on due consideration, Mr. Gammon refused, in the very critical conjuncture of existing circumstances—at all events till he should have been furnished with some clue to the course which the pending investigation was taking. But Mr. Gammon consented to his going down to Yatton; so down he went, but to encounter only sullen faces; servants whose wages were in arrear; tenants whom his exactions were ruining; the friends of Mudflint and Bloodsuck indignant at his not coming forward to rescue them from impending destruction; and his constituency furious at the number of bills remaining unpaid; at his total disregard of their interests in Parliament; and his contemptible and ridiculous conduct and appearance there. As for any of the nobility or gentry of the neighbourhood, of course their notice of him was quite out of the question. From good little Dr. Tatham, even, he could get nothing more than a cold and guarded civility; in fact, Mr. Titmouse was fifty times more miserable at Yatton than he had been in London; and, moreover, the old hall had been completely stripped of the handsome furniture that had been put into it on his coming into possession, by his voracious execution-creditors; and all he could do here to enjoy existence, was to smoke, and drink brandy and water. He felt an imposter; that he had no right to be there; no claim to the respect or attention of any one. Through the

noble grounds of Yatton, amidst the soft melancholy sunshine of October, he walked, frightened and alone; a falling leaf alighting on him would make him start with apprehension, and almost drop his segar. While such was the dreary aspect of things at Yatton, what was the condition of Mr. Gammon in London?

It is not possible that any one who betakes himself to tortuous modes of effecting his purposes, and securing the objects which a keen ambition may have proposed to him, can be *happy*. The perpetual dread of detection and failure, causes him to lie, as it were, ever writhing upon a bed of torture. To feel one's-self *failing*, in spite of deeply-laid, desperate, and dishonourable schemes for securing success, is sickening and miserable indeed! Such a one feels that the bitterness of disappointment will not be mitigated or assuaged by a consciousness of the sympathy and respect of those who have witnessed the unsuccessful attempts—a thought which is deadening to the soul; and Gammon felt himself among the most miserable of mankind. All other anxieties were, however, at present absorbed in one—that concerning the issue of the enquiry then pending; and which, as it were, darkened his spirit within him, and hung round his neck like a mill-stone. If the issue of that enquiry should be adverse—he had absolutely nothing for it but instant flight from universal scorn and execration. Of what avail would then be all his prodigious anxieties, sacrifices, and exertions, his deep-laid and complicated plans and purposes! He would have irretrievably damned himself, for what! To allow the wretch Titmouse to revel, for a season, in unbounded luxury and profligacy! What single personal advantage had Mr. Gammon hitherto obtained for himself, taxed to the utmost as had been his powerful energies for the last three years! First of all, as to Miss Aubrey, the lovely object of his intense desires—what advance had he made towards the accomplishment of his objects, after all his profound and cruel treachery against her brother! Not a hair's breadth. Nay, on the contrary, the slight footing of intimacy which he had contrived, in the first instance, to secure, he had now lost for ever. Could they have failed to perceive, in spite of all his devices, his hand in the recent persecution of Mr. Aubrey! The stern deportment of Mr. Runnington, who had expressly prohibited, on the part of Mr. Aubrey, all communication with that gentleman on the part of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, except through himself—the aforesaid Mr. Runnington—spoke volumes. Moreover, Mr. Gammon had chanced to be prowling about Vivian Street on the very evening on which Lord de la Zouch made his unexpected appearance with Mr. Aubrey, as already described; and Mr. Gammon had seen Mr. Aubrey, Mrs. Aubrey, and Miss Aubrey, followed by his lordship, enter his carriage, in dinner costume; and he thought with a violent pang of one Mr. Delamere! He had also ascertained how suddenly his lordship had come over from Paris—just at that crisis in the circumstances of the Aubreys; and how probable was it, that his lordship's potent interference had originated the formidable proceedings of the Ecclesiastical court! And suppose the result of these proceedings should be, to detect the imposition by means of which Titmouse had been enabled to oust Mr. Aubrey from Yatton—what must *she*—what must they all—think of Mr. Gammon, after his avowal to Miss Aubrey! Inevitably, that he had either originally contrived, or was now conniving at the imposture! And what if she really were now all the while engaged to the future Lord de la Zouch! And if the present Lord de la Zouch, with his immense revenues were resolved to bear Mr. Aubrey through all his difficulties and troubles with a high hand! Had not Gammon already felt the heavy hand of Lord de la Zouch in the late accursed bribery actions! And suppose him stimulated to set on foot the pending proceedings, by the communication of Miss Aubrey concerning Mr. Gammon's own admissions to her—was his lordship likely to falter in his purposes!

Look again at the financial difficulties which were thickening around him. Between sixty and seventy thousand pounds had been already raised on mortgage of the Yatton estates!—and not a shilling more could now be raised without additional and collateral security, which Gammon could not procure. Then there was the interest payable half yearly on these mortgages, which alone swallowed up some £3500 annually. In addition to this, Titmouse was over head and ears in debt; and he must be supported all the while in a manner suitable to his station; and an establishment must be kept up at Yatton. How, with all this, was Mr. Gammon's own dearly-bought rent-charge to be realised! The already over-burdened property was totally unequal to bear this additional pressure. Again, if his motion which was to be made in the ensuing term for a new trial in the case of *Wigley* v. *Gammon* should fail, there he was left at the mercy of the plaintiff for a sum very nearly amounting to £4000, (including the heavy costs,) and capable of being immediately enforced by incarceration of his person, or seizure of his goods! Mr. Gammon, moreover, had been unfortunate in some gambling speculations in the funds, by which means the money he had so quickly made, had been as quickly lost. It was true, there were the probable proceeds of the two promissory notes now put in suit against Mr. Aubrey, and also the bond of Lord de la Zouch himself, in all amounting to twenty thousand pounds with interest: but months must necessarily elapse before, even in the ordinary course, the actions for the recovery of these sums could be brought to a successful issue—to say nothing of any disastrous occurrence which Gammon could just conceive the possibility of, and which might have the effect of fatally impugning the right of action of Mr. Titmouse. Gammon had repeatedly turned in his mind the propriety of raising money by assignment of the bond of Lord de la Zouch, but for several reasons he had deemed it inexpedient to venture upon such a step. For instance, the bond would be due within a month or two; and who would advance any serious sum on so large a security, without rigorous enquiries into the validity of the bond in point of exaction, and the right of the obligee to put it in suit? Supposing the issue of the ecclesiastical enquiry to be adverse, and Titmouse's title to the Yatton property to be destroyed; would not that at once invalidate his claims upon the bond, and also upon the two promissory notes? Lastly, his hopes of political advancement, to which he clung with incredible tenacity, full blooming though they had been till the moment of his being sued for the bribery penalties,

were all in danger of being blighted for ever, unless he could succeed in defeating the verdict during the ensuing term, of which he entertained scarce any hope at all. But even supposing him successful there—what was to become of him if the issue of the pending ecclesiastical proceedings should brand him as abetting imposture of the most gross and glaring description—nay, as being, in fact, its originator?

Thus, success or failure in the ecclesiastical suit, was in fact the pivot upon which every thing turned with Mr. Gammon—it would be either his salvation or his destruction; and the thought of it kept him in a state of feverish trepidation and excitement, from morning to night—rendering him almost wholly incapable of attending to his professional business. He had gone down several times, accompanied by Mr. Quod, to ascertain, as far as was practicable, the course which things were taking. Mr. Quod was very sanguine indeed as to the issue; but, alas! Gammon had not ventured to tell him the true state of the case: so that Quod naturally confined himself to the substantiating of Mr. Titmouse's pedigree, as it had been propounded, and with success, at the trial of ejectment. Mr. Gammon trembled at the systematic and vigorous prosecution of the cause on the part of Mr. Aubrey; what might it not elicit! Regardless of the consequences, he had several times tried to ascertain from those who had been examined, the course of enquiry which had been pursued, and the evidence which had been obtained from them—but in vain: some of the witnesses were in a station of society which repelled his advances; and others were effectually deterred from communicativeness by the injunctions of the commissioner. Thus Mr. Gammon could ascertain nothing—and was left to await, in fearful suspense, the legitimate issue of this tantalising and mysterious process, till the day when "publication" should "pass," and both parties be put in possession of all the evidence which had been obtained.

The prospects of the Aubreys, brightened though they had been by the sudden interference of Lord de la Zouch, at the very moment of their deepest gloom, did not disturb that calm and peaceful course of life which they had maintained through all their troubles. Oh, how animated and happy, however, was now that little family!—and that not through any overweening confidence as to the result of Lord de la Zouch's operations on their behalf, but from a pious and cheerful persuasion that they were not forsaken of Heaven, which had given this token of its remembrance. The beautiful bloom began to reappear on the cheeks both of Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, and the eye of Mr. Aubrey was no longer laden with gloom and anxiety. He pursued the study of the law with steadfast energy till the period of Mr. Mansfield's quitting town, and his chambers being closed till the beginning of November. The Aubreys, poor souls! secretly pined for a glimpse, however brief, of the pleasures of the country; and about the middle of September, they, sure enough, received a very pressing invitation from Lord and Lady de la Zouch, for all of them to join them in France, by way of a total and enlivening change of scene. Mrs. Aubrey and Kate had all but persuaded Mr. Aubrey into an acceptance of the kind invitation, when he suddenly thought of what he deemed an insuperable obstacle. It will be borne in mind that Mr. Aubrey had given bail to a very large amount, nearly sixteen thousand pounds, in the two actions at the suit of Mr. Titmouse, and of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and, on enquiry, two of the friends who had become bail for him were abroad, and could not be communicated with; so Mr. Aubrey peremptorily refused, under such circumstances, to quit the country, though for ever so brief an interval. On seriously assuring Lord de la Zouch that there existed insuperable objections to his just then leaving England, the ever-active kindness of his noble friend prompted a fresh proposal,—that they should, within a week's time, all of them, set off for a lovely residence of his lordship's in Essex, some fifteen miles from town, called Tunstall Priory—where they would find every thing fully prepared for their reception, and where they were earnestly entreated to remain till they should be joined by their host and hostess from France, about the latter end of October. 'Tis quite impossible for me to describe the exhilaration of spirits with which, the invitation having been most gratefully accepted by Mr. Aubrey, they all prepared for their little journey. Mr. Aubrey had made arrangements for their going down by one of the coaches, which went within a couple of miles of the Priory; but here again the thoughtful delicacy and kindness of his lordship was manifest; for the evening before they set off, one of the servants from Dover Street came to ask at what hour they would wish the carriage to call for them, and the van for their luggage—such being the orders which had come from his lordship; and further, that the carriage was to remain at their command during the whole of their stay at the Priory. Both Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, in their excitement, burst into tears on hearing of this additional trait of anxious and considerate kindness. Oh! it would have cheered your heart, good reader, to see the blithe faces and bounding spirits with which that little family set off on the ensuing morning on their expedition. Oh! how refreshing was the country air!—how enlivening and beautiful the country scenery amid the gentle sunlight of September!—'Twas a little paradise of a place—and as day after day glided away, they felt a sense of the enjoyment of existence, such as they had never experienced before!

Though it is not a very pleasant transition, the order of events requires us to return to town,—and to no very pleasant part of town, viz. Thavies' Inn. 'Twas about eight o'clock in the evening, towards the close of October, and Mr. Gammon was walking to and fro about his room, which was cheerful with the light of a lamp and the warmth of a fire. He himself, however, was very far from cheerful—he was in a state of exquisite anxiety and suspense—and well he might be, for he was in momentary expectation of receiving a copy of the evidence which had been taken on the part of Mr. Aubrey, in the ecclesiastical suit, publication having passed the day before. He muttered blighting curses at the intolerable delay of old Mr. Quod, who, Mr. Gammon was assured, might have procured a copy of the evidence several hours before, with only moderate exertion. Twice had Mr. Gammon's messenger been despatched in vain; and he was now absent on the third errand to Mr. Quod's chambers. At length Mr. Gammon heard a heavy footstep ascending the stairs—he knew it, and, darting to the door, opened

it just as his messenger had reached the landing with a bulky white packet under his arm, sealed, and tied with red tape.

"Ah!—that will do. Thank you, thank you!—call to-morrow morning," said Gammon hastily, almost snatching the packet out of the man's hand.

"Mrs. Brown—don't let me be disturbed to-night by any one—on any consideration," said he to his laundress; and, having ordered her to close the outer door, he re-entered his sitting room, and with a beating heart burst open the seals, tape, and cartridge-paper, and fastened in an instant with devouring eyes upon the pregnant enclosure. Over page after page his eye glanced with lightning speed, his breath unconsciously accelerating the while. When he had got to about the middle of it, his breath was for a minute or so suspended, while his affrighted eye travelled down a couple of pages, which told him all—all he had feared to see, and more—more than he had known himself. "Ah, perdition, the game is up!" he faintly exclaimed, and, rising from his chair, threw himself down upon the sofa, in a state of dismay and bewilderment which no words of mine are powerful enough to describe.

Quite as much anxiety had been felt on the same subject in a different quarter, during the whole of the day at the Priory; where were still the Aubreys, who had been joined a week before by Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and Mr. Delamere, for he had come over with them from the continent. Mr. Runnington had written to assure Mr. Aubrey, that the first moment of his being able to procure a copy of the evidence, he would come down post with it. As, however, nine o'clock elapsed without his having made his appearance, Mr. Delamere slipped out, and, without announcing his intention, ordered his groom to have his horses in readiness, instantly; and within a quarter of an hour's time he was on his way to town, having left a hasty verbal message, acquainting Lord and Lady de la Zouch of the object of his sudden move. When he reached M. Runnington's offices he found no one there, to his infinite disappointment. Having slept in Dover Street, he reappeared at Mr. Runnington's about ten o'clock the next morning, and found a chaise and four at the door, into which Mr. Runnington, with a large packet under his arm, was in the very act of entering, to drive down to the Priory.

"How is it—for God's sake!" said Mr. Delamere, rushing forward to Mr. Runnington, who was sufficiently surprised at seeing him.

"Oh, thank God! The battle's ours!"—replied Mr. Runnington with delighted excitement. "The murder's out!—I'll pledge my existence that within six months' time we have them all back at Yatton!"

"You are *off*, are not you?" enquired Delamere, as excited as himself—

"To be sure—won't you come with me?" replied Mr. Runnington.

"Rattle away, my lads!" cried out Delamere to the post-boys—and the next moment they were on their way, and at indeed a rattling pace. In somewnere about an hour and a quarter's time, the reeking horses and dusty chaise dashed up to the hall door of the Priory; and, as Delamere caught one or two figures standing at the windows, he waved his white handkerchief in triumph through the chaise window. That brought Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, breathless to the door—out jumped Delamere, without waiting for the steps to be let down, and, grasping the hands of all four, exclaimed with enthusiasm—"Victory!—Victory!—but where is she?"—

"Somewhere in the grounds, sir, replied a servant."

"Mr. Runnington will tell you all—said Delamere; and, springing off the steps, was out of sight in a twinkling, in quest of Miss Aubrey—burning to be the first with the joyful news. He soon caught sight of her graceful figure—she was standing with her back towards him, apparently in a musing posture, gazing at the bubbling rivulet. Hearing his bounding steps, she turned round, and started at seeing him.

"Oh, Miss Aubrey—Kate, Kate!"—he stammered, breathlessly—"By Heavens, we've won!"—Miss Aubrey turned very pale.

"Oh, Mr. Delamere—you cannot be—I *hope* you are not mistaken," said she faintly.

"On my sacred word of honour, I have seen—I have read it all myself! 'Tis as sure as that the sun is shining—'Tis all up with the villains!" Miss Aubrey made him no answer; her cheek continued white as that of a statue; and it was absolutely necessary that he should put his arm round her,—if he had not, she would have fallen.

"Come!—Come! My sweet, my lovely Kate! Rouse yourself!" cried he with fond anxiety, and pressed his lips gently on her forehead—a liberty of which she was probably not conscious, for she made no show of resistance. Presently she heaved a deep sigh, her eyes opened, and, finding herself entirely in his embrace, she made a slight effort to disengage herself, but in vain. He was supporting her on one knee—for there was no bench or seat within view. She burst into tears, and they soon relieved her pent-up bosom of its excitement.

"Dearest Kate—it's glorious news, and I have been too hasty with it."

"No—no—Mr. Delamere! I am only overpowered with joy and with gratitude! Oh, Mr. Delamere, I could sink out of your sight!"

"Pho! my own angel!—Don't make me miserable by talking in that strain."

"Well, what *shall* I say?" cried she passionately, bursting again into tears, and turning her face from him, feeling that it was reddening.

"*Say*, Kate! That you will let me love you, and will love me in return! Come, my own Kate! Heaven smiles on you—smile you on *me!*" She spoke not—but sobbed, her face still averted from him.

"I know you won't say me nay, Kate, if it's only for the *news* I've brought you express"—said Delamere ardently, and imprinted a passionate kiss on her unresisting lips.

"My sweet Kate! how I have thought of you in every part of the world in which I've been—commenced Delamere, after having a second, and a third, and a fourth time imprinted his lips upon the ripe and rosy lips of his beautiful mistress—and Heaven only knows what other absurdities he might have been guilty of, when, to Kate's inconceivable embarrassment, behold a sudden turn brought them full in view of Lord and Lady de la Zouch and Mr. Runnington.

"My dear Miss Aubrey," cried Lord de la Zouch,

"we have come to congratulate you on this great event!" and he grasped her affectionately by the hands, and then Lady de la Zouch embraced her future daughter-in-law, whose cheeks burned like fire, while those of Mr. Delamere tingled a little.

"Upon my honour, sir, you seem to have been making hay while the sun shines," said his lordship in a low tone, and laughing, having left Miss Aubrey and Lady de la Zouch together for a few moments.

"Dearest Lady de la Zouch, how did my brother bear it?" enquired Miss Aubrey.

"He bore it with calmness, though he turned very pale; but poor Mrs. Aubrey was very painfully excited—it was really a most affecting scene. But she is much better now—shall we return to the house?—By the way," added she slyly, "now you're *come into your fortune*, as the saying is, Kate—I—I suppose Geoffrey has been talking nonsense to you." Poor Kate blushed deeply, and burst into tears.

That was a happy day, and Mr. Runnington, having been compelled to stay to dinner, returned home at a late hour, feeling already richly repaid for all his exertions. Miss Aubrey sat up till a late hour in her own room, writing, according to a promise she had given, a very long letter to Dr. Tatham, in which she gave him as full an account as she could of the surprising and decisive event that had happened. 'Twas quite the letter of a daughter to a fond father—full of ardent affection, and joyous anticipations of seeing him again; but as to the other little incident of the day, which concerned herself personally, Kate paused—laid down her pen—resumed it—blushed—hesitated—and at length extinguished her taper and retired to rest, saying to herself that she would *think* of it, and make up her mind by the morning.

The letter went off, however, after all, without the slightest allusion to the possibility of its lovely writer becoming a future Lady de la Zouch.

But it is now high time that the reader should be put in possession of the important disclosures produced by the ecclesiastical enquiry: and we must for a while lose sight of the happy Aubreys, and the gloomy, discomfited Gammon, in order to become acquainted with the exact state of facts which had called forth such violent and opposite emotions.

The reader may possibly bear in mind that Mr. Titmouse had established his right to succeed to the Yatton property, then enjoyed by Mr. Aubrey, by making out to the satisfaction of the jury, on the trial at York, that he, the aforesaid Mr. Titmouse, was descended from an elder branch of the Aubrey family: that there had existed an unsuspected female descendant of Stephen Dreddlington, the elder brother of Geoffry Dreddlington, through whom Mr. Aubrey derived his claim to the succession; and that this obscure female had left issue equally obscure and unsuspected—viz. Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse—to whom *our* friend Titmouse was shown to be heir-at-law. In fact, it had been shown in open court, by clear and satisfactory evidence, *First*, that the aforesaid Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse was the direct descendant of Stephen Dreddlington; *Secondly*, the marriage of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; *Thirdly*, the birth of Tittlebat Titmouse, the first, and indeed the only issue of that marriage. All these were not only proved, but unquestionable facts; and from them, as far as descent went, the preferable right of Titmouse to that of Aubrey, resulted as an inevitable inference, and the verdict went accordingly. But as soon as, according to the happy and invaluable suggestion of the Attorney-General, a rigid inquiry had been instituted *on the spot*, whence the oral and documentary evidence had been obtained by Mr. Gammon—an enquiry conducted by persons infinitely more familiar with such matters than common lawyers, those acute and indefatigable inquisitors succeeded in making the following remarkable discovery. It was found that the two old witnesses who had been called to prove that part of the case, on the trial, had since died—one of them very recently. But in pushing their enquiries, one or two other old witnesses were met with who had not been called by Mr. Gammon, even if he had been aware of their existence; and one of these, an old man, while being closely interrogated upon another matter, happened to let fall some expressions which startled the person making minutes of the evidence; for he spoke of Mr. Titmouse's mother under three different names, *Gubbins*, *Oakley*, and Johnson. Now, the proof of the trial had been simply the marriage of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, by bans, to Janet Johnson, *spinster*. Either, then, both the witnesses must be mistaken as to her having had other names, or there must be some strange mystery at the bottom of it—and so it at length turned out. This woman's maiden name had been Gubbins; then she had married a ropemaker, of the name of Oakley, in Staffordshire, but had separated from him, after two or three years' quarrelsome cohabitation, and gone into Yorkshire, where she had resided for some time with an aunt—in fact, no other person than old blind Bess. Afterwards, she had become acquainted with Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; and, to conceal the fact of her previous marriage—her husband being alive at the time—she was married to Gabriel Titmouse under the name of "Johnson." Two years afterwards, this exemplary female died, leaving an only child, Tittlebat Titmouse. Shortly afterwards, his father came up to London, bringing with him his little son—and some five years afterwards died, leaving a few hundred pounds behind him for the bringing up Tittlebat decently—a duty undertaken by a distant relative of his father, and who had been dead some years. Of course Titmouse, at the time when he was first presented to the reader, knew no more than the dead of his being in any way connected with the distinguished family of the Aubreys in Yorkshire; nor of the very unpleasant circumstances attending his mother's marriage, with which the reader has just been made acquainted. Nothing can be easier than to conceive how Mr. Gammon might have been able, even if acquainted with the true state of the facts, to produce an impregnable case in court by calling, with judgment, only that evidence which was required to show the marriage of Titmouse's father with Janet Johnson—viz. an examined copy of an entry in the parish register of Grillston, of the fact of the marriage under the names specified, and some other slight evidence of the identity of the parties. How was the Attorney-General, or any one advising him, to have got at the mystery attending the name of "Johnson," in the absence of suspicion pointed precisely at that circumstance? The defendant, in an action of ejectment, is necessarily in a

great measure in the dark as to the evidence which will be adduced against him, and must fight the evidence as it is presented to him in court; and the plaintiff's attorney is generally better advised than to bring into court witnesses who may be able, if pressed, to disclose more than is necessary or desirable.

The way in which Mr. Gammon became acquainted with the true state of the case was singular. While engaged in obtaining and arranging the evidence in support of the plaintiff's case, under the guidance of Mr. Lynx's opinion, Mr. Gammon stumbled upon a witness who dropped one or two expressions, which suddenly reminded him of two like documents which had been some time before put into his possession, without his then attaching the least importance to them. He was so disturbed at the coincidence, that he returned to town that very night to inspect the papers in question. They had been obtained by Snap from Old Blind Bess: in fact, (*inter nos*,) he had purloined them from her on one of the occasions of his being with her in the manner long ago described, having found them in an old Bible, which was in a still older canvass bag; and they consisted of, first, a letter from one James Oakley to his wife, informing her that he was dying, and that having heard she was living with another man, he exhorted her to leave her wicked courses before *she* died; secondly, a letter from one Gabriel Titmouse to his wife, reproaching her with drunkenness and loose conduct, and saying that she knew as well as he did, that he could transport her any day he liked; therefore, she had better mind what she was about. This letter was written in the county jail, where he had been sent for some offence against the game laws. Old Blind Bess had been very feeble when her niece came to live with her; and, though aware of her profligate conduct, had never dreamed of the connexion between the great family at the Hall and her niece's child. These were the two documents which Mr. Titmouse had destroyed, on Gammon's having entrusted them for a moment into his hands. Though I do not attach so much importance to them as Mr. Gammon did—since I cannot see how they could have been made available evidence for any purpose contemplated by Gammon—I am not surprised at his doing so. They were infinitely too dangerous documents to admit of his taking the opinion of counsel upon; he therefore kept them entirely to himself, as also the discovery to which they led, not trusting his secret even to either of his partners. Before the case had come into court, Mr. Gammon had been in possession of the facts now laid for the first time before the reader—contemplating, from the first, the use to be thereafter made of the prodigious power he should have become possessed of, in aid of his own personal advancement. Thus was Titmouse base born indeed—in fact, doubly illegitimate; for, first, his mother was guilty of bigamy in marrying his father; and, secondly, had that not been so, her marrying under a false name was sufficient to make the marriage utterly void, and equally, of course, to bastardise her issue.

Such, then, was the damning discovery effected by the ecclesiastical commission, and which would by and by blazon to the whole world, the astounding fact, that this doubly base born little miscreant had been enabled, by the profound machinations of Mr. Gammon, not only to deprive Mr. Aubrey of the Yatton estates, but also to intermarry with the Lady Cecilia, the last of the direct line of the noble Dreddlingtons and Drelincourts—to defile the blood, and blight the honour, of perhaps the oldest and the proudest of the nobility of England. Upon Mr. Gammon, it lit like a thunderbolt. For many hours he seemed to have been utterly crushed and blasted by it. His faculties appeared paralysed. He was totally incapable of realising his position—of contemplating the prodigious and appalling consequences which must inevitably and almost immediately ensue. He lay upon the sofa the whole night without closing his eyes, or having moved a muscle since he had thrown himself down upon it. His laundress came in with his bed-candle, trimmed the lamp, stirred the fire, and withdrew, supposing him asleep. The fire went out—then the lamp—and when, about eight o'clock the next morning, his laundress reappeared, he still lay on the sofa; and a glimpse of his pale and haggard face alarmed her greatly, and she went for a medical man before he was aware of her having done so. On her returning, and informing him of what she had done, it roused him from his lethargy, and, rising from the sofa, he desired her to go back and request the medical man not to come, as it was unnecessary. Heaving profound sighs he proceeded to his dressing-room, got through his toilet, and then sat down to the breakfast table, and for the first time made a very powerful effort to address his mind to the awful nature of the emergency into which he was driven. Mr. Quod soon after made his appearance.

"This is a *very—very—ugly business*, Mr. Gammon!" quoth he, with a gloomy countenance, as he sat down. "I look upon it there's an end to the suit—eh?"

"It is not likely that we shall stir further, certainly"—replied Mr. Gammon, with a desperate effort to speak calmly: then there was a pause.

"And I should think the matter can't end *here*;" presently added Mr. Quod. "With such evidence as this, of course they'll attack Yatton!"

"Then I'm prepared to resist them," said Gammon; convinced in his own mind that the sole object of Mr. Quod's visit was to see after the payment of his bill—a reasonable anxiety, surely, considering the untoward issue of the proceedings.

"How could all this have escaped *me*, in getting up the case for the trial!" said Gammon, after a pause, darting an anxious and furtive glance at his companion.

"Ay—I hope this will teach you common law fellows, that there's a trick or two worth knowing at Doctor's Commons!" replied Mr. Quod. "D'ye remember what I told you at starting?—How was it, d'ye say, *you* couldn't find it out? No one could, till we did!—But, by the way, do we fight any more in the cause? Because we must decide at once—it's no use, I should say, going to the expense of a hearing"—

"I will give you an answer in the course of the day, Mr. Quod," replied Gammon; and succeeded in getting rid of his visiter, for the present; and then re-pursued the whole of the evidence, and considered within himself, as well as he was able, what course he ought to pursue. He had need, truly, to do so,

for he very shortly found that he had to deal with an enemy in Mr. Runnington—uncompromising and unrelenting—whose movements were equally prompt, vigorous and skilful. That gentleman, following up his blow, and acting under the advice of the Attorney-General, who had just returned to town for the commencement of the legal year—viz: Michaelmas Term—first of all gave notice, through Mr. Pounce, of his intention to proceed with the suit for administration; but found that the enemy in that quarter had struck; Mr. Quod formally notified his abandonment of opposition on the part of Mr. Titmouse. So far so good. Mr. Runnington's next step was to go down into Staffordshire and Yorkshire, accompanied by Mr. Pounce, and by his own experienced confidential clerk, in order to ascertain still more distinctly and conclusively the nature of the evidence which was in existence impeaching the legitimacy of Mr. Titmouse. His enquiries were so satisfactory, that, within a week of his return to town, he had caused an action of ejectment to be brought for the recovery of the whole of the Yatton property; and copies of the "Declaration" to be served on Mr. Titmouse, and on every tenant in possession upon the estate. Then he caused notices to be served on every one of the tenants, calling upon them not to pay rents in future to any one except Charles Aubrey, Esquire, or his agents by him lawfully appointed; and caused a formal demand of the title-deeds of the estate to be forthwith served upon Mr. Titmouse, Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son, and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and also advertisements to be inserted in the newspapers, to caution all persons against advancing money on mortgage or on other security of the Yatton property, "formerly in possession of, and now claimed by, Charles Aubrey, Esq., but at present wrongfully held by Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., M. P., and for the recovery of which an action has been commenced, and is now pending;" and also from advancing money "on the faith or security of a certain bond conditioned in the penalty of £20,000 for the payment to Tittlebat Titmouse of £10,000, with interest, on or before the 24th day of January next, and dated the 26th July 18—, and signed by Lord de la Zouch and Charles Aubrey, Esq., the same having been obtained by undue means, and on a fraudulent pretence of money being due from the said Charles Aubrey, Esq., to the aforesaid Tittlebat Titmouse."

These advertisements, and certain paragraphs relating to the same matter, which found their way into the newspapers, to the consternation of Gammon, came under the eye of the Duke of Tantallan, and struck him dumb with dismay and horror at so decisive and public a corroboration of his worst fears. A similar effect it produced upon Miss Macspleuchan, who, however, succeeded in keeping them for some time from the observation of the unfortunate Earl of Dreddlington. But there were certain other persons in whom these announcements excited an amazing degree of excitement and agitation; viz. three Jewish gentlemen, Mordecai Gripe, Mephibosheth Maharshalal-hash-baz, and Israel Fang, who were at present the depositaries of Mr. Titmouse's title-deeds, with a lien upon them, as they had fondly imagined, to the extent of nearly seventy thousand pounds, that being the amount of money they had advanced, in hard cash, to Mr. Titmouse, upon mortgage of his Yatton estates. The last of these unfortunate gentlemen—old Mr. Fang—had advanced no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds. He had been the first applied to, and had most fortunately taken a collateral security for the whole sum advanced; viz. a bond—the bond of our old friend, "Thomas Tag-rag, draper and mercer, of No. 375 Oxford street, and Satin Lodge, Clapham, in the county of Middlesex." As soon as ever the dismayed Israelite, by his attorney, had ascertained, by enquiry at the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—where all was confusion—that there really was a claim set up to the whole of the estates, on behalf of him who had been so recently and suddenly dispossessed of them, he exclaimed in an ecstacy, "Oh, ma Got! oh, ma *dear* Got! Shoo Tag-rag! Shoo on the bond! Looshe no time"——and he was obeyed. Terrible to tell, two big bum baliffs the next day walked straight into the shop of Mr. Tag-rag, who was sitting in his little closet at the further end, with his pen in his hand, busily checking some bills just made out, and without the least ceremony or hesitation hauled him off, hardly giving him time to put his hat on, but gruffly uttering in his ear some such astounding words as "Thirty thousand pounds!" He resisted desperately, shouting out for help, on which all the young men jumped over the counters, and seemed to be coming to the rescue! while one or two female customers rushed affrighted out of the shop. In short, there was a perfect panic in the shop; though the young men merely crowded round, and clamoured loudly, without venturing upon a conflict with the two burly myrmidons of the law, who clapped their prize into a coach that was standing opposite—Mr. Tag-rag, frothing at the mouth, and with impassioned gesticulation, protesting that he would have them both transported to Botany Bay on the morrow. They laughed at him good humouredly, and in due time deposited him safely in the lock-up of Mr. Vice, who, on seeing that he was disposed to be troublesome, thrust him unceremoniously into the large room in which, it may be recollected, Mr. Aubrey had been for a few minutes incarcerated, and left him, telling him he might write to his attorney. There he continued for a long while in a state bordering on frenzy. Indeed, he must have fancied that the devil had made it, just then, his particular business to worry and ruin *him*; for what do you think had happened to him only two days before! an event which had convulsed Clapham to its centre—so much, at least, of Clapham as knew of the existence of the Tag-rags and the Reverend Dismal Horror, his chapel, and congregation. That young shepherd of faithful souls having long cherished feelings of ardent fondness towards one gentle lamb in his flock in particular—viz. Tabitha Tag-rag—who was the only child of the wealthiest member of his little church—took upon himself to lead her, nothing loth, a very long and pleasant ramble—in plain English, Mr. Dismal Horror had eloped with the daughter of his head deacon—to the infinite scandal and disgust of his congregation, who forthwith met and deposed him from his pulpit; after which his father-in-law solemnly made his will, bequeathing every thing he had to a newly established Dissenters' college; and the next day—being just about the time that the grim priest of Gretna was forging the bonds of Hymen for the happy and lovely

couple before him, Mr. Tag-rag was hauled off in the way that I have mentioned—which two occurrences would have the effect of enabling Mr. Dismal Horror to prove the disinterestedness of his attachment—an opportunity for which he vowed that he panted—inasmuch as he and she had become, indeed, all the world to each other. He must now go into some other line of business, in order to support his fond and lovely wife; and, as for Tag-rag, his pious purposes were frustrated altogether. There was no impeaching the validity of the bond held by the infuriate and inexorable Jew who had arrested him, and who clearly had been no party to any fraud by which—if any, the signature of Mr. Tag-rag had been procured to the bond. Mr. Tag-rag's attorney, Mr. Snout, instantly called upon Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, to enquire into the particulars of the astounding transaction by which his client had been drawn into so ruinous a liability—but was very cavalierly treated; for he was informed that Mr. Tag-rag must, in their opinion, have lost his senses—at all events his memory; for that he had most deliberately executed the bond, after its nature had been fully explained to him by Mr. Gammon—and his signature was witnessed and attested in the usual way by a clerk in the office, and also in the presence of all the three partners. On hearing all this—and examining Mr. Aminadab, who stated, without any hesitation, as the fact in truth was, that he had been called in specially to see Mr. Tag-rag execute the bond, and had seen and heard him deliberately sign and say he delivered it as his act and deed—Mr. Snout hurried back to his frenzied client, and endeavoured, for a long while, with praiseworthy patience, to reason with him, explaining to him the glaring improbability of his version of the affair. This led to very high words indeed between them, and at length Mr. Tag-rag actually spit in his face: and Mr. Snout, being a very little man, and unable to resent the insult effectually, instantly quitted the room, expressing his firm belief that Mr. Tag-rag was a swindler, and he would no more be concerned for a person of that description. Mr. Tag-rag could not get bail for so frightful an amount; so he committed an act of bankruptcy, by remaining in prison for three weeks. Down, then, came all his creditors upon him in a heap, especially the Jew; a rattling bankruptcy ensued—the upshot of the whole being—to anticipate, however, a little—that a first and final dividend was declared of three farthings in the pound—for it turned out that he had been *speculating* a great deal more than any one had had the least idea of. I ought, however, to have mentioned that, as soon as Mr. Tag-rag had become bankrupt, and his assignees had been appointed, they caused an indictment to be preferred against Mr. Titmouse, and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, for fraud and conspiracy in obtaining the bond from Mr. Tag-rag; and, on the same grounds, made an application, fortified by strong affidavits, to the Lord Chancellor, to strike them all off the rolls. In addition to all this, the two other unfortunate mortgagees, Mordecai Gripe, and Mephibosheth Mahar-shalal-hash-baz—who had no security at all for their advances except the title-deeds of the estate, and the personal covenant of Mr. Titmouse, beset the office in Saffron Hill from morning to night, like a couple of frantic fiends, and nearly drove poor old Mr. Quirk out of his senses. Mr. Snap was peremptory and insolent; while Gammon seldom made his appearance—and would see no one at his private residence, pleading serious indisposition.

After anxious reflection, Mr. Gammon did not absolutely despair of extricating himself from the perils with which he was personally environed. As for certain fond hopes of political advancement, after which, indeed, his soul pined, he did not despair of prevailing on his friend at headquarters—to whom he had undoubtedly rendered considerable political services at no little personal risk—to overlook the accident which had befallen him, in the adverse verdict for the bribery penalties, even should he fail in his motion to defeat that verdict in the ensuing term. He had had a distinct intimation that—that one obstacle removed—a very important and influential situation under government was within his reach. But, alas! this last overwhelming misfortune—how could he possibly evade or surmount it? What human ingenuity or intrepidity could avail to extricate him from the consequences of his avowal to Miss Aubrey—and his counter-statements to the Duke of Tantallan and Miss Macspleuchan—to say nothing of the Earl of Dreddlington? He resolved to risk it—to rely on his own resources, and the chapter of accidents. The mere presence of difficulty, strung his nerves to encounter it. He resolved to rely on the impossibility of fixing him directly with a knowledge of the rottenness of Titmouse's pretensions—at all events, till a period considerably subsequent to the trial, and Titmouse's marriage with the Lady Cecilia. It occurred to him, as calculated, moreover, to aid his contemplated movements, if he could find a fair pretext for throwing overboard his partners, especially Mr. Quirk—satisfied that his own uniform caution had prevented him from committing himself to them—or at least had deprived them of means of proving it. He very soon met with an opportunity, of which he promptly availed himself.

Some week or ten days after the commencement of the term, Mr. Quirk was walking down Parliament Street, on his way to the Court of King's Bench, hoping, amongst other things, to hear the court say whether they would grant or refuse a rule *nisi* for a new trial, in a certain cause of Wigley v. Gammon, which had been moved for on the first day of the term by the Attorney-General, and which Lord Widdrington had said the court would take a day or two's time to consider. Mr. Quirk's eye caught the figure of a person, a few steps in advance of him, which he fancied he had seen before. In a few minutes' time, the old gentleman was covered with a cold perspiration; for in a young man, about thirty years old, decently dresssed—thin, sallow, and wearing a very depressed air—Mr. Quirk recognized Mr. Steggars—a gentleman whom he had imagined to be at that moment comfortably settled at Botany Bay! This was the individual, it may be recollected, whose execrable breach of trust, when a clerk of Mr. Parkinson's at Grilston, had led to Mr. Quirk's discovery of the infirmity in Mr. Aubrey's title.—The fact was, that Mr. Steggars had quitted England horribly disgusted with Mr. Quirk's conduct

towards him; and had also subsequently experienced some little remorse on account of his own mean and cruel conduct towards a gentleman and his amiable family, who had never given him the slightest pretext for hostility or revenge. He had contrived to make his feelings upon the subject known to the official individual at Botany Bay, who had given him an opportunity of explaining matters fully to the authorities at home—the principal of whom, the Home Secretary—had been, and indeed continued to be, a warm personal friend of Mr. Aubrey's. This minister caused enquiries to be made concerning Steggars' behaviour while abroad, which were so satisfactorily answered as to procure a remission of the remainder of his sentence, just as he was entering upon his fourth year's service at Botany Bay. Immediately on his return—which had taken place only a few days before the commencement of Michaelmas term—he sought out Mr. Aubrey's attorneys, Messrs. Runnington, and put them fully in possession of all the facts of the case relating to Mr. Quirk's grossly dishonourable conduct in obtaining and acting upon a knowledge of the supposed defect in Mr. Aubrey's title. Upon Mr. Quirk's coming alongside of this gentleman, and looking at him with a most anxious inquisitiveness, he encountered a fearfully significant glance—and then Mr. Steggars, in a very pointed and abrupt manner, crossed over the street for the purpose of avoiding him. He was so dreadfully disconcerted by this occurrence, that instead of going on to Court, where he would have heard Mr. Gammon's rule for a new trial *refused*, he retraced his steps homeward, and arrived at the office just as a clerk was enquiring for him; and who, on seeing him, put into his hands the following startling document, being a rule, which had been granted the day before, by the Court of King's Bench:—

"On reading the Affidavit of JONATHAN STEGGARS, the Affidavits of James Parkinson and Charles Runnington, and the paper-writing marked A., all hereunto annexed, and on the motion of Mr. Attorney-General, it is *ordered*, that Caleb Quirk, Gentleman, an attorney of this Honourable Court, do, on Wednesday next, in this present term, show cause why he should not forthwith deliver up to Charles Aubrey, Esquire, the deeds and documents specified in the paper-writing hereto annexed marked A, *and also, why he should not answer the matters contained in the said* Affidavits!"

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, faintly, and, sinking into his chair, enquired for Mr. Gammon; but, as usual, he had not been at the office that day. Giving orders to Mr. Aminadab to have copies taken immediately of the affidavits mentioned in the rule, Mr. Quirk set off for Mr. Gammon's chambers, but missed that gentleman, who, he learned, was down at court. The next day Mr. Gammon called at the office, but Mr. Quirk was absent; on going, however, into the old gentleman's room, Mr. Gammon's eye lit an the abovementioned "rule," and also on the affidavits upon which it had been granted; then, hastily replacing them on the desk as he had found them, he repaired to his own room greatly flustered—resolved to wait for Mr. Quirk's arrival, and appear to be informed by him, for the first time, of the existence of the aforesaid rule and affidavits. While he was really buried in a reverie, with his head resting on one hand and a pen in the other, his countenance miserably pale and harassed, Mr. Quirk burst hastily into his room with the rule and affidavits in his hand.

"Oh Lord, Gammon! How are you Gammon?" he stuttered, "Haven't seen you this age! Where have you been? How are you, eh?" and he grasped very cordially the cold hand of Mr. Gammon, which did not return the pressure.

"I am not very well, Mr. Quirk; but—you seem agitated!—Has any thing fresh hap"——

"Fresh?—Ecod, my dear Gammon! Fresh, indeed! Here's a *new* enemy come into the field! D——d if I don't feel going mad!—Look, Gammon, look!"—and he placed the rule and affidavits in Mr. Gammon's hand, and sat down beside him.

"What!—Answer the matters of the affidavit?" quoted Gammon, amazedly.—"Why, what have you been doing, Mr. Quirk? And—who upon earth is—*Jonathan Steggars?*"

"Who's Steggars!" echoed Mr. Quirk, stupidly.

"Yes, Mr. Quirk—*Steggars*. Who is he?" repeated Gammon, intrepidly.

"Steggars, you know—Gammon! You recollect Steggars, of course—eh?" enquired Mr. Quirk, with an apprehensive stare—"Steggars; *Steggars*—you know! eh! You don't recollect! Oh, botheration! Come, come, Gammon!"

"Who is he?" again enquired Gammon.

"Oh Lud! oh Lud! oh Lud!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, despairingly—"What *are* you after, Gammon? You don't intend—it can't be—that you're going to—eh!—It's Steggars, you know—we defended him, you know—and he got transported for robbing Parkinson. You recollect how we got hold of Mr. Aubrey's story from him?" While Mr. Quirk was saying all this with feverish impetuosity, Mr. Gammon appeared to be, for the first time, glancing eagerly over the affidavits.

"Why—good heavens, Mr. Quirk!" said he presently, with a start—"is it possible that these statements can have the slightest foundation in fact?"

"Ay, drat it—that *you* know as well as I do, Gammon," replied Mr. Quirk, with not a little eagerness and trepidation—"Come, come, it's rather late in the day to sham Abraham just now."

"Do you venture, Mr. Quirk, to stand there and deliberately charge me with being a party to the grossly dishonourable conduct of which you are here accused upon oath—which, indeed, you admit yourself to have been guilty of?"

"D——d if I don't, Master Gammon!" replied Mr. Quirk, slapping his hand on the table after a long pause, in which he looked completely confounded. "Why you'll want by and by to persuade me that my name isn't Caleb Quirk—why, zounds! you'll drive me mad! You're gone mad yourself—you must be!"

"How dare you insult me, sir, by charging me with conniving at your infamous and most unprofessional conduct?"

"Why—come! Do you know how we first got

scent of the whole thing? It dropped down from the clouds, I suppose, into our office—oh lud, lud, Gammon! it isn't kind to leave an old friend in the lurch at such a horrid pinch as this."

"I tell you, Mr. Quirk, that I never had the least idea in the world that this wretch Steggars—I should have scouted the whole thing! I would rather have retired from the firm."

"That's it, Gammon! Go on, Gammon! This is uncommonly funny! It is, indeed, ha, ha!"

"This is no time for trifling, sir, believe me. Let me tell you thus much, in all candour—that I certainly had, from the first, misgivings as to the means by which you became possessed of this information; but, considering our relative situations, I did not feel myself at liberty to press you on the point—Oh, Mr. Quirk, I am really shocked beyond all bounds! What will the profession think of"———

"D—— the profession! What d'ye think I must be just now thinking of you? Why, you'd make a dog strike it's father!"

"I may have been unfortunate, Mr. Quirk—I may have been imprudent; but I have never been dishonourable—and I would not for the whole creation have my name associated with this infernal transac"——

"Who wanted me to forge a tombstone, Gammon?" enquired Mr. Quirk, glancing very keenly at his friend.

"Wanted you to forge a tombstone, sir?" echoed Gammon.

"Ay! ay! Forge a tombstone!" repeated Mr. Quirk, dropping his voice.

"Upon my word and honour, Mr. Quirk, I pity you! You've lost your senses."

"You wanted me to forge a tombstone! D——d if you didn't!"

"You had better go home, Mr. Quirk, and take some physic to clear your head, for I'm sure you're going wrong altogether!" said Gammon.

"Oh, Gammon, Gammon! Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself? Come—honour among thieves! Be honest for once"——

"Your conduct is so extraordinary, Mr. Quirk, that I must request you to leave my room, sir"——

"I shan't—it's *mine* too"—quoth Quirk, snapping his fingers, with a desperate air.

"Then I will, sir," replied Gammon with a low bow; and, taking up his hat, moved towards the door.

"You sha'n't, Gammon—you mus'n't!" cried Quirk, but in vain—Mr. Gammon had taken his final departure, leaving Mr. Quirk on the very verge of madness. By and by he went into Snap's room, who sat there the picture of misery and terror; for whereas it had always seemed to him that he had never been fairly admitted into the confidence of his senior partners in the very important matters which had been going on for the last two years—now, that every thing was going wrong, he was candidly given credit by Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon for having lent a helping hand to every thing from the very beginning! In fact, he was frightened out of his wits at the terrible turn things were taking. 'Twas he that had to stand the brunt of the horrid badgering of the three Jews; he was included in half a dozen indictments for fraud and conspiracy, at the instance of these three accursed Jews, and of the assignees of Mr. Tagrag; and Heaven only could form a notion of what other things were in store for him! He wondered vastly that they had not contrived to stick *his* name into the affidavits which had that day come in, and which seemed to have turned Mr. Quirk's head upside down. But conscious of his own innocence, he resolved to hold on to the last, with a view, in the event of the partnership blowing up, of scraping together a nice little practice out of the remnants.

Half recklessly, and half in furtherance of some designs which he was forming, Gammon followed up on the ensuing morning, his move with Mr. Quirk, by sending to him and to Mr. Snap a formal written notice of his intention to retire from the partnership, in conformity with the provisions of their articles, at the end of a calendar month from the date; and he resolved to take no part at all in the matter to which Mr. Quirk's attention had been so sternly challenged by the Court of King's Bench—leaving Mr. Quirk to struggle through it as best he might. But what was Mr. Gammon to do? He could not stir a step in any direction for want of money—getting every hour more and more involved and harassed on this score. The ecclesiastical suit he had given up, and Mr. Quod had instantly sent in his heavy bill, requiring immediate payment—reminding Mr. Gammon that he had pledged himself to see him paid, whatever might be the issue. Here was an action of ejectment, on a tremendous scale, actually commenced; and being vigorously carried on for the recovery of every acre of the Yatton property. Was it to be resisted? Where were the funds? Here he was, again, already a defendant in four indictments, charging fraud and conspiracy—proceedings entailing a most destructive expense; and his motion for a new trial in the action for the bribery penalty having failed, he was now liable to pay, almost instantly, some £2500 to the plaintiff, for debt and costs. As for the balance of their bill against Mr. Aubrey, that was melting away hourly in the taxing office; and the undoubted result would be an action against them, at the suit of Mr. Aubrey for a malicious arrest. Was it possible, thought Gammon, to make the two promissory notes of Mr. Aubrey available, by discontinuing the actions, and indorsing over the notes at a heavy discount? He took an opinion upon the point—which was to the effect that such a step could not be taken, so as to give any third party a better right against Mr. Aubrey than Mr. Titmouse had. But even had this been otherwise, an unexpected obstacle arose in Mr. Spitfire, who now held Mr. Gammon at arm's length, and insisted on going forward with the actions—when he, in his turn, was, as it were, checkmated by a move of Mr. Runnington's in the Court of Chancery; where he obtained an injunction against proceeding with the actions, till the result of the pending action of ejectment should have been ascertained; and, in the event of the lessor of the plaintiff recovering, an account taken of the mesne profits which had been received by Mr. Titmouse. No one, of course, would now advance a farthing on mortgage of Mr. Titmouse's interest in the Yatton property; and Mr. Gammon's dearly earned rent charge of £2000 a year had become mere waste parchment, and as such he destroyed it. The advertisements concerning Lord de la Zouch's bonds, had effectually restrained

Mr. Gammon from raising any thing upon it; since any one advancing money upon the security of its assignment, must have put it in suit against his lordship, when due, in the name of Mr. Titmouse, and any answer to an action by him, would of course operate against the party using his name. Mr. Gammon then bethought himself of felling the timber at Yatton: but, as if that step on his part had been anticipated, before they had got down more than a couple of trees at the extremity of the estate, down came an injunction from the lord chancellor, and so there was an end of all resources from that quarter. Should he try the experiment of offering to surrender Yatton without the delay and expense of defending the ejectment? He knew he should be laughed at; they must quickly see that he had no funds to fight with, even had he the slightest ease to support. Mr. Gammon saw that Mr. Aubrey's position was already impregnable, and the notion of a compromise utterly ridiculous. As for resources of his own, he had none, for he had been exceedingly unfortunate in his dealings in the British and foreign funds, and had suffered severely and unexpectedly through his connexion with one or two of the bubble companies of the day. In fact he was liable to be called upon at any moment for no less a sum than £3000, and interest, which had been advanced to him on security of a joint and several bond given by himself, and Mr. Titmouse; and he lived in daily dread lest the increasing frequency of the rumours to his discredit, should get to the ears of this particular creditor, and precipitate his demand of repayment. To the vexation occasioned by this direct pecuniary embarrassment, and by the impossibility of retrieving himself by a move in any direction—being, in short, in a complete *dead-lock*—were to be added other sources of exquisite anxiety and mortification. To say nothing of the perilous legal and criminal liabilities which he had incurred, the consciousness of his appearing an atrocious liar, and indeed an impostor, in the eyes of the Duke of Tantallan, of the Earl of Dreddlington, of Miss Macspleuchan, of the Aubreys, of *Miss Aubrey*—in fact, of every one who saw or heard what he had done—stung him almost to madness: considerations of this kind were infinitely more insupportable than all the others by which he was oppressed, put together. And when he reflected that the lord chancellor, to whose favourable notice he had ever fondly aspired—and, to a considerable extent, successfully—had been put in possession of all the heavy charges made against him, on the score of fraud and conspiracy, by means of the various motions made before his lordship, and the affidavits by which they were supported, he felt his soul withered within him. In short, it must surely appear, by this time, that the devil had, in his dismal sport, got his friend Mr. Gammon up into a corner.

In like manner Mr. Titmouse had his lesser troubles—for he was all of a sudden reduced very nearly to the verge of literal starvation. His creditors of every kind and degree seemed actuated by the spirit of the law of the Twelve Tables—which, when a debtor was insolvent, permitted his creditors to cut him, bodily, physically, into pieces, in proportion to the respective magnitudes of their claims against him. Actions were commenced against him by the three Jews, on his covenants to repay the principal and interest due on the mortgages; half-a-dozen actions were pending against him on bills of exchange and promissory notes, which he had given for various sums of money, which had been lent him on terms of the most monstrous usury. Scarcely was there a single tradesman in town or country with whom he had ever dealt, that had not sued or was not about to sue him. Every article of furniture both at Yatton and at his lodgings—great or small, cabs, harness, horses,—all had disappeared: and, but for the protection afforded to his person by Parliament, he would have been pounced upon by at least a hundred ravenous and infuriated creditors in an instant, and never been seen or heard of any more, except on the occasion of some feeble and vain cry for relief under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. He had been obliged, on coming up from Yatton, to borrow five pounds from poor Dr. Tatham!—who, though infinitely surprised at the application, and greatly inconvenienced by compliance with it, lent him cheerfully the sum he asked for; Titmouse, the little scamp, pledging himself to enclose the Doctor a five-pound note by the first post after his reaching town. That, however, even had he ever intended giving the matter a thought, he could no more have done than he could have sent Dr. Tatham the mitre of the Archbishop of Canterbury; in consequence of which the worthy little doctor was obliged to postpone his long-meditated purchase of a black coat and breeches indefinitely. The morning after his return, he betook himself to Saffron Hill, which he reached just as Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap, deserted by Mr. Gammon, were endeavouring, in great tribulation and terror, to concoct affidavits in answer to those on which the rule in the Court of King's Bench had been obtained. Mr. Aminadab, with a little hesitation, yielded to his importunities, and allowed him to go into Mr. Quirk's room.

"Oh, Lud! Oh, Lud!—you—you—you—infernal little villain!" cried out Mr. Quirk, hastily approaching him, pale and stuttering with fury—and, taking him by the collar, turned him by main force out of the room.

"I say!—I say!—Come, sir! I'm a member of"—

"I'll *member* you, you impostor! Get out with you!—get out!"

"So help me——! I'll go to some other attor"——gasped Titmouse, ineffectually struggling against Mr. Quirk.

"Eugh!—Beast!" exclaimed Snap, who kept by the side of Mr. Quirk, ready to give any assistance that might be requisite.

"What have I —— eh?—What have I done—demme!—Come, come—hallo!—hands off"—

"If ever—if ever—if ever you dare show your cursed little face here—again"—sputtered Mr. Quirk, trembling with rage.

"This is breach of privilege!—On my life I'll—I really *will*—I'll complain to the House to-night." By this time he had been forced through the outer door into the street, and the door closed furiously behind him. A little crowd was instantly collected around him, and he might possibly have thought of addressing them, in terms of indignant eloquence, but he was deterred by the approach of a policeman with a very threatening countenance, and slung down Saffron Hill in shocking state of mind. Then he hurried to Thavies' Inn, pale as death—and with a

tremulous voice enquired for Mr. Gammon; but that gentleman had given special orders to be invariably denied to him. Again and again he called—and was again and again repulsed; and though he lingered on one or two occasions for an hour at least, in order to waylay Mr. Gammon, it was in vain. Letter after letter he sent, but with no better effect; and at length the laundress refused to take them in.

Gammon *dared* not see Titmouse; not because he feared Titmouse, but himself.

The House of Commons was sitting, unusual as was such an occurrence at that time of the year; but Parliament had been called together on a special urgency, and a very fierce and desperate contest was carrying on between the Opposition and the Ministers, whose very existence was at stake, and almost nightly divisions were melting down their majority till they were within an ace of being in a positive minority. Under these circumstances, although Mr. Titmouse's position had become a matter of notoriety, and he could no longer exhibit in public even the outside show and trappings of a man of fashion, beyond his mere personal finery, (which had become very precious, because he saw no means of replacing it,) and though he was *cut*, as a matter of course, by every one out of doors, yet he found he had one friend, at least, in his extremity, who scorned to imitate the fickle and perfidious conduct of all around him. That frank and manly individual was no less a person, to his honour be it spoken, than the Secretary of the Treasury—*and whipper-in*—Mr. Flummery; who always spoke to him in the most cordial and confiding manner, and once or twice even asked him to join his dinner-table at Bellamy's. On one of these occasions, Mr. Titmouse resolved to put Mr. Flummery's friendship to the test, and boldly asked for "*a place.*" His distinguished friend appeared certainly startled for a moment, and then evidently felt inwardly tickled, as was evinced by a faint twitching at the corners of his mouth. He proceeded, however, in a very confidential manner, to ask Mr. Titmouse as to his familiarity with financial matters; for (in the most sacred confidence) it did so happen that, although no one knew it but himself and one other person, there was sure to be a vacancy in a certain office within a fortnight at furthest; and, without saying any thing further, Mr. Flummery laid his finger on his lip, and looked steadfastly at Titmouse, who did similarly; and within half an hour's time made one of a glorious majority of four, obtained by the triumphant Ministry. Titmouse was now in excellent spirits concerning his future prospects; and if he could contrive to hold on during the fortnight intervening between him and his accession to office, all would be well. He therefore conceived he had nothing to do but apply to some one or two friends, whom he had accommodated with loans, for repayment. But, alas! Mr. O'Doodle acknowledged that his exchequer was empty just then; and Mr. M'Squash said he really fancied he had repaid Mr. Titmouse the hundred pounds which he had lent him, but he would look and see. Then Mr. Titmouse ventured to apply to Mr. O'Gibbet—that gentleman being Titmouse's debtor to the tune of some five hundred pounds. He called Mr. Titmouse aside, and in the most delicate and feeling manner intimated the delight it would have afforded him to respond to the call of Mr. Titmouse under ordinary circumstances; but the fact was, he felt placed in a most painfully embarrassing position, on account of the grave doubts which had occurred to him, as to the right of Mr. Titmouse either to have lent the money at all, or, consequently, to receive repayment of it. In short, the lawyers would call this setting up the *jus tertii*; Mr. O'Gibbet protesting that he looked upon himself, in point of conscience, as a trustee of the money for the real owner; and, till *he* should have been discovered, bound to retain it—so pleasant is *sometimes* the performance of one's duty! Titmouse could not in the least appreciate these exquisite scruples; but knowing Mr. O'Gibbet's influence over Mr. Flummery, he feigned to acquiesce in the propriety of what was advanced by Mr. O'Gibbet, who, on being pressed, *lent* him five pounds.

Finding that those whom he had till then imagined bound to consider his interests, had, in so unprincipled and ungrateful a manner, deserted him, he resolved to be true to himself, and bent all the powers of his mind to the contemplation of his present circumstances, and how he should act with advantage. After due and deep reflection, a very felicitous stroke occurred to him. He did not know the exact state of the question with reference to the right to the possession of Yatton—little dreaming that, in point of fact, Mr. Aubrey was at that moment virtually reinstated in the enjoyment of that fine estate. Now, it occurred to Mr. Titmouse as very probable, that his opponent would catch at any fair offer of a compromise, since he—Titmouse—had unquestionably the advantage over him at present, having nine-tenths of the law on his side, viz. *possession*; and if he was to propose to split their differences by making an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Aubrey, it could do no harm, and *might* be attended with the happiest results. How was she to know the desperate shifts to which he was driven at present? And if he could but contrive, consistently with his pledge to Mr. Flummery, to give her an inkling of the brilliant prospects that awaited him! In short, I am able to give the reader an exact copy of a letter which, after infinite pains, two days being spent over it, he sent to Miss Aubrey; and which was duly forwarded to her, and deposited in her hands, as she alighted from her horse, on returning from a ride with Mr. Delamere and Lord de la Zouch. Here follows that skilful and touching performance:—

"House of Comones.

"*Wednesday, Nov.* —, 18—.

"*(Private.)*

"Madam,—hoping That this Will not Dissapoint you Through Strangeness (which I own Looks Somewhat So) at First sight of my addressing This Epistle to You, to Say Ever since I Have had the unhapiness to Be a Widdower Since the Death of Lady Cecilia Titmouse of which There Is Many False accounts Every Thing Goes Entirely Wrong (For the present) with me, all For Want of a Lady which wd feel That Conubial Interest in me That is so delightful In The Married State. I was Honoured With writing To You soon After I was so Happy as to Get the Property But Supose you could not Have Got It Seeing I got no Ansr. And Naturally supposed There Was obstacles In The Way For it Was Settled Soon as You might have Heard That I was to

Mary my Cousin (The Lady Cecilia) whom I Loved Truly till Death cut Her Short On her Way To an Erly Grave, Alas. I know It is In Dispute whr. yr. respectable Brother or I are Owners of Yatton You See The Law which Gave It me Once *may Give it Me Again* who knows (in this uncertain Life) whatever Turns Up I can (Betwixt Ourselves) assure You There Is *Something In The Wind* For me wh. dare not say More Of at this Present. But Suposing You & I shall Hit it what Say You if I should Propose dividing The Estate betwixt Him & me & *Settling All my Half on You* And as To the *Title* (wh. at present I Am Next to) what say You To Tossing up for it When It comes for I am Sorry to hear His Lordship is breaking. and I know *Who I shd. Like to see Lady Drelincourt*, oh what a hapiness Only To think Of, As They are dividing very soon (And they *Do* Run It *Uncommon Fine*, But Ministers Must Be Suported or The Country Will Go to the Dev– Dogs) Must Close Begging the Answer! directed to Me Here, And Subscribe Myself,

"Hnd. and dear Madam,
Yrs. Most Obediently,
T. Titmouse."

"Miss Aubrey, Vivian Street."

"I hope, Kate, you have not been giving this gentleman encouragement!" quoth Delamere, when he had read the above. It formed a topic of pleasant merriment when they all met at dinner—a right cheerful party, consisting solely of the Aubreys and Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and Delamere. Mr. Aubrey had returned from town with important intelligence.

"Mr. Runnington is steadily and patiently unravelling," said he, as they sat in unrestrained converse after dinner—(I must take the opportunity of saying that Miss Aubrey looked as beautiful as ever, and in brilliant spirits)—"one of the most monstrous tissues of fraud that ever was woven by man! We sometimes imagine that Mr. Gammon must have had in view the securing Yatton for himself! The firm of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, are completely overwhelmed with the consequences of their conduct!—I understand they have terribly taken in the Jews—to the amount of at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds of hard cash; and one of them, it seems, on discovering that he has no security, very nearly succeeded in hanging himself the other day!"

"What's this I see in the paper about a Mr. Tag-rag?" enquired Lord de la Zouch:—and Mr. Aubrey told him the miserable condition to which Tag-rag had been reduced by the alleged chicanery of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

"Mr. Runnington seems to be managing matters with great vigour and skill," said his lordship.

"Admirably! admirably! I never in my life saw or heard of such complete success as attends every step he takes against the enemy; he is hourly pressing them nearer and nearer to the verge of the precipice, and cutting off all retreat. They would fight, but they have no funds! Look at the administration suit!" Mr. Aubrey then proceeded to mention two very important circumstances which had transpired since his former visit to town. First, an offer was understood to have come direct from Mr. Gammon, to abandon the defence to the ejectment, on condition of his receiving, on behalf of Mr. Titmouse, the sum of two thousand pounds; but Mr. Runnington had peremptorily refused to listen to any proposal of the kind, and the actions were, at that moment, in full progress with every prospect of there being no real defence even attempted. The next piece of intelligence was, that Messrs. Screw and Son, the solicitors to the Vulture Insurance Company, had called on Messrs. Runnington, on learning that they were the solicitors of the party to whom letters of administration had been granted, and intimated that the directors, "taking all the circumstances of the case into their consideration," had determined to offer no further opposition to the payment of the policy on the life of the late Lady Stratton. Mr. Screw talked very finely about the high principle and good feelings which ever actuated that distinguished company; but he did not tell Mr. Runnington what was the real cause of their abandoning their opposition, which was this—before their "commission" to examine their sole witness, Dr. Podagra, had reached China, they accidentally received authentic intelligence of his death, having been killed for vaccinating the infant of one of the Chinese! Under these circumstances, Mr. Runnington agreed to the terms proposed on the part of the company; viz. that the action be discontinued forthwith, each party pay their own costs, and the whole amount of the policy, minus the £2000 which had been advanced to Lady Stratton, be paid to Mr. Aubrey within a month from the day of discontinuing the action. Though Kate very vehemently protested against it, she was at length persuaded to allow her brother to act according to the manifest intentions of the venerable deceased; and he, in his turn, received a very gratifying assurance that she would have given him, under the special circumstances of the case, no anxiety respecting his bond for £2000 given to Lady Stratton, even had the grant of administration to the debtor interposed no technical objection! Thus was Kate no longer a dowerless maiden; having at her absolute disposal a sum of eighteen thousand pounds, in addition to which, in the event of their being restored to the possession of Yatton, she would be in the receipt of the income left her as a charge upon the estate by her father; viz. five hundred a year.

While the cheering sunshine of returning prosperity was thus beaming with daily increasing warmth and brightness upon the Aubreys,

"And all the clouds that lower'd upon their house,"

were, indeed,

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried"—

the sun of that proud and weak old man, the Earl of Dreddlington, was indeed going down in darkness. The proceedings which have been laid at length before the reader, arising out of the extraordinary termination of the enquiry set on foot by the Ecclesiastical Court, and quickly ending in the adoption of measures for the immediate recovery of Yatton, had attracted far too much of public attention to admit of their being concealed from the Earl, comparatively secluded from the world as he was. But the frightful confirmation of his assertion concerning what had occurred between himself and Mr. Gammon, respecting Titmouse, appeared to make no commensurate impression upon a mind no longer

capable of appreciating it. He had been seized by a partial paralysis shortly after the last interview between himself, Mr. Gammon, and the Duke of Tantallan, with which the present part of this history opens; and it was evident that his reason was failing rapidly. And it was perhaps a merciful dispensation, for it appeared that the cup of his misery and mortification was not even yet full. That other monstrous fabric of absurdity and fraud, built upon public credulity—the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company—suddenly dropped to pieces, principally on account of its chief architect, Mr. Gammon, being unable to continue that attention and skill by which it had been kept so long in existence. It suddenly exploded, involving every body concerned in it in ruin. The infatuated, and now dismayed, shareholders, and the numerous and designing creditors, came crowding round the more prominent of the parties concerned, clamorous and desperate. Meetings were called from time to time—producing, however, no other results than extending the view of liability incurred. The shareholders had fondly imagined that they could repose with confidence on the provision inserted in the prospectus, and in the deed of settlement, viz. that no one was to be liable beyond the amount of their shares actually subscribed for: alas! how dreadful the delusion, and how quickly was it dissipated! The houses of Lord Dreddlington, the Duke of Tantallan, and others, were besieged by unfortunate creditors; and at length a general meeting was called, at which resolutions were passed. strongly reflecting upon the Earl of Dreddlington and Mr. Gammon; and directing the solicitor concerned for the rest of the shareholders to file a bill against the Earl and Mr. Gammon, for the purpose of compelling them to pay all the debts incurred by the Company. More than this, it was threatened that unless satisfactory proposals were promptly received from, or on behalf of the Earl of Dreddlington, he would be proceeded against as a TRADER liable to the bankrupt laws, and a docket forthwith struck against him!—Of this crowning indignity impending over his head, the poor old peer was fortunately not conscious, being at the moment resident at Poppleton Hall, in a state not far removed from complete imbecility. The Duke of Tantallan was similarly threatened; and alarmed and enraged almost to a pitch of madness, resolved to take measures for completely exposing and punishing the individual to whose fraudulent plausibility and sophistries he justly attributed the calamity which had befallen him and the Earl of Dreddlington.

"Out of this nettle danger, I'll yet pluck the flower *safety*"—said Mr. Gammon to himself, as he sat inside one of the coaches going to Brighton, towards the close of the month of November, being on the morning after the explosion of the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company. Inextricably involved as he appeared, yet he did not despair of retrieving himself, and defeating the vindictive measures taken against him. His chambers were besieged by applicants for admission—Titmouse among them, whose senseless pertinacity, overheard by Gammon as he sat within, while his laundress was being daily worried by Titmouse, several times inflamed him almost to the point of darting out and splitting open the head of the intruder; Old Mr. Quirk also sent daily letters, in a piteous strain, and called besides daily, begging to be reconciled to Gammon; but he sternly turned a deaf ear to all such applications. In order to escape this intolerable persecution, at all events for a while, and, in change of scene and air, unpropitious as was the weather, seek to recruit his health and spirits, he had determined upon spending a week at Brighton; telling no one, however, except his old and faithful laundress, his destination; and instructing her to say that he was gone, she believed, into Suffolk, but would certainly return to town within a week. His pale and harassed features showed how much he required the repose and relief he sought for, but which he sought for in vain. He felt not a whit the better after a two days' stay, though the weather had suddenly cleared up, and the air become brisk and bracing. Whithersoever *he* went, he carried about him a thick gloom which no sun could penetrate, no breezes dissipate. He could find rest nowhere, neither at home nor abroad, neither alone nor in company, neither sleeping nor waking. His brow was clouded by a stern melancholy, his heart was bursting with a sense of defeat and shame, exposure, mortification; and with all his firmness of nerve, he could not contemplate the future but with a sickening apprehension. In fact, he was quite in a state of intense nervous irritability and excitement from morning to night. On the evening of the third day after his arrival, the London paper, forwarded to him as usual from the neighbouring library, contained a paragraph which excited him not a little; and which was to the effect that a named solicitor of eminence had been the day before appointed by the Lord Chancellor to a specified office; being no other, in truth, than that which Gammon knew his lordship had all along destined for *him*, one which he could have filled to admiration, which would have given him permanent *status* in society; and the salary attached to it was, moreover, £1800 a year! Gammon laid down the paper and a sense of desolation came into his soul. After a while his eye lit on another part of the paper—gracious Heavens!—there were three or four lines which instantly roused him almost into madness. It was an advertisement, stating that *he* had "ABSCONDED," and offering a reward of £100 to any one who would give information by which he might be *discovered* and *apprehended!*"

"*Absconded!*" he exclaimed aloud, starting up, and his eye flaming with fury—"accursed miscreants!—I will quickly undeceive them." Instantly unlocking his paper case, he sat down and wrote off a letter to the editor of the newspaper, giving his full name and address; most indignantly denying his having attempted or dreamed of absconding; stating that he should be in London within forty-eight hours; and requiring an ample apology for the gross insult and libel which had been perpetrated, to be inserted in the next number of his paper. Then he wrote off to the solicitor, Mr. Winnington, who had conducted all the town proceedings in the cause of *Wigley* v. *Gammon*, alluding in terms of indignation and astonishment to the offensive advertisement, and assuring him that he should, within forty-eight hours be found, as usual, at his chambers, and prepared to make an immediate and satisfactory arrangement in respect of the damages and costs which were now due from him. In a similar strain he wrote to Mr.

Runnington, (who had maintained throughout, personally, a cautious courtesy towards Mr. Gammon)—begging him to postpone signing judgment in the action of *Doe on the demise of Aubrey* v. *Roe*, till the last day of term, as he had a new and final proposal to make, which might have the effect of saving great delay and expense. He added, that he had also a proposition to offer upon the subject of Lord de la Zouch's bond and Mr. Aubrey's promissory notes, and begged the favour of a line in answer, addressed to him at his chambers in Thavies' Inn, and which he might find on his arrival. To a similar effect, he also wrote to the solicitor who was working the docket which had been struck against Mr. Tag-rag; and also to the solicitor who was employed on behalf of the shareholders in the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company:—in all of them reprobating in terms of the keenest indignation the unwarrantable and libellous use of his name which had been made, and making appointments for the individuals addressed to call at his chambers on the day after his arrival in town. Having thus done all in his power to counteract the injurious effects which were calculated to arise from so very premature and cruel a measure as that which had been taken, in offering a reward for his apprehension as an absconded felon, he folded up, sealed, and directed the letters, and took them himself to the post-office, in time for that night's post; and very greatly excited he was, as may be easily believed. He did not touch the dinner which he found laid for him on his return, but sat on the sofa, absorbed in thought, for nearly an hour: when he suddenly rung the bell, ordered his clothes to be instantly got ready for travelling—his bill made out—and then he went and secured a place in that night's mail, which was starting for town at half-past eight o'clock. At that hour he entered the mail, and as the only passenger—a circumstance which gave him an ample opportunity for reflection, and of which doubtless he availed himself—at all events, certain it is, that he closed not his eyes in sleep during the whole of the journey. Greatly to the surprise of his laundress, he made his appearance at his chambers between six and seven o'clock in the morning, rousing her from bed. He had thus, it will be observed, reached town contemporaneously with his own letters; and as all the appointments which he had made, were for the day after that of his arrival, he had secured a full day's freedom from interruption of any sort, and resolved to avail himself of it, by keeping within doors the whole of the time, his laundress denying him, as usual, to any one who might call. He asked her if she had seen or heard of the atrocious advertisement which had appeared in yesterday's paper? She replied that she had; and added, that no doubt to that circumstance were to be attributed the calls made yesterday from morning to night—an announcement which seemed to heighten the excitement under which Mr. Gammon was evidently labouring. As soon as his lamp had been lit, he opened his paper-case, and wrote the following letter:—

"*Thavies' Inn, Wednesday morning.*

"Dear Hartley,—As I have not missed an annual meeting of our little club for these ten years, I shall be found at my place to-night at nine to a moment: that is, by the way, if I shall be admitted, after the execrable advertisement concerning me which appeared in yesterday's papers, and the writer of which I will give cause, if I can discover him, to repent to the latest day he lives. I came up this morning suddenly, to refute, by my presence, the villanous falsehoods about my absconding. *Entre nous*, I am somewhat puzzled just now certainly—but never fear! I shall find a way out of the wood yet. Expect me at nine, to a minute.

"Yours as ever,

"Harry Hartley, Esq. "O. Gammon.
"Kensington Square."

This he sealed and directed; and requesting his laundress to put it into the office in time for the first post, without fail—he got into bed, and slept for a couple of hours: when he awoke somewhat refreshed, made his toilet as usual, and partook of a slight breakfast.

"You did not suppose I had absconded, Mrs. Brown, eh?" he enquired, with a melancholy smile, as she removed his breakfast things.

"No, sir; indeed I did not believe a word of it—you've always been a kind and just master to me, sir—and"—she raised her apron to her eyes and sobbed.

"And I hope long to continue so, Mrs. Brown. By the way, were not your wages due a day or two ago?"

"Oh yes, sir—but it does not signify, sir, the least; but on second thoughts—it does, sir—for my little niece is to be taken into the country—she's dying, I fear—and her mother's been out of work, for"——

"Here's a ten-pound note, Mrs. Brown," replied Mr. Gammon, taking one from his pocket-book—"pay yourself your wages; write me a receipt as usual, and keep the rest on account of the next quarter's wages, if it will assist you just now." She took the bank-note with many expressions of thankfulness; and but for her tears, which flowed plentifully, she might have noticed that there was something deadly in the eye of her kind and tranquil master. On her retiring, he rose, and walked to and fro for a long time, with folded arms, wrapped in profound meditation—from which he was occasionally unpleasantly started by hearing knocks at his door, and then his laundress assuring the visiter that Mr. Gammon was out of town, but would return on the morrow. It was a cheerless November day, the snow fluttering lazily through the foggy air; but his room was made snug and cheerful enough, by the large fire which he kept up. Opening his desk, he sat down, about noon, and wrote a very long letter—in the course of which, however, he repeatedly laid down his pen—got up and walked to and fro, heaving deep sighs, and occasionally exceedingly agitated. At length he concluded it, paused some time, and then folded it up, and sealed it. Then he spent at least two hours in going over all the papers in his desk and cabinet; a considerable number he burnt, and replaced and arranged the remainder carefully. Then again he walked to and fro. The cat, a very fine and favourite cat, one which had been several years an inmate of the chambers, attracted his attention, by rubbing against his legs. "Poor Puss!" exclaimed Gammon, stroking her fondly on the back; and, after a while, the glossy creature quitted him,

and lay comfortably coiled up on the hearth-rug, as before. Again he walked to and fro, absorbed in melancholy reflection for some time; from which he was roused, about five, by Mrs. Brown bringing in the spare dinner—which, having barely tasted, he soon dismissed, telling Mrs. Brown that he felt a strange shooting pain in his head, but doubted not his being well enough to keep his appointment at the club—as she knew had been his habit for years. He requested her to have his dressing-room ready by a quarter to eight, and to have a coach fetched by eight o'clock precisely; and as soon as she had withdrawn, he sat down and wrote the following letter to an old, and the most devoted personal friend he had in the world:—

"My Dear ———. I entreat you, by our long unbroken friendship, to keep the enclosed letter by you for a fortnight; and then, with your own hand, and alone, deliver it to the individual to whom it is addressed. Burn this note to you, the instant you shall have read it—and take care that no eye sees the enclosed but *hers*—or all my efforts to secure a *little* provision for her will be frustrated. Call here to-morrow—at any hour you please—and say that you have called to see me, *according to appointment*. Bear this in mind, by the value you set upon my friendship. Whatever you may then see or hear, be firm and prudent.

"*Wednesday.* O. G."

In this letter he enclosed the long letter already spoken of, and having sealed and directed the whole with elaborate distinctness, he threw his cloak round him, and went with his packet to the post-office, and with his own hand, after an instant's hesitation, dropped it into the box, and returned to his chambers.

Then he took another sheet of paper, and wrote thus:—

"Dear Viper,—I doubt whether, after all, there will be a dissolution; but, at any rate, I will perform my promise, and be ready with what you wish for Sunday week—Your's ever, O. G."

"P. S.—I shall call on you on Saturday."

This he folded up and directed, and proceeded to commence the following:—

"*Thavies Inn, Wednesday.*

"Dear Sir,—I have finally determined to make every sacrifice in order to extricate myself from my present embarrassments. You will therefore, as soon as you get this, please to sell out all my——" here he laid down his pen; and Mrs. Brown presently announcing that every thing was ready in his dressing-room, he thanked her, and proceed to shave and dress. He was not more than a quarter of an hour over his toilet. He had put on his usual evening dress, his blue body-coat, black trowsers, a plain shirt, and black stock, and a white waistcoat—scarcely whiter, however, than the face of him that wore it.

"I am going for the coach now, sir," said Mrs. Brown, knocking at the door.

"If you please," he replied, briskly and cheerfully—and the instant that he had heard her close the outer door after her, he opened the secret spring drawer in his desk, and calmly took out a very small glass phial, with a glass stopper, over which was tied some bladder. His face was ghastly pale; his knees trembled; his hands were cold and damp as those of the dead. He took a strong peppermint lozenge from the mantelpiece, and chewed it, while he removed the stopper from the bottle, which contained about half a drachm of the most subtle and potent poison which has been discovered by man—one extinguishing life almost instantaneously, and leaving no trace of its presence except a slight odour, which he had taken the precaution of masking and overpowering with that of the peppermint. He returned to get his hat, which was in his dressing-room; he put it on—and in glancing at the glass, scarcely recognised the ghastly image it reflected. His object was to complete the deception he intended practising on the Insurance Company with whom he had effected a policy on his life for £2000—and also to deceive every body into the notion of his having died suddenly, but naturally. Having stirred up the large red fire, and make a kind of hollow in it, he took out the stopper, and dropped it with the bladder into the fire; took his pen in his right hand, with a fresh dip of ink in it; kneeled down with his feet on the fender; uttered aloud the word "*Emma*;" poured the whole of the deadly contents into his mouth, and succeeded in dropping the phial into the very heart of the fire—and the next instant dropped down on the hearth-rug, oblivious, insensible—*dead*. However, it might be that the instant after he had done this direful deed, he would have GIVEN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, had it been his, to have undone what he had done—he had succeeded in effecting his object.

Poor Mrs. Brown's horror on discovering her master stretched senseless on the floor, may be imagined. Medical assistance was called in, but "the vital spark had fled." It was clearly either apoplexy, said the medical man, or an organic disease of the heart. Of this opinion were the coroner and his jury, without hesitation. He had evidently been seized while in the very act of writing to some broker. [Gammon had no more stock of any sort, for all he had wrote that letter, than the cat which had witnessed his death. Mr. Hartley came, and produced the letter he had received, and spoke of the disappointment they had all felt on account of his non-arrival: the other letters—the appointments which he had made for the morrow—all these things were decisive—it was really scarcely a case requiring an inquest; but as they had been called, they returned a verdict of "Died by the Visitation of God." He was buried a few days afterwards in the adjoining churchyard, (St. Andrew's,) where he lies mouldering away quietly enough, certainly; but as to any thing further, let us not presume to speculate.

His "friend" was faithful and discreet, obeying his injunctions to the letter. The "individual" alluded to in Mr. Gammon's note to him, was a very lovely girl whom Mr. Gammon had seduced under a solemn promise of marriage, who was passionately attached to him, whose name he had uttered when on the eve of death; and who, though Mr. Gammon's creditors were entitled to every farthing of the two thousand pounds out of which he had so artfully swindled the Insurance Company, was yet generously allowed by them to receive the sum of one thousand pounds.

## Part the Last.

With its architect, fell that suprising fabric of fraud and wrong, the rise and fall of which is commemorated in this history—a fabric which, if it "rose like an exhalation," so like an exhalation disappeared, and with it all the creatures which had peopled it. Though Mr. Runnington's vigilance and ability had set matters into such a train, that, had Mr. Gammon lived to continue his most skilful opposition, he could not have delayed for any length of time Mr. Aubrey's restoration to Yatton, yet the sudden and most unexpected death of Mr. Gammon greatly accelerated that event. Notwithstanding the verdict of the coroner's inquest, both Mr. Aubrey and Mr. Runnington—and in fact very many others—strongly suspected the true state of the case; viz: that, in the desperation of defeat and dreaded exposure, he had destroyed himself.

Toward the close of the term, Mr. Runnington went to the proper office of the Court of King's Bench, in order to ascertain whether Mr. Titmouse had taken the requisite steps towards defending the actions of ejectment commenced by Mr. Aubrey, and found that, though the prescribed period had elapsed, he had not; in other words, that he had suffered JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT. Delighted, though not much surprised by this discovery, Mr. Runnington resolved at once to follow up his victory. 'Twas only a short and simple process that was requisite to effect such great results. He took a single sheet of draft paper, on which he wrote some half dozen lines called an "*Incipitur*," as if he were going to copy out the "declaration" in ejectment, but stopped short about the fifth line. This sheet of paper, together with another containing his "Rule for Judgment," he took to the Master's office, in order that that functionary might "SIGN JUDGMENT"—which he did, by simply writing in the margin of what Mr. Runnington had written, the words—"*Judgment signed, 23d November* 18—" and impressing above it the seal of the court; and behold, at that instant, the *property* in the whole of the Yatton estates had become vested in Mr. Aubrey again!

The next step requisite was to secure the *possession* of the property; for which purpose Mr. Runnington instantly procured a WRIT OF POSSESSION, *i. e.* a writ requiring the sheriff of Yorkshire to put Mr. Aubrey into actual possession, to be engrossed on a slip of parchment. This he got sealed; and then obtained a WARRANT from the sheriff to his officers, to execute the writ. Now the sheriff might, had it been necessary, have roused—nay, was bound to do so—the whole *posse comitatus*, in order to compel submission to his authority; and I can assure the reader that the whole *posse comitatus* would have answered his summons on that occasion very eagerly—but it was needless. Who was there to resist him at Yatton? The transference of the possession became, under these circumstances, a very slight matter-of-fact affair. The under-sheriff of Yorkshire drove up in his gig to the Hall, where he found Mr. Parkinson waiting his arrival—(no breaking open of doors was necessary!)—and in a whispered word or two, informed Mr. Parkinson that he then delivered the possession to him for and on account of Charles Aubrey, esquire, his heirs, and assigns, for ever—and after remarking, "what a fine estate it was, and in very good order, *considering*," he drove off. I may add, that to save the useless expense of some hundred writs of possession, "*attornments*" were taken from all the tenants—*i. e.* written acknowledgments that they held under Charles Aubrey, esquire, as their sole, true, and proper landlord. This done, that gentleman was reinstated in all that he had been dispossessed of, as absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, as if the events of the last three years had been a *dream*—as if such persons as Tittlebat Titmouse, and Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, had never existed; and Mr. Griffiths the steward, and Mr. Parkinson, opened a couple of bottles of port wine, which, with the efficient assistance of Mr. Waters and Mr. Dickons, the upper and under bailiffs, Mr. Tonson the gamekeeper, and Mr. Pumpkin the gardener, were very quickly emptied amidst—in which 'tis hoped the good-natured reader will join—shouts of "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!—Hip, hip, hip, *hurrah!*—Hip, hip, hip, *hurrah! hurrah!* HURRAH!" Then phlegmatic Mr. Dickons stepped out into the court-yard, and, by way of further relieving his excited feelings, flung his heavy ashen walking-stick up a surprising height into the air; and when he had caught it on its descent, as he grasped it in his huge horny hand in silence, he shook it above his head with a feeling that he could have smashed a million of Titmice in a minute, if he could have got among them. Then he thought of Miss Aubrey and Kate, and up it went again, higher even than before—by which time they had all come out into the yard, and shouted again, and again, and again, till their voices rung, and echoed in the air, and excited an uproar in the rookery behind them.

While this result of his triumphant exertions was being thus celebrated at Yatton, Mr. Runnington was exerting himself to the utmost in London, in the extrication of Mr. Aubrey from all his pecuniary embarrassments—the chief of which were, his two promissory notes for £5000 each, with interest, and the actions depending upon them—the joint bond of himself and Lord de la Zouch for £10,000 and interest—and the actions pending for the balance of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill—viz. £1446: 14: 6d. Undoubtedly, these matters occasioned him a vast deal of trouble and anxiety; but his experienced tact, and vigilance, and determination, overcame all obstacles. The balance of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's abominable bill of costs, melted away and totally disappeared in the heat of the taxing office; and with the aid of certain summary applications, both to the Lord Chancellor and to the common law judges, and after a good deal of diplomacy, Mr. Runnington succeeded in getting into his hands, cancelled, the above-mentioned two notes, on payment to Mr. Spitfire, for and on account of Mr. Titmouse, of £250, (of which Mr. Titmouse by the way got £15,) and the bond for ten thousand pounds, which was found in the strong box of the late Mr. Gammon, was delivered up by Messrs. Quirk and Snap on certain hints being given them by Mr. Runnington of the serious consequences of refusal. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Runnington obtained from Mr. Titmouse a formal and solemn release to Mr. Aubrey of all claims, debts, damages, and demands whatsoever, both at law and in equity. But how stood the matter of Mr. Titmouse's liabili-

ties to Mr. Aubrey, in respect of the mesne profits during the last two years and more? Why, he owed Mr. Aubrey a sum of some twenty-five thousand pounds—not one farthing of which would ever see its way into the pockets of him who had been so cruelly defrauded of it! The greatest trouble of Mr. Runnington, however, was the extorting the title-deeds from the three Jews, Mordecai Gripe, Israel Fang, and Mephibosheth Mahar-Shalal-hash-baz. Unhappy wretches! they writhed and gasped as though their very hearts were being torn out; but they had no help for it, as their own attorneys and solicitors told them; since the right of Mr. Aubrey to his title-deeds was clear and indisputable, and their resistance of his claim would only entail on them additional and fruitless expense. They grinned, chattered, stuttered, and stamped about in impotent but horrible fury; and, if they could, would have torn Mr. Gammon out of his grave, and placed his body, and those of Messrs. Quirk and Snap, over a slow fire! These gentleman were not, however, the only persons who had been astounded, dismayed, and defeated, by Mr. Gammon's *leap into the dark*. To say nothing of Mr. Wigley, who might now whistle for his debt and costs, and many other persons who had rested all their hopes upon Mr. Gammon's powers, and his responsibility, his sudden death precipitated total ruin upon his weak aristocratical dupe and victim, the poor old Earl of Dreddlington. In addition to the formidable movement against his lordship and Mr. Gammon in the Court of Chancery, on the part of their co-shareholders and adventurers, for the purpose of procuring them to be declared alone liable for all the debts contracted by the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company, the creditors, rendered impatient and desperate by the sudden death of Mr. Gammon, began to attempt daily to harass the unfortunate earl with their personal importunity for payment of their demands, and that at his residence in Grosvenor Square and at Poppleton Hall. At the former they were, of course, uniformly encountered by the answer that his lordship was both ill and out of town. Upon that, down to his lordship's nearest country residence—viz: Poppleton—went the chief of his infuriate creditors, not believing the answer they had received at his lordship's town-house; but which was there repeated to them, and with a peremptoriness of manner, which, excited as they were, they converted into insolence and defiance, and a determined denial to his lordship's creditors. Upon this, they took the opinion of counsel upon three points. *First*, whether a peer of the realm could be made a bankrupt if he became a trader; *Secondly*, whether the Earl of Dreddlington's active connexion with the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company constituted him a trader within the meaning of the bankrupt laws; and *Lastly*, whether the facts stated amounted to an act of bankruptcy. To this it was answered—*First*, that a peer could clearly be made a bankrupt if he traded, as an Earl of Suffolk had been declared a bankrupt by reason of an act of bankruptcy committed by him in buying and selling of wines, (per Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, in *ex parte* Meymot, 1 Atkyn's Reports, page 201.) *Secondly*, that the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company was one of such a nature as constituted its members "traders" within the meaning of the bankrupt laws. *Thirdly*, that the facts stated showed the committing of an act of bankruptcy, on the part of the Earl of Dreddlington, by "*beginning to keep his house.*" Upon this, the more eager and reckless of his lordship's creditors instantly struck a docket against him; and thereupon, down came the messenger of the court to take possession of his lordship's houses and effects, both at Grosvenor Square, Poppleton Hall, and in Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—that is, as to the last four, if he could discover them. At Poppleton he was sternly refused an entrance; on which he produced his authority, and protested that, if further denied, he would immediately proceed to affect an entrance by main force, come what might, and those within must take the consequence. After a brief affrighted pause, he was admitted—and immediately declared himself to be in possession, under the bankruptcy, and by the authority of the Lord Chancellor, of the premises, and every thing upon them; at the same time announcing to the dismayed inmates, that he would do nothing to give the slightest annoyance, or occasion apprehensions to the noble bankrupt.

This very unusual occurrence found its way into the newspapers of the next day, which brought, accidentally, under the notice of Mr. Aubrey, the lamentable condition of his haughty yet fallen kinsman. He hurried off in alarm and agitation to Mr. Runnington, and requested him immediately to put himself into communication with the earl's solicitor, whoever he might be, with a view to saving him, if possible, from the indignity and ruin with which he was threatened; and then drove down himself to Poppleton, to tender his personal services in any way that might appear most desirable. He was shocked indeed at finding the house, and every thing in it, in formal possession of the bankruptcy messenger; but much more so, on learning the deplorable condition of the earl personally. It appeared that he had most unfortunately witnessed, during a brief lucid interval, and while he was being assisted out of his carriage on his return from an airing, the arrival of the messenger, and his altercation with the servants at the door; and that, on being made acquainted with the true nature of the proceeding, he staggered back into the arms of Miss Macspleuchan, and was soon afterwards seized with another fit of paralysis. All this Mr. Aubrey, on his arrival, learned from Miss Macspleuchan—whom he knew only by name—and who communicated the dismal tidings in an agony of grief and agitation.

The physician and apothecary were with the earl when Mr. Aubrey arrived; and, finding that he could render no personal service to his suffering kinsman, he returned to town, assuring Miss Macspleuchan that she would see him again on the morrow—and that he would, in the meanwhile, do every thing in his power, in town, to avert from the earl the immediate effects of his fearful imprudence. Faithful to his promise, he instructed Mr. Runnington to do every thing in reason to rescue the earl, and, in his person, the honour of the family, from the impending misfortune. 'Twas, however, all in vain. Two days afterwards, and before Mr. Runnington had acted

upon the instructions given to him by Mr. Aubrey, the latter received intelligence by express from Poppleton, that the earl was in dying circumstances; that he was conscious of his rapidly approaching end; and was understood to have expressed a wish to see Mr. Aubrey before he died. When he arrived, he was at once ushered into the earl's bed-chamber, and found the Duke of Tantallan sitting on one side of the bed, and Miss Macspleuchan on the other; she was weeping in silence, and her left hand was grasped between the thin white hands of the earl, whose face was turned towards her. His snow-white hair and wasted features, and the expression of mingled misery, feebleness, and affection that were in his eyes, fixed heavily upon Miss Macspleuchan, filled Mr. Aubrey with deep emotion. The earl seemed a mere skeleton! Shortly after Mr. Aubrey had entered the room, Miss Macspleuchan leaned down to the earl's ear, and, in a whisper, informed him of Mr. Aubrey's arrival. He did not seem at first to have heard, or at least comprehended, what she had said; but, a few moments afterwards, opened his eyes a little wider than they had been before, and his lips quivered as if with an effort at speaking. Then he very feebly extended both his thin arms towards Miss Macspleuchan, who was still leaning over him, and placed them trembling round her neck, from which, however, in a moment or two, they suddenly fell; the lower jaw also fell: the poor earl was dead—and Miss Macspleuchan, with a faint shriek, sunk back in a swoon into the arms of the nurse who stood beside her, and who, assisted by a female attendant, immediately removed her from the room. The Duke of Tantallan remained sitting where he was, but with his face averted, and his right hand clasping one of the hands of his deceased kinsman: and Mr. Aubrey continued standing at the foot of the bed, his eyes covered by his hand. Neither of them spoke for some time. At length the duke, very deeply affected, slowly rose, and quitted the chamber in silence, followed by Mr. Aubrey, as those entered who were to commence the last sad offices for the dead.

The duke undertook all the arrangements for the funeral; and after much melancholy conversation with his grace concerning the shocking state in which the earl had left his affairs, and having offered to provide, should it be necessary, for Miss Macspleuchan, Mr. Aubrey took his departure.

"Is the carriage at the door?" he enquired of the servant who stood in the hall expecting his approach.

"Yes, my lord," he replied; "and his words caused Lord Drelincourt almost to start back a step or two; and he changed colour. Then he entered his carriage, and continued in a very melancholy and subdued mood during the whole of the drive up to town. He had, indeed, now become Lord Drelincourt—an event thus announced the next morning to the great world, in the columns of the obsequious *Aurora*.

"Yesterday, at his residence, Poppleton Hall, Hertfordshire, in his seventieth year, died the Right Hon. the Earl of Dreddlington, G. C. B., &c., &c. His lordship was Fifth Earl of Dreddlington, and Twentieth Baron Drelincourt.—The Earldom (created in 1667) is now extinct; but his lordship is succeeded in the ancient barony of Drelincourt (created by writ, 12th Henry II.) by Charles Aubrey, Esq. of Yatton, in Yorkshire, who is now 21st Lord Drelincourt, and has just succeeded in recovering back the whole of the Yattan property, which about two years ago, it may be remembered, was recovered in a very extraordinary manner (which is now, we believe, the subject of judicial inquiry) by Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., at present M. P. for Yatton. His lordship (who is now in his thirty-sixth year) took a double first-class at Oxford, and sat for several years as member for Yatton. He married, in 18—, Agnes, sole daughter and heiress of the late Colonel St. Clair, who fell in the Peninsular war, and has issue by her ladyship two children, Charles, born in 18—, and Agnes, born in 18—. His lordship has no brothers, and only one sister, Miss Catherine Aubrey, who is understood to be affianced to the Hon. Mr. Delamere, the only son and heir of the Right Hon. Lord de la Zouch,—The late Farl was a staunch Whig; but the present Lord Drelincourt is a Tory."

Till Yatton could be got ready for their reception, they had taken, as a temporary residence, a furnished house in Dover Street, only a few doors' distance from that of Lord de la Zouch; and on his arrival from Poppleton Hall, Lord Drelincourt found Lady Drelincourt and his sister had not yet returned from their afternoon's drive. When they drew up to the door, however, the closed shutters and drawn blinds apprized them of the melancholy event which had taken place. On hearing that Lord Drelincourt was alone in the drawing-room, where he had been for upwards of an hour, they rushed hastily up stairs, and in a few moments Lord and Lady Drelincourt had fondly embraced each other, and Miss Aubrey, full of eager affection, had embraced both of them; and then, quitting the room, quickly returned with Charles and Agnes, now—little unconscious creatures!—the Honourable Charles and the Honourable Agnes Aubrey. Surely it was not to be expected that any of them should entertain very poignant feelings of sorrow for the death of an individual who had ever totally estranged himself from them, and treated every member of their family with the most offensive and presumptuous insolence—the bitterest contempt; who, when he knew that they were destitute and all but perishing, had kept cruelly aloof as ever, without once extending towards them a helping hand. Still, they had regarded the afflicting circumstance which attended, and hastened their lofty kinsman's death, with sincere commiseration for one so weak and misguided, and whose pride had had, indeed, so signal and fearful a fall. These were topics which afforded scope for sad but instructive conversation and reflection; and before Lord and Lady Drelincourt laid their heads on their pillows that night, they again devoutly returned thanks to Heaven for the happy restoration which had been vouchsafed to *them*, and offered sincere and fervent prayers for its guidance in every stage of their future career.

This event, of course, threw them again, for a time, into mourning. Lord Drelincourt attended the funeral of the late earl, which took place at Poppleton, and was plain and private; and a few days afterwards, yearning to see Yatton once again, and anxious also to give his personal directions concerning very many matters which required them, he accepted an offer of a seat in the carriage of Lord de la Zouch, who was going down for a few days to Fotheringham on business of importance. Lord Drelincourt agreed to take up his abode at Fotheringham during his brief stay in Yorkshire, and to give no one at Yatton the least intimation of his intention to pay a visit to them,—purposing, the morning after his arrival at Fotheringham, to ride over quietly, alone and unexpectedly, to the dear place of his birth, and scene of such signal trials and expected joy and triumphs.

'Twas about four o'clock in the afternoon of a frosty day in the early part of December; and Dr. Tatham was sitting alone in his plainly-furnished and old-fashioned little study, beside the table on which Betty, his old housekeeper, had just laid his scanty show of tea-things—the small, quaintly-figured round silver tea-pot, having been the precious gift, more than twenty years before, of old Madam Aubrey. On his knee lay open a well-worn parchment-covered Elzevir copy of *Thomas a Kempis*, a constant companion of the doctor's, which he had laid down a few moments before, in a fit of musing—and he was gazing in the direction of the old yew tree, a portion of which, with a gray crumbling corner of his church, at only some two dozen yards' distance, was visible through the window. On one side of his book-shelves hung his surplice, on a peg; and on the other his rusty shovel hat and walking-stick.

Over the mantel-piece hung two small black profile likenesses of old Squire Aubrey, and Madam Aubrey, which they had themselves presented to the doctor nearly thirty years before. Though it was very cold, there was but a handful of fire in the little grate; and this, together with the modicum of coarse brown sugar in the sugar-basin, and about two tea-spoonfuls of tea, which he had just before measured out of his little tea-caddy, into his tea-cup, in order to be ready to put it into his tea-pot, when Betty should have brought in the kettle—and four thin slices of scantily buttered brown bread—all this, I say, seemed touching evidence of the straitened circumstances in which the poor doctor was placed. His clothes, too, very clean, very thread-bare, and of a very rusty hue,—down even to his gaiters,—suggested the same reflection to the beholder. The five pounds which he had scraped together for purchasing a new suit, Mr. Titmouse, it will be remembered, had succeeded in cheating him out of. His hair was of a silvery white; and though he was evidently a little cast down in spirits, the expression of his countenance was as full of benevolence and piety as ever. He was, moreover, considerably thinner than when he was last presented to the reader; and well he might be, for he had since undergone great privation and anxiety. He—*he*, peaceful unoffending old soul!—had long been followed with pertinacious bitterness and persecution by two new inhabitants of the village, viz., the Rev. Smirk Mudflint and Mr. Bloodsuck, junior. The former had obtained a lease from Mr. Titmouse of the little building which had formerly been Miss Aubrey's school, and had turned it into a Unitarian chapel,—himself and family residing in part of the building. He preached every Sunday *at* Doctor Tatham, turning his person, his habits, his office, and his creed into bitter ridicule; and repeatedly challenging him, from his pulpit, to an open discussion of the points in difference between them! By means of his "moral" discourses every Sunday morning, and his "political" discourses every Sunday evening,—and which he used all his powers to render palatable to those who heard him—he was actually seducing away many of the parishioners from the parish church; a matter which began visibly to prey upon the doctor's spirits. Then Mr. Bloodsuck, too, was carrying on the campaign briskly against the parson,—against whom he had got a couple of actions pending at the suit of parishioners in respect of his right to certain tithes which had never before been questioned by any one. Only that very day the impudent jackanapes—for that, I am sure, you would have pronounced Mr. Barnabas Bloodsuck at first sight—had sent a very peremptory and offensive letter to the doctor, which had been designed by its writer to have the effect of drawing the doctor into a sudden compromise; whereas the doctor, with a just sense and spirit, had resolved never in any way to suffer his rights, and those of his successors, to be infringed. Many and many a weary walk to Mr. Parkinson's office at Grilston had these persecuting proceedings of Bloodsuck's cost the doctor, and also considerable and unavoidable expense, which, had he been in any other hands than those of good Mr. Parkinson, must by this time have involved the doctor in utter ruin, and broken his heart. Still generous according to his means, the good soul had, on his last visit to Grilston, purchased and brought home with him a couple of bottles of port wine, which he intended to take on Christmas day to a poor brother parson in an adjoining parish, whose wife had been bedridden for ten years. All these matters might well occasion Dr. Tatham anxiety, and frequent fits of despondency, such as that under which he was suffering, when he heard a gentle tapping at his door, while sitting in his study as I have described him. "Come in, Betty," quoth the doctor in his usual kind and quiet way, supposing it to be his old housekeeper with his tea-kettle; for she had gone with it a few minutes before across the yard to the well, leaving the front door ajar till her return. As he uttered the words above mentioned, the door opened. He sat with his back towards it; and finding, after a pause, that no one entered or spoke, he turned round in his chair to see the reason why, and beheld a gentleman standing there, dressed in deep mourning, and gazing at him with an expression of infinite tenderness and benignity. The doctor was a little of a believer in the reality of spiritual appearances; and, taken quite off his guard, jumped out of his chair, and stared for a second or two in mute amazement, if not even apprehension, at the figure standing silently in the doorway.

"Why! Bless—bless my soul—can it be"—he stammered, and the next instant perceived that it was indeed, as I may say, the *desire of his eyes*—Mr. Au-

brey, now become, as the doctor had a few days before heard from Mr. Parkinson, Lord Drelincourt.

"Oh my dear, old, revered, beloved friend! Do I see you once again?" he exclaimed in a tremulous voice, as he stepped hastily up to the doctor, with his arms extended towards him, and, grasping the hand of the doctor with vehement pressure, they both gazed at each other for some moments in silence, and with the tears in their eyes, Lord Drelincourt's soul touched within him by the evident alteration which had taken place in Dr. Tatham's appearance.

"And is it indeed true, my dear friend?" at length faltered the doctor, still gazing at Lord Drelincourt.

"It *is* your old friend, Charles Aubrey! dearest doctor! God bless you, my revered friend and instructor of my youth!" said Lord Drelincourt, with a full heart and a quivering lip; "I am come, you see, once more to Yatton, and first of all to you; and in your presence to acknowledge the goodness of God, for he has been very good to me!"

"The Lord God of thy fathers bless thee!" exclaimed Dr. Tatham solemnly; and Lord Drelincourt reverently received the benison. A few moments afterwards he sat down, opposite the doctor, in the only spare chair there was in the room, and they were instantly engaged in eager and affectionate converse.

"Why, Mr. Aubrey," quoth the doctor with a smile, but also a slight embarrassment, "I had forgotten—Lord Drelincourt, how strangely it sounds!"

"Yes, it is true, such is now my name; but believe me, I am not yet reconciled to it, especially, dearest doctor, in your presence! Shall I ever be as happy as Lord Drelincourt as I have been as Charles Aubrey!"

"Ay, ay, dear friend, to be sure you will! 'Tis in the course of God's providence that you are raised to distinction, as well as restored to your own! Long may you live to enjoy both! and I hope at Yatton," he added earnestly.

"Oh, can you doubt it, dearest doctor? My heart is only now recovering the wounds it received in being torn from this dear spot."

"And Mrs. Au—I mean Lady Drelincourt. God Almighty bless her! and Kate, sweet, dear Kate? Well! *she* has not changed her name yet, I suppose!"

"Not *yet*," replied Lord Drelincourt with a cheerful smile.

"And do you mean to say that you are all coming to old Yatton again?"

"Coming to Yatton again? 'Tis a little paradise to all of us! Here we wish to live; and, when we follow those who have gone before us, *there* we wish to rest!" said Lord Drelincourt solemnly, and he pointed towards the churchyard, with a look that suddenly filled the doctor's eyes with tears, for it brought full before them the funeral of Mrs. Aubrey.

"I have two letters for you," said Lord Drelincourt after a pause, taking out his pocket-book, "from my wife and sister, who charged me to give them into your own hands with their fervent love;" and he gave two letters into the doctor's hands, which trembled with emotion as he received them.

"I shall read them by-and-by, when I am alone," said he, as, gazing fondly at the superscriptions, he placed the two letters on the mantelpiece.

'Come in! come in!" quoth the doctor quickly, hearing a knocking at the door—"that's Betty. You have not forgotten old Betty, have you?" said he to Lord Drelincourt, as the good old woman opened the door in a flustered manner, with the kettle in her hands, and dropped an awful curtsy on seeing Lord Drelincourt, whom she instantly recognised.

"Well, Betty," said he, with infinite cordiality, "I'm glad to see you again, and to hear that you are well!"

"Yes, sir!—if you please, sir!—thank you, sir!" stammered Betty, curtsying repeatedly, and standing, with the kettle in her hand, as if she did not intend to come in with it."

"That will do, Betty," quoth the doctor, and looked so delighted at Lord Drelincourt's good-natured greeting of his faithful old servant; "bring it in! And Thomas is quite well, too," he added, turning to Lord Drelincourt—Thomas being Betty's husband—and both of whom had lived with the doctor for some eighteen or twenty years—Thomas's business being to look after the doctor's nag while he kept one, and now to do odd jobs about the little garden and paddock. After one or two kind enquiries about him, "I must join you, doctor—if you please," said Lord Drelincourt, as Betty put the kettle on the fire; "you'll give me a cup of tea"——

"A cup of tea! Ay, to be sure! Betty!—here," said he, beckoning her to him, and whispering to her to bring out the best tea-things, and to run out into the village for a couple of tea-cakes, and a little more tea, and some eggs and butter, and half a pound of lump sugar—for the doctor was bent upon doing the thing splendidly on so great an occasion; but Lord Drelincourt, who overheard him, and who had asked to take tea with him only that he might not delay the doctor's doing so—(for Lord Drelincourt had not yet dined)—interposed, declaring that if any thing of the sort were done he would leave immediately; adding, that he expected his horses at the door every moment, and also that Lord de la Zouch (who had come over with him from Fotheringham, and was at that moment at the Hall) would presently call to join him on his way home. This secured Lord Drelincourt's wishes—and you might, within a few minutes' time, have seen him partaking of the doctor's humble beverage, while they continued in eager and earnest conversation. Lord Drelincourt had that morning had a very long conversation with Mr. Parkinson, from whom he had learned the life of persecution which the poor doctor had led for the last two years—and learned it, too, with the keenest indignation. The doctor himself softened down matters a good deal in the account which *he* gave Lord Drelincourt—but his lordship saw at once that the case had not been in the least overstated by Mr. Parkinson; and, without intimating any thing of his intentions to the doctor, resolved upon forthwith taking certain steps which, had *they* known them, would have made two persons in the village shake in their shoes.

"What's that, doctor?" suddenly enquired Lord Drelincourt, hearing a noise as of shouting outside. Now the fact was, that the appearance of Lord Drelincourt and Lord de la Zouch, and their two grooms, as they galloped down the village on their way to the Hall, (from which Lord Drelincourt, as I have stated, had walked to the vicarage, whither he was to be followed by Lord de la Zouch,) had created a

pretty sensation in the village; for Lord Drelincourt, rapidly as he rode in, was soon recognised by those who were about, and the news spread like wildfire that the lord "Squire" had come back, and was then at Yatton—a fact which seemed to be any thing but gratifying to Messrs. Bloodsuck and Mudflint, who were talking together, at the moment when Lord Drelincourt asked the question of Dr. Tatham, at the door of Mr. Mudflint, whose face seemed to have got several degrees sallower within a quarter of an hour, while Mr. Bloodsuck looked quite white. There was a continually increasing crowd about the front of the vicarage; and as they got more and more assured of the fact that Lord Drelincourt was at that moment in the vicarage, they began to shout "hurrah!" So——

"What's that!" enquired Lord Drelincourt.

"Ah!—I know!" cried the doctor, with not a little excitement; "they've found you out, bless them!—hark!—I have not heard such a thing I don't know how long—I wonder they don't set the bells a-ringing!—Why, bless me! there's a couple of hundred people before the door!" exclaimed he, after having stepped into the front room, and reconnoitred through the window. Though the gloom of evening was rapidly deepening, Lord Drelincourt also perceived the great number of people that had collected together, and his eye having caught the approaching figure of Lord de la Zouch, for whom, and the grooms, the crowd made way, he prepared to leave. Lord de la Zouch dismounted, and, entering the vicarage, shook hands with the utmost cordiality with the little doctor, whom he invited to dine and sleep at Fotheringham on the morrow, promising to send the carriage for him. The little doctor scarce knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, in the excitement of the moment; and when he and Lord Drelincourt appeared at the door, and a great shout burst from those present, it was with great difficulty that he could resist his inclination to join in it. It was growing late, however, and they had a long ride before them: so Lord Drelincourt, having stood for some moments bareheaded and bowing to all around, and shaking hands with those who pressed nearest, following the example of Lord de la Zouch, mounted his horse, and waving his hand affectionately to Dr. Tatham, rode off amidst the renewed cheers of the crowd. From that moment Dr. Tatham had regained almost all his former ascendency at Yatton.

As the two peers sat together over their wine that evening, the fate of the Rev. Mr. Mudflint and Barnabas Bloodsuck, junior, gentleman, was sealed. The more that they talked together about the wanton and bitter insults and persecutions which those worthies had so long inflicted upon surely one of the most inoffensive, peaceable, and benevolent beings upon the earth, Dr. Tatham, the higher rose their indignation, the sterner their determination to punish and remove his enemies. The next morning Lord de la Zouch wrote up to town, directing instructions to be given to Mr. Runnington, who had conducted the proceedings in the actions of Wigley *v.* Mudflint, and Wigley *v.* Bloodsuck, to issue execution forthwith. Lord Drelincourt also did his part. Almost every house in the village was his property, and he instructed Mr. Parkinson immediately to take steps towards summarily ejecting them from the premises they were respectively occupying—convinced that by so doing he was removing two principal sources of filth and mischief from the village and neighbourhood; for they were the founders and most active members of a sort of spouting-club for radical and infidel speechifying, and promoting the interests of the Liberal cause at Yatton, and which club their presence and influence alone kept together.

Early the next morning Lord Drelincourt returned to the Hall, having appointed several persons to meet him there, on business principally relating to the restoration of the Hall to its former state, as far as practicable; at all events, to render it fit for the reception of the family within as short a period as possible. According to an arrangement he had made before quitting town, he found, on reaching the Hall, a gentleman from London, of great taste and experience, to whose hands was to be entrusted the entire superintendence of the contemplated reparations and restorations, both internal and external, regard being had to the antique and peculiar character of the mansion—it being his lordship's anxious wish that Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey, on their return, should see it, as nearly as was practicable, in the condition in which they had left it. Fortunately the little Vandal, who had just been expelled from it, had done little or no permanent or substantial injury. There was the same great irregular mass of old brickwork, with its huge stacks of chimneys, just as they had ever known it, only requiring a little pointing. That fine old relic, the castellated gateway, clad in ivy, with its gray, crumbling, stone-capped battlements, and escutcheon over the point of the arch, had suffered no change; even the quaint, weather-beaten sundial stood in the centre of the grass-plot, within the court-yard, as they had left it. The yew-trees still lined the high walls which surrounded the court-yard; and the fine old clump of cedars of Lebanon was there—green, stately, and solemn, as in days of yore. The moment, however, that you passed the threshold of the Hall, you sighed at the change that had taken place. Where were now the armed figures, the pikes, bows, guns, and spears, and the quaint old pictures of the early ancestors of the family of the Aubreys? Not a trace now to be seen of them, and it gave Lord Drelincourt a pang as his eye travelled round the bare walls. But the case was not desperate. All the aforesaid pictures still lay rolled up in the lumber-room, where they had continued as articles utterly valueless ever since Mr. Titmouse had ordered them to be taken down. They had been brought down, and now lay on the floor, having been carefully unrolled and examined by the man of taste, who undertook quickly to remove the incipient ravage of mould and dirt at present visible, and to have them suspended in their former position, in such a state as that only the closest scrutiny could detect any difference between their present and former condition. The other relics of antiquity—viz., the armour—had been purchased by the late Lady Stratton at one of the sales of Titmouse's effects, occasioned by an execution against him, and they still were at her late residence, and of course at Lord Drelincourt's disposal, as her ladyship's administrator. These, on his seeing them, the man of taste pronounced to be very fine and valuable

specimens of old English armour, and undertook to have them also in their old places, and in a far better condition even than before.

Lord Drelincourt sighed repeatedly as he went over every one of the bare and deserted rooms in the mansion—nothing being left except the beautiful antique mantelpieces of inlaid oak, and the oak-paneling of the different rooms, which, as a part of the freehold, could not be seized as the personal property of Mr. Titmouse. His creditors had swept off, from time to time, any thing that had belonged to him—the hall, the dining-room, breakfast-room, drawing-rooms, the library, the bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, boudoirs of Mrs. Aubrey and his sister, the long galleries, the rooms in which Charles and Agnes used to romp and play about—all was now bare and desolate, and the echoes of their footfalls and voices, in passing through them, struck Lord Drelincourt's heart with sadness. But all this was to be easily and quickly remedied; for a *carte blanche* was given to the man of taste at his elbow, who undertook within two, or at most three months' time, to leave nothing for the eye or the heart to sigh for—guided, moreover, as all his movements would be, by those who were so deeply interested in their success. On reaching the two rooms in the north-eastern extremities of the building, the windows of which commanded a view of nearly three-fourths of the estate, he gazed around him in silence which those beside him thoroughly appreciated. There was nothing to shock the eye or pain the heart; for, as Mr. Titmouse had been restrained from cutting timber, behold! what a sight would be seen when, in the approaching spring, the groves and forests, stretching far and wide before him, should have put on all their bravery. And he found, on enquiry, and going over a portion of the grounds, that Mr. Waters and Dickons had kept pretty sharp eyes about them, and maintained every thing in infinitely better condition than could have been expected. Mr. Tonson had, moreover, looked very keenly after the game; and Pumpkin undertook, by spring time, to make his gardens and greenhouses a sight delightful to behold. In a word, Lord Drelincourt left every thing under the management of the London man of taste, and of Mr. Griffiths, the former being guided, of course, in the purchase of the leading articles of furniture in town, from time to time, by the tastes of Lord and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey. The latter was desired to re-engage as many of the former servants of Mr. Aubrey as he could, and informed Lord Drelincourt of two in particular, who had signified their anxious wish to him on the subject, viz: Mrs. Jackson, the housekeeper, who had lived in that capacity with a brother of hers at York, on quitting the service of Mrs. Aubrey. She was, of course, to be immediately reinstated in her old place. The other was Harriet, Miss Aubrey's maid, who, it may be remembered, was so disconsolate at being left behind by Miss Aubrey, who had secured her a place at the late Lady Stratton's at whose house she still lived, with several of the other servants, the establishment not having been yet finally broken up. The poor girl very nearly went distracted with joy on receiving, a short time afterwards, an intimation, that as soon as she had got her clothes in readiness, she might set off for town, and enter at once upon her duties as lady's maid to Miss Aubrey. Finding, on enquiry, that there was not one single tenant upon the estate, whose rent had not been raised above that which had been paid in Mr. Aubrey's time, he ordered the rent of all to be reduced to that amount, and enquiries to be made after several respectable tenants, whom the extortion of Mr. Titmouse and his agents had driven from their farms, with a view of restoring them in lieu of their very questionable successors. Having thus set every thing in train for a restoration to the former happy and contented state of things which prevailed at Yatton before the usurpation of Mr. Titmouse, Lord Drelincourt returned to town, but first left a hundred pounds in Dr. Tatham's hands, to be distributed as he thought proper amongst the poorer villagers and neighbours on Christmas eve; and also insisted on the doctor's acceptance, himself, of fifty pounds in advance, on account of his salary, a hundred a-year, as chaplain to Lord Drelincourt, which appointment the doctor received from his lordship's own hands, and with not a little delight and pride. His lordship, moreover, desired Mr. Parkinson to hold him responsible for any little demand which might be due from the poor doctor, in respect of the litigation in which he had been involved; and thus Dr. Tatham was made a free man of again, with no further question about his right to tithes, or any more of the interruption of any of the sources of his little income, to which he had lately been subjected; and with fifty pounds, moreover, at his absolute disposal. The doctor made his appearance on Christmas-day in a very fine suit of black, new hat and all, and had a very full attendance at church, and, moreover, a very cheerful and attentive one.

A day or two after Lord Drelincourt's return to town, Messrs. Mudflint and Bloodsuck received a very pressing invitation to York Castle, whose hospitable owners would receive no denial. In plain English, they were both taken in execution on the same day, by virtue of two writs of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, for the damages and costs due Mr. Wigley; viz., £.2960: 16: 4 from Smirk Mudflint, and £.2760, 19s. from Barnabas Bloodsuck, junior. Poor Mr. Mudflint! In vain—in vain had been his Sunday evening's lectures for the last three months, on the errors which pervaded all systems of jurisprudence which annexed any pecuniary liabilities to political offences, instead of leaving the evil to be redressed by the spontaneous good sense of society. A single tap of the sheriff-officer on the eloquent lecturer's shoulder, upset all his fine speculations, just as Corporal Trim said, that one shove of the bayonet was worth all Dr. Slop's metaphysical discourses upon the art of war!

In the next *Yorkshire Stingo*, (which, alas! between ourselves, was very nearly on its last legs,) there appeared one, I must own, of the most magnificent articles I ever read upon the subject of the atrocious and unparalleled outrage on the liberties of the subject, which had been committed in the incarceration of the two patriots—the martyr-patriots—Mudflint and Bloodsuck. On that day, it said, the sun of liberty had set on England for ever—in fact, it had gone down in blood. The enlightened patriot, Mudflint, had at length fallen before the combined forces of bigotry and tyranny, which were now, in the shape of the Church of England and the aristocracy, riding rough-shod over the necks of Englishmen. In his person lay prostrate the sacred rights

of conscience, and the inalienable liberty of Englishmen. He had stood forth, nobly foremost, in the fray between the people and their oppressors; and he had fallen!—but he felt how *dulce et decoram* it was, *pro patria mori!* He felt prouder and happier in his bonds than could ever feel the splendid fiend at F———m, in all his blood-stained magnificence! It then called upon the people, in vivid and spirit-stirring language, to rise against their tyrants like one man, and the days of tyranny were numbered; and stated that the first blow was already struck against the black and monstrous fabric of priestcraft and tyranny, for that a subscription had been already opened on behalf of Mr. Mudflint and Mr. Bloodsuck, for the purpose of discharging the amount of debt and costs for which they had been so infamously deprived of their liberty. An unprecedented sensation had been already excited; and a reference to the advertising columns of their paper would show that the work went bravely on. The friends of religious and civil liberty all over the country were roused; they had but to continue their exertions, and the majesty of the people would be heard in a voice of thunder. This article produced an immense sensation in that part of York Castle where the patriots were confined, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the office of the *Yorkshire Stingo*, (in fact, it was the production of the masterly pen of Mudflint himself.) Sure enough, on referring to the advertising columns of the *Stingo*, the following did appear fully to warrant the tone of indignant exultation indulged in by the editor:

"Subscriptions already received (through C. Woodlouse) towards raising a fund for the liberation of the Reverend Smirk Mudflint and Barnabas Bloodsuck, junior, Esq., at present confined in York Castle.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| "An ardent admirer of the talents and character of the Reverend Smirk Mudflint, | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| "Several friends of the Rev. S. M. | 150 | 0 | 0 |
| "Anonymous, | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| "John Brown, Esq. | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| "James Smith, Esq. | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| "John Jones, Esq. | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| "Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, Bart. | 50 | 0 | 0" |

Now, to conceal nothing from the reader, whose confidence my candour has, I feel sure, gained me long ago, I regret to inform him that, with the exception of Sir H. R. Wildfire, Bart., the above noble-spirited individuals, whom no one had ever heard of in or near Grilston, or any where else, had their local habitation and their name only in the fertile brain of the Rev. Mr. Mudflint, who had hit upon this device as an effectual one for *getting up the steam*, (to use a modern and a significant expression,) and giving the mighty impulse which was requisite to burst the bonds of the two imprisoned patriots.

Sir Harkaway's name was in the list, to be sure, but that was on the distinct understanding that he was not to be called on to pay one farthing; the bargain being, that, if he would give the sanction of his name to Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck, they would allow him to have the credit, *gratis*, of so liberally supporting the liberal cause.

The following, however, were real and *bona fide* names and subscriptions collected during the ensuing three weeks; and though, when annexed to the foregoing flourishing commencement of the list, they give it, I must own, a somewhat tadpole appearance, yet here they follow:—

| | £ | s. | d |
|---|---|---|---|
| "Subscriptions already received, | 650 | 0 | 0 |
| "Cephas Woodlouse, Esq. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| "Barnabas Bloodsuck, Esq., senior, | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| "Gargle Glister, Esq. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| "Going Gone, Esq. | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| "Simon Snooks, Esq. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| "'Tyrants, beware!!' | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| "'One who is ready to ascend the scaffold, if required,' | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| "'Behemoth,' | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| "'A foe to priestcraft,' | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| "'Britons NEVER shall be slaves!' | 0 | 0 | 9 |
| "'Down with the aristocracy!' | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| "'Free enquiry,' | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| "'Brutus and Cassius,' (each) | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| "'Virtue in prison, *better than vice in a castle*,' | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| "'Defiance!' | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| "Small sums, | 0 | 0 | 1¾ |
| Making a grand total of sums actually received by the editor of the *Yorkshire Stingo*, of | £3 | 13 | 5¾ |

Certainly this was "not as good as could have been expected"—as the editor subsequently owned in his leading article—and asked, with sorrowful indignation, how the people could expect any one to be true to them if they were not true to themselves. He said, our cheeks tingle with shame on looking at the paltry list of additional contributions—"Oh, lame and impotent conclusion" to so auspicious a commencement!—This was very fine indeed. It came very well from Mr. Woodlouse in his editorial capacity; but Mr. Woodlouse, in his capacity as a man of business, was a very different person. Alas! that it should fall to my lot to enquire, in my turn, with sorrowful indignation—was there NO *honour among thieves?* But, to come to the point, it fell out in this wise. Patriots must *live*, even in prison; and Mr. Mudflint, being sorely pressed, wrote a letter to his "Dear Woodlouse," asking for the amount of subscriptions received up to that date. He received, in return, a most friendly note, addressed "My Dear Mudflint"—hoping the air of the castle agreed with him—saying how he was missed from the Liberal circle, and would be received with open arms if ever he got out—and enclosing a nicely-drawn out debtor and creditor account, headed—

"The Rev. Smirk Mudflint and Barnabas Bloodsuck, Esq., in account with Cephas Woodlouse," in which every farthing of the above sum of £3 13 5¾. was faithfully set down to the credit side; but, alas!—on the debit side stood the following:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| "To advertising lists of Subscriptions in *V. S.* (three weeks,) . . | 3 | 15 | 6 |
| "To Circulars, Hand-bills, &c., (as per order,) . . . | 2 | 13 | 9 |
| "Postage and sundries, . . | 0 | 4 | 3 |
| | £6 | 23 | 6 |
| "By cash, amount of subscriptions received, . . . . | 3 | 13 | 5¼ |
| "Balance due to C. W., . | £3 | 0 | 0¼ |

On perusing the above document, so pregnant with perfidy and extortion, Mr. Mudflint put it into his pocket, and, slipping off to his sleeping-room, closed the door, took off his garters, and, with very deadly intentions towards himself, was tying them together—casting a ghastly glance, occasionally, to a great hook in the wall, which he could just reach by standing on a stool—when he was discovered, and removed, with his hands tied behind him, "to the strong room," where he was fastened to a heavy wooden bench, and left to his meditations. Solitude and reflection restored the afflicted patient to something like composure and resignation; and after reflecting deeply on the selfishness and worthlessness of worldly friendship, his thoughts gradually turned towards a *better place*—a haven of rest—viz. the Insolvent Debtor's Court.

The effect of this infamous treatment upon his fellow captive, Bloodsuck, was quite different. Having sworn one single prodigious oath, he enclosed the above account and sent it off to his father, in the following pithy letter:—

"York Castle, 29th Dec. 18——

"Dear father,—Read the enclosed, and then *sell up Woodlouse*.

"Your affectionate son,
"B. Bloodsuck, (Jun.)"

The old gentleman, on reading the above and its enclosure, immediately issued execution against Woodlouse, and a cognovit of his for £150, which had been given to the firm of Bloodsuck and Son for the balance of a bill of theirs for defending him unsuccessfully against an action for an infamous libel. Nobody would bid any thing for his moribund paper; he had no other effects; and was immediately taken in execution, and sent to York Castle, where he, Bloodsuck, and Mudflint, whenever they met, could hardly be restrained from tearing one another's eyes out.

Thus it is that reptiles of this sort prey upon each other. To "begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end," is a saying the propriety of which every one recognises when he hears it enunciated, but no one thinks of it in the conduct of actual life; and what follows will illustrate the truth of my reflection. 'Twas a capital notion of Mudflint's to send forth such a splendid list of sham subscribers, and it was natural enough for Mr. Bloodsuck to assent to it, and Mr. Woodlouse to become the party to it which he did—but who could have foreseen the consequences?

A quarrel a[illegible]gues is always attended with ugly and unexpected consequences to themselves.—Now, here was a mortal feud between Mr. Woodlouse on the one side, and Messrs. Mudflint and Bloodsuck on the other; and in due course of time they all applied, as a matter of course, for relief under the Insolvent Debtor's Act. Before they got to the question concerning the nature of the debt—viz. the penalties in an action for the odious offence of bribery—in the case of Mr. Mudflint, he had to encounter a very serious and truly unexpected obstacle—viz. he had given in, with the minutest accuracy, the items of the subscription, amounting to £3., 13s., 5¾d., but had observed the most mysterious and (as he might suppose) politic silence concerning the greater sum of £650, which had been brought under the notice of the creditors of Messrs. Mudflint and Bloodsuck by Mr. Woodlouse. On the newspaper acknowledging the receipt of that large sum being produced in court, Mr. Mudflint made very light of the matter, simply smiling and shrugging his shoulders; but when Mr. Woodlouse was called as a witness, you may guess the consternation of Mr. Mudflint, on hearing him swear that he had certainly never himself received the money, but had no doubt of Mr. Mudflint having done so—which, in fact, had always been his impression; for when Mr. Mudflint had furnished him with the list, which he produced in court, in Mudflint's handwriting, he inserted it in his paper as a matter of course—taking it to be a *bona fide* and matter of fact transaction. The evident consternation of Mudflint satisfied all who heard him of his villany and the truth and honesty of Woodlouse, who stuck to his new version of the affair manfully. But this opened quite a new view of his position to Mr. Bloodsuck, who, on finding that he must needs adopt either Mudflint's or Woodlouse's version of the affair, began to reflect upon the disagreeable effect it would have upon the connexion and character of the respectable firm of Bloodsuck and Son, for him to appear to have been a party to such a shocking fraud upon the public, as a sham list of subscribers, and to so large an amount. He therefore swore stoutly that he had always been under the impression that Mr. Mudflint had received the £650, and very much regretted to find that that gentleman must have been appropriating so large a sum to himself. This tallied with Woodlouse's account of the matter; and infinitely disgusted was that gentleman at finding himself so cleverly outwitted by Bloodsuck. On this Mudflint turned with fury upon Bloodsuck, and he upon Mudflint, who abused Woodlouse; and eventually the court, unable to believe any of them, remanded them all till the next court day; addressing a very stern warning to Mr. Mudflint, concerning the serious consequences of his thus fraudulently concealing his property from his creditors. By the time of his being next brought up, Mudflint had bethought himself of a mode of collaterally combating the truth of his version of the affair of that accursed first list of subscribers—viz. summoning Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire; whom he confidently asked whether, for all his name appeared in the subscription list, he had really ever given one farthing of the £50 there mentioned! Had Mr. Mudflint been a long-headed man; he would never have taken this step: for Sir Harkaway could never be supposed capable of bringing himself to admit that he had allowed himself to be a party to such

a deceit upon the public. On a careful consideration of the circumstances, therefore, Sir Harkaway having an eye solely to his own credit, first said that he was not in the habit of allowing his name to appear in such lists without his having actually paid the sum named; then he swore that he thought he must have paid it; then, that he had very little doubt on the subject; then, that he had no doubt in the matter at all; then, that he knew that in point of fact he had advanced the money; and finally, that he then recollected the circumstances distinctly. On this complete confirmation of the roguery of Mudflint, he was instantly reprimanded severely, and remanded indefinitely; the whole court believing that he had appropriated to his own use every farthing of the £650, defrauding even his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Bloodsuck. It was a good while before Mr. Mudflint recovered from the effects of this astounding conduct of Sir Harkaway. He felt certain that, somewhere or other, he had a letter from him which would satisfy every body of the peculiarly unpleasant position in which the worthy baronet had placed himself. And sure enough, on desiring his wife to institute a rigorous search over his papers, she succeeded in discovering the following, which she at once forwarded to her disconsolate husband:—

View-Hallo Hall, 27th Dec. 18—.

"Sir,

"I have a considerable regard for your services to liberty, (civil and religious,) and am willing to serve you in the way you wish. You may put me down in the list for any thing you please, as my name carries weight in the county—but, of course, you know better than to *kill your decoy-duck*.

Sir,
Your obedient servant,
H. R. WILDFIRE.

The Rev. S. Mudflint,
&c.

This unfortunate letter, in the first frenzy of his rage and exultation, Mudflint instantly forwarded, with a statement of facts, to the editor of the *True Blue* newspaper, which carried it into every corner of the county on the very next morning; and undoubtedly gave thereby a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the Liberal cause all over Yorkshire, for Sir Harkaway had been till then looked upon as a very staunch and powerful supporter of it.

Very shortly after Messrs. Mudflint and Bloodsuck had gone to pay this, their long-expected visit, to the governor of York Castle, Mr. Parkinson required possession of the residence of each of them, in Yatton, to be delivered up to him on behalf of Lord Drelincourt, allowing a week's time for the removal of the few effects of each; after which period had elapsed, the premises in question were completely cleared of every thing belonging to their late odious occupants—who, in all human probability, would never again have an opportunity of settling themselves in Yatton—infinitely to the delight of Dr. Tatham and all the better sort of the inhabitants. In a similar manner another crying nuisance—viz. the public-house known by the name of The Toper's Arms, was got rid of; it having been resolved upon by Lord Drelincourt that there should be thenceforth but one public-house in Yatton; viz.—the quiet, old, original Aubrey Arms, and which was quite sufficient for the purposes of the inhabitants of the village. Two or three other persons who had crept into the village during the Titmouse dynasty were similarly dealt with, infinitely to the satisfaction of those left behind; and by Christmas day the village was beginning to show signs of a return to its former condition. The works going on at the Hall gave an air of cheerful bustle and animation to the whole neighbourhood, and afforded extensive employment at a season of the year when employment was most wanted. The chapel and residence of the Rev. Mr. Mudflint underwent a rapid and remarkable alteration. The fact was, that Mr. Delamere had conceived the idea, which, with Lord Drelincourt's consent, he proceeded to carry immediately into execution, of pulling down the existing structure, and raising in its stead a beautiful school, and filling it with scholars, and providing a matron for it by way of giving a pleasant surprise to Kate on her return to Yatton. He engaged a well-known architect, who submitted to him a plan of a very beautiful little Gothic structure, adapted for receiving some eighteen or twenty scholars, and also affording a permanent residence for the mistress; and whose plan being heartily approved of by Mr. Delamere and Dr. Tatham, whom he had taken into his counsel in the affair, they received a pledge that the school should be completed and fit for occupation within three months' time. There was to be in the front a small and tasteful tablet, bearing the inscription—

C. A.
Fundatrix.
18—.

The mistress of Kate's former school gladly relinquished a similar situation which she held in another part of the county, in order to return to her old one at Yatton, and Dr. Tatham was, in the first instance, to select the scholars, who were to be clothed, at Delamere's expense, in the former neat and simple attire which had been adopted by Miss Aubrey. How he delighted to think of the charming surprise he was thus preparing for his lovely mistress, and by which, at the same time, he was securing for her a permanent and interesting memento in the neighbourhood! About this time there came a general election, the nation being thoroughly disgusted with the character and conduct of a great many of those who had, in the direful hubbub of the last election, contrived to creep into the House of Commons. All I have to do, however, at present, with that most important election, is to state its effect upon the representation of the borough of Yatton. Its late member, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, it completely annihilated. Of course, he made no attempt to stand again; nor, in fact, did any one in the same interest. The *Yorkshire Stingo* tried desperately to get up a contest, but in vain. Mr. Going Gone—and even Mr. Glister—were quite willing to have stood—but, first, neither of them could afford to pay his share of the expenses of the hustings; and secondly, there were exceeding great difficulties in the way of either of them procuring a qualification. Besides, the more sensible even of the strong Liberal electors, had become alive to the exquisite absurdity of returning such persons as Titmouse, or any one of his class. Then the Quaint Club had ceased to exist, partly through the change of political feeling which was rapidly gaining ground in the borough, and partly through

terror of the consequences of bribery, of which the miserable fate of Mudflint and Bloodsuck was a fearful instance. In fact, the disasters which had befallen these gentlemen, and Mr. Titmouse, had completely paralysed and crushed the Liberal party at Yatton, and disabled it from ever attempting to contend against the paramount and legitimate influence of Lord Drelincourt. The result of all this, was the return, without a contest, of the Honourable Geoffry Lovel Delamere as the representative of the borough of Yatton in the new Parliament; an event, which he penned his first frank in communicating to a certain young lady then in London. Nothing, doubtless, could be more delightful for Mr. Delamere; but in what a direful predicament did the loss of his seat place the late member, Mr. Titmouse? Just consider for a moment. Mr. Flummery's promise to him of a "place" had vanished, of course, into thin air—having answered its purpose of securing Mr. Titmouse's vote up to the very moment of the dissolution; an event which Mr. Flummery feared would tend to deprive himself of the honour of serving his country in any official capacity for some twenty years to come—if he should so long live, and the country so long survive his exclusion from office. Foiled thus miserably in this quarter, Mr. Titmouse applied himself with redoubled energy to render available his other resources, and made repeated and most impassioned applications to Mr. O'Gibbit—who never took, however, the slightest notice of any of them: considering very justly that Mr. Titmouse was no more entitled to receive back, than he had originally been to lend, the £500 in question. As for Mr. O'Doodle and Mr. M'Squash—they, like himself, were thrown out of parliament; and no one upon earth seemed able to tell whither they had gone, or what had become of them, though there were a good many people who made it their business to inquire into the matter very anxiously. That quarter, therefore, seemed at present quite hopeless. Then there was the Honourable Empty Belly, who owed him a hundred pounds;—but he, the moment that he lost his election, caused it to be given out to any one interested in his welfare—and there suddenly appeared to be a great many such—that he was gone on a scientific expedition to the South Pole, from which he trusted, though he was not very sanguine, that he should one day come back. All these things drove Mr. Titmouse very nearly beside himself—and certainly his position was a little precarious. When parliament was dissolved he had in his pocket a couple of sovereigns, the residue of a five-pound note, out of which, *mirabile dictu*, he had actually succeeded in teasing Mr. Flummery on the evening of the last division; and these two sovereigns, and a shirt or two, and the articles actually on his person, and a copy of *Boxiana*, were all his assets to meet liabilities of about a hundred thousand pounds; and the panoply of parliamentary "privilege" was dropping off, as it were, daily. In a very few days' time, in fact, he would be at the mercy of a terrific host of creditors, who were waiting to spring upon him like so many famished wolves. Every one of them had given in his action up to judgment for both debt and costs—and had his *Ca. Ca.* and *Fi. Fa.* ready for use at an instant's notice. There were three of his creditors—the three Jews, Israel Fang, Mordecai Gripe, and Mephibosheth Mahar Shalal-hash-baz—who had entered into a solemn vow with one another that they would never lose sight of Titmouse for one moment, by day or by night, whatever pains or expense it might cost them—until, the period of privilege having expired, they should be at liberty to plunge their talons into the carcass of their little debtor. There were, in fact, at least a hundred of his creditors ready to pounce upon him the instant that he should make the slightest attempt to quit the country. His lodgings consisted, at this time, of a miserable little room in a garret at the back of a small house in Westminster, not far from the Houses of Parliament, and of the two, inferior to the room in Closet Court, Oxford Street, in which he was first presented to the reader. Here he would often lie in bed half the day, drinking weak—because he could not afford strong—brandy and water, and endeavouring to consider "what the devil" he had done with the immense sums of money which he had had at his disposal—how he would act if by some lucky chance he should again become wealthy—and, in short, "what the plague" was now to become of him. What was he to do? Whither should he go?—To sea?—Then it must be as a common sailor—if any one would now take him! Or suppose he were to enlist? Glorious war, and all that; but both these schemes presupposed his being able to escape from his creditors, whom he had a vehement suspicion were on the look-out for him in all directions. Every review that he thus took of his hopeless position and prospects, ended in a fiendish degree of abhorrence of his parents, whose fault alone it was that he was thus turned out of a splendid estate of ten thousand a year, and made worse than a beggar of. He would sometimes spring out of bed, convulsively clutching his hands together, and wishing himself beside their grave, to tear them out of it. He thought of Mr. Quirk, Mr. Snap, Mr. Tagrag, with fury; but whenever he thought of Mr. Gammon, he shuddered all over, as if in the presence of a baleful spectre. For all this, he preserved the same impudent strut and swagger in the street which had ever distinguished him. Every day of his life he walked towards the scenes of his recent splendour, which seemed to attract him irresistibly. He would pass the late Earl of Dreddlington's house in Grosvenor Square, gazing at it, and at the hatchment suspended in front of it. Then he would wander on to Park Lane, and gaze with unutterable feelings—poor little wretch!—at the house which once had been his and Lady Cecilia's, but was then occupied by a nobleman, whose tasteful equipage and servants were often standing at and before the door. He would, on some of those occasions, feel as though he should like to drop down dead, and be out of all his misery. If ever he met and nodded, or spoke to those with whom he had till recently been on the most familiar terms, he was encountered by a steady stare, and sometimes a smile, that withered his very heart within him, and made the three last years of his life appear to have been but a dream. The little dinner that he ate—for he had almost entirely lost his appetite through long addiction to drinking—was at a small tavern, at only a few doors' distance from his lodgings, and where he generally spent his evenings, for want of any other place to go to; and he formed at length a sort of intimacy with a good-natured and very respectable gentleman, who came nearly as often thither as Tit-

mouse himself, and would sit conversing with him very pleasantly over his cigar and a glass of spirits and water. The oftener Titmouse saw him, the more he liked him; and at length, taking him entirely into his confidence, unbosomed himself concerning his unhappy present circumstances, and still more unhappy prospects. This man was a brother of Mahar-Shalal-hash-baz the Jew, and a sheriff's officer, keeping watch upon his movements, night and day, alternately with another who did not attract Titmouse's notice. After having canvassed several modes of disposing of himself, none of which were satisfactory to either Titmouse or his friend, he hinted that he was aware that there were lots of the enemy on the look-out for him, and who would be glad to get at him; but he knew, he said, that he was as safe as in a castle for some time yet to come; and he also mentioned a scheme which had occurred to him—but this was all in the strictest confidence—viz. to write to Lord Drelincourt, (who was, after all his relation of some sort or other, and ought to be devilish glad to get into all his, Titmouse's, property so easily,) and ask him for some situation under government, either in France, India, or America, and give him a trifle to set him up at starting, and help him to "nick the bums!" His friend listened attentively, and then protested that he thought it an excellent idea, and Mr. Titmouse had better write the letter and take it at once. Upon this Titmouse sent for pen, ink, and paper; and while his friend leaned back calmly smoking his cigar, and sipping his gin and water, poor Titmouse wrote the following letter to Lord Drelincourt, which is the last letter of his in my possession:—

"To the Right Hon. Lord Drelincourt, My Lud—

"Natrally situated In the Way which I Am With yr lordship Most Unpleasantly Addresing you On A Matter of that Nature most Painful To My feelings Considering My surprising Forlorn Condition, And So Sudden Which Who ed Have A Little While Ago suppos'd. Yr Lordship (of Course) Is Aware That There Is No fault of Mine, But rather My Cursed Parents wh Ought To Be Ashamed of Themselves For Their Improper Conduct wh Was never made Acquainted with till Lately with Great Greif. Alas. I Only Wish I Had Never Been Born, or Was Dead and Cumfutable in An Erly Grave. I Humbly, My Lud, Endevoured To Do My Duty when In the Upper Circles And Never Injured Any One, Much less you, My Lord, if You Will Believe Me, For I surely wd. Not Have Come Upon You In the Way I did My Lord But Was obliged, And Regret, &c. I Am Most Truly Miserable, Being (Betwixt You and Me, my Lord) over Head and Years in debt, And Have Nothing To pay With and out of The House So Have No Protection and Fear am Going Very Fast To ye. Dogs, my Lord, Swindle O'Gibbet, Esq. M. P. Owes me £500 (borrowed Money) and Will not Pay and is a Shocking Scamp, but (depend upon it) I will stick To Him Like a Leach. Of Course Now your Lordship is Got into ye Estate &c. you Will Have ye Rents &c., but Is Not *Half* The *Last Quarter* Mine Seeing I Was in possession wh is 9-10ths of ye law. But give it All up To you willingly Now For what can't be cur'd, Must Be Indured can yr lordship Get me *Some Foreign* Apointment *Abroad* wh shd be much obliged for and Would Get Me out of the Way of Troubling yr lordship about the Rents wh *freely give Up*. You Being Got To *that High Rank* wh was to Have Been mine can do What You please Doubtless. Am Sorry To Say I am Most Uncommon Hard Up Since I Have Broke up. And am nearly Run Out. Consider my Lord How Easy I Let You Win ye Property. When might Have Given Your Lordship Trouble. If you will Remember this And Be So obliging to *Lend me* a £10 Note (For ye Present) Will much oblige

Your Lordship's to Command,
Most obedt

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

P. S. I Leave This with my *Own Hand* That you May be Sure and get it. Remember me to Miss A. and Lady D."

Mr. Titmouse contented himself with telling his new friend merely the substance of the above epistle, and, having sealed it up, he asked his friend if he were disposed for a walk to the West End; and on being answered in the affirmative, they both set off for Lord Drelincourt's house in Dover Street. When they had reached it, his friend stepped to a little distance; while Titmouse, endeavouring to assume a confident air, hemmed, twitched up his shirt collars, and knocked and rung with all the boldness of a gentleman coming to dinner. Open flew the door in a moment; and—

"My Lord Drelincourt's—isn't it?" enquired Titmouse, holding his letter in his hand, and tapping his ebony cane pretty loudly against his legs.

"Of course it is! What d'ye want, quoth the porter sternly, enraged at being disturbed at such an hour by such a puppy of a fellow as then stood before him—for the bloom was off the finery of Titmouse; and who that knew the world would call at seven o'clock with a letter? Titmouse would have answered the fellow pretty sharply, but was afraid of endangering the success of his application: so, with considerable calmness, he replied,—

"Oh—it is? Then have the goodness to deliver this into his lordship's own hand—it's of great importance."

"Very well," said the porter stiffly, not dreaming who the speaker was whom he was addressing, and the next instant shut the door in his face.

"Dem impudent blackguard!" said he, as he rejoined his friend—his heart almost bursting with mortification and fury; "I've a great mind to call to-morrow, 'pon my soul—and get him discharged!"

He had dated his letter from his lodgings, where, about ten o'clock on the ensuing morning, a gentleman—in fact, Lord Drelincourt's man of business—called, and asking to see Mr. Titmouse, gave into his hands a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"Dover Street, Wednesday Morning.

"Lord Drelincourt begs, in answer to Mr. Titmouse's letter, to request his acceptance of the enclosed Bank of England Note for Ten Pounds.

Lord D. will feel obliged if Mr. Titmouse will furnish him with an address to which any further communications on the part of Lord D. may be addressed."

On repairing to the adjoining tavern, soon after receiving the above most welcome note, Mr. Titmouse fortunately (!) fell in with his friend, and, with somewhat of an air of easy triumph, showed him Lord Drelincourt's note, and its enclosure.—Some time afterwards, having smoked each a couple of cigars and drunk a couple of tumblers of brandy and water, Mr. Titmouse's friend got very confidential; and in a low whisper said that he had been thinking over Mr. Titmouse's case ever since they were talking together the night before; and for five pounds would put him in the way of escaping all danger immediately, provided no questions were asked by Mr. Titmouse; for he, the speaker, was running a great risk in what he was doing. Titmouse placed his hand over his heart, exclaiming, "Honour—honour!" and having called for change from the landlord, gave a five-pound note into the hand of his companion, who thereupon, in a mysterious under tone, told him that by ten o'clock the next morning he would have a hackney coach at the door of his lodgings, and would at once convey him safely to a vessel then in the river, and bound for the south of France; where Mr. Titmouse might remain till he had in some measure settled his affairs with his creditors. Sure enough, at the appointed time, the coach drew up at the door of the house where Titmouse lodged; and within a few moments' time he came down stairs with a small portmanteau, and entered the coach, where sat his friend, evidently not wishing to be recognised or seen by any body passing. They talked together earnestly and eagerly as they journeyed eastward; and just as they arrived opposite a huge, dismal-looking building, with a large door, and immensely high walls, the coach stopped. Three or four persons were standing, as if they had been in expectation of the arrival of the coach; and, requesting Mr. Titmouse to alight for a moment, his friend opened the coach door from within, and let down the steps. The moment that poor Titmouse had got out, he was instantly surrounded, and seized by the collar by those who were standing by; his "friend" had disappeared, and, almost petrified with amazement and fright, and taken quite off his guard by the suddenness of the movement, he was hurried through the doorway of the King's Bench Prison, the three Jews following close at his heels, and conducted into a very gloomy room. There he seemed first to awake to the horrors of his situation, and went into a paroxysm of despair and fury. He sprang madly towards the door, and on being repulsed by those standing beside him, stamped violently about the room, shouting, "Murder, murder! thieves!" Then he pulled his hair, shook his head with frantic vehemence, and presently sank into a seat, from which, after a few moments, he sprang wildly, and broke his cane into a number of pieces, scattering them about the room like a madman. Then he cried passionately; more, in fact, like a frantic school-girl than a man; and struck his head violently with his fists. All this while the three Jews were looking on with a grin of devilish gratification at the little wretch's agony. His frenzy lasted so long that he was removed to a strong room, and threatened with being put into a strait-waistcoat if he continued to conduct himself so outrageously. The fact of his being thus safely housed, soon became known, and within a day or two's time, the miserable little fellow was completely overwhelmed by his creditors; who, absurd and unavailing as were their proceedings, came rushing down upon him, one after another, with as breathless an impetuosity as if they thought he had been a mass of solid gold, which was to become the spoil of him that could first seize it. The next day his fate was announced to the world by paragraphs in all the morning newspapers, which informed their readers that "yesterday Mr. Titmouse, late M. P. for Yatton, was secured by a skilful stratagem, just as he was on the point of quitting this country for America, and lodged in the King's Bench Prison, at the suit of three creditors, to the extent of upwards of sixty thousand pounds. It is understood that his debts considerably exceed the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds." As soon as he had become calm enough to do so—viz. three or four days after his incarceration—he wrote a long, dismal epistle to Lord Drelincourt, and also one to Miss Aubrey, passionately reminding them both that he was, after all, of the same blood with themselves, only luck had gone for them, and against him, and therefore he hoped they would "remember him, and do something to get him out of his trouble." He seemed to cling to them as though he had a claim upon them—instead of being himself Lord Drelincourt's debtor to the amount of, *at least*, twenty thousand pounds, had his lordship, instead of inclining a compassionate ear to his entreaties, chosen to fling his heavy claim into the scale against him. This, however, was a view of the case which never occurred to poor Titmouse. Partly of their own accord, and partly at Miss Aubrey's earnest entreaty, Lord Drelincourt and Mr. Delamere went to the King's Bench prison, and had a long interview with him—his lordship being specially anxious to ascertain, if possible, whether Titmouse had been originally privy to the monstrous fraud, by means of which he had succeeded in possessing himself of Yatton, at so fearful a cost of suffering to those whom he had deprived of it. While he was chattering away, more after the fashion of a newly caged ape than a MAN, with eager and impassioned tone and gesticulation—with a profuse usage of his favourite phraseology—"'Pon my soul!" "'Pon my life!" "By Jove!" and of several shocking oaths, for which he was repeatedly and sternly rebuked by Lord Drelincourt, with what profound and melancholy interest did the latter regard the strange being before him, and think of the innumerable extraordinary things which he had heard concerning him! Here was the widowed husband of the Lady Cecilia, and son-in-law of the Earl of Dreddlington—that broken pillar of pride!—broken, alas! in the very moment of his imaginary magnificence!—Here was the late member of parliament for the borough of Yatton, whose constituency had deliberately declared him possessed of their complete confidence!—on whose individual vote in parliament had several times depended the existence of the king's ministry, and the passing of measures of the greatest possible magnitude! This was he whom all society—even the most brilliant—had courted as a great lion! This was the some time owner of Yatton! who had aspired to the hand of Miss Aubrey! who had for two years revelled in every conceivable species of luxury, splendour, and profligacy! Here was the individual at whose instance—at whose nod—Lord Drelincourt

had been deprived of his liberty, ruthlessly torn from the bleeding bosom of his family, and for many weary months subjected to the most harassing and heart-breaking privations and distresses! On quitting him Lord Drelincourt put into his hand a ten-pound note, with which Titmouse seemed—though he dared not say so—not a little disappointed. His lordship and Mr. Delamere were inclined, upon the whole, to believe that Titmouse had not been aware of his illegitimacy till the issue of the ecclesiastical proceedings was known; but from many remarks he let fall, they were satisfied that Mr. Gammon must have been aware of the fact from a very early period—for Titmouse spoke freely of the constant mysterious threats he was in the habit of receiving from Mr. Gammon. Lord Drelincourt had promised Titmouse to consider in what way he could serve him; and during the course of the day instructed Mr. Runnington to put the case into the hands of some attorney of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, with a view of endeavouring to obtain for the unfortunate little wretch the "*benefit of the Act.*" As soon as the course of practice would admit of it, Mr. Titmouse was brought up in the ordinary way before the court, which was quite crowded by persons either interested as creditors, or curious to see so celebrated a person as Tittlebat Titmouse. The court was astounded at the sight of the number and magnitude of his liabilities—a hundred thousand pounds at least!—against which he had nothing to set except the following items:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| "Cash lent | Swindle O'Gibbet, Esq. M. P. | £500 |
| Do. | Phelim O'Doodle, | 200 |
| Do. | Micah M'Squash, | 100 |
| Do. | Hon. Empty Belly, | 100" |

—together with some other similar but lesser sums; but for none of them could he produce any vouchers, except for the sum lent to the Hon. Empty Belly, who had been ass enough to give him his I O U. Poor Titmouse's discharge was most vehemently opposed on the part of his creditors—particularly the three Jews—whose frantic and indecorous conduct in open court occasioned the chief commissioner to order them to be twice removed. *They* would have had Titmouse remanded to the day of his death! After several adjourned and lengthened hearings, the court pronounced him not to be entitled to his discharge till he should have remained in prison for the space of eighteen calendar months; on hearing which he burst into a fit of loud and bitter weeping, and was removed from court, wringing his hands and shaking his head in perfect despair. As soon as this result had been communicated to Lord Drelincourt, (who had taken special care that his name should not be among those of Mr. Titmouse's creditors,) he came to the humane determination of allowing him a hundred and fifty pounds a year for his life, *payable weekly*, to commence from the date of his being remanded to prison. For the first month or so he spent all his weekly allowance in brandy and water and cigars, within three days after receiving it. Then he took to gambling with his fellow prisoners; but, all of a sudden, he turned over quite a new leaf. The fact was, that he had become intimate with an unfortunate literary hack, who used to procure small sums by writing articles for newspapers and magazines; and at his suggestion, Titmouse fell to work upon several quires of foolscap: the following being the title given to his projected work by his new friend:—

"Ups and Downs:
Being
Memoirs of My Life,
by
Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.
Late M. P. for Yatton."

He got so far on with his task as to fill three quires of paper; and it is a fact, that a fashionable publisher got scent of the undertaking, came to the prison, and offered him five hundred pounds for his manuscript, provided he would only undertake that it should fill three volumes. This greatly stimulated Titmouse; but unfortunately he fell ill before he had completed the first volume, and never, during the remainder of his confinement, recovered himself sufficiently to proceed further with his labours. I once had an opportunity of glancing over what he had written, which was really very curious. I do not know what has since become of the manuscript. During the last month of his imprisonment he became intimate with a villanous young Jew attorney, who, under the pretence of commencing proceedings in the House of Lords (!) for the recovery of the Yatton property once more from Lord Drelincourt, contrived to get into his own pockets more than one-half of the weekly sum allowed by that nobleman to his grateful pensioner! On the very day of his discharge, Titmouse went off straight to the lodgings of Mr. Swindle O'Gibbet to demand payment of the five hundred pounds due to him from that gentleman, to whom he became a source of inconceivable vexation and torment. Following him about with a sort of insane and miserable pertinacity, he lay in wait for him at his lodgings—at the door of the House of Commons; dogged him from the one point to the other; assailed him with passionate entreaties and reproaches in the open street; went to the public meetings over which Mr. O'Gibbet presided, or where he spoke, (always on behalf of the liberty of the subject,) and would call out—"Pay me my five hundred pounds! I want my money! Where's my five hundred pounds?" on which Mr. O'Gibbet would point to him, call him an impostor! a liar! that he was only hired by the enemies of the people to come and disturb their proceedings: on which Titmouse was always shuffled about—his hat knocked over his eyes—and he was finally kicked out, and once or twice pushed down from the top to the bottom of the stairs. The last time that this happened, poor Titmouse's head struck with dreadful force against the bannisters; and he lay for some time stunned and bleeding. On being carried to a doctor's shop, he was shortly afterwards seized with a fit of epilepsy. This seemed to have given the finishing stroke to his shattered intellects; for he sank soon afterwards into a state of idiocy. Through the kindness and at the expense of Lord Drelincourt, he was admitted an inmate of a private lunatic asylum, in the Curtain Road, near Hoxton, where he still continues. He is very harmless; and after dressing himself in the morning with extraordinary pains, he generally sits down with a glass of strong toast and

water, and a coloured straw, which he imagines to be brandy and water, and a cigar. He complained, at first, that the brandy and water was very weak; but he is now reconciled to it, and sips his two tumblers daily with an air of tranquil enjoyment. When I last saw him he was thus occupied; and he struck me as looking in better health than I had ever known him to enjoy before.

I should have been very glad, if, consistently with my duty as an impartial historian, I could have concealed some discreditable features—discreditable, at least, in *my* opinion—in the conduct of Mr. Tag-rag, subsequently to his unfortunate bankruptcy. I shall not, however, dwell upon them at greater length than is necessary. His creditors were so much dissatisfied with his conduct, that not one of them could be prevailed upon to sign his certificate, by which means he was prevented from re-establishing himself in business, even had he been able to find the means of so doing; since, in the eye of our law, any business carried on by an uncertificated bankrupt, is carried on by him only as a trustee for his creditors. His temper getting more and more soured he became at length quite intolerable to his wife, whom he had married (only for her fortune (£800, and the goodwill of her late husband's business, as a retail draper and hosier, in Little Turn-stile, Holborn.) When he found that Mrs. Tag-rag would not forsake her unhappy daughter, he snapped his fingers at her, and, I regret to say, told her that she and her daughter, and her respectable husband, might all go to the devil together—he must shift for himself; and, in fact, he took himself off. Mr. Dismal Horror found that he had made a sad business of it, in marrying Miss Tag-rag, who brought him two children in the first nineteen months, and seemed likely to go on at that rate for a long time to come, which made Mr. Horror think very seriously of following the example of his excellent father-in-law—viz. deserting his wife.—They had contrived to scrape together a bit of a day-school for young children, in Goswell Street; but which was inadequate to the support of themselves, and also of Mrs. Tag-rag senior, who had failed in obtaining the situation of pew-opener to a neighbouring dissenting chapel. The scheme he had conceived, he soon afterwards carried into effect; for, whereas he went out one day saying he should return in an hour's time, he nevertheless did not return at all. Burning with zeal to display his pulpit talents, he took to street-preaching, and at length succeeded in getting around him a crowd of hearers, many of them most serious and attentive pickpockets, with dexterous fingers and devout faces, wherever he held forth, which was principally in the neighbourhood of the Tower and Smithfield—till he was driven away by the police, who never interfered with his little farce till he sent his hat round, when they would rush in, disperse the crowd, and take him into custody to the police-office, where, in spite of his eloquent defences, he several times got sentenced to three months' imprisonment, as an incorrigible disturber of the peace, and in league with the questionable characters, who—the police declared—were invariably members of every congregation he addressed. One occasion of his being taken into custody was rather a singular one:—Mr. Tag-rag happened to be passing while he was holding forth, and, unable to control his fury, made his way immediately in front of the impassioned preacher; and, sticking his fists in his side a-kimbo, exclaimed, "*Aren't* you a nice young man now?" which quite disconcerted his son-in-law, who threw his hymn-book into his father-in-law's face, which bred such a disturbance that the police rushed in, and took them both off in custody to the police-office, where such a scene ensued as beggars all description. What has since become of Mr. Horror, I do not know; but the next thing I heard of Mr. Tag-rag was his entering into the employ of no other a person than Mr. Huckaback, who had been for some little time settled in a little shop in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Having, however, inadvertently shown in to Mr. Huckaback one of the creditors to whom he had given special orders to deny himself, that gentleman instantly turned him out of the shop, in a fury, without character or wages; which latter, however, Tag-rag soon compelled him, by the process of the Court of Requests, to pay him, being one week's entire salary. In passing one day a mock auction, on the left-hand side of the Poultry, I could not help pausing to admire the cool effrontery with which the Jew in the box was putting up articles for sale to four patient puffers—his entire audience—and who bid against one another in a very business-like way for every thing that was proposed for their consideration. What was my astonishment and concern, when one of the puffers, who stood with his back towards me, happened to look round for a moment, to discover in him my friend Mr. Tag-rag!! His hat was nicely brushed, but all the "*nap*" was off; his coat was clean, threadbare, and evidently had been made for some other person; under his arm was an old cotton umbrella; and in his hands, which were clasped behind him, were a pair of antiquated black gloves, doubled up, only for show, evidently not for use.—Notwithstanding, however, he had sunk thus low, there happened to him, some time afterwards, one or two surprising strokes of good fortune. First of all, he contrived to get a sum of three hundred pounds from one of his former debtors, who imagined that Tag-rag was authorized by his assignees to receive it. Nothing, however, of the kind; and Mr. Tag-rag quietly opened a small shop in the neighbourhood of St. George's in the East, and began to scrape together a tolerable business. Reading one day a flourishing speech in parliament, which had been delivered by a distinguished dissenter, on the atrocious enormity of calling upon Dissenters to pay Church-rates,—it occurred to Mr. Tag-rag as likely to turn out a good speculation, and greatly increase his business, if he were to become a martyr for conscience' sake; and after turning the thing about a good deal in his mind, he determined on refusing to pay the sum of eightpencehalfpenny, due in respect of a rate recently made for the repair of the church steeple, which was very nearly falling down. In a very civil and unctuous manner, he announced to the collector his determination to refuse the payment on strictly conscientious grounds. The collector expostulated—but in vain. Then came the churchwardens—Tag-rag was inflexible. The thing began to get wind, and the Rector of the parish, an amiable and learned man, came to try his power of persuasion—but in vain; 'twas impossible to divert Mr. Tag-rag's eye from the glorious crown of martyrdom he had resolved upon earning. Then he called on the minister of the congregation where he "worshipped," and,

with tears and agitation, unbosomed himself upon the subject, and besought his counsel. The minister got excited; so did his leading people. A meeting was called at his chapel, the result of which was, a declaration that Mr. Tag-rag's conduct was most praiseworthy and noble, and he deserved to be supported. Several leading members of the congregation, who had never dealt with him before, suddenly became customers of his. The upshot of the matter was, that after a prodigious stir, Mr. Tag-rag became a victim in right earnest; and was taken into custody by virtue of a writ *De Contumace Capiendo*, amidst the indignant sympathy and admiration of all those who shared his opinion. In a twinkling he shot up, as it were into the air like a rocket, and became popular, beyond his most sanguine expectations. The name of the first Church-rate martyr went the round of every paper in the United Kingdom; and at length a lithographed likeness of him came out, with his precious autograph appended, so—

"THOMAS TAG-RAG, CHURCH-RATE MARTYR."

Subscriptions were entered into on his behalf; and as they were paid into his hands from time to time, he kept quietly increasing his purchases of linen drapery and enlarging his business, in a most decisive and satisfactory manner. Nothing could exceed the accounts brought into him of the extent to which his custom was increasing; for in each window of his shop hung a copy of his portrait, attracting the eye of every passenger. But he was not the only person who rejoiced in this state of things; there being others who had a deep stake in his success, and whom he had not at first adverted to, viz. HIS ASSIGNEES—to whom belonged, in point of law, the rattling business he was carrying on, and who were watching his movements with lively interest. He was suddenly struck dumb with dismay and astonishment when he heard of this unexpected issue of the affair; and began to fear that he had missed his providential way. His assignees, however, seemed to think that they had got into *theirs*—and enlarged the premises, and greatly increased the stock, profiting by the continually augmenting popularity of Tag-rag. From the moment of his making this dismal discovery, his ardour in the Great Cause wonderfully declined; and he would have jumped at any decent excuse for getting out of the thing altogether. And indeed, when he came to think of it—where was the difficulty! He had fought a good fight—he had maintained a great principle—he had borne the heat and burden of the day. But while the martyr was thus musing within himself, powerful forces were coming into the field to his succour—viz. the Society for the Promotion of Civil and Religious Discord; who having caused all the proceedings against Tag-rag to be laid before an ambitious little Radical barrister, he discovered a fatal flaw in them—viz. that in the *Significavit*, the word "Bishop" was spelled "*Bisop*," (i. e. without the "h.") The point was argued with prodigious pertinacity, and incredible ingenuity, by four counsel on each side; but after great deliberation, the objection, "being in favour of liberty," was held to prevail; all the proceedings were quashed; and Mr. Tag-rag consequently declared entitled to his discharge. On this he was invited to a grand tea-party by the leading friends of the voluntary principle, given in Hackney Fields; where amidst a concourse of at least a hundred and fifty souls, (including women and children,) Tag-rag avowed himself ready to go again to the stake, "if Providence should require it." That seemed not, however, likely to be the case; for the church-wardens, having already had to pay some £730 odd in the shape of costs, resolved never to meddle with him any more. He succeeded in prevailing on his assignees to take him into the shop, in order to carry on the business upon their account, and as their servant—for which they allowed him two pounds a week. Out of this, however, he was soon after compelled by the parish authorities to allow twelve shillings a week to Mrs. Tagrag; and on making her the first payment he spit in the poor woman's face. Dr. Johnson used to say that *patriotism* was the last refuge of a scoundrel. Now-a-days, however, it is *Church-rate Martyrdom*; and Tag-rag has had many imitators.

I must not, however, conclude this part of my long history, without adverting to what befell the surviving partners of Mr. Gammon; namely, Messrs. Quirk and Snap. The former had horrible misgivings as to the true cause of Mr. Gammon's death—having a strange inward persuasion that he had destroyed himself. When he heard, very suddenly, from the laundress of Mr. Gammon's death, he was seized with a fit of trembling that lasted for several days. He dared not attend the funeral—or go to Mr. Gammon's chambers while his corpse lay there. Mr. Snap, however, had younger and firmer nerves; and resolved to gratify his natural and very delicate curiosity, by seeing how Mr. Gammon looked in his coffin. The day after the coroner's inquest had been held, therefore, he went to the chambers for that purpose, and was shown by the sobbing laundress into the silent and gloomy bed-room where Mr. Gammon lay awaiting burial. The coffin lay on tressels near the window, which of course was darkened; and Mr. Snap, having taken off his hat, removed the coffin-lid and the face-cloth, and there was the cold stern countenance of Mr. Gammon before him. In spite of himself, Mr. Snap trembled as he looked, and for a moment doubted whether, in gazing at the *yellow effigy of him that was*, he was really looking at the late Mr. Gammon; so fixed, so rigid were the features, so contracted of their proportions, and disfigured by the close-fitting frilled cap. What determination was yet visible in the compressed lips! The once keen and flashing eyes of Mr. Gammon were now hid for ever beneath the heavy and clammy eyelids; and the ample brow was no longer furrowed by the workings of the active and powerful spirit which had "jumped the world to come!" Mr. Snap gazed for several minutes in silence, and his heart beat a little quicker than usual.

"Oh, sir!" sobbed the laundress at length, as she too advanced to look again at the countenance of her deceased master, and from which she seldom took her eyes long together when alone—"he was the kindest and best of men! He was indeed!" Mr. Snap said nothing, but presently took hold of the cold, thin, stiff fingers of Mr. Gammon's right hand, squeezed them gently, and replaced the hand in its former position.

"I hope he's happy, dear soul!" cried the laundress, gazing at him through her tears.

"Yes, of course he is—no doubt," replied Mr. Snap, in a much weaker tone of voice than he had

spoken in before, and slowly returned to the sitting-room, whether the laundress followed him as soon as she had replaced the face-cloth and coffin-lid.

"Got a drop of brandy in the room, Mrs. Brown?" he enquired, and passed his hand across his face, which had grown very pale.

She gave him what he asked for; he drank it, and sighed.

"Devilish ugly look that cap gives him—eh, Mrs. Brown? Hardly knew him."

"Ay, poor soul; but it don't much signify how the *face* looks if the heart's all right. He was always so kind to me; I shall never get another master like him!"

"Died *very* suddenly, Mrs. Brown, didn't he?"

"Ay, it was, sir! His troubles broke his heart!"

"He'd quite enough of them to do so!" replied Snap, significantly, and took his departure. He was one of the few who attended the funeral, and the day on which it took place was the gloomiest he had ever known.

Mr. Gammon being gone, old Mr. Quirk seemed to have quite lost the use of his head, and could attend to nothing. As for "the matters in the affidavits," which he had been ordered by the Court of King's Bench to answer, it was impossible to do so except by acknowledging the facts they stated to be true; and he was, in the ensuing term, struck off the roll of attorneys, and ceased to be any longer a "gentleman, one of the attorneys of our lord the king, before the king himself." In short, he was completely broken up. He was quickly compelled to part with Alibi House—in fact, with all his property; and very nearly escaped being thrown into a prison, there to end his days. During the last week of his stay at Alibi House, while all his effects were being sold, he was observed to sit down for hours together before a certain picture covered with black crape; and once or twice he lifted up the crape, and gazed with a horrid look at the object before him, as if he was meditating something very mysterious and dismal. Nothing, however, happened. If he had ever wished to hang himself, he never could succeed in screwing his courage up to the sticking-place. He prevailed on a friend to buy in for him that particular picture; and it was almost the only article that he took with him to the small lodgings to which he removed with his daughter, on the sale of Alibi House. As for poor Miss Quirk, I pity her from my very soul; for, though rather a weak girl, she was perfectly good-natured; and the reader will probably join in my indignation against Mr. Toady Hug, when he hears that that gentleman, on seeing the unfortunate turn which affairs took with Miss Quirk, owing to no fault of hers, at the very moment when he ought to have clung closest to the poor girl, deserted her, after having been engaged to be married to her for upwards of two years. It was, however, the business of the firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap, that he had desired to marry; and finding that it no longer existed, he considered himself justified in rescinding the contract, on the ground of a failure of consideration. Snap, hearing of this, instantly tendered his own "heart" in lieu of that of Mr. Hug—and was accepted. He kept this very still, however, till the fate of the action for a breach of promise of marriage, which he persuaded Miss Quirk to allow him to bring in her name against Mr. Hug, should have been decided—as it soon was; for I should have mentioned that no attempt had been made by any one to strike *him* off the rolls. Snap retained a Mr. Heartbreak, a most eloquent counsel in such cases: and as Mr. Toady Hug defended himself in what he imagined to be a very splendid speech, the jury immediately found a verdict against him of five hundred pounds—a little fortune for Miss Quirk, if Hug could have paid it. But the fact was, that he could *not*; and after a long negotiation between Snap and him, it was settled that there should be a sort of secret partnership between them; and that Hug should work out the damages, by doing Mr. Snap's business for a quarter only of the proper fees—the full fee, however, for appearance's sake among his brethren, was to be marked in his brief. Shortly after this Snap got married, and took a little house in Saffron-hill, only two doors from the old office; and, as he had already cultivated the acquaintance of the leading thieves, he soon got into a very respectable line of business. A year afterwards, Mrs. Snap made him the happy father of a quaint-looking little child; which, being a boy, his father, out of reverence for his deceased friend and partner, Mr. Gammon, caused to be christened by the name of "*Oily Snap*." Old Mr. Quirk lingered on for about a couple of years longer, most inconveniently to Snap, when he died of a broken heart; and as Snap assisted in depositing the revered remains of his father-in-law in St. Andrew's churchyard, he could not help thinking within himself what a *horrid* bore it would be were the old gentleman to get up again, and come back and establish himself for another couple of years in their little back parlour!

Let us now turn to characters worthier of our notice, of our sympathy, and our congratulation.

Two or three days after the assembling of the new parliament, Lord Drelincourt was introduced by two of his brother barons, (one of whom was Lord de la Zouch,) with the usual formalities, into the House of Lords. As he stood at the table while being sworn in, tranquil and dignified, there was such an expression of noble simplicity and *goodness* in his features—which had not even then entirely lost the traces of the anxiety and suffering through which he had passed during the last three years—as touched me to the very soul, and I fervently wished him health and long life to enjoy his new honours. He looked quite commanding in his ample ermine and scarlet robes; and having taken the pen which was tendered him, and inscribed on the roll the name "DRELINCOURT"—that of very nearly the most ancient barony in England)—and formally taken his seat on the barons' bench, and received the congratulations of his brother peers who came crowding around him—he stepped up to the woolsack, and grasped with silent energy the hand of the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Wolstenhome, who, dignified and commanding in his appearance and bearing, and familiar with his position as if he had occupied it for more years than he had *days*, welcomed the newly-introduced peer with infinite warmth and cordiality. This was the Attorney-General of a few short months before, and he to whose masterly ability and unwavering friendship Lord Drelincourt was indebted for the position which he then occupied. They sat talking together for some time; and the Chancellor happening to men-

tion the ludicrous and yet intolerable pressure to which he was subject for every thing he had to give away—particularly in the *livings* which fell to his disposal—he instanced a small one in Devonshire, of five hundred a year, of which he had had notice only two hours before coming to the House, since which time he had had a dozen applications for it from peers present. "Now as a small *memento* of to-day, Drelincourt," said he, with a smile, "can you give me the name of any man that in your judgment wants, and would suit, such a living?"

"Oh, my dear Lord Chancellor!" replied Lord Drelincourt, with eager delight, "I know a man—a very able, exemplary, *starving* friend of mine—Mr. Neville, the Rev. Ralph Neville."

"'Tis his!" replied the Chancellor; "give me his name and address—he shall have it offered him this very evening!"

Lord Drelincourt, overjoyed, wrote down Mr. Neville's name and address, and gave it to the Chancellor; and having reminded him that their dinner hour was seven precisely that day, (the Chancellor had been for some days engaged to dinner with him,) Lord Drelincourt somewhat hastily quitted the house, resolved to be himself the first bearer to poor Mr. Neville of the delightful intelligence of his promotion. His carriage, with Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey in it, had been standing for some time near the House, awaiting his return, in order to drive once or twice round the Park before dinner; but you may guess the kind of transport with which they heard him give directions for their being driven to St. George's in the East, and the object of his errand.

When Lord Drelincourt's equipage—simple and elegant, and with the coronet painted on the panels so small as not to challenge the observation of every passenger—drew up opposite the humble lodgings of Mr. Neville, he and his little sick wife were sitting at tea, for which purpose he had a few minutes before propped her up upon the sofa, on which she was obliged to recline during the greater part of each day. Prettily flustered were both of them on seeing the carriage roll up, the steps let down, and hearing Lord Drelincourt, followed quickly by Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey, (it was the first time that they had seen the former two, except as Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey,) knock at the door. Oh, how sweet was the office of communicating such intelligence as that which they brought to Mr. and Mrs. Neville! He, on hearing it, turned immediately, and as it were instinctively, to his pale suffering wife, with full eye and quivering lip—and she returned the look he gave her. Well he knew that the true source of her frail health was their privation and miserably straitened circumstances, and that the intelligence which they had just received, would as it were pour into the broken heart the oil of gladness and of health. There was not the slightest change in the deportment of his distinguished visiters: but his own was, in spite of all that he could do to the contrary, consciously subdued, and a little embarrassed. What thankfulness was in his heart! How was the great, barren, frowning world around him, turned into a smiling paradise! No longer would they be unable to supply their few and modest wants! No longer deny themselves the innocent enjoyments of life, and cheerful intercourse with society! Soon would they be in the independent exercise of the delightful duties of the pastoral office! And what a thoughtfulness of their humble interests had been evinced by Lord Drelincourt in the first moments of his own excitement and triumphs! To all parties, that was, indeed, an occasion of the outgoing of hearts towards each other; and Lord and Lady Drelincourt, before leaving, had insisted on seeing Mr. and Mrs. Neville at dinner in Dover Street, before they left town, as they expected would shortly be the case.

As I have already intimated, Lord Drelincourt had that evening a select dinner party; and there was a little incident connected with it, which will also, I think, serve to set forth the considerate good nature of Lord Drelincourt. His guests consisted of the Lord Chancellor and Lady Wolstenholme, Lord and Lady de la Zouch, Mr. Delamere, three or four other friends, and Mr. Runnington, and a Mr. Staveley, a former fellow pupil of his, and whom he had left still studying closely in the chambers of Mr. Mansfield. Lord Drelincourt had always entertained a very friendly feeling towards Mr. Staveley, who was a man of very strong understanding, great industry, sound principle, and perfect frankness and simplicity of character.

Mr. Aubrey had from the first observed the depression of spirits to which his companion was subject, and which, in the course of their subsequent unreserved communications with each other, he had discovered to be occasioned by the sad precariousness of his pecuniary circumstances, and the absence of all prospect or apparent chance of professional connexion. It seemed that the relative by whose liberality he had been enabled to enter himself a student at Lincoln's Inn, and become a pupil of Mr. Mansfield's, had died suddenly, leaving his nephew almost totally destitute. Was it not likely that he was just such a person as could excite the yearning sympathies of his now ennobled companion? Indeed it was so; and the reason of Lord Drelincourt's asking him to dinner on the present occasion was, to give him a personal introduction to two individuals capable of being hereafter of vast service to any candidate for professional business and distinction; namely, Mr. Runnington, as a soliciter of first-rate professional eminence, personal respectability, and amiability of character—and the Lord Chancellor, with both of whom, as may easily be believed, Lord Drelincourt had great personal influence. Mr. Staveley was the first guest that arrived, and found Lord Drelincourt alone in the drawing-room; and his lordship seized the opportunity of conversing with his friend unrestrainedly upon the topics above alluded to, and of assuring him that he might always rely on any good offices which it might be in his lordship's power to perform for him. He spoke to his desponding companion in a tone of earnest and inspiriting encouragement. "Come, come, my dear Staveley," said he, "*expurrige frontem!* It would seem to be the tendency of close and solitary legal study to make a man despond, and distrust its utility! Go straight on. Constancy, honour, and industry, will inevitably clear the way for their possessor, and also in due time force him forward. Ah! believe me, I know what your feelings are; for very recently I shared them, but always endeavoured to master them. As for the want of a connexion, I can only say that I knew but one attorney and solicitor in all London—my own Mr Runnington, (who dines with

me to-day;) but had I known none, I should not have been disheartened, so long as I had health of body and mind, and the means of pursuing my studies"——Here Lord Drelincourt's ear caught a faint and half-suppressed sigh, uttered by his companion.—"I did my best while engaged in the study of the law, and am sure that I shall never have occasion to regret it; and I frankly tell you, Staveley, I was as poor as a church mouse the whole time—over head and ears in debt; and, but for the kindness of this very Mr. Runnington, who lent me three hundred pounds, I never could have entered Mr. Mansfield's chambers, or formed your acquaintance."—While saying this, Lord Drelincourt was looking very keenly indeed at his companion.—"The law is a noble profession! I should have become an enthusiast in it had I continued to devote myself to its study and practice;—by the way, will you accept, as a little *memento* of our friendship—which I trust you will not break off, Stavely—my few law-books? Of course, I have no further occasion for those which relate to the more practical"—— Here one of the doors opened, and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey entered, looking each of them exceedingly lovely, and receiving Mr. Staveley with a delightful cordiality and courtesy, for they had often heard Lord Drelincourt mention his name. The other guests then made their appearance in quick succession; and Lord Drelincourt made a point of introducing Mr. Staveley, in very flattering terms, to the Chancellor, who received him with great urbanity, as indeed did Mr. Runnington. 'Twas truly a delightful dinner party—all were in high spirits. As for the Lord Chancellor, he took an opportunity of pressing on Lord Drelincourt the acceptance of an important office under the new government—one which they were exceedingly anxious to have satisfactorily filled, and to which would be annexed a seat in the cabinet. Lord Drelincourt, however, firmly declined the dazzling offer, on the plea of the repose which he felt to be requisite, both for his family and himself, and also the attention due to his private affairs, to which it would be necessary to devote his personal superintendence for some time to come. But to return for a moment to Mr. Staveley. Soon after he had sat down to breakfast the next morning, a servant of Lord Drelincourt's brought to his chambers a small parcel, which, in fact, consisted of the books of which his lordship had begged his acceptance overnight. With what peculiar interest did Mr. Staveley glance over them, finding in every page the slight pencil marks evidencing the careful reading of Lord Drelincourt. In laying down the first book which he had opened, something fell from it upon the floor, which, on his picking it up, proved to be a letter addressed to himself, in the handwriting of Lord Drelincourt. On opening it, what were his feelings on seeing it contain an enclosure of a draft on his lordship's banker for the sum of £300, which he begged Mr. Staveley to accept as a loan, to be repaid whenever and however he might think fit; and in terms of the most earnest delicacy, reminding him of the circumstance which his lordship had named overnight—namely, his own acceptance of a similar sum from Mr. Runnington. Mr. Staveley coloured under a conflict of emotions, which subsided quickly into one strong and deep feeling of gratitude towards his truly noble and generous friend; and that morning he wrote a letter, acknowledging in fitting terms the munificent act of Lord Drelincourt, and enclosing his note of hand for the amount, both of which, however, on his receiving them, Lord Drelincourt, with a good natured smile, put into the fire, that there might exist no evidence whatever of the transaction between himself and Mr. Staveley. His lordship did not even take Lady Drelincourt in this matter into his confidence.

At length every arrangement had been made in London for their quitting it, and at Yatton for their arrival. The last article of furniture, a magnificent piano for Lady Drelincourt, had gone down a fortnight since. Lord and Lady de la Zouch, together with Mr. Delamere, had been at Fotheringham for some time; and the accounts they gave in their letters of the scene which might be expected on the memorable occasion of Lord Drelincourt's taking possession of Yatton, threw them all into a flutter of excitement. From Mr. Delamere's accounts, it would seem as if the day of their arrival was to be a sort of jubilee. He himself had been to and fro twenty times between Yatton and Fotheringham; an entire unanimity of feeling existed, with reference to all the leading arrangements, between himself, Mr. Griffiths, Dr. Tatham, Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and the Earl and Countess of Oldacre, whom it had been deemed expedient to take into their confidence upon the occasion; and a difficult negotiation concerning a certain fine military band, belonging to a regiment stationed only eleven miles off, had been brought to a most satisfactory termination! Dr. Tatham wrote letters to them, especially to Miss Aubrey, almost every day, and, in fact, they all began to imagine themselves already at Yatton, and in the midst of the delicious bustle that was going on there. At length, the long-expected day for their setting off arrived—the 5th day of May, 18—. About ten o'clock in the forenoon might have been seen standing, opposite Lord Drelincourt's door in Dover Street, two roomy travelling carriages and four. Several newly-engaged servants had gone down two or three days before, in charge of a large van full of luggage; and in the first carriage were going only Lord and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey, his lordship's valet and Lady Drelincourt's maid sitting in the rumble behind; while the second carriage was occupied by little Charles and Agnes, and their attendants, together with Harriet, Miss Aubrey's faithful and pretty little maid. All having been at length completed, the word was given, crack went the whips, and away they rolled, every soul of them as full of glee as souls could be. There was an evident air of expectation and interest along the road, for a long while before they approached Yatton; for in fact it was generally known that Lord Drelincourt, who, it was believed, had passed through a series of romantic adventures, was going down to take possession of the ancient family estate in Yorkshire. How the hearts of the travellers yearned towards the dear old familiar objects on each side of the road, which, as they advanced at a rapid pace, they passed with increasing frequency! At length they reached the last posting-house, which was within twelve miles of Yatton, and there were manifest symptoms of preparation and excitement. Eight very fine horses were brought out in a twinkling, and the harness appeared both new and gay. Mrs. Spruce, the

landlady, together with her two daughters, all of them dressed with unusual smartness, stood at the inn door, curtsying repeatedly: and on Lady Drelincourt and Kate seeing them, they beckoned them to the carriage-door, and enquired after their health, with such a kindness and interest in their manner, as almost brought tears into their eyes.

"So you have not forgotten us, Mrs. Spruce?" asked Lord Drelincourt with a gay smile, as they handed a couple of glasses of water into the carriage, at the request of Lady Drelincourt and Kate, who were evidently getting very nervous, with their proximity to Yatton, and the exciting scenes which there awaited them.

"Oh, my lord, forgotten your lordship! No, my ladies, not for one minute since the dismal day you all went—my lord! There's *such* a stir, my ladies, along the road—you'll see it all when you get a mile further on!—Of course your lordship and your ladyships knows what's going to be done at the Hall"—

"Ah, ah! so I hear! Well—good day, Mrs. Spruce!" cried Lord Drelincourt, and the next moment they had dashed off in their last stage, and at a thundering pace, to be sure. It was nearly twelve o'clock at noon, and the day was bright and beautiful—and there was a fresh and exhilarating breeze stirring, that oft came laden with the rich scents of summer fields.

"Oh Agnes! oh Kate! what a contrast is this to the day on which our horses' heads, two years ago, were turned the other way!" exclaimed Lord Drelincourt; but received only a faint reply, for his companions were getting excited and restless with the rapidly increasing evidences of excitement on the road. As they advanced they overtook vehicles of every description, all containing people in gay holiday trim, and all with their horses' heads turned one way; viz. towards the great centre of attraction, Yatton. At length the increasing number of carriages, chaises, cars, gigs, vans, carts, wagons — many of them decked with ribands and flowers—compelled them to slacken their speed, and gave them fuller opportunities of witnessing the joyful enthusiasm with which their approach was greeted. Already they heard, or imagined they heard, from the direction of Yatton, the sounds of voices and music.

"I'm sure, Charles, I shall cry like a child"—quoth Kate, her eyes suddenly filling with tears; and such was the case also with Lady Drelincourt.

"And what, Kate, if you do?" cried her brother joyfully, kissing and embracing them affectionately.

"Gracious! Charles! Charles!—I declare there's old Granny Grimston—it is indeed!" cried Kate, as they passed an old-fashioned market cart, in which sat, sure enough, the good woman Miss Aubrey had mentioned, beside her daughter, to whom Kate waved her hand repeatedly—for it was to an old pensioner of the late Mrs. Aubrey's! Oh, what a sight burst upon them when they came to the turning of the road which brought them full in view of Yatton—the village and the Hall! They came too, to a dead stand still—'twas impossible to get on for some time, for they seemed to have got suddenly into the middle of some great fair! What a shout rent the air! Boughs of laurel, were waving in all directions, with wreaths and ribands! Beautiful nosegays were flung in through the carriage windows by men, women, and even children, all dressed in their best and gayest attire! Here was formed an equestrian procession that was to precede them into Yatton, consisting of some hundred stout Yorkshire yeomen, chiefly tenants of Lord Drelincourt and his neighbours. Louder and louder came the shouts of welcome from all quarters, before and behind, intermingled at length, as they entered the village, with the clash and clangour of cymbols, the thundering of drums, the sounds of trumpets, trombones, clarionets, and fifes. 'Twas really most exciting, and Lady Drelincourt and Kate were already amply fulfilling their own predictions. Their carriage suddenly stopped for some moments, and a louder shout than had yet been heard burst around them, while the band approached, playing "Rule Britannia!" followed by a procession of at least two hundred horsemen, headed by Delamere, and all wearing his bright blue colours! He thrust his hand into the carriage, and grasping those of each of them, again rode off. Here an attempt was made to take the horses out of Lord Drelincourt's carriage, which he peremptorily forbade acknowledging, however, the affectionate enthusiasm which prompted the proposal, by repeatedly bowing in all directions as they passed down the village. Flags and branches of laurel hung from almost every window, and the crowd had become so great as to prevent them frequently from moving on for more than a minute or two together. At length they saw the church, with its long, thin, gray spire — no doubt its bells were ringing as loudly as they could be rung, but they could not be heard; for the band at that moment, when within a few yards of the park-gates, struck up in fine style the inspiring air of "The King shall hae his own again!" A great number of carriages were drawn up on each side of the entrance to the park, and the high antique gates and stone pillars were covered with wreaths of flowers and branches of laurel. Immediately within the gates, upon each side, upon forms and stools, sat about a dozen of the oldest tenants on the estate, male and female, who, on the approach of Lord Drelincourt, lifted up their hands feebly towards heaven, while tears ran down their eyes, and they implored a blessing on those who were re-entering their own, after so long and cruel a separation from it. But here the eager and affectionate eyes of the travellers lit upon an object infinitely more interesting and affecting than any they had yet seen—'twas the venerable figure of Dr. Tatham, who, with his hat off, stood with his hand and his face elevated momentarily towards heaven, imploring a blessing upon those who were entering. Lord Drelincourt instantly called for the carriage door to be opened, and, within a moment or two's time he had grasped the little doctor's hands in his own; and Lady Drelincourt and Kate, having also hastily alighted, had thrown their arms around him and kissed him, with the feelings of two daughters towards a fond and venerable father. The little doctor was quite overcome, and could scarcely say a word—indeed, they were all much excited. At this point came

up Mr. Delamere, who had dismounted at the gate, and, placing Kate's arm hastily, and with a proud and triumphant air, within his own, while Lady Drelincourt was supported between her husband and Dr. Tatham, the two children following, with their attendants immediately behind, in this manner they approached the Hall, each side of the avenue being lined with the gaily-dressed gentry of the neighbourhood, collected from far and wide. When they reached the fine old gateway, there shot up suddenly into the air, upon a flagstaff planted upon the centre of the turret, a splendid crimson banner, while the band within the court-yard struck up the spirit-stirring air, one which no Englishman can listen to without excitement—"See the conquering hero comes!" The moment that they had passed under the old gateway, what a gay and brilliant scene presented itself! Upon the steps fronting the door, and indeed all around, stood the most distinguished persons in the county, ready to greet the new comers. There was the Lord-lieutenant, the High Sheriff, two of the country Members, Catholics and Protestants, High Tories and High Whigs—there they were—the high-born, the beautiful—all crowding with enthusiastic welcome around those who were thus returning to their own, after so extraordinary and infamous an exclusion and banishment. To Lady Drelincourt, to Miss Aubrey, to Lord Drelincourt himself, amidst the overpowering excitement of the moment, it appeared as though they were in a vivid and dazzling dream, and they felt completely confused and bewildered. Lady de la Zouch, and one or two others of their considerate friends, observing the painful excitement under which Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey were labouring, succeeded in withdrawing them for a while from the tumultuous and splendid scene into their chambers.

A splendid cold collation was spread in the hall for the immediate friends and guests of Lord Drelincourt, while an immense entertainment of a more substantial description, was prepared under an awning, upon the beautiful terrace at the back of the Hall, for about three hundred people, consisting principally of the tenantry, their families, and friends. (Half-a-dozen feasts were going on in the village, for those who were necessarily excluded from the terrace tables.) The substantial business of the day, viz. feasting, was to commence, both for gentle and simple, at three o'clock, shortly before which period Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey appeared in the drawing-room, and then in the hall, infinitely the better for their refreshing toilets. 'Tis true that their eyes looked somewhat impaired by the excessive emotions occasioned by the events of the day—for they had both been several times, during their brief absence, on the verge of hysterics. Yet for all that they looked a pair of as lovely women as dear Old England, rich in beauty as it is, could produce.

They both wore plain white muslin dresses, with small blue rosettes, which Lady de la Zouch had intimated would give a certain person infinite gratification—meaning the new member for the borough; for his colours were blue—whereof there was a modest glimpse in his own surtout. Lord Drelincourt also appeared greatly the better for his visit to his dressing-room, and was in the highest possible spirits—as well he might be, amidst a scene so glorious and triumphant as that around him; all people, high and low, rich and poor, without distinction of party, vying with one another in doing him honour, and welcoming him back to the halls of his ancestors. At length, it being announced that all was in readiness, before sitting down to their own banquet, Lord Drelincourt, with Lady Drelincourt on one arm and his sister on the other, and followed by Dr. Tatham, Mr. Runnington, and almost all his guests, passed along under the old archway that led over the bridge to the terrace, in order that the doctor might say grace before the feast began; and the instant that Lord and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey made their appearance, the shouting and clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, that ensued, defies description, completely overpowered Lady Drelincourt and Kate, and somewhat disturbed the equanimity of Lord Drelincourt himself. 'Twas several minutes before the least cessation occurred. At length, however, Mr. Griffiths, the steward, who was to preside on the occasion, succeeded in directing attention to Dr. Tatham, who stood uncovered ready to say grace, which he did as soon as there was a decent approach to silence; he, and those who had accompanied him, then returning to the hall. What a prodigious onslaught was instantly made on the enormous masses of beef, boiled and roast—the hams, the tongues, the fowls, and all the innumerable other good things which were heaped upon those hospitable tables! There was all *ad libitum*; and in addition to that, a bottle of port and of sherry to each mess of four, which latter viands, however, were generally reserved for the business that was to take place after the substantial part of the feast had been discussed.

According to a previous arrangement, about four o'clock intimation was given to the vast party upon the terrace, that Lord Drelincourt, accompanied by his guests, would come and take their seats for a short time at the head of the tables—his lordship occupying the place of Mr. Griffiths. After a great bustle, the requisite space was obtained at the head of the nearest table; and presently Dr. Tatham led in Lady Drelincourt, and Mr. Delamere, Kate; followed by Lord Drelincourt and all his guests—their arrival being greeted in the same enthusiastic manner as before. After they had selected their places, but before they had sat down, Dr. Tatham returned thanks amidst a sudden and decorous silence; and then, all having taken their places, had an opportunity of feasting their eyes with the sight of those who had been so cruelly torn from them, and so long estranged. Lord Drelincourt sat at the head of the table, with Lady Drelincourt on one side and his sister upon the other, both looking exceedingly animated and beautiful. Beside Kate sat Mr. Delamere his eyes greedily watching her every look and motion; and beside Lady Drelincourt sat Dr. Tatham, looking as happy and as proud as it was possible for him to look. After sitting for some minutes conversing with those immediately around him, during which time expectation had gradually hushed down the noise which had prevailed on their entering, Lord Drelincourt slowly poured out a glass of wine, his hand slightly trembling; and while Lady Drelincourt and Kate leaned down their heads, and hid

their faces in their handkerchiefs, he slowly rose amidst profound and respectful silence. His voice was at all times clear and melodious, his enunciation distinct and deliberate; so that every word he uttered could be heard by all present. There were grace and dignity in his countenance and gestures; and you felt, as you looked and listened to him, that he was speaking from his heart. Thus he began:—

"Oh, my friends! what a happy moment is this to me and mine! What thanks do I not owe to God for his great goodness in bringing us again together in our former relations of mutual and uninterrupted respect and affection! You must not expect me to say much now, for I cannot, because my heart is so full of love and respect to those whom I see around me, and of gratitude to God. May he, my dear friends, who is now beholding us, and marking the thoughts of our hearts, bless and preserve you all, and enable me never to give you cause to regret having thus affectionately welcomed me back again to my home. It pleased God, my friends, that I, and those whom you see near me, and whom I so tenderly love, should be torn away suddenly, and for a long time, from all that our hearts hold dear. The pangs it cost us—bear with me, my friends—the pangs it cost us"—here Lord Drelincourt could not go on for some moments. "We have, since we left you all, gone through much affliction, a little privation, and some persecution. It was all, however, God's ordering, and we have besought him that we might at all times feel and know it to be so; for then we shall not be impatient or rebellious. He is wiser and kinder in his dealings with us, my friends, than we are sometimes able to see; and as for myself, I think I can say that I would not have lost the lessons which my recent sufferings have taught me, for a thousand times my present advantages. May I never forget them!

"What has befallen me has satisfied me, and, I hope, you too, of the slight hold we have of those advantages which we consider ourselves surest of. Who can tell, dear friends, what a day or an hour may bring forth? And I hope I have also learned one of the great lessons of life, better than I knew it before—that cheerful resignation to the will of God is the only source of fortitude! Never, dear friends, when we are in our deepest difficulties and troubles, despair! Thank God, I never did, or you would not have seen me here to-day. God overrules every thing for the good of those who faithfully obey him; and in our own case, I can assure you, that the very things which we looked upon as the cruellest and hardest to bear of all that had happened to us, turned out to be the very means by which we have been restored to the happiness which we are now met to celebrate! See how good God has been to us! When I look around me, and see what I am permitted to enjoy, and know what I *deserve*, I tremble.

"You all know, of course, that it has pleased God to place us a little higher in point of mere worldly station than we were before; but I think you will find that it has made only this difference in us; namely, we are more sensible of the importance of the duties which we have to perform. 'Tis not, dear friends, the mere coronet which confers true distinction, but *how it is worn*. I, of course, have only succeeded by birth to that mark of distinction which the merit of some other person won for him. I trust I shall wear it with honour and humility, and that so will my son after me.

"And now, my dear friends, I must conclude. You see how much those who are sitting near me are affected." Lord Drelincourt paused for some time, and then in a lower tone resumed, "You may remember, some of you at least, the evening before we left Yatton; what you said to me"—here again he paused, and for some time. "I have never forgotten that evening; the thought of it has been like balm poured into a broken heart.

"I have heard that since I left you all, things have gone very differently from the way they went in my time. Oh, dear friends, there shall be no more extortion—there shall be no more oppression, at Yatton. I can, I think, answer for myself; and I think my little son will not take after his father if—you shall see my children presently—God bless you, dear friends! You see that I have now and then been overcome while speaking: I know you will bear with me. Were you in my place, and to look upon those whom I now look upon, you also would be overcome. But let our tears now pass away! Rejoice, dear friends, for it is a day of rejoicing! Be merry! be happy! I now from my heart drink—we all drink, all your healths! Here are health, and peace, and prosperity to you all! God bless you all!"

Lord Drelincourt raised his glass to his lips, and drank off the wine it contained, his hand visibly trembling the while. He then sat down, evidently much subdued; and as for Lady Drelincourt, Miss Aubrey, and Lady de la Zouch—nay every body present, they were deeply affected by the simple and affectionate address that had fallen from Lord Drelincourt, which was followed by a long silence that was infinitely more expressive than the most vociferous responses. After a while, the band commenced playing, in a very beautiful manner,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

There were heard several attempts, from time to time, from different quarters, to join in the chorus, but they were very faint and subdued; and Lord Drelincourt, perceiving the true state of the case, covered his face with his hands. Then, affectionately taking the hands of Kate and Lady Drelincourt, he whispered that all their past sufferings were surely that day richly recompensed; and fearing lest his presence and that of his guests might be a check upon the freedom and hilarity of the great company before him, he rose, and bowing courteously to all around, withdrew amidst most vehement and prodigious cheering. A few minutes afterwards, according to Lord Drelincourt's promise, Charles and Agnes were led in amidst a thousand exclamations of fondness and admiration, (they were really very beautiful children;) and having had a little drop of wine poured into each of their cups, they drank timidly, as they were told, to the health of all present, and then skipped hastily back whence they had come.

I shall not detain the reader with the description which I had prepared of the opening of Kate's school on the morrow; though I think he would like to have been present. A prettier school there is not in England; and if any thing could have in-

creased Kate's love for him who had taken such pains to please her in the matter, it was Dr. Tatham's informing her a morning or two afterwards, that Mr. Delamere had endowed her school with thirty pounds a year for ever. In proportion to Kate's sorrow on leaving her school upon the occasion of their all being driven from Yatton, it may easily be believed were her delight and gratitude for this its complete and more efficient restoration. The opening of that school by Dr. Tatham, in her presence, and also in that of Mr. Delamere, was doubtless an interesting ceremony, yet not to be compared, perhaps, with one that occurred one short month afterwards at Yatton, and in which the same three persons were principally concerned!

Here is a heavenly morning in June! and Kate lying trembling and with beating heart, alone, in that old-fashioned chamber of hers, in which she was first seen—or at least a faint and dim vision of her—by the reader. 'Tis very early, certainly; and as Kate hath passed a strange, restless night, she is at length closing her eyes in sleep; and as nothing is to be heard save yonder lark that is carrying his song higher and higher out of hearing every moment, she will sleep for a while undisturbed.

But now, rise Kate! rise! It is your wedding morning! Early though it be, here are your fair bridesmaids seeking admittance, to deck you in your bridal robes! Sweet Kate, why turn so pale, and tremble so violently? It is truly a memorable day, one long looked forward to with a fluttering heart—a day of delicious agitation and embarrassment; but courage, Kate! courage! Cannot these three beautiful girls who, like the Graces, are arraying you, as becomes your loveliness, with all their innocent arts and archness, provoke one smile on your pale cheek? Weep, then, if such be your humour; for it is the overflowing of joy, and will relieve your heart!—But hasten! hasten! your lover is below, impatient to clasp you in his arms! The maids of the village have been up with the sun gathering sweet flowers to scatter on your way to the altar! Hark, how merrily, merrily ring the bells of Yatton church!—Nearer and nearer comes the hour which cannot be delayed, and why, blushing and trembling maiden, should you dread its approach? Hark—carriage after carriage is coming crashing up to the Hall. Now your maidens are placing on your beautiful brow the orange blossoms—mysterious emblems!

"The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring," and a long flowing graceful veil, shall conceal your blushes!—Now, at length, she descends—and sinks into the arms of a fond and noble brother, whose heart is too full for speech, as is that of your sister! Shrink not from your lover, who approaches you, see how tenderly and delicately! Is he not one whom a maiden may be proud of? See the troops of friends that are waiting to attend you, and do you honour! Every where that the eye looks, are glistening gay wedding-favours, emblems of innocence and joy.—Come, Kate—your brother waits; you go with him to church, but you will come back with another! He that loves you as a father, the venerable minister of God, is awaiting your arrival! What a brilliant throng is in that little church!

Now her beautiful form is standing at the altar, beside her manly lover, and the solemn ceremony has commenced, which is to unite, with heaven's awful sanction, these two young and happy and virtuous hearts!

'Tis done! Kate Aubrey! Kate Aubrey! where are you? She is no more—but, as Mrs. Delamere, is sitting blushing and sobbing beside her husband, elate with pride and fondness, as they drive rapidly back to the Hall. In vain glances her eye at that splendid banquet, and she soon retires with her maidens to prepare for her agitating journey!

Well—they are gone! My pure and lovely Kate is gone! 'Tis hard to part with her! But blessings attend her! Blessings attend you both! You cannot forget dear YATTON, where all that is virtuous and noble will ever with open arms receive you!

THE END.

And now, dear friends! farewell for many a day!
If e'er we meet again, I cannot say.
Together have we travell'd two long years,
And mingled sometimes smiles, and sometimes tears!
Now droops my weary hand, and swells my heart,—
I fear good friends! we must for ever part.
Forgive my many faults! and say of me,
He hath *meant* well, who writ this history!

From the Edinburgh Review.

*Reuchlin, Geschichte von Port-Royal. Der Kampf der Reformirten und des Jesuitischen Katholicismus. 1ter Band: bis zum tode Angelica Arnauld.—(Reuchlin, History of Port-Royal. The Struggle of the Reformed and Jesuitical Catholicism. 1st vol. to the death of Angelique Arnauld.)* 8vo. Leipsic: 1839.

All religions, and all ages, have their saints; their men of unearthly mould; self-conquerors; sublime even in their errors; not altogether hateful in their very crimes. If a man would understand the dormant powers of his own nature, let him read the *Acta Sanctorum*. Or, if 'too high this price of knowledge,' let him at least acquaint himself with the legends of the later heroes of the Gallican Church. Of all ascetics they were the least repulsive. They waged war on dulness with the ardour of Dangeau and St. Simon, and with still better success. While macerating their bodies in the cloisters of Port-Royal, they did not cease to be French men and French women of the Augustan age. While practising the monastic virtue of silence, their social spirit escaped this unwelcome restraint, in a body of Memoirs as copious as those which record the splendour and miseries of Versailles. In a series of volumes, of which the above is the first, the author is about to tell their story in the language (vernacular and erudite) of his country and his times. A rapid sketch of it may be of use in directing the attention of our readers to one of the most remarkable episodes in ecclesiastical history.

He whose journey lies from Versailles to Chevreuse, will soon find himself at the brow of a steep cleft or hollow, intersecting the monotonous plain across which he has been passing. The brook which winds through the verdant meadows beneath him, stagnates into a large pool, reflecting the solitary Gothic arch, the water-mill, and the dovecot, which rise from its banks; with the farm-house, the decayed towers, the forest trees, the innumerable shrubs and creepers which clothe the slopes of the valley. France has many a lovelier prospect, though this is not without its beauty; and many a field of more heart-stirring interest, though this, too, has been ennobled by heroic daring; but through the length and breadth of that land of chivalry and of song, the traveller will in vain seek a spot so sacred to genius, to piety, and to virtue. That arch is all which remains of the once crowded monastery of Port-Royal. In those woods Racine first learned the language—the universal language—of poetry. Under the roof of that humble farm-house, Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, De Saci, and Tillemont, meditated those works, which, as long as civilization and Christianity survive, will retain their hold on the gratitude and reverence of mankind. There were given innumerable proofs of the graceful good-humour of Henry the Fourth. To this seclusion retired the heroine of the Fonde, Ann Genevieve, Duchess of Longueville, to seek the peace which the world could not give. Madame de Sevigné discovered here a place 'tout propre à 'inspirer le désir de faire son salut.' From the Petit Trianon and Marly, there came hither to worship God; many a courtier and many a beauty, heart-broken or jaded with the very vanity of vanities—the idolatry of their fellow mortals. Survey French society in the seventeenth century from what aspect you will, it matters not, at Port-Royal will be found the most illustrious examples of whatever imparted to that motley assemblage any real dignity or permanent regard. Even to the mere antiquarian, it was not without a lively interest.

At the eve of his departure to the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre, the good knight, Matthieu de Marli, cast a wistful gaze over the broad lands of his ancestors, and entrusted to his spouse, Mathilde de Garlande, the care of executing some work of piety by which to propitiate the Divine favour, and to insure his safe return. A Benedictine monastery, for the reception of twelve ladies of the Cistertian order, was accordingly erected, in imitation of the cathedral at Amiens, and by the same architect. Four centuries witnessed the gradual increase of the wealth and dignity of the foundation. Prelates of the houses of Sully and Nemours enlarged its privileges. Pope Honorius the III. authorized the celebration of the sacred office within its walls, even though the whole country should be lying under a papal interdict; and of the host consecrated on the profession of a nun, seven fragments might be solemnly confided to her own keeping, that, for as many successive days, she might administer to herself the holy sacrament. Yet how arrest by spiritual immunities the earthward tendency of all sublunary things! At the close of the reign of Henry IV., the religious ladies of Port-Royal had learned to adjust their 'robes à grandes manches' to the best advantage. Promenades by the margin of the lake relieved the tedium of monastic life. Gayer strains of music than those of the choir, might be heard from the adjacent woods; and if a cavalier from Paris or Chevreuse had chanced to pursue his game that way, the fair musicians were not absolutely concealed nor inexorably silent. So lightly sat the burden of their vows on those amiable recluses, that the gayest courtier might well covet for his portionless daughter the rank of their lady abbess.

Such at least was the judgment of M. Marion. He was advocate-general to Henry IV., and maternal grandfather of Jaqueline Marie Angelique and of Agnes Arnauld. Of the arts to the invention of which the moderns may lay claim, that of jobbing is not one. M. Marion obtained from 'the father of his 'people' the *coadjuterie* of the abbey Port-Royal for the high-spirited Jaqueline, then in her eighth year; and that of St. Cyr for the more gentle Agnes over whom not more than five summers had passed. The young ladies renounced at once the nursery and the world. A single step conducted them from the leading strings to the veil. Before the completion of her first decade, Angelique, on the death of her immediate predecessor, found herself, in plenary right, the abbess and ruler of her monastery; and, in attestation of her spiritual espousals, assumed the title and the name of the Mère Angelique, by which she has since been celebrated in the annals of the church.

To the church, however, must not be imputed this breach of ecclesiastical discipline. In the ardour of his parental affections, the learned advocate-general was hurried into acts for which he would have consigned a criminal of lower degree to the galleys. He obtained the requisite bulls from Rome by forged certificates of his grand-daughter's age; and to this treason against the holy see, Henry himself was at

least an accessary after the fact. Hunting in the valley of Port-Royal, the gay monarch trespassed on the precincts of the sacred enclosure. To repel the royal intruder, a child, bearing in her hand the crosier, which bespoke her high conventional rank, issued from the gates of the abbey at the head of a solemn procession of nuns, and rebuked her sovereign with all the majesty of an infant Ambrose. Henry laughed and obeyed. Marion's detected fraud would seem to have passed for a good practical joke, and for nothing more. In the result, however, no occurrence ever contributed less to the comedy of life, or formed the commencement of a series of events more grave or touching. It would be difficult or impossible to discover, in the history of the church, the name of any woman who has left so deep an impress of her character on the thoughts and the conduct of the Christian commonwealth.

The family of Arnauld held a conspicuous station among the noblesse of Provence, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In a later age, a member of that house enjoyed the singular honour of at once serving Catharine de Medicis as her procureur-general, and of defeating, sword in hand, at the head of his servants, the force sent to assassinate him on the day of St. Bartholomew. Returning to the bosom of the church, which had thus roughly wooed him, he transmitted his fortune and his office to his son, Antoine Arnauld, the husband of Catharine Marion. They were the happy parents of no less than twenty children. Of these the youngest was the great writer who has imparted to the name of Arnauld an imperishable lustre. Five of the daughters of the same house assumed the veil, in the abbey of Port-Royal. Their mother, Catharine Marion, was admitted in her widowhood into that society. Pomponne, the minister of Louis XIV.; Le Maitre, unrivalled among the masters of forensic eloquence in France; and De Saci, the author of the best version of the Holy Scriptures into the French language, were three of her grandsons. Before her death, the venerable matron had seen herself surrounded, in the monastery and the adjoining hermitages, by eighteen of her descendants in the first and second generations; nor until the final dispersion of the sisterhood, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, had the posterity of Antoine and Catharine Arnauld ceased to rule in the house of which the Mère Angelique had, seventy years before, been the renowned reformer.

To those who believe that the psychological distinction of the sexes may be traced to physical causes, and that, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, those distinctions will for ever disappear, the character of Angelique is less perplexing than to the advocates of the opposite theory. Her understanding, her spirit, and her resolves, were all essentially masculine. She was endued with the various faculties by which man either extorts or wins dominion over his fellow-men;—with address, courage, fortitude, self-reliance, and an unfaltering gaze fixed on objects at once too vast to be measured, and too remote to be discerned but by the all-searching eye of faith. Among the Israelites of old, she would have assumed the office of Judge; or would have given out oracles in the forests of ancient Germany. Born in the reign, and educated near the court of a Bourbon, the lighter and more gentle elements of her nature found exercise even under the paralysing influences of an ascetic life; for Angelique was gay and light of heart, and St. Benedict himself might have forgiven or applauded the playful sallies of his votary. In scaling the heights of devotion, she could call to her own aid, and that of others, all the resources of the most plaintive or impassioned music. To flowers, and the glad face of nature, she gave back their own smiles with a true woman's sympathy. With such literature as might be cultivated within the walls of her convent, she was intimately conversant; and would have eclipsed Madame de Sevigné's epistolary fame, had it been permitted to her to escape from theological into popular topics. Concentrated within a domestic circle, and bestowed on a husband or a child, the affections which she poured out on every human being who claimed her pity, would have burned with a flame as pure and as intense as was ever hymned in poetry or dreamt of in romance. A traveller on the highways of the world, she must have incurred every peril except that of treading an obscure and inglorious path. Immured by superstition in a cloister, she opened the way at once to sublunary fame and to an immortal recompense; and has left an example as dangerous as it may be seductive to feebler minds, who, in a desperate imitation of such a model, should hazard a similar self-devotion.

Angelique, indeed, might be fitted for a nunnery; for such was the strength, and such the sacred harmony of her spirit, that while still a sojourner on earth, she seemed already a denizen of heaven. When a child, she understood as a child; enjoying the sports, the rambles, and the social delights which the habits of Port-Royal had not then forbidden. With advancing years came deeper and more melancholy thoughts. She felt, indeed, (how could she but feel?) the yearnings of a young heart for a world where love and homage awaited her. But those mysteries of our being, of which the most frivolous are not altogether unconscious, pressed with unwonted weight on her. A spouse of Christ; a spiritual mother of those who sustained the same awful character—her orisons, her matins, and her vesper chants, accompanied by unearthly music and by forms of solemn significance; the Gothic pile beneath which she sat enthroned; and the altar where, as she was taught, the visible presence of her Redeemer was daily manifested—all spoke to her of a high destiny, a fearful responsibility, and of objects for which all sublunary ties might well be severed, and a sacrifice wisely made of every selfish feeling. Nor need a Protestant fear to acknowledge, that on a heart thus consecrated to the service of her Maker, rested the holy influence, familiar to all who meekly adore the great source of wisdom, and reverently acquiesce in his will. As a science, religion consists in the knowledge of the relations between God and man; as a principle, in the exercise of the corresponding affections; as a rule of duty, in the performance of the actions which those affections prescribe. The principle may thrive in healthful life and energy, though the science be ill understood, and the rule imperfectly apprehended. For, after all, the great command is love; and He from whom that command proceeded, is himself Love; and amidst all the absurdities (for such they were) of her monastic life, Angelique was still conscious of the presence of a Father, and found the guidance of a friend.

When, at the age of eleven years, Angelique became the abbess of Port-Royal, few things were less thought of by the French ladies of the Cisterian order than the rule of their austere founder. During the wars of the League, religion, by becoming a watchword, had almost ceased to be a reality; civil war, the apology for every crime, had debased the national character; and the profligacy of manners which the last generation expiated by their sufferings, may be distinctly paid back to the age of which Davilla has written the political, and Bassompierre the social history. Society will still exert a powerful influence even over those by whom it has been abandoned. When Gabrielle d'Etrees reigned at the Louvre, beads were told and masses sung in neighbouring cloisters, by vestals who, in heathen Rome, would have been consigned to a living sepulchre. In a monastery, the spiritual thermometer ranges from the boiling to the freezing point with but few intermediate pauses. From the ecstacies of devotion there is but one step to disgust, and thence to sensuality, for most of those who dare to forego the aids to piety and virtue which divine wisdom has provided in the duties and the affections of domestic life.

While this downward progress was advancing at Port-Royal, it happened that a Capuchin friar sought and obtained permission to preach there. Of the man himself, the chroniclers of the house have left a scandalous report; but they gratefully acknowledge the efficacy of his sermon. Angelique listened, and was converted. Such at least, is her own statement; and unstirred be all the theological questions connected with it. How deep was the impression on her mind, may be gathered from her own words:—'Often,' she exclaims, 'did I wish to fly a hundred leagues from the spot, and never more to see my father, mother, or kindred, dearly as I love them. My desire was to live apart from every one but God, unknown to any human being, concealed and humble, with no witness but himself, with no desire but to please him.' Her dignity as abbess she now regarded as a burden. Even her projected reforms had lost their interest. To live where her holy aspirations would be thwarted, and where examples of holiness would *not* be found, was to soar to a more arduous, and therefore a more attractive sphere of self-denial. That such fascinations should dazzle a young lady in her seventeenth year, is, it must be confessed, no very memorable prodigy; but to cherish no ineffectual emotions was one of the characteristics of the Mère Angelique, as it is, indeed, of all powerful minds. To abdicate her ecclesiastical rank, and by breathing a tainted moral atmosphere, to nourish by the force of contrast the loftier Christian graces, were purposes ultimately executed, though for a while postponed. She paused only till the sisterhood of Port-Royal should have acquired, from her example or teaching, that sanctity of manners in which her creed informed her that the perfection of our nature consists. To the elder ladies, the prospect had few charms. But the will of their young abbess prevailed. They laid at her feet their separate possessions, abandoned every secular amusement, and, closing the gates of their monastery against all strangers, retired to that uninterrupted discharge of their spiritual exercises to which their vows had consigned them. Much may be read in the conventual annals, of the contest with her family to which the Mère Angelique was exposed by the last of these resolutions. On a day, subsequently held in high esteem as the 'Journée du Guichet,' her parents and M. D'Andilly, her eldest brother, were publicly excluded, by her mandate, from the hallowed precincts, despite their reproaches and their prayers, and the filial agonies of her own heart. That great sacrifice accomplished, the rest was easy. Poverty resumed his stern dominion. Linen gave place to the coarsest woollens. Fasting and vigils subdued the lower appetites; and Port-Royal was once more a temple whence the sacrifices of devotion rose with an unextinguished flame to heaven, thence, as it was piously believed, to draw down an unbroken stream of blessings to earth.

Far different were the strains that arose from the neighbouring abbey of Maubisson, under the rule of Mde. d'Etrees. That splendid mansion, with its dependent baronies and forests, resembled far more the palace and gardens of Armida, than a retreat sacred to penitence and prayer. She was the sister of the too famous Gabrielle, to whose influence with Henry she was indebted for this rich preferment. Indulging without restraint, not merely in the luxuries but in the debaucheries of the neighbouring capital, she had provoked the anger of the king, and the alarm of the general of the order. A visitation of the house was directed. Madame d'Etrees imprisoned the visiters, and well nigh starved them. A second body of delegates presented themselves. Penances, at least when involuntary, were not disused at Maubisson. The new commissioners were locked up in a dungeon, regaled with bread and water, and soundly whipped every morning. Supported by a guard, the general himself then hazarded an encounter with the formidable termagant. He returned with a whole skin, but boasting no other advantage. Next appeared at the abbey gates a band of archers. After two days of fruitless expostulation, they broke into the enclosure. Madame now changed her tactics. She took up a defensive position, till then unheard of in the science of strategy. In plain terms, she went to bed. A more embarrassing manœuvre was never executed by Turenne or Condé. The siege was turned into a blockade. Hour after hour elapsed; night succeeded to day, and day to night, but still the abbess was recumbent—unapparelled, unapproachable. Driven thus to choose between a ludicrous defeat and a sore scandal, what Frenchmen could longer hesitate? Bed, blankets, abbess and all, were raised on the profane shoulders of the archers, lifted into a carriage, and most appropriately turned over to the keeping of the *Filles Penitentes* at Paris.

And now was to be gratified the lofty wish of Angelique to tread in the paths where, unsustained by any human sympathy, she might cast herself with an undivided reliance on the arm which she knew could never fail her. From the solemn repose of Port-Royal, she was called, by the general of the order, to assume the government of the ladies of Maubisson. Thetis passing from the ocean caves at the Grecian camp, did not make a more abrupt transition. At Maubisson, the compromise between religious duties and earthly pleasures was placed on the most singular footing. Monks and nuns sauntered together through the gardens of the monastery,

or angled in the lakes which watered them. Fetes were celebrated in the arbours with every pledge except that of temperance. Benedictine cowls and draperies were blended in the dance with the military uniform and the stiff brocades of their secular guests; and the evening closed with cards and dice and amateur theatricals, until the certain fell on scenes than which none could more require that friendly shelter. Toil and care might seem to have fled the place, or rather to have been reserved exclusively for the confessor. Even for him relief was provided. Considerately weighing the extent of the labours they habitually imposed on him, his fair penitents drew up for their common use certain written forms of self-arraignment, to which he, with equal tenderness, responded by other established forms of conditional absolution.

But the lady entered, and Comus and his crew fled the hallowed ground which they had thus been permitted to defile. She entered with all the majesty of faith, tempered by a meek compassion for the guilt she abhorred, and strong in that virgin purity of heart which can endure unharmed the contact even of pollution. 'Our health and our lives may be sacrificed,' she said to her associates in this work of mercy; 'but the work is the work of God:' and in the strength of God she performed it. Seclusion from the world was again established within the refectory and the domain of Maubisson. Novices possessing a 'genuine vocation' were admitted. Angelique directed at once the spiritual affairs of the convent.—All the details of a feudal principality, the education of the young, the care of the sick, the soothing of the penitents, the management of the perverse, the conduct of the sacred offices, alternately engaged her time; and in each she exhibited a gentleness, a gayety, and a firmness of mind, before which all resistance gave way. The associates of Madame d'Etrees retained their love of good cheer, and Angelique caused their table to be elegantly served. They sang deplorably out of tune, and the young abbess silently endured the discord which racked her ear. To their murmurs she answered in her kindest accents. Their indolence she rebuked only by performing the most menial offices in their service; and inculcated self-denial by assigning to herself a dormitory, which, to say the truth, would have much better suited the house dog. The record of the strange and even sordid self-humiliations to which she thought it right to bow, can hardly be read without a smile; but, whatever may have been the errors of her creed, a more touching picture has never been drawn of the triumphs of love and of wisdom, than in the record left by Madame Suireau des Anges of this passage of the life of Angelique Arnauld.

But Madame d'Etrees was not yet at the end of her resources. A company of young men, under the guidance of her brother-in-law Count de Sauzé, were observed one evening to loiter near the house of the *Filles Penitentes*. By the next morning she was under their escort at the gates of Maubisson. Burst open by main force, they again admitted the ejected abbess. The servant who opposed her entrance was chastised on the spot. Patients who now occupied as an hospital the once sumptuous chambers of the Abbatial lodge, instantly found themselves in much more humble lodgings. Cooks resumed their long neglected art, and Madame d'Etrees provided a dinner worthy of her former hospitality and her recent privations. But in the presence of Angelique, the virago was abashed. To intimidate or to provoke her rival proved alike impossible: it might be more easy to overpower her. De Sauzé and his confederates made the attempt. They discharged their pistols and flourished their drawn swords over her head, with unmanly menaces. She remained unmoved and silent. The screams which the occasion demanded, were accordingly supplied by the intrusive abbess. Clamour and outrage were alike ineffectual. At length Madame d'Etrees and her respectable confessor, aided by De Sauzé, laid their hands on Angelique, and thrust her from the precincts of the monastery. Thirty of the nuns followed her in solemn procession. Their veils let down, their eyes cast on the earth, and their hands clasped in prayer, they slowly moved to a place of refuge in the neighbouring town of Pontoise.

But alas, for the vanity of human triumphs!—waving banners, and burnished arms glitter through the advancing column of dust on the road from Paris to Maubisson. Scouts announce the approach of two hundred and fifty well appointed archers: Madame d'Etrees and her cavaliers escape by the postern. A desperate leap saves the worthless life of her confessor. Her partizan, the Mère de la Sure, 'a nun by profession, but otherwise resembling a trooper,' mounts through a trap door to a hiding-place in the ceiling, thence to be shamefully dragged by an archer whom she still more shamefully abused. Then might be seen through the gloom of night, a train of priests and nuns drawing near with measured steps to the venerable abbey; on either side a double file of cavalry, and in each horseman's hand a torch, illuminating the path of the returning exiles. Angelique resumed her benignant reign; but not in peace. Brigands led by De Sauzé, and encouraged by her rival, haunted the neighbouring forests, and though protected by the archers, the monastery remained in a state of siege. Shots were fired through the windows, and the life of Angelique was endangered. Strong in the assurance of divine protection, she demanded and obtained the removal of the guard. Her confidence was justified by the event. Madame d'Etrees was discovered, was restored to her old quarters at the *Filles Penitentes*, and in due time transferred—not without good cause—to the Chatelet; there to close in squalid misery, in quarrels, and intemperance, a career which might, with almost equal propriety, form the subject of a drama, a homily, or a satire.

For five successive years Angelique laboured to bring back the ladies of Maubisson to the exact observance of their sacred vows. Aided by her sister Agnes, the abbess of St. Cyr, she established a similar reform in a large proportion of the other Cistertain nunneries of France. All obstacles yielded to their love, prudence, and their self-devotion. A moral plague was stayed, and excesses which even the sensual and the worldly condemned, were banished from the sanctuaries of religion. That in some, the change was but from shameless riot to hypocritical conformity; that in others, intemperance merely gave way to mental lethargy; and that even the most exalted virtues of the cloister held but a subordinate and an equivocal place in the scale of Christian graces, is indeed but too true: yet assuredly it

was in no such critical spirit as this, that the labours of Angelique were judged and accepted by Him, in the lowly imitation of whom she had thus gone about doing good. 'She has done what she could,' was the apology with which he rescued from a like cold censure the love which had expressed itself in a costly and painful sacrifice; nor was the gracious benediction which rewarded the woman of Bethany withheld from the abbess of Port-Royal. To that tranquil home she bent her steps, there to encounter far heavier trials than any to which the resentment of Madame d'Etrees had exposed her.

Accompanied by a large number of the nuns of Maubisson, Angelique returned to the valley of Chevreuse. They brought with them neither silver nor gold, though rich in treasures of a far higher price in the account of their devout protectress. Poverty, disease, and death, were however in their train. Rising from the marshes below, a humid fog hung continually on the slopes of the adjacent hills, and the now crowded monastery was soon converted into one great hospital. But for a timely transfer of the whole establishment to a hotel purchased for them by the mother of Angelique in the Faubourg Saint Jaques at Paris, their remaining history might all have been compressed into a chapter on the influence of *malaria*.

The restoration of the community to health was not, however, the most momentous consequence of the change. It introduced the abbess to the society and the influence of Hauranne de Verger, the abbot of St. Cyran, one of the most memorable names in the ecclesiastical annals of that age. When Richelieu was yet a simple bishop, he distinguished among the crowd of his companions one whose graceful bearing, open countenance, learning, gayety, and wit, revealed to his penetrating glance the germs of future eminence. But to an eye dazzled by such prospects as were already dawning on the ambitious statesman, those which had arrested the upward gaze of his young associate were altogether inscrutable. With what possible motive De Verger should for whole days bury himself in solitude, and chain down that buoyant spirit to the study of the Greek and Latin fathers, was one of the few problems which ever engaged and baffled the sagacity of M. de Lucon. They parted; the prelate to his craft, the student to his books; the one to extort the reluctant admiration of the world, the other to toil and to suffer in the cause of pietry and truth. They met again; the cardinal to persecute, and the abbot to be his victim. Death called them both to their account; leaving to them in the world they had agitated or improved, nothing but historical names, as forcibly contrasted as they had been strangely associated.

Great men (and to few could that title be more justly given than to Richelieu) differ from other men chiefly in the power of self-multiplication; in knowing how to make other men adopt their views and execute their purposes. Thus, to subjugate the genius of St. Cyran, the great minister had spared neither caresses nor bribes. The place of first almoner to Henrietta of England, the bishoprics of Clermont and Bayonne, a choice among numerous abbacies, were successively offered and refused. "Gentlemen, I introduce to you the most learned man in Europe," was the courteous phrase by which the cardinal made known the friend of his youth to the courtiers who thronged his levee. But human applause had lost its charm for the ear of St. Cyran. The retired and studious habits of his early days, had not appeared more inexplicable to the worldly-minded statesman than his present indifference. Self-knowledge had made Richelieu uncharitable. Incredulous of virtues of which he detected no type in the dark recesses of his own bosom, he saw in his former companion a treacherous enemy, if not a rival. There were secrets of his early life of which he seems to have expected and feared the disclosure. St. Cyran was at least the silent, and might become the open enemy of the declaration by which the parliament and clergy of Paris had annulled the marriage of Gaston Duke of Orleans, to pave the way for his union with the niece of the cardinal. To his long-cherished scheme of erecting the kingdom of France into a Patriarchate in his own favour, there could arise no more probable or more dangerous opponent. To these imaginary or anticipated wrongs, was added another, which seems to have excited still more implacable resentment. An aspirant after every form of glory, Richelieu had convinced himself, and required others to believe, that his literary and theological were on a level with his political powers. He was the author of a Catechism where might be read the dogma, that contrition alone, uncombined in the heart of the penitent with any emotions of love towards the Deity, was sufficient to justify an absolution at the Confessional. One Seguenot, a priest of the Oratory, maintained and published the opposite opinion. Rumour denied to Seguenot the real parentage of the book which bore his name, and ascribed it to St. Cyran. From speculations on the love of God to feelings of hatred to man, what polemic will not readily pass, whether his cap be red or black? Seguenot's errors were denounced by the Sorbonne, and the poor man himself was sent to the Bastile, there, during the rest of his great opponent's life, to obtain clearer views on the subject of contrition. Impartial injustice required that the real, or imputed, should fare no better than the nominal author; and St. Cyran was conducted to Vincennes, to breathe no more the free air of heaven till Richelieu himself should be laid in the grave.

Never had that gloomy fortress received within its walls a man better fitted to endure with composure the utmost reverses of fortune. To him, as their patriarch or founder, the whole body of the Port-Royalists, with one voice, attribute not merely a pre-eminence above all their other teachers, but such a combination of intellectual powers and Christian graces, as would entitle him not so much to a place in the calendar, as to a place apart from, and above, the other luminaries in that spiritual galaxy. Make every deduction from their eulogies which a rational scepticism may suggest, and it will yet be impossible to evade the accumulated proofs on which they claim for St. Cyran the reverence of mankind. Towards the close of the first of the four volumes which he has dedicated to the attempt, Claude Lancelot confesses and laments the difficulty of conveying to others by words any definite image of the sublime and simple reality which he daily contemplated with more than filial reverence. He describes a man moving through the whole circle of the virtues which the Gospel inculcates, with a step so firm as to indi-

cate the constant aid of a more than human power, and with a demeanour so lowly as to bespeak a habitual consciousness of that divine presence. He depicts a moral hero, by whom every appetite had been subdued, and every passion tranquillised, though still exquisitely alive to the pains and enjoyments of life, and responding with almost feminine tenderness to every affectionate and kindly feeling—a master of all erudition, but never so happy as when imparting to little children the elementary truths on which his own heart reposed—grave, nay, solemn in discourse, but with tones so gentle, a wisdom so profound, and words of such strange authority to animate and to soothe the listener, that, in comparison with his, all other colloquial eloquence was wearisome and vapid—rebuking vice far less by stern reproof than by the contrast of his own serene aspect, at once the result and the reflection of the perfect peace in which his mind continually dwelt,—exhibiting a transcript, however rudely and imperfectly, yet faithfully drawn, of the great example to which his eye was ever turned, and where, averting his regard from all inferior models, it was his wont to study, to imitate, and to adore. In short, the St. Cyran of Lancelot's portraiture is one of those rare mortals whose mental health is absolute and unimpaired—whose character consists not so much in the excellence of particular qualities, as in the symmetry, the balance, and the well-adjusted harmonies of all—who concentrate their energies in one mighty object, because they live under the habitual influence of one supreme motive—who are ceaselessly animated by a love embracing every rational being, from Him who is the common parent of the rest, to the meanest and the vilest of those who were originally created in his image and likeness.

Nor was Lancelot a man inapt to discriminate. He was the author of the Port-Royal Grammars, Greek, Latin, and Italian, now fallen into disuse, but so well known to such of us as ploughed those rugged soils during the first ten years of the present century. His biographical labours are not without a tinge of his style as a grammarian;—a little tedious, perhaps, and not a little prolix and over-methodical, but replete in almost every page with such touches of genuine dignity in the master, and cordial reverence in the discipline—with a sympathy so earnest for the virtues he celebrates, and so simple-hearted a consciousness of his own inferiority—that, in the picture he undesignedly draws of himself, he succeeds more than in any other way in raising a lofty conception of the man by whom he was held in such willing and grateful subjugation. And he had many fellow-subjects. Richelieu himself had felt his daring spirit awed by the union, in the friend of his youth, of a majestic repose and unwearied activity, which compelled the great minister to admit that the heart of man might envelope mysteries beyond his divination. Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, and many others, eminent in that age for genius and piety, submitted themselves to his guidance in their studies as well as in their lives, with the implicit deference of children awaiting the commands of a revered and affectionate father. He was a most voluminous writer; but of his published works, one only attained a transient celebrity, and of that book his authorship was more than doubtful. If he did not disown, he never claimed it. Of the innumerable incidents recorded of him during his imprisonment at Vincennes, few are more characteristic than the sale of a considerable part of a scanty collection of books he had brought there, to purchase clothes for two of his fellow-prisoners, the Baron and Baroness de Beau Soleil. "I entreat you," he says to the lady to whom he gave this commission, "that the cloth may be fine and good, and befitting their station in society. I do not know what is becoming; but, if I remember, some one has told me that gentlemen and ladies of their condition ought not to be seen in company without gold lace for the men, and black lace for the women. If I am right about this, pray purchase the best, and let every thing to be done modestly, yet handsomely, that when they see each other, they may, for a few minutes at least, forget that they are captives.' It is in the moral, rather than in the intellectual qualities of St. Cyran, that his claim to the veneration of posterity must now be rested. He occupies a place in ecclesiastical history as the founder of Jansenism in France.

Of that system of religious belief and practice, the origin is to be traced to the joint labours of St. Cyran and Cornelius Jansen, during the six years which they passed in social study at Bayonne. Returning to his native country, Jansen became first a Professor of divinity at Louvain, and afterwards Bishop of Ypres. There he surrendered himself to a life of unremitting labour. Ten times he read over every word of the works of Augustine; thirty times he studied all those passages of them which relate to the Pelagian controversy. All the fathers of the church were elaborately collated for passages illustrative of the opinions of the Bishop of Hippo. At length, after an uninterrupted study of twenty years, was finished the celebrated *Augustinus Cornelii Jansenii*. With St. Austin as his text and guide, the good Bishop proceeded to establish, on the authority of that illustrious father, those doctrines which, in our times and country, have been usually distinguished by the terms Calvinistic or Evangelical. Heirs of guilt and corruption, he considered the human race, and each successive member of it, as lying in a state of condemnation, and as advancing towards a state of punishment; until an internal impulse from on high, awakens one and another to a sense of this awful truth, and infuses into them a will to fly from impending vengeance. But this impulse is imparted only to the few; and on them it is bestowed in pursuance of a decree existing in the divine intelligence before the creation of our species. Of the motives of their preference not even a conjecture can be formed. So far as human knowledge extends, it is referable simply to the divine volition: and is not dependent on any inherent moral difference between the objects of it, and those from whom such mercy is withheld. This impulse is not, however, irresistible. Within the limits of his powers, original or imparted, man is a free agent;—free to admit and free to reject the proffered aid. If rejected, it enhances his responsibility—if admitted, it leads him by continual accessions of the same supernatural assistance to an acquiescence in those opinions, to the exercise of those affections, and to the practice of those virtues, which collectively form the substance of the Christian system. Such is the general result of the labours of Jansen. On the day which

witnessed the completion of them, he was removed by the plague to a state of being where he probably learned at once to rejoice in the fidelity, and to smile at the simplicity of those sublunary toils. Within an hour of his death he made a will, submitting his work to the judgment of the Church of Rome, in the communion of which he had lived and was about to die. He addressed to Pope Urban the Eighth a letter, laying the fruits of his studies at the feet of his holiness, 'approving, condemning, advancing, or retracting, as should be prescribed by the thunder of the apostolic see.' Both the will and the letter were suppressed by his executors. Two years from the death of its author had not elapsed, before the *Augustinus* appeared in print. It was the signal of a contest which for nearly seventy years agitated the Sorbonne and Versailles, fired the enthusiasm of the ladies and the divines of France, and gave to her historians and her wits a theme, used with fatal success, to swell the tide of hatred and of ridicule—which has finally swept away the temporal greatness, and for a while silenced the spiritual ministrations, of the Gallican Church.

Having aided largely in the composition of this memorable treatise, St. Cyran exerted himself with still greater effect in building up a society for the maintenance and promulgation of the principles it established. Angelique Arnauld and the sisterhood of Port-Royal were now settled at Paris, but they were still the proprietors of the deserted monastery; and there were gradually assembled a college of learned men, bound by no monastic vows, and living according to no positive rule, Benedictine or Franciscan. They were chiefly disciples of St. Cyran, and under his guidance had retired from the world to consecrate their lives to penitence, to their own spiritual improvement, and to the instruction of mankind.

Of this number was Antoine Le Maitre. At the age of twenty-seven, he had been advanced to the rank of Councillor of State, and enjoyed at the bar an unrivalled reputation for learning and for eloquence. When he was to speak, even the churches were abandoned. Quitting their pulpits the preachers assisted to throng the hall of the palace of justice; and some of the most celebrated among them, actually obtained from their superiors a permanent dispensation from their ecclesiastical duties at such seasons, that they might improve in the arts of public speaking by listening to the great advocate. When he spoke, the delight of the audience broke out into bursts of applause, which the Judges were unable or unwilling to repress. 'I would rather be the object of those plaudits than enjoy all the glory of my Lord the Cardinal,' was the somewhat hazardous exclamation of one of his friends, as he joined, heart and hand, in the universal tumult. Far different was the estimate which his devout mother had formed of the prospects of her son. She was one of the sisters of Angelique Arnauld, and amidst the cares of conjugal life cherished a piety at least as pure and as ardent as ever burned in the bosom of a Carthusian. In the wealth and glory which rewarded his forensic eminence she could see only allurements, to which (so she judged) his peace on earth, and his meetness for a holier state of being beyond the grave, must be sacrificed. She mourned over his fame, and prayed that her child might be abased, that so in due season he might be exalted. It happened that his aunt Madame D'Andilly, in the last awful scene of life, was attended by her kindred, and amongst the rest by Le Maitre. Her fading eye was fixed on the crucifix borne in the hand of St. Cyran, as she listened to his voice, now subdued to its gentlest accents, and breathing hope, and peace, and consolation. It was as though some good angel had overpassed the confines of the earthly and the heavenly worlds, to give utterance, in human language, to emotions sacred as his own high abode, and to thoughts as lofty as his own celestial nature. The great orator listened, and wondered, and wept. An eloquence such as even his fervent imagination had never before conceived, enthralled and subdued his inmost soul. It was but a soft whisper in the chamber of death; but in those gentle tones, and to that weeping company, were spoken words, compared with which his own eloquence appeared to him trivial, harsh, and dissonant as the howlings of the forest. And when his dying relative's last sigh was heard, accompanied by the solemn benediction, 'Depart, O Christian soul! from this world, in the name of the Almighty God who created you,' Le Maitre felt that the bonds which attached him to that world were for ever broken. He yielded himself to the spiritual guidance of St. Cyran; resigned his office and his calling; and plunged into a retreat, where in solitude, silence, and continued penances, he passed the remaining twenty-one years of his life. By the advice of his confessor, the execution of this design was postponed till the close of the annual session of the courts. In the interval he resumed his ordinary employments, but the spirit which till then had animated his efforts was gone. He became languid and unimpressive; and one of the judges was heard to mutter, that, after all, the real power of Le Maitre was that of persuading to sleep. This was too much even for a penitent. Fixing his eye on the critic, he once more summoned his dormant strength, and pouring forth all the energies of his soul in one last and most triumphant speech, he for ever quitted the scene of his forensic glories. At Port-Royal he appropriately charged himself with the care of the proprietary interests of the house. A village judge in the neighbourhood was once attended by the illustrious advocate, on a question of the purchase of some bullocks. Astounded by his eloquence, (so runs the story,) the judge fell on his knees before the pleader, professing his unworthiness to preside in his presence, and imploring that they might exchange places. A more likely tale records that the booksellers had got up, during Le Maitre's retreat, an edition of his speeches full of interpolations and errors. At 'the request of friends,' though not with the consent of his confessors, the orator undertook a corrected edition. His spiritual guides interfered. They prescribed, as a new species of penance, that he should silently acquiesce in this inroad on his fame as a speaker. The penitent submitted, but not so the booksellers. They (worldly men!) talked loudly of violated promises, and of sheets rendered useless. He listened to discourses on the duty of mortifying these last movements of vain glory. Under the excitement of the dispute, his health, already enfeebled by his mode of life, gave way. A fever decided the question against the publishers; and Le Maitre was doomed at length to die the victim of the brilliant career he had so long and resolutely abandoned.

His brother Mons. de Sericourt was another of the converts of St. Cyran. De Sericourt had served with distinction under Condé. He was taken prisoner at the siege of Philipsberg, and effected his escape by leaping from the walls of the fortress at the imminent hazard of his life. Under the deep impression, which this incident left on his mind, of the protecting care of Providence, he returned to Paris, where his first object was to visit his brother, the report of whose retreat from the bar had filled him with astonishment. He found him (the words are Fontaine's) in a kind of tomb, where he was buried alive; his manner bespeaking all the gloom of penitence. De Sericourt was shocked, and in vain endeavoured to recognise Le Maitre in the person who stood before him. Immediately changing his demeanour, Le Maitre embraced his brother with looks full of gayety and spirit, exclaiming, 'Behold the Le Maitre of former days! He is dead to the world, and now desires only to die to himself. I have spoken enough to men. Henceforth I wish to converse only with God. I have exerted myself in vain to plead the cause of others. Now I am to plead my own. Do you intend to pay me the same compliment which I receive from the world at large, who believe and publish that I have gone mad!' Nothing could be more remote from the judgment of the soldier. Instead of regarding his brother as mad, he aspired to share his solitude, and succeeded. Under the direction of St. Cyran, he joined in the silence and austerities of the advocate. During the war of the princes he once more took up arms for the defence of Port-Royal; but his monastic life was soon brought to a close. Philipsberg had in reality been attended with less danger. At the age of thirty-nine, he died, a premature victim to fastings, vigils, confinement, and probably to ennui. Recruits for Port-Royal were but seldom drawn from the armies of the Most Christian King, and could hardly have been draughted from a less promising quarter.

In this memorable brotherhood there was yet a third, Louis Isaac Le Maitre de Saci. At the early age of fourteen he was placed by his aunt, the Mere Angelique, under the guidance of St. Cyran. From that prophetic eye the future eminence of his pupil was not hidden. 'God will restore him to you, for his death would probably be the greatest loss which the church could sustain'—was the prediction with which St. Cyran at once disclosed his own hopes and allayed the fears of De Saci's mother, as he watched over the sick-bed of her child. To ensure the fulfilment of those hopes, the mind of the boy was sedulously trained. Absolute, unhesitating submission to human authority, as representing the divine, was the cardinal principle of his education. Though himself one of the most conspicuous teachers of his age as a guide to others, he, on no single question, presumed to guide himself. If no other director could have been had, he would have placed himself under the direction of his valet, was the praise with which his friends expressed their admiration of his illustrious docility. By the advice or commands of St. Cyran, he accordingly, like his brothers, became one of the recluses of Port-Royal; and, like them, transferred to the support of the monastery all his worldly wealth. With them also he surrendered himself up to penitence, to solitude, and to silence; and in their company supplied his emaciated frame with food which rather mocked than satisfied its wants. Le Maitre thus describes one of the *petits soupers* of Port-Royal:—'It is, you know, but a slight repast which they serve up for us in the evening; but it engages my brother De Saci as completely as the most sumptuous meal. For my own part, such is the warmth of my temperament, the end of my good cheer follows so hard on its beginning, that I can hardly tell which is which. When all is over with me, and I have nothing left to do but to wash my hands, I see my brother De Saci, as composed and as serious as ever, take up his quarter of an apple, peel it deliberately, cut it up with precision, and swallow it at leisure. Before he begins, I have more than half done. When his little all is over, he rises from table as light as when he sat down, leaving untouched the greater part of what was set before him, and walks off as seriously as a man who had been doing great things, and who never fasted except on fast-days.' Poor Le Maitre! the gay spirit which had animated the palace of justice had its transient flashes even in his 'living tomb;' though the smile was in this case lighted up at an absurdity which had well nigh conducted his brother to that tomb where all life is extinct. Under these solemn parodies on what usually goes on at the dinner table, De Saci pined away; and was rescued, not without extreme hazard, from the effects of his suicidal abstemiousness. He returned from the gates of death with a spirit unsubdued and undaunted; for it was animated by hopes, and sustained by convictions which gave to that last enemy the aspect and the welcome of a friend. Admitted, in reluctant obedience to his confessor, to ordination as a priest, he assumed the office of director to the recluses of either sex at Port-Royal. Nature struggled in the bosom of Le Maitre against laying bare all the secrets of his soul to the inspection of his younger brother. But authority prevailed. Their mother led the way, by placing herself under the direction of her son. Blaize Pascal himself meekly took the law of his conscience from the same revered lips. Days of persecution followed; and De Saci was driven from his retreat, and confined for more than two years in the Bastile. There was fulfilled the prediction of St. Cyran. Fontaine, the bosom friend of De Saci, was the associate of his prison hours. They were hours of suffering and of pain. But they had been ill exchanged for the brightest and the most joyous passed by the revellers in the gay city beneath them. In those hours, De Saci executed, and his friend transcribed, that translation of the Holy Scriptures which to this moment is regarded in France as the most perfect version in their own or in any other modern tongue. While yet under the charge of St. Cyran, the study of the divine oracles was the ceaseless task of De Saci. In mature life, it had been his continual delight; in the absence of every other solace, it possessed his mind with all the energy of a master passion. Of the ten thousand chords which there blend together in sacred harmony, there was not one which did not awaken a responsive note in the heart of the aged prisoner. In a critical knowledge of the sacred text, he may have had many superiors, but none in that exquisite sensibility to the grandeur, the pathos, the superhuman wisdom, and the awful purity of the divine original, without which none can truly apprehend, or accu-

rately render into another idiom, the sense of the inspired writers. Even the habitual prostration of his judgment to a human authority, believed to be divine, aided him as a translator. It forbade, indeed, the correction of errors, but it imparted freedom and confidence to the expression of all that he acknowledged as truth. Protestants may with justice except to many a passage of De Saci's translation; but they will, we fear, search their own libraries in vain for any, where the author's unhesitating assurance of the real sense of controverted words permits his style to flow with a similar absence of constraint, and an equal warmth and glow of diction.

Fontaine, the humble companion of his biblical labours, had also been one of the penitents of De Saci. He was a man of learning, and his 'Memoires sur M. M. de Port-Royal,' bespeak a nature gentle, affectionate, and devout. But to saturate his memory with the discourse of minds more exalted than his own, and to minister to them in collating or transcribing the books on which they were employed, limited his humble desires. He was successively the amanuensis of De Saci, and the secretary of the 'great Arnauld.' With the exception of Pascal, a name so great does not appear among the disciples of St. Cyran, or the inmates of Port-Royal.

Antoine Arnauld was the youngest child of the parents of the Mere Angelique: he was consequently the uncle of Le Maitre, De Sericourt, and De Saci. From his earliest years the reputation of his genius and learning had rendered him the object of universal notice and expectation. Richelieu himself is recorded to have stolen silently into his chamber, to enjoy the unpremeditated conversation of the young student. The cardinal had no apparent reason to dread that in this case his advances would be repulsed; for Arnauld possessed several rich benefices, dressed in the fashion, and even kept a carriage. But repulsed they were, and by the influence of the man to whom similar allurements had been presented in vain. In his dungeon at Vincennes, St. Cyran received a visit from the young abbe. That almost magical influence was again exerted with irresistible power. Arnauld renounced his preferments, assumed the garb of penitence, and became the companion of his nephews, Le Maitre and Sericourt, in their austere retirement. This abandonment of the world was not, however, so absolute, but that he still sought the rank of a *socius* or fellow of the Sorbonne. By the authority of Richelieu, his claims were rejected. But not even the cardinal could obstruct the advancement of so eminent a scholar and divine to the dignity of a doctor in divinity. 'To defend the truth, if necessary, to the death,' was in those days one of the vows of such a graduate—vows, it is to be feared, light as air with most men, but, in this instance, engraven as with a pen of iron on the soul of the new professor of theology. A year had scarcely elapsed since he had received from the lips of his dying mother an adjuration to be faithful in the defence of truth at the expense, were it possible, of a thousand lives. Touched with the coincidence of his academical oath and of this maternal precept, he thenceforward existed but to combat for what he at least esteemed the truth; and endured poverty, exile, and reproach, as he would have cheerfully submitted to death, in that sacred warfare. In controversy he found his vocation, his triumph, and perhaps his delight. The author of more than a hundred volumes, he was engaged in almost as many contests. His great work, *La Frequente Communion*, is essentially controversial. He warred with the Jesuits as a body; and with several of their most eminent writers, as Sirmond, Nouet, and De Bonis, he carried on separate debates. Apologies for St. Cyran, Jansenius, and for the ladies of Port-Royal, flowed copiously from his ever ready pen. He assailed the metaphysical meditations of Des Cartes, and Malebranche's theory of Miracles. Even with his friend and associate, Nicole, he contended, on an attempt to apply certain geometrical principles to the solution of some problems in divinity. Claude, Maimbourg, and Annat, were among his adversaries. The mere list of his works occupies twenty-six closely printed octavo pages. A rapid analysis of them fills a large volume. If that compilation may be trusted, (he would be a bold man who should undertake to verify it,) the vast collection of books which bear the name of Antoine Arnauld scarcely contains a tract, except those on mathematics, in which he is not engaged in theological or scientific strife with some antagonist. In the catalogue, of course, appears the celebrated treaties *De la Perpetuite de la Foi sur l'Eucharistie*, a work rewarded with higher applause than any other of his avowed writings. Twenty-seven Bishops and twenty Doctors prefaced it with eulogies on the learning, piety, talents, and orthodoxy of the illustrious authors. He dedicated it to Clement IX., and was repaid with the most glowing compliments. Perhaps a still more gratifying tribute to his success was the conversion to the Roman Catholic faith of Turenne, of which this book was the occasion; and yet nothing is more certain than that the real author was not Arnauld, but Nicole. In the title-page of a book, designed to refute the formidable Claude, the two friends judged the name of a Doctor of the church would avail more than that of a simple *tonsure*—a literary and pious fraud, which it is impossible to excuse; and, on the side of Nicole, an example of zeal for a man's cause triumphing over his love of fame, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. Such, however, was the height of Arnauld's reputation, and such the affluence of his mind, that it is scarcely reasonable to attribute this disengenuous proceeding to selfish motives. Few men have been more enamoured of the employments, or less covetous of the rewards, of a literary life. For nearly threescore years he lived pen in hand, except when engaged in devotion, or in celebrating the offices of the church of Port-Royal on occasions of peculiar dignity. His was one of those rare natures to which intellectual exertion brings relief rather than lassitude; thus giving to feebler understandings the assurance, that the living spirit which is in man, if disunited from the burdens of mortality, would be capable of efforts commensurate with an immortal existence.

His book, *De la frequente Communion*, was the commencement of the seventy years religious war which ended in the destruction of Port-Royal. To restore the severe maxims of Christian antiquity respecting the spiritual qualification of communicants, and thus to raise a standard of church membership incomparably more exalted than that which prevailed in his own generation, was the avowed object of Arnauld.

His scarcely concealed purpose was to chastise the lax morality to which the Jesuits had lent their sanction; and to repel their attacks on the more rigid system of St. Cyran. Revised in his prison by that father of the faithful, and sheltered by the commendation of divines of every rank and order, the book—forbearing in style, lofty in sentiment, replete with various learning, and breathing an eloquence at once animated by unhesitating faith, and chastened by the most profound humility—broke like a peal of thunder over the heads of his startled antagonists. Such was the fury of their resentment, that the Marshal de Vihé sagaciously observed, 'There must be some secret in all this. The Jesuits are 'never so excited when nothing but the glory of God is at stake.' Though at first struck down by the censures of a conclave of Bishops, with Mazarin at their head, Nouet, the great advocate of the society, returned again and again to the assault. Pulpits fulminated, presses groaned. On the one side, the Sorbonne invoked the aid of the civil power, then in feeble hands; on the other, the Jesuits appealed to the Papal See, then rising in new vigour from the disasters of the preceding century. Arnauld was cited by the Pope, and required by the Cardinal minister of France to appear in his own defence at Rome. Against this infringement of the Gallican liberties, the university, the Sorbonne, and the Parliament of Paris remonstrated, but Mazarin was inflexible.

The Holy See took cognizance of the cause, though the person of the accused was beyond their reach. In his absence, that infallible tribunal decided not to let the world know whether, of the thirty erroneous opinions imputed to Arnauld, twenty and nine were heretical or not. Arnauld himself, however, was unable to stand his ground. For twenty-five years together, he was compelled to live in a voluntary concealment; which his enemies had not the power, nor perhaps the wish, to violate. His retirement was passed in the monastery of Port-Royal, or in one of the adjacent hermitages.

That ancient seat of their order had now been long deserted by his sister Angelique and her associates. Their residence at Paris had not been unfruitful of events. They had exchanged the jurisdiction of the general of their order for that of the archbishop of Paris. On the resignation of Angelique, the abbatial dignity had been made elective in their house. An ineffectual scheme of devoting themselves to the perpetual adoration of the Holy Eucharist, had deeply exercised their thoughts. Occasional miracles had awakened or rewarded their piety. An inspired litany (so it is believed) had fallen insensibly from the pen of sister Agnes, which eight Doctors censured, St. Cyran vindicated, and the Pope suppressed. From his prison at Vincennes, their great apologist directed their consciences, and guided them to the office of educating children of their own sex—a wise and happy project, which brought back into the sphere of ordinary duties, minds soaring with indefinite aims into the regions of mysticism, and wasting, in efforts for an ideal perfection, talents eminently fitted to bless and to improve mankind. To restore the sisterhood to the quiet valley where their predecessors had worshipped, was the next care of St. Cyran. True it threatened their lives; but 'is it not,' he asked, 'as well to serve God in an hospital as in a church, if such be his pleasure?' 'Are any prayers more acceptable than those of the afflicted?' Angelique's heart had a ready answer to such questions from such an enquirer. In that sequestered church where angels, and a still more awful presence, had once dwelt, they could not but still abide, (such was his assurance,) and she returned to seek them there. She came attended by a large proportion of the ladies of Port-Royal, hailed by the poor and aged, whom in former times she had cherished, and welcomed by her kinsmen and the companions of their religious solitude. It was their first and only meeting. Les Granges (a farm-house on the hill-side) became the residence of the recluses, the gates of the monastery closing on the nuns. Bound by no monastic vows, the men addressed themselves to such employments as each was supposed best qualified to fill. Schools for the instruction of youth in every branch of literature and science were kept by Lancelot, Nicole, Fontaine, and De Saci. Some laboured at translations of the fathers, and other works of piety. Arnauld applied his ceaseless toils in logic, geometry, metaphysics, and theological debate. Physicians of high celebrity exercised their art in all the neighbouring villages. Le Maitre and other eminent lawyers addressed themselves to the work of arbitrating in all the dissensions of the vicinage. There were to be seen gentlemen working assiduously as vine-dressers; officers making shoes; noblemen sawing timber and repairing windows; a society held together by no vows; governed by no corporate laws; subject to no common superior; pursuing no joint designs, yet all living in unbroken harmony; all following their respective callings; silent, grave, abstracted, self-afflicted by fastings, watchings, and humiliations—a body of penitents on their painful progress through a world which they had resolved at once to serve and to avoid. From year to year, till death or persecution removed them from the valley of Port-Royal, the members of this singular association adhered pertinaciously to their design; nor among their annals will be found more, we think, than a single name on which rests the imputation of infidelity, or fickleness of purpose. To the nuns, indeed, no such change was possible. Like the inhabitants of Les Granges, they employed themselves in educating the children of the rich and the poor, in almsgiving, and in other works of mercy. Their renunciation of secular cares was combined (no common alliance) with an entire superiority to all secular interests. Angelique, now the elected abbess, and in that character the ruler of the temporalities of the convent, exhibited a princely spirit of munificence—nourished and sustained by the most severe and self-denying economy. She and her sisterhood reserved for themselves little more than a place in their own list of paupers. So firm was her reliance on the Divine bounty, and so abstemious her use of it, that she hazarded a long course of heroic improvidence, justified by the event and ennobled by the motive; but at once fitted and designed rather to excite the enthusiasm of ordinary mortals, than to afford a model for their imitation. Buildings were erected both at Port-Royal de Paris, and Port-Royal des Champs; in the serene majesty of which the worshipper might discern an appropriate vestibule to the temple made without hands, towards which his adoration was directed. Wealth was never permitted to introduce, nor poverty to exclude any candidate

for admission as a novice or a pupil. On one occasion twenty thousand francs were given as a relief to a distressed community; on another, four times that sum were restored to a benefactress, whose heart repented a bounty which she had no longer the right to reclaim. Their regular expenditure exceeded by more than sevenfold their certain income; nor were they ever disappointed in their assurance, that the annual deficiency of more than forty thousand francs would be supplied by the benevolence of their fellow Christians. What was the constraining force of charity, Angelique had learned from the study of her own heart, and she relied with a well-founded confidence in the same generous impulse in the hearts of others. The grace, the gayety, and tenderness of her nature, which might have embellished courts and palaces, were drawn into continual exercise to mitigate the anguish of disease, to soothe the wretched, and to instruct the young. Her hands ministered day and night to the relief of those whose maladies were loathsome or contagious, and her voice allayed their terrors. With playful ingenuity she would teach her associates how to employ the vestments, the furniture, and, when other resources failed, even the sacred plate of the monastery, in clothing the naked, though it left themselves in want, and in feeding the hungry, though it deprived themselves of all present resources. While distributing not merely to the necessities of the indigent, but to the relief of persons of her own rank in life, there was in the bosom of Angelique a feeling which revolted, not against dependence on alms, for her vows of poverty required it, but against soliciting aid even from her nearest kindred;—a feeling condemned as human, perhaps, in her stern self-judgment, but assuredly one of those emotions which the best of our race are the last to relinquish. And if it be true, as true it surely is, that to the culture and exercise of the benevolent affections as an ultimate end, all other ends of human life—knowledge, practical skill, meditative power, self-control, and the rest—are but subservient means, who shall deny to such a course of life as that of the nuns of Port-Royal, the praise of wisdom, however ill he may judge of the wisdom which established and maintained conventical institutions? Some affections, indeed, they could not cultivate. Two of the deepest and the richest mines of their nature, maternal and conjugal love, lay unwrought and unexplored. Yet they lived, as wisdom we are told ought to live, with children round their knees; training them for every office in life, if not with a mother's yearnings, with perhaps something more than a mother's prudence. Over this singular theocracy, male and female, presided St. Cyran, exercising from his dungeon a supreme authority; and under him ruled Antoine Singlin, the general confessor both of the recluses and the nuns. In the conduct of souls, (such is the appropriate style,) Singlin was supposed to excel all the professors of that most critical science. Pascal, De Saci, and Arnauld sat at his feet with childlike docility. Ministers of state, advocates, and bishops, crowded reverently round his pulpit; yet by the confession, or rather the boast, of his disciples, he was distinguished neither by learning, talents, nor eloquence. The mystery of his absolute dominion over intellects so incomparably superior to his own, is partly, at least, dispelled by what remains of his writings. They indicate a mind at once discriminating and devout, conversant alike with human nature and with the Divine, exerting all its powers to penetrate the labyrinth of man's heart, and recruiting these powers by habitual communion with the source of wisdom.

Guided by such pastors, the Port-Royalists were following out a progress more tranquil than that of John Bunyan's Pilgrim, when the wars of the Fronde rudely scattered the shepherd and the flock. Most of the nuns fled for refuge to Paris, but the recluses (they were Frenchmen still) appeared three hundred strong, in defence of their sequestered valley. Above their hair-shirts glittered coats-of-mail. As the last notes of the anthem died away, the trumpet summoned the worshippers to military exercises. Spears and helmets flashed through the woods—plumes waved over many a furrowed brow—intrenchments, which may still be traced, were thrown up; and the evening-gun, the watch-word, and the heavy tread of cavalry, broke a silence till then undisturbed, except by the monastic choir, or the half-uttered prayer of some lonely penitent. De Sericourt felt once again his pulse beat high as he drew out the martial column, and raised the long-forgotten words of peremptory command. But ere-long a voice more subdued, though not less peremptory, was heard to silence his. De Saci's heart mourned over this reliance on an arm of flesh. Watching the first pause in the new enthusiasm of his associates, he implored them to lay aside their weapons; and in long-suffering to submit themselves and their cause to the Supreme Disposer of events. At an instant the whole aspect of Port-Royal was changed. Students returned to their books, penitents to their cells, and handicraftsmen to their ordinary labours. It was a change as sudden and as complete as when, at the bidding of the Genius, the crowded bridge and the rushing river disappeared from the eyes of Mirza, leaving before him nothing but the long hollow Valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing on the sides of it.

To one inmate of Port-Royal the terrors of an impending war had brought no disquietude. Angelique remained there, the guardian angel of the place. Hundreds of ruined peasants were daily fed by her bounty. 'Perhaps I shall not be able' (the quotation is from one of her letters written at the time) 'to send you a letter to-morrow, for all our horses and asses are dead with hunger. Oh! how little do princes know the detailed horrors of war. All the provender of the beasts we have been obliged to divide between ourselves and the starving poor. We have concealed as many of the peasants and of their cattle as we could, in our monastery, to save them from being murdered and losing all their substance. Our dormitory, and the chapter-house are full of horses;—we are almost stifled by being pent up with these beasts, but we could not resist the piercing lamentations of the starving and heart-broken poor. In the cellar we have concealed forty cows. Our court-yards and out-houses are stuffed full of fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese, and asses. The church is piled up to the ceiling with corn, oats, beans, and peas, and with caldrons, kettles, and other things belonging to the cottagers. Our laundry is filled by the aged, the blind, the maimed, the halt, and infants. The infirmary is full of sick and wounded. We have torn up all our rags and linen clothing to

dress their sores; we have no more, and are now at our wits' end. We dare not go into the fields for any more, as they are full of marauding parties. We hear that the abbey of St. Cyran has been burned and pillaged. Our own is threatened with an attack every day. The cold weather alone preserves us from pestilence. We are so closely crowded, that deaths happen continually. God, however, is with us, and we are at peace.'

That inward peace which Angelique was thus enabled to maintain during the horrors of civil war, was soon to be exposed to a more arduous trial. To the baffled antagonists of Arnauld, Port-Royal was an abomination. There dwelt in safety their intended victim, plying his dreaded pen, surrounded by his kindred, his scholars, and his allies; and all engaged in the same contest with the casuistry, the theology, and the morals of the society of Jesus. Against these devoted enemies one Brisacier, a Jesuit, led the assault. His articles of impeachment bore that they despised the Eucharist, that they had neither holy water or images in their churches, and that they prayed neither to the Virgin nor the Saints. Vain the clearest refutation of calumnies so shocking to Catholic ears, and vain the archiepiscopal thunders which rebuked the slanderer. Father Megnier, of the same holy company, denounced to the astonished world a secret conspiracy against the religion of Christ, the leaders of which were the Abbot of St. Cyran and Antoine Arnauld—the Voltaire and the Diderot of their age. But human credulity has its limits, and Megnier had overstepped them. For a moment the assailants paused; but at last, the womb of time, fertile in prodigies, gave birth to the far-famed 'five propositions' of Father Coruet—a palpable obscure, lying in the dim regions of psychological divinity, and doomed for successive generations to perplex, to exasperate, and to overwhelm with persecution, or with ridicule, no inconsiderable part of the Christian world. That these five dogmas on the mystery of the divine grace, were to be found within the *Augustinus* of Jansenius, was not the original charge. They were at first denounced by Coruet as opinions drawn from the work of the Bishop of Ypres, by Arnauld and other Doctors of the Gallican Church, and by them inculcated on their own disciples. Innocent the Tenth condemned the propositions as heretical; and to the authority of the Holy See, Arnauld and his friends implicitly bowed. In a woodcut prefixed to this papal constitution by the triumphant Jesuits, Jansenius appeared in his episcopal dress, but accoutred with the aspect, the wings, and the other well-known appendages of an evil spirit, around whom were playing the lightnings of the Vatican. The man and the heresy thus happily disposed of, a single question remained,—Were the peccant propositions to be found in the *Augustinus?* Arnauld declared that he had studied the book from end to end, and could not find them there. That there they were nevertheless to be found, the Jesuits as strongly asserted. To have quoted by chapter and page the offensive passages, would have spoiled the most promising quarrel which had arisen in the Church since the close of the Tridentine Council. Still-born must then have perished the ever-memorable distinction of the *droit* and the *fait*—the *droit* being the justice of the papal censure, which all Catholics admitted—the *fait* being the existence, in the *Augustinus*, of the censured propositions, which all Jansenists denied. The vulgar mode of trial by quotation, being discarded, nothing remained but trial by authority. Annat, the King's Confessor, a Jesuit in religion, and Mazarin, the King's Minister, a Jesuit in politics, each, from different motives, found his account in humiliating the Port-Royalists. Selected by them, a conclave of Parisian Doctors decreed that the five propositions were in the book, and should be in the book. A papal bull affirmed their sentence, and then a second conclave required all the ecclesiastics, and all the religious communities of France, to subscribe their assent to the order which had thus affiliated these bastard opinions on poor Jansenius. That such a defender of the faith as Antoine Arnauld, should receive their mandate in silence, the authors of it neither wished nor expected. In words exactly transcribed, though not avowedly quoted, from Chrysostom and Augustine, he drew up his own creed on the questions of grace and free-will; and in good round terms acquitted the Bishop of Ypres of having written more or less. A third conclave censured the apologist, unconscious apparently that their fulminations would reach the holy fathers of Constantinople and Hippo. They at least reached the object at which they in reality aimed. 'Could the most Christian King permit that penitent recluses and young children should any longer assemble for instruction, under the influence of a man convicted of heresy on the subject of efficacious grace, and unable or unwilling to find in the *Augustinus* what the Pope himself had said might be found there?' Anne of Austria listened, Mazarin whispered, and she obeyed. Armed with her authority, her lieutenants appeared at Port-Royal to restore Les Granges and the forests around it to their ancient solitude; and then had for ever fallen the glories of that sacred valley, but for an incident so strange and opportune, as to force back the memory to the precipitate descent from Mount Ida of the Homeric Deities, to rescue, in the agony of his fate, some panting hero on the field of Troy.

Mademoiselle Perrier was the niece of Blaize Pascal. She was a child in her eleventh year, and a scholar residing in the monastery of Port-Royal. For three years and a half she had been afflicted with a *fistula lacrymalis*. The adjacent bones had become carious, and the most loathsome ulcers disfigured her countenance. All remedies had been tried in vain; the medical faculty had exhausted their resources. One desperate experiment remained—it was the actual cautery. For this the day was appointed, and her father had set out on a journey to be present at the operation. Now it came to pass that M. de la Potherie, who was at once a Parisian ecclesiastic, a great-uncle of Angelique and of Arnauld, and an assiduous collector of relics, had possessed himself of one of the thorns composing the crown of which we read in the Evangelists. Great had been the curiosity of the various convents to see it, and the ladies of Port-Royal had earnestly solicited that privilege. Accordingly, on the 24th of March, in the year 1656, the day of the week being Friday, and the week the third in Lent, a solemn procession of nuns, novices, and scholars, moved along the choir of the monastic church, chaunting appropriate hymns, and each one, in her turn, kissing the holy relic. When the turn of Mademoiselle Perrier arrived, she, by the advice

of the school-mistress, touched her diseased eye with the thorn, not doubting that it would effect a cure. She regained her room, and the malady was gone! The cure was instantaneous and complete. So strict, however, was the silence of the abbey, especially in Lent, that, except to the companion who shared her chamber, Mademoiselle Perrier did not at first divulge the miracle. On the following day the surgeon appeared with his instruments. The afflicted father was present; exhortations to patience were delivered; every preparation was complete, when the astonished operator for the first time perceived that every symptom of the disease had disappeared. All Paris rang with the story. It reached the ear of the queen-mother. By her command, M. Felix, the principal surgeon to the king, investigated and confirmed the narrative. The royal conscience was touched. Who but must be moved with such an attestation from on high, of the innocence of a monastery divinely selected as the theatre of so great a miracle! Anne of Austria recalled her lieutenant. Again the recluses returned to their hermitages; the busy hum of schoolboys was heard once more at Port-Royal; and in his ancient retreat Arnauld was permitted to resume his unremitting labours.

Time must be at some discount with any man who should employ it in adjusting the 'balance of improbabilities' in such a case as this. But there is one indisputable marvel connected with it. The greatest genius, the most profound scholar, and the most eminent advocate of that age, all possessing the most ample means of knowledge, all carefully investigated, all admitted, and all defended with their pens, the miracle of the Holy Thorn. Europe at that time produced no three men more profoundly conversant with the laws of the material world, with the laws of the human mind, and with the municipal law, than Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre; and they were all sincere and earnest believers. Yet our Protestant incredulity utterly rejects both the tale itself and the inferences drawn from it, and but for such mighty names, might yield to the temptation of regarding it as too contemptible for serious notice.—Why is this?—a question which volumes might be well employed to answer. In this place, a passing notice is all that can be given to it.

Antecedently to their investigation of the evidence, Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre, may be supposed to have reduced their reasonings on the subject to the following syllogism:—The true Church is distinguished from all others by the perennial possession of miraculous gifts: but the Church of Rome is the true church. Therefore, when a miracle is alleged to have happened within her fold, the presumption is not against, but in favour of the truth of the statement; and therefore, aided by that presumption, credit is due in such a case to testimony which would be insufficient to substantiate the fact under any other circumstance. *Negamus majorem.* It is not in the spirit of paradox, far less in that of irreverence or levity, that we would maintain the reverse—namely, that a church, really distinguished by the permanent exercise of miraculous powers, would presumably be *not* a true church, but a false.

Probability is the expectation of the recurrence of usual sequences. Certainty is the expectation of the recurrence of sequences believed to be invariable. The disappointment of such an expectation may be the disclosure of some uniform sequence hitherto unknown; that is, of one of the laws of nature, or it may be a miracle—that is the disturbance of those laws by some power capable of controlling them.—He who alleges a miracle, alleges the existence of natural laws; for there can be no exception where there is no rule. Now, to ascribe the laws of nature to any power but that of God is atheism. To ascribe a *habitual* infringement of these laws to powers at once subordinate and opposed to the divine, is consistent alike with piety and with reason. The analogies of natural and revealed religion not only permit, but require, us thus to judge. For example; the moral law of God is love. That law is habitually infringed by human selfishness. Submission to the legitimate exercise of legitimate authority, is a law from Heaven. That law is habitually infringed by human self-will. That within the range of his powers of action, man should be a free agent, is the divine law. That law, as we learn from the Gospels, was habitually infringed in the case of demoniacs. That the blood of the dead should corrupt and not liquefy; that houses should be built and not fly; that diseases should be cured by therapeutics, or not at all, are all physical laws of nature—that is, of God. Those physical laws, we are told, are habitually infringed within the fold of the Roman Catholic Church. Be it so. But if so, what is the inference? That the Roman Catholic Church is the depository of divine truth, and the special object of divine favour?—We wot not. Where such truth resides, and such favour rests, there will be a harmony, not elsewhere to be found, with the general laws of the divine economy, and the general principles of the divine government. The law is higher than the anomaly. The rule is more worthy than the exception. That conformity to the eternal ordinances of Heaven, whether psychological or physical, should indicate the possession of truth and holiness in a church, is intelligible. That a systematic counteraction of any such ordinances should indicate the same, is not intelligible. If in any society any law of the divine government is habitually reversed, the inference would seem to be, that such a society is subject to the control of some power opposed to the divine. Will it be answered that every disturbance of the laws of God must proceed from the author of those laws, and attest his agency and approbation? Why so? His moral laws are violated every instant by rebel man, why not his physical laws by rebel angels? Moses and Paul, and that divine teacher to whom Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre bowed their hearts, and desired to bow their understandings, all assure us that this is no impossible supposition. Or will it be answered that such reasonings impugn the miracles of Christ himself? If so, we at least abandon them as fallacious; for, sooner should our right hand forget its cunning, than be employed to write one word having that tendency. But the cases are utterly dissimilar. Assume the reality both of the series of miracles recorded in the gospels, and of the perennial series of miracles recorded in the Roman Catholic legends, and it is perfectly consistent to discern in the one the seal of truth, and in the other the impress of error. Our Redeemer's miracles blend in perfect harmony, though not in absolute unison, with those laws, physical and moral, which he established in the creation, and fulfilled in the redemption of the

world. In their occasion—in their object—in their fulfilment of prophecy—in their attendant doctrine—and in their exceptional character, they are essentially distinguished from the perennial miracles of Rome. These are in absolute discord with the laws which the miracles of Christ fulfil. If compelled to believe them true, we should not be compelled to refer them to a divine original. But that the truth of such stories as that of the Holy Thorn should ever have commanded the assent of such men as Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre, is, after all, a standing wonder, and can be accounted for only by remembering that they assumed as inevitable, and hailed as invaluable, an inference which, as it seems to us, is not to be drawn from the premises, even if established.

Judge as we may of the miraculous attestation to the innocence of Port-Royal, which commanded the assent of Pascal, sentence is irreversibly passed by mankind on the prodigies wrought, at the same time and in the same cause, by the pen of that wonder-working controversialist. In the whole compass of literature, ancient and modern, there is probably nothing in the same style which could bear a comparison with the 'Provincial Letters.' Their peculiar excellence can be illustrated only by the force of contrast; and, in that sense, the 'Letters of Junius' may afford the illustration. To either series of anonymous satires must be ascribed the praise of exquisite address, and of irresistible vigour. Each attained an immediate and a lasting popularity; and each has exercised a powerful influence on the literature of succeeding times. But here all resemblance ends. No writer ever earned so much fame as Junius, with so little claim to the respect or gratitude of his readers. He embraced no large principles; he awakened no generous feelings; he scarcely advocated any great social interest. He gives equally little proof of the love of man, and of the love of books. He contributed nothing to the increase of knowledge, and but seldom ministered to blameless delight. His topics and his thoughts were all of the passing day. His invective is merciless and extravagant; and the veil of public spirit is barely thrown over his personal antipathies and inordinate self-esteem. No man was ever so greatly indebted to mere style; yet, with all its recommendations, his is a style eminently vicious. It is laboured, pompous, antithetical—never self-forgetful, never flowing freely, never in repose. The admiration he extorts is yielded grudgingly; nor is there any book so universally read which might become extinct with so little loss to the world as 'The Letters of Junius.' Reverse all this, and you have the characteristics of the 'Provincial Letters.' Their language is but the transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought. It moves with such quiet gracefulness as entirely to escape attention, until the matchless perspicacity of discussions, so incomprehensible under any management but his, forces on the mind an enquiry into the causes of so welcome a phenomenon. Pascal's wit, even when most formidable, is so tempered by kindness, as to show that the infliction of pain, however salutary, was a reluctant tribute to his supreme love of truth. His playfulness is like the laugh of childhood—the buoyancy of a heart which has no burden to throw off, and is gay without an effort. His indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious: it is but philanthropy kindling into righteous anger and generous resentment, and imparting to them a tone of awful majesty. The unostentatious master of all learning, he finds recreation in toils which would paralyse an ordinary understanding; yet so sublimated is that learning with the spirit of philosophy, as to make him heedless of whatever is trivial, transient, and minute, except as it suggests or leads to what is comprehensive and eternal. But the canons of mere literary criticism were never designed to measure that which constitutes the peculiar greatness of the author of the 'Provincial Letters.' His own claim was to be tried by his peers—by those who, in common with him, possess a mental vision purified by contemplating that light in which is no darkness at all, and affections enlarged by a benevolence which, having its springs in heaven, has no limits to its diffusion on earth. Among his ascetic brethren in the valley of Port-Royal, he himself recognised the meet, if not the impartial judges of his labours. They hailed with transport an ally who, to their own sanctity of manners, and to more than their own genius, added popular arts to which they could make no pretension. Perhaps they were taught by the excellent M. Singlin to regard and censure such exultation as merely human. That great spiritual anatomist probably rebuked and punished the glee which could not but agitate the innermost folds of Arnauld's heart, as he read his apologists exquisite analysis of the *Pouvoir Prochain*, and of the *Graces Suffisantes qui ne sont pas efficaces*. For history records the misgivings of Mademoiselle Pascal, how far M. Singlin would put up with the indomitable gayety which would still chequer with some gleams of mirth her brother's cell at Les Granges, even after his preternatural ingenuity had been exhausted in rendering it the most desolate and cheerless of human abodes.

Whatever may have been his treatment of his illustrious penitents, the good man was not long permitted to guide them through their weary pilgrimage. The respite obtained for Port-Royal by the Holy Thorn and the 'Provincial Letters,' expired with the death of Mazarin and with the authority of the Queen-mother. Louis began, as he believed, to act for himself—a vain attempt for a man who could never think for himself. The genius, such as it was, of the dead minister, had still the mastery over the inferior mind of the surviving monarch. Louis had been taught by the Cardinal to fear and to hate De Retz, Jansenism, and Port-Royal. Poor Singlin was therefore driven away, and in due time consigned to the Bastille. At the bidding of the King, a synod of the clergy of France drew up an anti-Jansenist test, to be taken by all ecclesiastics, and by all religious communities, male and female; fortified, of course, by effective penalties. They were all required to subscribe their names to a declaration that the 'five propositions,' in their heretical sense, were to be found in the *Augustinus*, with no exception in favour of those who had never seen the book, or of those who could not read Latin. Nor was this an ineffectual menace. Blow after blow fell on those who refused, and even on those who were expected to refuse, thus to condemn the Bishop of Ypres. Port-Royal was foremost among such obdurate recusants. Their schools, male and female, were dispersed. Arnauld and the other recluses were banished from the valley. The admission of novices and postu-

lantes was interdicted to the abbess; and her ancient monastery was threatened with suppression as contumacious and heretical.

Angelique Arnauld was now sinking under the pressure of infirmity and of old age. Half a century had elapsed since the commencement of her reforms, and her tale of threescore years and ten had been fully told; but ere she yielded her soul to him who gave it, she rose from her dying bed to make one more effort for the preservation of the house, so long devoted, under her guidance, to works of mercy and to exercises of penitence and prayer. Surrounded by a throng of weeping children, and by her elder associates maintaining their wonted composure, she, for the last time, quitted Port-Royal des Champs, giving and receiving benedictions, and went to die at the convent of Port-Royal de Paris. She found the gates guarded, and the court-yards filled by a troop of archers, the executioners of the royal mandate for expelling the scholars, novices, postulantes, and other unprofessed inmates of the house. During eight successive days, one after another of these helpless women was torn from the place around which their affections had twined; and from the arms of the dying mother, whom they loved with the tenderness of children, and regarded with more than filial reverence. Seventy-five persons were thus successively separated from her, as from hour to hour she descended to the tomb, under bodily and mental sufferings described with fearful minuteness in the obituaries of Port-Royal. 'At length our good Lord has seen fit to deprive us of all. Fathers, sisters, disciples, children—all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Such was her announcement to Madame de Sevigné of the emptying of this first vial of kingly wrath. To the Queen-mother, she addressed herself in a loftier, though not in a less gentle tone. At each momentary remission of her agonies, she dictated to Anne of Austria a letter, long and justly celebrated as a model of epistolary eloquence. It has no trace of debility, still less of resentment. Her defence is as clear and as collected, as though, in the fulness of health, she had been conducting the cause of another. Without a reproach or a murmur, she exposes the wrongs of her sisterhood, and the error of her persecutors. For herself she asks no sympathy; but, from the verge of the world she had so long renounced, and was now about to quit for ever, she invokes from the depositories of worldly power, the justice they owed to man, and the submission due to the ordinances of heaven. 'Now, my earthly business is done!' was her grateful exclamation as this letter was closed; and then commenced a mental and bodily strife, recorded, perhaps, but too faithfully by her biographers. These pages, at least, are no fit place for the delineation of a scene over which the sternest spectator must have wept, and the most hardened must have prayed fervently for the sufferer and for himself. From the dark close of a life so holy and so blameless, and from the hope, and peace, and joy, which at length cast over her departing spirit some radiance from that better state on the confines of which she stood, lessons may be drawn which we have no commission to teach, and which are perhaps best learned without the intervention of any human teacher. Yet, even in Port-Royal itself, there were not wanting some to whom this admonition of the vanity of human things was addressed in vain.

Among that venerable society, the Sœur Flavie Passart was unrivalled in the severity of her self-discipline, and the spendour of her superhuman gifts. As often as illness confined her to her bed, so often did a miracle restore her. The dead returned to her with messages from the other world. No saint in the calendar withheld his powerful influence in the court of heaven when she invoked it. Like many wiser folks, Sœur Flavie discovered at last, and doubtless to her own surprise, that she had become (there are none but masculine terms to express it) a liar and a knave. The same discovery was opportunely made by her associates, and arrested her progress to the elective dignities of the abbey. A penitent confession of her Jansenist errors, a denunciation of the more eminent ladies of Port-Royal as her seducers, and a retraction of her heretical belief in the innocence of Jansenius, might, however, still pave her way to the abbatial throne. So judged the Sœur Flavie, and so decided M. Perifixe, the then archbishop of Paris. She merely asked the imprisonment of twenty-six of her rivals. He cheerfully accorded so reasonable a boon. Repairing in pontifical state to the Parisian monastery, he again tendered the anti-Jansenist test. Angelique was gone; but her spirit and her constancy survived. The simple-hearted nuns thought that it would be a mere falsehood to attest the existence of 'five propositions' in a book which they had never seen, and could not read; and truth, they knew, was the command of God, let Pope, Cardinal, or Archbishop, say what they would to the contrary. Perifixe interdicted their admission to the holy sacrament. 'Well, my lord,' they replied, 'there is in heaven a Judge who reads the heart, and to him we commend our cause.' 'Ay, ay,' rejoined the exemplary prelate, 'when we get to heaven it will be time enough to consider that, and see how things go there.'

Eight days elapsed; and still no change of purpose, no subscription to the test. Preceded by his crosier, the mitre on his brows, his train borne by ecclesiastics, and followed by a long line of archers, the Archbishop reappeared. Much he discoursed respecting his own mildness, and much of the obduracy of the nuns. In proof of both, twenty-three of their number were conveyed to separate places of confinement. But the fruits of her treachery were not reaped by the Sœur Flavie. By the influence of the Archbishop, the Sœur Dorothée Perdreau was elected abbess. That lady established her residence at Paris; she effected a final separation of the two monasteries; and gave entertainments at the Parisian convent which might vie with the most brilliant of any which formed the boast of the neighbouring hotels. For ten months her exiled sisters remained in prison. Perifixe then ordered their return to Port-Royal des Champs, there to be excluded from the sacraments of the church, and to die unanointed and unannealed. The recluses of the valley were to be seen there no more. They lived in hiding-places, or pined away in dungeons. Singlin died of extremity of suffering in the Bastille. It must be admitted that if the existence of the 'five propositions' in the *Augustinus* was not verified by the attestation of a score or two of old ladies, Louis and his clergy have

not to bear the responsibility of so great a misfortune to the church.

Twelve years before, the miracle of the Holy Thorn and the genius of Pascal had rescued Port-Royal from impending destruction. A person scarcely less unlike the common herd of mortals than the author of the 'Provincial Letters,' and whose elevation had been owing to events which some may think more miraculous than the cure of Pascal's niece, now interposed in their behalf, and with not inferior success.

Anne Genevieve de Bourbon was born in the year 1619, in the castle of Vincennes, where her father, Henry, Prince of Orleans, was then confined. The misfortunes of her family, and especially the execution of the Constable Montmorency, her maternal uncle, had predisposed in early youth, to serious thought, a mind distinguished to the last by an insatiable craving for strong emotions. To renounce the world, and to take the veil among the sisterhood of Carmelites of the Faubourg St. Jaques, were the earliest of the projects she had formed to baffle the foul fiend ennui. A counter-project, devised by her mother, was, that the young princess should present herself at a court ball. Maternal authority, perhaps inclination, on the one side, and conscientious scruples on the other, balanced and distressed the spirit of the high-born maiden. She betook herself for guidance to the Faubourg St. Jaques. A council on the arduous question was held with all the forms, conventual and theatrical, which the statutes of the order and the fancy of the nuns required or suggested. As presidents, sat two of their number, one impersonating the grace of Penitence, the other the virtue of Discretion. From the judgment-seat so occupied, went forth the sentence that Anne Genevieve de Bourbon should attend the ball, and should surrender herself 'de bonne foi' to all the dress and ornaments prepared for her; but that in immediate contact with her person she should be armed with the penitential girdle, commonly called a *cilice*. Above the talisman which thus encircled that young and lovely form, glowed the bright panoply of the *marchande des modes*. Beneath it throbbed a heart responsive in every pulse to the new intoxication. Penitence and Discretion took their flight, no more to return, till after the lapse of many a chequered year, the *cilice* was again bound over a heart, then, alas! aching with remorse, and bowed down with the contrite retrospect of many a crime and many a folly. At the Hotel de Rambouillet, she was initiated, with her brother, afterwards 'the great Condé,' into the Parisian mystery of throwing over the cold hard lineaments of downright selfishness, the fine woven draperies of polite literature, of sentimentality, and of taste. She had scarcely read any books; but she could discourse eloquently on all. Mistress of the histrionic art, all words fell bewitchingly from a voice with which every look, and gesture, and attitude, combined in graceful harmony. De Retz notices the exquisite effect of the sudden bursts of gayety which would at times dispel her habitual, but not inexpressive languor. Sarazin and Voiture were proud to receive their laurels from her hand, or to beg them at her feet. Statesmen and generals sought, or seemed to seek, her counsels. Even her mitred correspondents infused into their pastoral admonitions a delicacy and a glow of language, which reveal alike her skill to fascinate, and their desire to please.

Vows of celibacy no longer promised an escape from lassitude. At the age of twenty-three, she gave her hand to Henry D'Orleans, Duc de Longueville, who had already numbered forty-seven years. The Duke repaired as plenipotentiary to the conferences at Munster. The Duchess remained at Paris, the idol of the court. Unexplored, at least by us, be the scandalous chronicle of a scandalous age.—She rejoined him in time to shelter, if not entirely to save her reputation. As she floated down the Meuse in a royal progress, (for such it really was,) the sister of Condé was received with more than royal honours. Troops lined the banks; fortresses poured forth their garrisons to welcome her approach; the keys of Namur, then held by Spain, were laid at her feet; complimentary harangues hailed her arrival at Liege, Maestricht, and Ruremonde; and amidst the roar of cannon, and the acclamations of ten thousand voices, the triumphant beauty was restored to the arms of her husband. At Munster she exhibited the state and splendour of a crowned head. But her heart was depressed by ennui, if not agitated by more guilty emotions. Tours were undertaken, palaces built, wars of etiquette successfully waged with rival princesses; diplomatic intrigues twisted and untwisted; but gloom still settled in the spirits of her to whose diversion all other minds were ministering. She returned to Paris. Condé had exalted the glories of her house. Mazarin got up an Italian opera for her amusement. Benserade and Voiture referred to her award the question then agitating the whole Parisian world, of the comparative excellence of their rival sonnets. She became a mother. On every side the tedium of existence was assailed by new excitements; but melancholy still brooded over her. Relief was however at hand. The dissensions, the wars, the intrigues of the *Fronde*, filled the void which nothing else could fill. Her share in that mad revel is known to all the readers of De Retz, La Rochefoucalt, De Monspensier, and De Motteville. Her younger brother, the Prince de Conti, was but a puppet in her hands. With Condé, she quarrelled one day, and made it up the next. De Retz was alternately her ruler and her dupe. Marsaillac alone acquired a lasting influence over her mind. He flattered, amused, animated, and governed her, to whose government alone the factious and the frivolous were alike willing to bow. With her infant in her arms, she appeared on the balcony, at the Hotel de Ville, 'beautiful,' says De Retz, 'with her dress apparently, but not really, neglected, while at the Grève, from the pavement to the tiles, was a countless multitude of men shouting with transport, and women shedding tears of tenderness.' Never did mob-idolatry assume a more bewitching aspect. Hushed into affectionate silence were the harsh voices of the many-headed monster, as the peerless dame gave birth to 'Charles Paris,' her second son. Crowded even was that sick chamber with black-robed councillors, and plumed officers, soliciting her commands for the defence of the blockaded capital. Peace came, and she met almost on equal terms the haughty widow and mother of the kings of France. For her brother and her husband, she demanded and obtained the government of provinces; for herself, a state ball at the Hotel de Ville, with the presence of the queen mother to grace her triumph; for Marsaillac the entrée at the Louvre in

his carriage; for his wife a tabouret. There are limits to human endurance. Against the entrée and the tabouret the whole nobility of France awoke in generous resentment. Astræa once more took her flight. Condé, Conti, and poor De Longueville himself, were conducted to Vincennes; our heroine fled to Normandy. Besieged in the castle of Dieppe, she escaped on foot, and, after a march of some leagues along the coast, reached a fishing boat, which lay at anchor there, awaiting her arrival. A storm was raging; but, in defiance of all remonstrances, she resolved to embark. In an instant she was struggling for life in the water. Rescued with difficulty, but nothing daunted, she mounted behind a horseman, and for fifteen days evaded the pursuit of her enemies, in mean and desolate hiding places.—At length, reaching Havre, an English vessel conveyed her to Rotterdam. From that disastrous eclipse she emerged with undiminished splendour. From Stenay, Turenne advanced to meet her at the head of all his forces. She became a party with him to the convention by which the King of Spain bound himself to maintain the war with France till the liberation of the three captive princes; and sixty thousand crowns were promised for the support of the table and equipages of Turenne and the Princesse de Longueville. That more tender bonds than those of war and treason did not unite them, is ascribed by her biographers to her preference for one La Moussaye, the commandant of Stenay. There she braved the denunciations of her sovereign, opposing one manifesto to another, and adding to her other glories the praise of diplomatic eloquence. Again the centre of all intrigue, the delirium, whether ambitious or voluptuous, of her heart, yielded for a while (and where beats the heart which is not enigmatical?) to remembrances, at once bitter and soothing, of the Carmelites of St. Jaques, with whom, in days of youth and innocency, she had joined in far different aspirations. But in the *phantasmagoria* at Paris, the scenes are again shifted. The Parliaments remonstrate, the Princes are enlarged, the Cardinal exiled, and a royal declaration attests the innocence of Mademoiselle de Longueville, 'Vous n'etes plus criminelle si ce n'est de lèse amours,' was the greeting on this occasion of her favourite Sarazin. She rewarded the poet with an embassy to the Spanish government; for the Duchess had now undertaken a negotiation for peace between the two crowns. Her second triumph, however, was still incomplete. She returned in all the pomp of a conqueror to Paris, and once more met on equal terms the majesty of France.

It may reasonably be doubted whether there exists at this day one human being who has found leisure and inclination to study, with exact attention, the history of the wars of the 'Fronde.' But that they disturbed the peace, and postponed the rising greatness of a mighty nation, they would have as little to commend them to serious regard, as the cabals one may suppose to distract the fair council presiding over the internal economy of Almacks. To assert, during the weakness of a long minority, some popular rights not otherwise to be maintained, and to restore the greater nobility to the powers of which Richelieu had dispossessed them, were indeed motives which gave some show of dignity to the first movements of the Frondeurs; but meaner passions, more frivolous questions, interests more nakedly selfish, or in themselves more contemptible, never before or since roused a people to war, or formed a pretext for rebellion. Cardinals, Judges, Monarchs, Princesses, Courtiers, and Generals, whirl before the eye in that giddy maze—intriguing, lying, jesting, imprisoning, and killing, as though Bacchus, Momus, and Moloch, had for a while usurped a joint and absolute dominion over the distracted land. Among the figurantes in this dance of death, none is more conspicuous than the Duchess de Longueville. In the third and last of those preposterous wars, the royal authority triumphed, and her star declined; but it now set to rise again in a new and far purer radiance. Like the wisest of the sons of men, she had applied her heart to see if there was any good thing under the sun; and, like him, she returned with a spirit oppressed by the hopeless pursuit, and proclaiming that all is vanity. 'I have no wish so ardent' (such is her confession to the Prioress of the Carmelites) 'as to see this war at an end, that, for the rest of my days, I may dwell with you, and apart from all the world besides. Till peace is concluded, I may not do so. My life seems to have been given me but to prove how bitter and how oppressive are the sorrows of this mortal existence. My attachments to it are broken, or rather crushed. Write to me often, and confirm the loathing I feel for this sublunary state.'

It was a weary way which the returning penitent had to retrace. Now rising towards the heaven to which she aspired, her fainting spirit would again sink down to the earth she had too much loved. Long and arduous was the struggle—tardy, and to the last precarious, the conquest. But the conquest was achieved. Gainsay it who will, the spirit of man is the not unfrequent, though the hidden scene of revolutions, as real as that which, from the seed corrupting in the soil beneath us, draws forth the petals, diffusing on every side their fragrance, and reflecting in every varied hue the light of heaven. He who, with disappointed hopes, and the satiety of all the pleasures which earth has to offer, seeks refuge in that sanctuary which in the heat and confidence of youth he had despised, may well expect that human judges will note the change with incredulity or derision: nor, perhaps, has he much right to complain. There ever must be some ground for others to doubt whether the seeming love of long-neglected virtues be more than a real distate for long-practised vices. That the *rouee* should pass into the *ennuyee*, and the *ennuyee* into the *devotee*, may appear as natural as that the worm should become a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a butterfly. To the wits be their jests, and to the mockers their gibes. To those who can feel for some of the deepest agonies of our common nature, such jests will be at least less welcome than the belief that, when innocence is gone, all is not lost; and the conviction, that over the soul blighted and depraved by criminal indulgence, may still be effectually brooding an influence more gentle than a mother's love, and mightier than all the confederate powers of darkness and of guilt. Few readers of the later correspondence of the Duchess of Longueville, will doubt that the change in her character was the result of such a renovating energy. At the age of thirty-four she finally retired from the cabals in which she had borne so conspicuous a part. Condé had now taken up arms against her native

country, and Turenne commanded her armies. The Duchess mourned alike the success and the reverses of her brother. De Longueville, a kind-hearted man, hailed with unabated tenderness her return to the paths of wisdom and peace. She watched with true congenial care over his declining years, and even extended her kindness to one of his illegitimate daughters.

Touched by her altered conduct, the King and the Queen's mother admitted her not merely to their favour, but to a high place in their regard; nor are there many incidents in the life of Louis so amiable, as the affectionate gentleness of his demeanour to this once dangerous but now self-humbled enemy. On the death of her husband, she expended immense sums in the attempt to repair, in some degree, the calamities which the war of the Princes had inflicted on the peasantry. In a single year she restored to freedom, at her own expense, nine hundred persons imprisoned for debt; and had a list of no less than four thousand prisoners subsisting altogether on her bounty. The austere penances, which at least attested her sincerity, were combined on all becoming occasions with the princely magnificence due to her exalted station. Her eldest son, the Comte Du Dunois, a feeble-minded youth, turned Jesuit, took orders, escaped to Rome, and was placed under permanent restraint. The Comte St. Paul, her only other child, was a wild profligate. He enjoyed ecclesiastical benefices of the annual value of 50,000 crowns, which she compelled him to resign unconditionally to the disposal of the King. Louis revered and applauded such unwonted disinterestedness, and exerted all the magic of his flattery to win her back again to the court and to the world. But she had learned a salutary lesson of self-distrust. In the valley of Port-Royal she built a modest residence, where she found repose, if not serenity; and soothed with humble hopes a spirit too deeply contrite to be visited by more buoyant feelings. Her own hand has traced the history of her declining years; nor have the most pathetic preachers of that age of pulpit eloquence, bequeathed to us a more impressive admonition. Whoever would learn what are the woes of ministering, by reckless self-indulgence, to the morbid cravings of the heart for excitement; or how revolting is the late return to more tranquil pursuits; or how gloomy is the shadow which criminal passions, even when exorcised, yet will cast over the soul they have long possessed; or how, through that gloom, a light pure as its divine original, may dawn over the benighted mind with still expanding warmth and brightness—should study the Letters and the Confessions of Anne Genevieve, Duchesse de Longueville.

To explain what was the task she undertook, we must return a little in our former steps.

Such, and so conversant with the ways of the world was the diplomatist who at length appeared for the rescue of the ladies of Port-Royal. No less skilful hand could have unravelled the folds in which the subject had been wrapped by intrigue and bigotry.

The original anti-Jansenist test had been promulgated by a synod of the clergy of France, adopted by the Sorbonne, and enforced by Louis. To the remonstrances of the nuns against being required to attest by their signatures a matter of fact of which they had, and could have no knowledge, the King had answered only by reiterating the demand for a 'pure and simple' subscription. 'His Majesty,' observed the Princess de Guemene, 'is supreme. He can make princes of the blood, bishops, and archbishops. Why not martyrs also?' It was a branch of the royal prerogative which he was nothing loath to exercise. De Retz abdicated the see of Paris, and was succeeded by De Marca, the author of the Formulary. Availing themselves of so happy an occasion, the Jesuits at Clermont drew up a thesis, in which was propounded, for the acceptance of the faithful, the naked dogma of Papal infallibility, not only on points of Doctrine, but as to mere matters of fact. Arnauld and his friends protested. Their protest was refuted by the hand and the torch of one of the greatest polemics of that age—the public executioner. De Marca did not live long; and his death brought with it a truce in this holy war. His successor in the see of Paris, M. de Perifixe, resumed it, but with greater subtlety. He taught that it was enough if a matter of fact, asserted by the Pope, were believed not *d'une foi divine*, but *d'une foi humaine*. Whether, in the Virgilian elysium, the recompense awarded to the inventors of useful arts awaits the authors of useful distinctions, has not been revealed to us; but if so, De Perifixe may there have found his recompense. On earth it was his hard fate to be refuted by Nicole, to be laughed at by the Parisians, and to be opposed by the ladies of Port-Royal. They had no faith, divine or human, and they would profess none, as to the contents of a large folio written in a language of which they were entirely ignorant. 'Pure as angels,' said the incensed Archbishop; 'they are proud as devils!' How he punished their pride has already been recorded.

When a great dignitary has lost his temper, there is nothing which he should more studiously avoid than the being hooked into the sort of contemporary record which the French call a *proces verbal*. In the midst of the nuns of Port-Royal, De Perifixe had stormed and scolded more in the style of a *poissarde* than of an Archbishop of Paris; and when the chronicle of all his sayings and doings on the occasion stole into light, with all the forms of notarial certificates, he found himself, to his unutterable dismay, the hero of as broad a farce as had ever delighted that laughter-loving city. It was the single joke of which the nuns had ever been either the willing or the unintentional authors; and they soon found to their cost that it was no light matter to have directed the current of ridicule against an archi-episcopal, and, through him, against a royal censor.

The invincible opposition of the Port-Royalists to the test, had awakened a more extended resistance. Men had begun to deny the right of assemblies of the clergy, or of the King himself, to impose such subscriptions. To retreat was, however, no longer possible. Louis, therefore, by the advice of the Jesuits, desired the Pope himself first to draw up a Formula, which should declare his own infallible knowledge of matters of fact; and then to require the universal acceptance of it. Alexander the Seventh exultingly complied. Subscription to De Marca's test was now exacted by papal authority, with the addition that the subscribers should call on the Deity himself to attest their sincerity. To this demand the great body of the clergy of France sub-

mitted; but still the resistance of the nuns of Port-Royal was unsubdued. Four years of persecution—of mean, unmanly, worrying persecution—followed. The history of it fills many volumes of the Conventual Annals, exciting in the mind of him who reads them, feelings of amazement and disgust, of respect and pity, strong enough to carry him through what it must be confessed is but a wearisome task. From the poor remnant of earthly comforts which these aged women had retained, the mean-spirited king, his bigoted confessors, and his absurd archbishop, daily stole whatever could be so pilfered. From their means of preparing for the world where the wicked cease from troubling, every deduction was made which sacerdotal tyranny could enforce. But no tyranny could induce them to call on the God of Truth to attest a lie. One after another went down, with no priestly absolution, to graves which no priest would bless; strong, even amidst the weakness and the mortal agonies of nature, in the assurance, that the path to heaven could not be found in disobedience to the immutable laws which Heaven itself had established.

Among the bishops of France, four had been faithful enough to insist on the *droit* and the *fait*. In publishing the papal bull, they attached to it an express statement of their dissent from this new pretension of Rome. Of these prelates, one was a brother of the great Arnauld, and bore the same name. Alexander the Seventh was now on his death-bed; he had even received extreme unction. But at that awful hour he retained enough of human or of papal feeling to launch against the four prelates a brief, full of menaces, which it devolved on his successor, Rospigliosi, to execute. But Clement the Ninth was a man of a far greater and more Christian spirit. He had mourned over the distractions of the Church, and had made it his appropriate glory to mediate between the contending crowns of Spain and Portugal. To him the Duchesse De Longueville addressed herself on behalf of Port-Royal, in a letter of the most insinuating and impressive eloquence. His nuncio at Paris was made to feel all the powers of that fascinating influence which she still knew how to employ. At her hotel, and in her presence, a secret committee met daily for the management of this affair. It was composed of three bishops, aided by Arnauld and Nicole. Condé himself was induced by his sister to lend the weight of his authority to her projects. Even Le Tellier was circumvented by the toils spread for him by this great mistress of intrigue. For nearly eighteen months she laboured to overcome the obstacles which the pride of Rome and of Louis, and the ill-will of the Father Annat, his confessor, opposed to her. All difficulties at length yielded to her perseverance and her diplomatic skill. The four bishops were content to denounce the 'five propositions' as heretical, and to promise 'a submission of respect and discipline' as to the *fact*, declaring that 'they would not contest the papal decision, but would maintain an absolute silence on the subject.' One of them insisted on adding an express statement of the fallibility of the Church respecting such matters of fact as the contents of a book. Clement the Ninth was, however, satisfied. Peace was restored to the Gallican Church. Medals were struck, speeches made, and solemn audiences accorded by Louis to Arnauld and his associates. De Saci and his fellow-prisoners were set at liberty. Port-Royal was once more permitted to recruit her monastery, to open her schools, and to give shelter to her dispersed recluses. Among the events which signalised the pacification of Clement the Ninth, one demands especial notice. Malebranche had signed the Formulary. He now frankly avowed that he had condemned Jansenius without reading his book, and implored the pardon of God and of man for his guilty compliance. It may perhaps be consolatory to some, in our own times, to be informed, that in censuring as heretical the book of a professor of divinity, of which they knew nothing but the title-page, they might have pleaded the example of so great a man—a comfort, however, to which they will not be entitled, unless they imitate also the example of his repentance.

Ten years elapsed from this pacification before the close of the extraordinary career of the Duchess of Longueville; and they were years distinguished in the Chronicle of Port-Royal by little else than the peaceful lives and the tranquil deaths of many of the inhabitants of the valley. In their annals are to be found more than a century of names, to which their admirers have promised not only an eternal reward, but such immortality as the world has to bestow. Overburdened as we are by the ever increasing debt of admiration to the illustrious dead, these promises will hardly be fulfilled, at least by our busy age: nor is it easy even for one who has carefully travelled through the whole of these biographies, to select from among the female candidates for posthumous renown, those to whom such homage is especially due. Their portraitures have a strong resemblance to each other. To each, in her turn, is awarded the praise of passive virtue, of fervent piety, and of austerities from which nature shrinks. If a sense of the ludicrous will occasionally provoke a passing smile, or if a sigh must now and then be given to the melancholy superstitions of which they were the blameless victims, it is at least impossible to contemplate, irreverently or unmoved, the image of purity and peace, of mutual kindness and cheerful acquiescence in the Divine will, which discloses itself at each successive aspect of that holy sisterhood. The sternest Protestant cannot rouse himself at once from the influence of this course of reading; nor resume without an effort his conviction, that it is amidst the charities of domestic life that female virtue finds the highest exercises, and female piety the most sublime elevation. He knows, indeed, that exuberant as is the charter of his faith in models of every human virtue, and in precepts of wisdom under every varied form, it contains not so much as a single example, or a solitary admonition, from which the Confessors of Port-Royal could have shown that a retreat to such cloisters was in accordance with the revealed will of God. He knows also, that thus to counteract the eternal laws of nature, and the manifest designs of providence, must be folly, however specious the pretext or solemn the guise which such folly may assume. He is assured that filial affection, cheerfully, temperately, bountifully, and thankfully using the gifts of heaven, is the best tribute which man can render to Him who claims for himself the name and the character of a Father. But with all this knowledge, the disciple of Luther or of Calvin will yet close the *vies edifi-*

*eates* and the *necrologies* of these holy women, not without a reluctance to doubt, and a wish to believe, that they really occupied the high and awful station to which they aspired; and stood apart from the world, its pollutions, and its cares, to offer with purer hearts than others, and with more acceptable intercessions, the sacrifice of an uninterrupted worship, replete with blessings to themselves and to mankind. Peace then to their errors, and unquoted be any of the innumerable extravagancies which abound in the records of their lives. To the Recluses who shared, without ever breaking their solitude, we rather turn for illustrations of the spirit which animated and characterised the valley of Port-Royal.

On the pacification of Clement IX., Louis Sabastian le Nain de Tillemont, who had been educated in the schools of Nicole and Lancelot, returned in the maturity of his manhood to a hermitage which he had erected near the court-yard of the abbey. Such had been his attainments as a boy, that the pupil had soon exhausted the resources of those profound teachers, and in his twentieth year had commenced those works on ecclesiastical history, which have placed him in the very foremost rank, if not at the head, of all who have laboured in that fertile though rugged field. To the culture of it, his life was unceasingly devoted. Though under the direction of De Saci he had obtained admission to holy orders, he refused all the rich preferments pressed on him by the admirers of his genius. Year after year passed over him, unmarked by any event which even the pen of his affectionate biographer, Fontaine, could record. 'He lived,' says that amiable writer, alone, and with no witness but God himself, who was ever present with him, and who was all in all to him.' It was only in a habitual and placid communion with that one associate, that he sought relief from his gigantic toils; and with a spirit recruited by that communion, he returned to the society of the Emperors, the Popes, the Fathers, and the Saints, who were to him as companions and as friends. To a man long conversant with the anxieties of a secular calling, the soft lights and the harmonious repose of such a picture may perhaps exhibit a delusive aspect; yet it can hardly be a delusion to believe, that for such colloquy with the minds which yet live in books, and with that Mind which is the source of all life, would be well exchanged whatever ambition, society, fame, or fortune, have to confer on their most favoured votaries.

So at least judged one, whom fame and fortune wooed with their most alluring smiles. Racine had been trained at Port-Royal, in the same schools and by the same masters as Tillemont. For the great dramatist, no sympathy could of course be expressed by the austere dwellers in the desert; and perhaps the friendship of Boileau may have consoled him for the alienation of his old teacher Nicole. But when, in his *visionnaires*, that devout and learned man denounced the writers of stage-plays as the *Empoisonneurs publics des ames*, Racine keenly felt and resented the reproach. Like most controversialists, he lived to repent the asperity of his language: but his repentance yielded fruits, the like of which have rarely been gathered from that bitter stem. The author of *Andromaque* not only sought the pardon, and regained the friendship of Arnauld and Nicole, but actually renounced the drama, exhorted his son to abandon poetry, and became the advocate and the historian of Port-Royal, and secured for his bones a resting-place in that consecrated soil. Happily for the world, a method was afterwards discovered of reconciling the exercise of Racine's genius with the severe principles which Nicole had instilled into him when a boy, and had revived with such decisive effect in his riper days. *Esther* and *Athalie* were allowed, even at Port-Royal, to be works not unseemly for a man whose single talent was that of writing verses, and who, if he could do nothing better, was at least acknowledged to do that well. But alas for human consistency! He who traced those majestic scenes where reliance on the Divine arm triumphs over all human regards and terrors, was doomed himself to pine away and to die of a hard saying of the hard master it was his ill fate to serve. His guilt was to have drawn up a Memoir on the means of relieving the starving poor at Paris. His punishment, the indignant exclamation of the great Louis, 'Because he is an all-accomplished versifier, does he presume that he knows every thing? Because he is a great poet, does he mean to become a minister?' Well might the sensitive spirit which such a feather could crush, wish with Wolsey that he had served his God as faithfully as his King, and repine amidst the pageantries of Versailles for the devout composure of Port-Royal!

And many were the eminent men who sought and enjoyed that repose. There dwelt the Prince de Conti, one of the heroes of the Fronde, and still more memorable for his penitence and restitutions; of whom it is recorded, that his young children were so impressed by his absolute devotedness to the Divine will, as to conceal from him the story of Abraham, lest the example of the sacrifice of Isaac should be imitated at their own expense. There, too, resided the Duc de Laincourt, on whom fortune had exhausted all her bounties, and who under the loss of them all, rose to the utmost heroism of a meek, unrepining, and cheerful resignation. Pontchateau, a noble, a courtier, an ambassador, and at length the apostolical prothonotary at Rome, brought all the strange vicissitudes of his life to an end, by becoming, under the name of Le Mercier, a common labourer in the gardens, and a devout worshipper in the church of Port-Royal. But this chronicle of worthies, spreading out into interminable length, must give place to a very brief account of the events which reduced to a desert the solitudes which they had cultivated and adorned.

Amidst the contentions of the Gallican Church, full proof had been given of the keen edge of those weapons which might be borrowed from the papal arsenals. It readily occurred to the sufferers, that the resource which the Jesuits had so successfully employed, might be turned against themselves. Pascal had startled the civilised world with the exposure of Molinist errors, hostile not merely to the Catholic creed, but to those principles of virtue which are the very cement of human society. They had imputed to Jansenius five heresies on the obscure subjects of divine grace and human freedom; but who could number the propositions in which Escobar and his associates had spurned the authority of the decalogue itself? The assiduity of the bishops of Arras and St. Pons collected sixty-five of these scandalous dogmas, and these they transmitted to Rome

in a memorial of which Nicole was believed to be the writer, and known to be the translator. Righteous unqualified, and decisive was the papal condemnation of the morality of the Jesuits; but fatal to the repose of Port-Royal was this triumph of one of her brightest ornaments. The Duchesse de Longueville had lately died, and with her had disappeared the motive which had induced Louis to show some forbearance to the objects of her affectionate solicitude. Harlai now governed the See of Paris. He was a man of disreputable character, and the mere instrument of the king. Louis was in bondage to Madame de Maintenon, and she to the Jesuits. Their vengeance scarcely sought a pretext, and soon found its gratification.

In the exercise of his archi-episcopal authority, Harlai banished De Saci, Tillemont, and Pontchateau, from the valley of Port-Royal. Nicole and Arnauld sought shelter in the Netherlands from his menaces. The postulantes and scholars were once more expelled, and the admission of novices was again forbidden.

At this epoch, another lady of the house of Arnauld —a cousin and namesake of the Mère Angelique—was invested with the dignity of abbess. Her genius, her virtue, and her learning, are the subject of eulogies too indistinct to be impressive, and too hyperbolical to win implicit credence. Yet, if she was the writer of the memoir in defence of her monastery which bears her name, there was no apparent obstacle, but her sex and her profession, to her successful rivalry of the greatest masters of juridical eloquence in France. Ineffectual, however, would have been all the rhetoric which ever adorned the parliament of Paris, to avert the threatened doom of the stronghold of Jansenism. As he approached the tomb, Harlai's resentment became more deep and settled. He left it a fatal inheritance to his successor, the Cardinal de Noailles. A weak and obstinate, but not an unfeeling man, De Noailles owed his promotion to the See of Paris to his fixed hostility to Port-Royal, and his known willingness to hazard the odium of subverting that ancient seat of piety and learning. The apology soon presented itself.

Several years had elapsed since the dispute about 'Le Droit et le Fait de Jansenius' had apparently reached its close. Revolving this passage of bygone history, a priest had improved or amused his leisure, by drawing up, for the decision of the Sorbonne, 'a case of conscience,' which, it must be owned, was a hard problem for the most expert casuist. Of two infallible Popes, one had with his dying breath affirmed, as a momentous truth, a proposition, which the other had abandoned, if not retracted. What was it the duty of the faithful to believe on the subject? Forty doctors answered, that it was enough to maintain a respectful silence as to the 'fait de Jansenius.' Archi-episcopal mandaments, treatises of the learned, royal orders in council, and parliamentary arrêts, flew thick and fast through the troubled air, and obscured the daylight of common sense. Again the eldest son of the church invoked the authority of her spiritual father. In oracular darkness went forth from the Vatican, the sentence, that 'respectful silence is not a sufficient deference for apostolical constitutions.' This is what is called, in ecclesiastical story, the bull 'Vineam Domini Sabaoth.' Under shelter of an abstract theorem which no Catholic could deny, it ingeniously concealed the conflict of opinion of two infallible Pontiffs. Subscription of their unqualified assent to the bull 'Vineam' was demanded from the nuns of Port-Royal, and from them alone. They cheerfully subscribed; but with the addition, that their signature was not to be understood as derogating from what had been determined on the pacification of Clement IX. This was their final and their fatal act of contumacy. Decree after Decree was fulminated by De Noailles. He forbade the admission of any new members of their house. He prohibited the election of an abbess. He despoiled them of a large part of their estates. He interdicted to them all the sacraments of the church. He obtained a papal bull for the suppression of their monastery; and, in October 1709, he carried it into effect by an armed force, under the Marquis D'Argenson.

There is in Westminster Hall a tradition that an eminent advocate of our own times, addressed to the House of Peers during sixteen successive days a speech, in the course of which (such is the calculation) he employed all the words in Johnson's Dictionary, one with another, just thirty-five times over. Neither boasting the copiousness, nor presuming on the patience which were at the command of that great lawyer, we have compressed into a few sentences the history of a contest, which, if not so abridged, would have swollen to the utmost limits of that unparalleled oration. But to those who have leisure for such studies, and who delight in a well-fought forensic field, we can promise that pleasure in the highest degree from a perusal of the contest between the aged ladies of Port-Royal, and their royal, mitred, and ermined antagonists. Never was a more gallant struggle against injustice. After exhausting all the resources of legal defence, those helpless and apparently feeble women disputed every inch of ground by protests, remonstrances, and petitions, which, for the moment at least, held their assailants in check, and which yet remain a wondrous monument of their perseverance and capacity, and of the absolute self-control which, amidst the outpourings of their griefs, and the exposure of their wrongs, restrained every expression of asperity or resentment. Never was the genius of the family of Arnauld exhibited with greater lustre, and never with less effect.

In a gray autumnal morning, a long file of armed horsemen, under the command of D'Argenson, was seen to issue from the woods which overhung the ill-fated monastery. In the name of Louis he demanded and obtained admission into that sacred inclosure. Seated on the abbatial throne, he summoned the nuns into his presence. They appeared before him veiled, silent, and submissive. Their papers, their title-deeds, and their property were then seized, and proclamation made of a royal decree which directed their immediate exile. It was instantly carried into effect. Far and wide, along the summits of the neighbouring hills, might be seen a thronging multitude of the peasants whom they had instructed, and of the poor whom they had relieved. Bitter cries of indignation and of grief, joined with fervent prayers, arose from these helpless people, as, one after another, the nuns entered the carriages drawn up for their reception. Each pursued her solitary journey to the prison destined for her. Of these venerable women, some had passed their

eightieth year, and the youngest was far advanced in life. Labouring under paralysis and other infirmities of old age, several of them reached at once their prisons and their graves. Others died under the distress and fatigues of their journey. Some possessed energies which no sufferings could subdue. Madame de Remicourt, for example, was kept for two years in solitary confinement; in a cell lighted and ventilated only through the chimney; without fire, society, or books. 'You may persecute, but you will never change Madame de Remicourt,' said the archbishop; 'for' (such was his profound view of the phenomenon) 'she has a square head, and people with square heads are always obstinate.' Last in the number of exiles appeared at the gates of the abbey, the prioress, Louise de St. Anastasie Mesnil de Courtiaux. She had seen her aged sisters one by one quit for ever the abode, the associates, and the employments of their lives. To each she had given her parting benediction. She shed no tear, she breathed no murmur, nor for a moment betrayed the dignity of her office, or the constancy of her mind. 'Be faithful to the end,' were the last words which she addressed to the last companion of her sorrows. And nobly did she fulfil her own counsels. She was conducted to a convent, where, under a close guard, she was compelled to endure the utmost rigours of a jail. Deprived of all those religious comforts which it is in the power of man to minister, she enjoyed a solace, and found a strength, which it was not in the power of man to take away. In common with the greater part of her fellow-sufferers, she died with no priestly absolution, and was consigned to an unhallowed grave. They died the martyrs of sincerity; strong in the faith that a lie must ever be hateful in the sight of God, though infallible popes should exact it, or an infallible church, as represented by cardinals and confessors, should persuade it.

Unsatiated by the calamities of the nuns, the vengeance of the enemies of Port-Royal was directed against the buildings where they had dwelt, the sacred edifice where they had worshipped, and the tombs in which their dead had been interred. The monastery and the adjacent church were overthrown from their foundations. Workmen, prepared by hard drinking for their task, broke open the graves in which the nuns and recluses of former times had been interred. With obscene ribaldry, and outrages too disgusting to be detailed, they piled up a loathsome heap of bones and corpses, on which the dogs were permitted to feed. What remained was thrown into a pit, prepared for the purpose, near the neighbouring churchyard of St. Lambert. A wooden cross, erected by the villagers, marked the spot where many a pilgrim resorted to pray for the souls of the departed, and for his own. At length no trace remained of the fortress of Jansenism to offend the eye of the Jesuits, or to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious dead with whom they had so long contended. The solitary Gothic arch, the water-mill, and the dovecot, rising from the banks of the pool, with the decayed towers and the farm-house on the slopes of the valley, are all that now attest that it was once the crowded abode of the wise, the learned, and the good. In that spot, however, may still be seen the winding brook, the verdant hills, and the quiet meadows, nature's indestructible monuments to the devout men and holy women who nurtured there affections which made them lovely in their lives, and hopes which rendered them triumphant in death. Nor in her long roll of martyrs has history to record the names of any who suffered with greater constancy, or in a nobler cause; for their conflict was with the very church they most profoundly revered, and their cause was that of devotedness to sincerity and the abhorrence of falsehood.

Amongst the interpreters of the counsels of Divine Providence in that age, there were not wanting many who found, in the calamities which overwhelmed the declining years of Louis, the retribution of an avenging Deity for the wrongs inflicted on Port-Royal. If it were given to man to decipher the mysterious characters engraven on the scroll of this world's history, it might not be difficult to find, in the annals of his reign, other and yet more weighty reasons for the awakening of Nemesis in France at the commencement of the eighteenth century. But of the mere chronological fact, there is no doubt. The deaths of the three Dauphins, and the victories of Eugene and Marlborough, followed hard on the dispersion of the nuns. With his dying breath, Louis cast the responsibility on the Jesuits who stood round his bed. 'If, indeed, you have misled and deceived me'—such was his last address to his confessors—'you are deeply guilty, for in truth I acted in good faith. I sincerely sought the peace of the church.' The humiliation of his spiritual advisers quickly followed. It was preceded by the retirement and death of Madame de Maintenon, who had both provoked and derided the sufferings of the Port-Royalists. The very type of mediocrity out of place, she is to our mind the least winning of all the ladies of equivocal or desperate reputation who in modern times have stood on the steps of European thrones. Her power was sustained by the feebleness of the mind she had subdued, and by the craftiness of those who had subjugated her own. Her prudery and her religiousness, such as it was, served but to deepen the aversion which her intriguing, selfish, narrow-minded, and bigoted spirit excite and justify; although, in her own view of the matter, she probably hoped to propitiate the favour of heaven and the applause of the world, by directing against the unoffending women of Port-Royal the deadly wrath of the worn-out debauchee, whose jaded spirits and unquiet conscience it was her daily task to sustain and flatter. De Noailles, the instrument of her cruelty, lived to bewail his guilt with such strange agonies of remorse, as to rescue his memory from all feelings of hatred, although it is difficult to contemplate, without some failure of respect, the exhibition of emotions which, however just in themselves, deprived their victim of all powers of self-control, and of every semblance of decorous composure. His howlings are described by the witness of them, to have been more like those of a wild beast or a maniac, than of a reasonable man.

If these slight notices of the heroes and heroines of Port-Royal, (slight, indeed, when compared with the original materials from which they have been drawn,) should be ascribed by any one to a pen plighted to do suit and service to the cause of Rome, no surmise could be wider of the mark. No Protestant can read the writings of the Port-Royalists themselves, without gratitude for his deliverance

from the superstitions of a church which calls herself Catholic, and boasts that she is eternal. That the Church of Rome may flourish as long as the race of man shall endure, is indeed a conclusion which may reasonably be adopted by him who divines the future only from the past. For where is the land, or what the historical period, in which a conspicuous place has not been held by phenomena essentially the same, however circumstantially different? In what age has man not been a worshipper of the visible? In what country has imagination—the sensuous property of the mind—failed to triumph over those mental powers which are purely contemplative? Who can discover a period in which religion has not more or less assumed the form of a compromise between the self-dependence and the self-distrust of her votaries—between their abasement to human authority and their conviction of its worthlessness—between their awe of the divine power and their habitual revolt against the divine will? Of every such compromise, the indications have ever been the same—a worship of pomp and ceremonial, a spiritual despotism exercised by a sacerdotal caste, bodily penances and costly expiations, and the constant intervention of man, and of the works of man, between the worshipper and the supreme object of his worship. So long as human nature shall continue what it is, the religion of human nature will be unchanged. The Church of Rome will be eternal, if man, such as he now is, is himself eternal.

But for every labour under the sun, says the Wise man, there is a time. There is a time for bearing testimony against the errors of Rome, why not also a time for testifying to the sublime virtues with which those errors have been so often associated? Are we for ever to admit and never to practise the duties of kindness and mutual forbearance? Does christianity consist in a vivid perception of the faults, and an obtuse blindness to the merits of those who differ from us? Is charity a virtue only when we ourselves are the objects of it? Is there not a church as pure and more catholic than those of Oxford or Rome—a church comprehending within its limits every human being who, according to the measure of the knowledge placed within his reach, strives habitually to be conformed to the will of the common Father of us all? To indulge hope beyond the pale of some narrow communion, has, by each Christian society in its turn, been denounced as a daring presumption. Yet hope has come to all, and with her faith and charity, her inseparable companions. Amidst the shock of contending creeds, and the uproar of anathemas, they who have ears to hear, and hearts to understand, have listened to gentler and more kindly sounds. Good men may debate as polemics, but they will feel as Christians. On the universal mind of Christendom is indelibly engraven one image, towards which the eyes of all are more or less earnestly directed. Whoever has himself caught any resemblance, however faint and imperfect, to that divine and benignant original, has in his measure learned to recognise a brother wherever he can discern the same resemblance.*

* See on this subject a book entitled 'Catholic Christianity,' the anonymous work of the Rev. E. M'Vicar, now a minister of the Church of Scotland in Ceylon.

There is an essential unity in that kingdom which is not of this world. But within the provinces of that mighty state there is room for endless varieties of administration, and for local laws and customs widely differing from each other. The unity consists in the one object of worship—the one object of affiance—the one source of virtue—the one cementing principle of mutual love, which pervade and animate the whole. The diversities are, and must be, as numerous and intractable as are the essential distinctions which nature, habit and circumstances have created amongst men. Uniformity of creeds, of discipline, of ritual, and of ceremonies, in such a world as ours!—a world where no two men are not as distinguishable in their mental as in their physical aspect; where every petty community has its separate system of civil government; where all that meets the eye, and all that arrests the ear, has the stamp of boundless and infinite variety! What are the harmonies of tone, of colour, and of form, but the result of contrasts—of contrasts held in subordination to one pervading principle, which reconciles without confounding the component elements of the music, the painting, or the structure? In the physical works of God, beauty could have no existence without endless diversities. Why assume that in religious society—a work not less surely to be ascribed to the supreme Author of all things—this law is absolutely reversed? Were it possible to subdue that innate tendency of the human mind, which compels men to differ in religious opinions and observances, at least as widely as on all other subjects, what would be the results of such a triumph? Where would then be the free comparison, and the continual enlargement of thought; where the self-distrusts which are the springs of humility, or the mutual dependencies which are the bonds of love? He who made us with this infinite variety in our intellectual and physical constitution must have foreseen, and fore-seeing, must have intended, a corresponding dissimilarity in the opinions of his creatures on all questions submitted to their judgment, and proposed for their acceptance. For truth is his law; and if all will profess to think alike, all must live in the habitual violation of it.

Zeal for uniformity attests the latent distrusts, not the firm convictions of the zealot. In proportion to the strength of our self-reliance, is our indifference to the multiplication of suffrages in favour of our own judgment. Our minds are steeped in imagery; and where the visible form is not, the impalpable spirit escapes the notice of the unreflecting multitude. In common hands, analysis stops at the species or the genus, and cannot rise to the order or the class. To distinguish birds from fishes, beasts from insects, limits the efforts of the vulgar observer of the face of nature. But Cuvier could trace the sublime unity, the universal type, the fontal idea existing in the creative intelligence, which connects as one the mammoth and the snail. So, common observers can distinguish from each other the different varieties of religious society, and can rise no higher.

Why such a book should not have attained an extensive celebrity, or why such a writer should have been permitted to quit his native land, are questions to which we fear no satisfactory answer could be given by the dispensers of fame or of church preferment.

Where one assembly worships with harmonies of music, fumes of incense, ancient liturgies, and a gorgeous ceremonial, and another listens to the unaided voice of a single pastor, they can perceive and record the differences; but the hidden ties which unite them both escape such observation. All appears as contrast, and all ministers to antipathy and discord. It is our belief that these things may be rightly viewed in a different aspect, and yet with the most severe conformity to the divine will, whether as intimated by natural religion, or as revealed in holy scripture. We believe that, in the judgment of an enlightened charity, many Christian societies, who are accustomed to denounce each other's errors, will at length come to be regarded as members in common of the one great and comprehensive church, in which diversities of forms are harmonised by an all-pervading unity of spirit. For ourselves, at least, we should deeply regret to conclude that we were aliens from that great Christian Commonwealth of which the Nuns and the Recluses of the valley of Port-Royal were members, and members assuredly of no common excellence.

---

## THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay;"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered;—not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an Angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked, if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise,
The token in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

J. Montgomery.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

## MALARIA.

*On the Spontaneous Evolution of Sulphuretted Hydrogen in the Waters of the Western Coast of Africa and elsewhere.*

In the course of a lecture on this subject, delivered at the Royal Institution, by Professor Daniell, he observed, that it was curious that the impregnation of the waters of Western Africa with this deleterious gas had so long escaped attention. In water seaward forty miles its presence can be detected; and it exists in considerable quantity in the Volta, in Lopez Bay, in the Grand Bonny, &c.; it spreads over an area of 40,000 square miles, from about 8° north to 8° south latitude. The origin of this vast accumulation of sulphuretted hydrogen, Mr. Daniell attributes, not to volcanic action, not to the decomposition of pyrites, nor to the process of the decay of animal matter, but to the action and reaction of the vegetable matter carried down by the tropical rivers, and the sulphates always more or less present in sea-water. This, moreover, he has proved by experiment. Last winter he placed some fallen leaves in a jar of new river-water; also a similar proportion in a second jar, with three ounces of salt, and in a third, with a like quantity of the sulphate of soda—all closely stopped, and a card-board, with acetate of lead, over each. After having been kept three months in a warm closet he examined them. The first emitted the common smell of decayed leaves; the second that of a pleasant conserve; but the third, no words could convey the stinking odour, nauseous beyond all description. This of itself was sufficient to establish the generation of sulphuretted hydrogen; but further, the usual blackening of the lead of the card-board in this jar only left no doubt on the matter. Wherever, then, sea-water holding sulphates in solution mixes with fresh water and vegetable matter, this gas must be produced, and its effects on animal life are well known. It is a record in Italy, as well as in Essex, that where the sea has been prevented flooding the marshes, that locality, previously very sickly, had become perfectly salubrious. To sulphuretted hydrogen, therefore, Mr. Daniell ascribes the dreaded malaria, as also the deadly stinking miasma of Africa, producing languor, nausea, disgust, and death. The jungle-fever of India, also, he thinks attributable to its presence. The soil abounds with sulphates of magnesia and soda; must not, therefore, quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen be generated in the jungle-swamps? Besides the direful consequences to the health of man visiting the deadly shores of Africa, this sulphuretted hydrogen does him great injury in a commercial point of view. The copper-sheathing of vessels is rapidly destroyed. Mr. Daniell exhibited a sheet taken from the Bonetta in August 1840, on her return from the African station. Although new not many months before, it was eaten into holes, with a deposit on the one side of the protochloride of copper, and of the black sulphuret of copper on the other. A plate exhibited, taken from the Royal George, was in a good state in comparison with it. The latter had been acted on for sixty years by sea-water, but, be it remembered, by sea-water alone, not impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. On it there was no trace of a sulphuret. These, then, were the two principal and important points illustrated by Mr. Daniell; and the question put by him, and answered in the affirmative, was, Can science indicate a remedy for these evils? For the former, fumigation with chlorine. Chlorine and sulphuretted hydrogen cannot co-exist. Chemical action instantly takes place; sulphur is thrown down, hydrochloric acid formed, and malaria and miasma nowhere; the destroyer destroyed. For the latter, the destructive agent is not decomposed, but its action is directed to a less costly material. Copper is to be protected by zinc, for which sulphuretted hydrogen has the stronger affinity; and so long as the latter metal is present, the former is free from the attack of the gas in solution. This, it will be readily seen, is Sir H. Davy's principle, which involved the use of zinc or iron; but in the case of sulphuretted hydrogen, zinc and not iron must be employed. Mr. Daniell regretted that Davy's zinc-protectors had been so soon abandoned, and only because the copper, not acted upon by the muriatic acid, became a nucleus for earthy, vegetable, and animal matter, and the ship's bottom was in consequence fouled, as it is termed. The remedy for this, he said, was most simple. Let the protectors be so arranged that contact may be broken and renewed at will. The zincs and copper separated for a short time, the earthy deposits would soon be removed. In consequence of Mr. Daniell's report to the Admiralty, chlorine has been furnished the Niger Expedition, and no ship hereafter will proceed to the African station without that purifier in store, nor without zinc-protectors for her copper. It is to be hoped that all ship-owners will follow the example of the Admiralty Board in this respect.—*Literary Gazette*, No. 1272.

*Additional evidence of the active agency of Salt Water, when in contact with decaying Vegetable Matter, in generating Miasma, in a hot climate, contained in a letter from Professor Daniell to the Editor of "The Friend of Africa."*

My Dear Sir,—The evidence of the worst cases of malaria being connected with the decomposition of the sulphates in sea-water increases upon me every day, and I have now the pleasure to send you an abstract of a paper, which you will find at length in the 29th volume of the Annales de Chimie, p. 225, by Signor Gaetano Giorgini, which offers the strongest possible confirmation of my opinion. I trust that it may tend to give confidence to the African expedition; for if we rightly know the cause of the pestiferous exhalations upon the coast, the prevention of ill effects is obvious and easy:—Steam through the salt-waters as fast as possible, and while obliged to be on them make a plentiful use of chlorine fumigation, which instantly decomposes the sulphuretted hydrogen.—I am, &c.

J. F. Daniell.

Captain Washington, R. N.

"The observation of Signor Giorgini has been drawn to the state of the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of certain marshes on the borders of the Mediterranean; and by reference to historical data, and various documents, he has proved the great importance which attaches to the circumstance of their being at times in communication with the sea, so as to have a mixture formed between their waters and that of the sea. Both ancient and modern authors

have announced the fatal effects produced in the neighbourhood of marshes by such mixture, and a local belief of the same is very common and strong.

"On the south of the Ligurian Apennines, is a marshy shore, bounded on the west for twelve miles by the Mediterranean, on the south by the river Serchio, and on the north by the river Frigido, a torrent commencing at the foot of the Apennines in the state of Massa di Carrara, running three or four miles over the land, and then falling into the sea. The plain is from two to four miles wide, and is traversed by a few short torrents or streams; among these are the rivers Camajore and Pietra Santa, which divide the plain into three separate basins. The rain and spring waters which flow into the three basins mentioned, are slowly discharged into the sea by natural or artificial canals, penetrating the sand-bank, which exist on the sea-side.

"The level of these stagnant waters is between that of high and low water in the neighbouring sea, there being but little difference between these two points in this part of the Mediterranean. In this state of things, formerly, when the waters of the sea arose from any circumstance (unless the waters of the marshes were very high,) they used to return up the ditches, fill the basins, and inundate the country to the foot of the mountains; and with a north-west wind the waves used to penetrate with force to the interior. The mixture of fresh and salt water thus formed, and which in summer was rarely changed, became corrupt, and spread infection over the neighbourhood of the most destructive kind.

"In this way the effects of the malaria were reproduced annually in the neighbouring country with all their peculiar horrors: the population, though small, presented feeble infants and diseased men, old age being unknown there. All attempts to avoid the scourge, by living on the hills, or in the interior, and frequenting the plains when the business of cultivation essentially required it, were vain; they fell victims to the extensive influence, and such being the effects upon the inhabitants of the country, much more rapidly did a stranger suffer from the deleterious atmosphere; one single night in the months of August and September causing inevitable death to the incautious traveller who should stay so long in this infested country.

"Such was the state of things till 1741. Previous to that time Gemignano Rondelli, Eustachio Manfredi, and Bernardino Zendrini had successively insisted upon the necessity of excluding the sea from these marshes; and in 1740-41 a sluice with folding-doors, competent to give emission to the waters of the marsh, but prevent the sea from entering, was constructed at the mouth of the Burlamacca. The most complete and unexpected success immediately followed upon, and has continued with, this work. The year after its completion there were no appearances of the terrible maladies which previously appeared every year. The inhabitants soon recovered health, and the land being very fertile, the population rapidly increased, and is increasing at this moment. Viareggio has become a considerable town; and so completely has all suspicion of its insalubrity disappeared, that the first families of the city of Lucca have for years built their summer seats there. Notwithstanding the success of the precautions taken at this part of the coast, the neighbouring parts were long left a prey to the destroying influence of the mixed marsh-waters; and the inhabitants around the basins of Motrone and Perotto were not considered until the year 1804. In the years 1809, 1810, 1811, similar means were taken with the best effects to the inhabitants of Montignoso and the vicinity; and in 1812 a sluice was constructed on the Cinquale, which perfected the arrangements in this part, and made a large portion of the country equally healthy with Viareggio. To complete the arrangement, it was now only required to guard the ditches of Montrone and Tonfalo with sluices; the former was finished in 1819, and the latter in 1821. Since that time the diseases of malaria have ceased so entirely at all points, that no other dangers are now incurred regarding the insalubrity at the atmosphere than such as may arise from neglect of these sluices, which the inhabitants of the country should regard as their palladium.—*Friend of Africa.*—No. 3.

---

The following beautiful lines were addressed to a little girl—an only child—in this city, who, in her sleep, repeated the passage she was accustomed nightly to utter before closing her eyes:

## TO LITTLE MARY.

"I know that the angels are whispering to thee."
"God bless me and make me a good girl."—Amen.
[*Little Mary's Prayer.*]

Thou art so like a dream of Heaven,
That still thy visions seem
Like that phenomenon of sleep,
A dream within a dream!
And pure the thoughts that memory brings,
To voice thy dreaming hour;
The butterfly has closed its wings,
Upon a lily flower!
"*God bless me, and make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

Not such the dream by slumber thrown
When grief's rough swell is o'er,
The ebb of pain, its after moan!
The surge upon the shore!
Thy prayer is but the echoing
Of waking peace and love,
The rustling of the Spirit's wing!
The cooing of its dove!
"*God bless me, and make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

The roses of the Persian field,
With all their wealth of bloom,
Are crush'd, though thousands may but yield
A drop of rich perfume,
And thus the heart with feeling rife,
Is crush'd, alas! by care:
Yet blest, if suffering wring from life,
Its other drop—of prayer.
"*God bless me, and make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

Mother! sweet Mother! thou hast taught,
That infant soul to pray,
Before a rose leaf from its thought,
The world has blown away—
Prayer! on that lip that once was thine!
Thoughts, of thine own a part—
Dropp'd jewels, of thy spirit's mine,
Sleep scatters o'er her heart!
"*God bless me, and make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

S. W. C.

## H. B. THE GREAT CARICATURIST.

*An Illustrative Key to the Sketches of H. B.*, from No. 1 to 600. London: Thomas M'Lean, 1841.

This volume is what it professes to be, a descriptive and illustrative key to the caricatures produced by "H. B.," from the first hard and somewhat crude efforts of his pencil, to the full and perfect development of what, in his hands, may almost be said to be a new art. Indeed, to use the word caricature at all in reference to these sketches, is to do injustice to his genius, which scorns to descend to that point in order to work out his conceptions. We have had many great caricaturists, but never one who could so admirably draw caricatures, without caricaturing. The great difference between an ordinary caricaturist of the "Rowlandson" school, and the really illustrious unknown of the Haymarket, is that in the latter the reliance is on the wit of the conception, in the former, on the ludicrousness of the execution. The merit of "H. B." is, that as his sketches always embody some unique and tangible idea, they excite almost as much of our intense and gleeful admiration when described to us, as when seen. But he adds to this the most rare merit of all originators, the charm of the most perfect command of his pencil, the most wonderful power of transferring to the stone the identical idea which his mind has moulded into a picture in imagination. Were his hand a daguerreotype machine, it could not more faithfully and instantaneously impress on the recipient the rays of thought that emanate from his mind. Almost as soon as the idea has developed itself in characteristic form there, is it reproduced in actual and tangible matter.

What a field of thought do not these sketches open to us! "H. B." disdains to rely, as his predecessors have done, on ridiculing mere personal defects, or playing up to popular prejudices by absurd exaggerations. He works with an occult intelligence, creating combinations, and detecting similitudes, that no one else has ever before conceived; nothing comes amiss to him. If he draws Punch, Punch is not the mere deformity with nut-cracker physiognomy, but actual intelligent wood, and there is a leer in the eye. If he draws Lord Morpeth, he is not content with pencilling a mere overgrown schoolboy, with a goggle eye and a hanging nether lip—he watches him night and day, in the palace, in the street, or in the house, until he catches exactly that attitude and that aspect in which the noble lord appears preeminently ludicrous, without the artist being compelled to resort to personalities in order to render him absurd. If he gives us Lord Melbourne, full justice is done to his noble aristocratic mould of head; but there is not the less the easy, soul-less, *poco-curante* air, the regardless lounge, the half-defiant tilt of the hat, and the goat-like, half-peering leer of the eye, that show the noble viscount to be at least so far sincere, that he does not endeavour to conceal the bent of his character. So with all that he undertakes—the same spirit of good taste rules over all; and, as in the case of all men of genius, the most astonishing results are brought about by the most simple means.

There is one other peculiarity about the genius of this great artist. Though his jokes fly in the face of the prejudices of all parties, he is an universal favourite. Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Roebuck, and Lord Brougham, might all be seen laughing at one and the same time at the same sketch. This may be attempted to be accounted for by the fact, that we always rather think the laugh is against our neighbour, than that it is against ourself. But we are inclined to place it to the account of the thoroughly English spirit that pervades every thing "H. B." produces. To this, perhaps, may be attributed the fact, that the balance of his humour is decidedly against the whigs.

If in running rapidly over the descriptive notices of the different sketches we have many a time re-enjoyed the hearty laugh, or the keen relish of the artist's wit in conception, wherewith we used to greet them as they severally appeared at the time of publication, the reader will not be sorry to revive some of his own impressions of the same sort. We have selected some two or three, more perhaps for their general political bearing, than as being the best specimens of the artist's power. Who can forget the admirable manner in which "H. B." seized hold of Lord Stanley's stinging satire of the

### "THIMBLE RIG."

"Mr. Stanley's simile of the thimble rig" says the writer, "was one of the most happy hits of this period. Even at this distance of time it continues to keep its place among the stock allusions of newspaper leaders. As it forms the subject not only of this and the following sketch, but of some which will have to be explained in a future page, and, moreover, as any abridgment or alteration of the speaker's language would destroy its effect, it is considered best to give it entire:—

"My right honourable friend will excuse me for using such an expression, and if the committee will not think it descending too low for a comparison, I should say that I never witnessed any thing like the principle upon which his Majesty's Government appear to be proceeding in this matter, except among a class of persons who are not thought very well of in general—who are sometimes to be seen at country races—and the instruments of whose profession are a small deal board, four or five thimbles, and a pea. The art and dexterity which these professors exhibit is in asking you whether the pea is under this thimble, under that thimble, or under the other thimble; and in shifting the pea from one thimble to the other, until the final result is, that the deluded person who speculates upon their manœuvres is sure to lose his property. Now, literally, if the house will not think it too low an illustration, I pray it to observe how exactly my right honourable friend is following this plan. He stands with his bill before him—with the church pocket—with the state pocket—with the landlord's pocket—with the tenant's pocket—with the perpetuity fund, and with all other funds. He shifts it backwards and forwards. First it's the landlord—then it's the tenant—then it's the church—then it's the state—we have it under this thimble—no, it is not here! it is under that one—again it is not there, it is under the other; and the result is, that my right honourable friend, with great dexterity, removes all the thimbles, and we, who have been speculating on his proceedings, find that the property has disappeared."

To explain the sketch, the keeper of the table is

Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary. His accomplices are Lord John Russell (who pretends to offer a bet,) and Mr. Spring Rice, on the one side; and Lord Althorp on the other, with Lord Grey behind. John Bull is the person to be victimised, and he appears to be a very likely man for the purpose. Mr. Stanley, however, interposes to save him by a timely caution, which he seems well qualified to give, in consequence of having once kept a thimble rig himself; that is, belonged to the whig party. But the humour of the poor Irishman who appears desirous of laying a wager if he had but a shilling in his pocket to lay, and of Mr. O'Connell's affectation of taking care of him is very happy.

The value of the sketch and indeed of at least three-fourths of all H. B.'s, is, that it is as appropriate and as laughter-moving to-day, as it was on its first appearance. The next following sketch, "The Dispersion of the Thimble Rig," we remember as equally clever with the foregoing.

The following conveys a moral not yet, alas! applied by the unhappy dupes for whose benefit it is given:—

"SANCHO FEASTING AS GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

If the wit of this sketch were not too refined for the senses of those to whom the lesson which it conveys would be most useful, it would teach the Irish peasant of modern days, and the great mass of the people of any other time or country, how few of those expectations which demagogues hold out to them are ever realised. Every reader of Don Quixote (and who is there that has not read Don Quixote!) will remember the consummation of Sancho's desires, by his obtaining the government of Barataria, and his dinner, or rather his attempt to dine, under the superintendence of the great Doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell, native of Snatchaway. What exquisite delicacies and what savoury *morceaux* are spoken of, and how his mouth waters to be at them! when lo! one by one, they are snatched from his lips, and at length he is compelled to make a meal on dry-bread and raisins, and to rise but half satisfied. The astonished and disappointed Sancho is here personated by an Irish peasant, as representative of his class; Mr. O'Connell is the doctor, and Lord John Russell is the waiter. Pat's looks betray at once his eagerness for the good things he has been taught to expect, and his mortification at their vanishing from his sight when he believes himself on the very point of enjoying them. The inexorable doctor, standing by, seems to say—

'Show his eyes and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows—so depart.'"

Another from the same quarry is:—

"VOLUNTARY TRIBUTE; OR, A PASSAGE FROM GIL BLAS TRANSLATED INTO IRISH.

At the period of the year when this sketch is dated, the newspapers generally contain statements of the collection of the tribute, or rent paid by the people of Ireland to Mr. O'Connell. The papers espousing the O'Connell side tell of the wonderful alacrity with which this rent is paid up by the whole of the people; but the opposition papers are filled with stories of the oppressive manner in which the tribute is levied, chiefly by means of the Irish priesthood. To humour these stories, H. B. has represented Mr. O'Connell soliciting his tribute after the manner of the beggar in Gil Blas:—"I looked about to see what was the matter, and perceived on the ground an old hat turned up, with a rosary of great beads in it; and, at the same time, heard a lamentable voice pronounce these words, 'Mr. Traveller, for God's sake have pity on a poor maimed soldier! drop, if you please, a few bits into the hat, and you shall be rewarded in Heaven!' I turned my eyes immediately on the side from whence the voice issued, and saw, at the root of a bush about twenty or thirty paces from me, a kind of soldier, who, upon two cross sticks, supported the barrel of a carbine, in my apprehension larger than a pike, with which he seemed to take aim at me. At this apparition, which made me quake for my money, I stopped short, and pocketing my ducats in a great hurry, took out some rials, and, approaching the hat, which was exposed for the reception of the extorted charity, dropped them into it."

In the edition of "Gil Blas" published in the "Novelist's Magazine," there is a print from which this sketch appears to have been copied. Poor Pat, dropping his contribution into the hat, displays as much genuine fear as the student of Oviedo. Mr. O'Connell, it will be observed, instead of a carbine, levels the pastoral crook of the Pope, in allusion to the use made of the priesthood for the purpose of aiding the collection of the O'Connell rent; and, with regard to the death's head and cross-bones, it remains to be told, that Mr. O'Connell was reported to have recommended that every man who did not vote for the popular candidate at some particular election, should have a death's head and cross-bones marked upon his door, to point him out to the enmity of his countrymen."

One of the best for irresistible graphic humour, was that entitled the

"SERPENT CHARMERS.

This sketch was suggested by the following passage in a speech of Sir George Sinclair, member for Caithness,) on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, 19th May, 1836. It was a charge against the ministers, often repeated by the opposition papers, that they obtained the support necessary to keep them in power, by tampering with the avowed enemies of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the church, and thus exposed the institutions of the country, which they themselves professed to revere, to the danger of destruction from their declared enemies, if, by any unforeseen circumstances, it should happen that the power of this hostile party should become too great for control. Pursuing this train of invective, Sir George Sinclair said:—

"His Majesty's ministers reminded him of a body of Indian jugglers who exhibited in this city. They had a basket full of live snakes, which they opened during a part of their performance, and these reptiles crawled forth and wound themselves round their legs, thighs, and other parts of their body without injuring them. These men enjoyed perfect impunity with those noxious animals, which it were death for another to touch. So it was with his Majesty's ministers and the radicals."

The principal charmer is Lord John Russell, and

the great serpent darting his tongue into his lordship's ear is Mr. O'Connell. Round the right arm of his lordship is a serpent with the head of Mr. Hume, opposite to which is a head resembling that of Mr. Shiel. That very spruce little charmer playing a pipe as he sits cross-legged on the ground, is Mr. Spring Rice, and the other who leans over the wall is Lord Morpeth.

The perfection of the ludicrous, as exhibited in the figures of Lord John and Spring Rice, stamped them in our mind at that time, so that, after the lapse of years, they are yet vivid as though the caricature were before us at the moment.

Another capital hit at the Lichfield House Compact, is embodied in the

"POPULAR DANCE IN FETTERS.

In No. CCCCXXIV. we had a representation of "Servitude that hugs her chain;" but a hornpipe in fetters implies not merely a marvellous love of confinement, but a positive glory in it. The performer does not appear to be the only person who glories in his situation; for the owner of the small hat seems to enjoy the performances, and the bulky by-stander, with his hands in the pockets of his blue frock, has already put his feet into the right position, and only waits for a clear stage to take his turn at the figure.

The reader is, no doubt, too well acquainted with the "Beggar's Opera," to require to be told that the dancer is Filch, in the likeness of Lord John Russell; that Mr. O'Connell, on the left, represents Peacham; and Mr. Hume, on the right, Lockitt. Three of the group behind bear resemblance to Cabinet ministers; the second and third, on the left, look like Mr. Spring Rice and Lord Morpeth; and the bulky man, on the right, has the countenance of Lord Melbourne. This sketch merely follows up the often-repeated charge that ministers wore the chains of Mr. O'Connell."

The foregoing are selected for their bearing on the position of the whigs. There are hosts of them which are valuable from their intrinsic humour and for the admirable drawing. Among these who will forget that happy thought, "The Rivals?" Lord Morpeth in the fore-ground and Liston behind, present points of resemblance so acute, yet so entirely free from exaggeration or caricature, that we are not at all surprised at the wo-begone exclamation of the departing comedian, "That fellow will take the bread out of my mouth!" But perhaps the happiest hit at the personal peculiarities of Lord Morpeth is that in "A Ball-room Scene," wherein his harlequin lordship is presented, dancing with her Majesty. The constrained gracefulness, the terpsichorean endeavour, the agony of self-torture, presented in the countenance and attitude of the noble lord while bearing the painful honour of dancing with her Majesty, are perfection. Yet, though the whole is ludicrous in the extreme, there is nothing exaggerated in it. Lord Morpeth is frequently to be seen even in the House of Commons, attitudinising in a manner quite as absurd, and still less appropriate. Among others remarkable for humorous drawing are "Jaffier's (Lord Brougham) Introduction to the Conspirators," "The March of Silenus," (the same noble lord) wherein the leading radicals are hit off in the very finest style, as the different personages in his train. Again, the exquisite adaptation of Mulready's picture "The Wolf and the Lamb," to the relative position of Brougham and Melbourne, is above criticism. The same may be said of the sketch in which Lord John is represented as Medea, the murderer of all his political progeny. This figure indeed is perfect. Among the sketches devoted to individual portraits, one of the best is that of Sir William Molesworth, "a leading article in the *Westminster Review*." But to enumerate one-tenth of the first-rate sketches out of the 600 which this book records, would exhaust all the synonyms of praise—it has but one fault, that it stops at the crisis of the bed-chamber plot. Some of "H. B.'s" best have been since that period. The publication of the key, however, will no doubt induce many persons to form or complete sets of the drawings themselves. Money could not be better spent; as, apart altogether from their first-rate merit as works of art, they are absolutely necessary to the comprehension of the secret political history of the last ten years.—*Britannia.*

---

## THE POET'S SPRING-TIDE.

I HEARD thee ask—What accident or mood
Controls the hour when wayward poets sing?
Yet hast thou seen a lark, whose humble wing
So lately brushed the lea, with life renewed
In music, rapid as a mountain spring,
Outsoar the golden clouds; at once pursued
By sweetest ecstasies that pant and thrill
In his full breast, and all the welkin fill!

Sprung from the grassy headland, tell me why
He wavered near, and oft delayed, before
Quivering, he rose to Heaven, rejoiced to soar,—
As if allured to earth, and urged on high
By the same passion?—still he flutters o'er
The chosen spot, with rising melody:
And is there nothing, save the flowers below,
That sways him thus: sweet querist! is it so?

Nay! and the spell those nodding blooms conceal,
That woos the bird to linger and aspire,
So rules the poet; silent, till the fire
Of love-lit eyes his melting lips unseal;—
Then will he sing—and men, perchance, admire
The strain he only asked one heart to feel!
Know, but for love that chorister would be
Still mute:—and I, dear lady! but for thee!

*Tait's Magazine.*

From the Spectator.

## HAMPSON'S MEDII ÆVI KALENDARIUM.

ARCHÆOLOGY, *Medii Ævi Kalendarium; or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages: with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century, and an alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days: forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. P. Hampson. In two volumes. *Causton and Co.*

A BOOK of so sterling a character as this, is not only a makeweight against a ton of the ephemeral trash which the press is continually pouring forth, but it does much towards supplying information for which we have hitherto been mainly indebted to the literature of France. It is impossible to place too high an estimate on the value of *dates* in all historical and antiquarian enquiries: dates are said to be "to history what the latitude and longitude are to navigation—fixing the exact position of the objects to which they are applied." From the great variety and endless complexity of dates in early charters and other instruments, both public and private, it is absolutely necessary to have tables and glossaries, &c. constantly at hand for converting those dates into the present mode of computation. Yet, while the French have long possessed such invaluable works as *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, the *Nouveau Traite de Diplomatique*, and the *Dictionnaire Raisonne de Diplomatique*, it was only of late years that the attention of our own antiquaries was directed to the subject. That great national work the *Fœdera*, as well in the original edition as in the one undertaken at an enormous cost by the late Record Commissioner of disgraceful memory, wherein numerous documents are assigned to wrong years, is a lasting monument of the ignorance of English antiquaries of what our neighbours call "la science diplomatique."

The *Notitia Historica*, which appeared in 1824, was one attempt to supply information of this nature; but it was superseded in 1829, by the *Chronology of History*, of which a new and much improved edition appeared in 1838: and it is remarkable, that though Mr. Hampson alludes to the *Notitia Historica*, and has consulted most other works bearing on his labours, he seems ignorant even of the existence of the *Chronology of History*, and consequently does not know that the regnal years of the Kings of England are therein computed upon the recently-discovered principle, "that no interregnum has occurred from the decease of a king to the reign of his successor;" that it contains all the tables which, he says, are wanted "for the reduction of dates into modern terms;" and that it contains, though in an abridged form, much of the *practical* part of the information which he has himself now given to the public. The works of Mr. Hampson, and Sir Harris Nicholas are, however, very different from each other; for while that of the latter is an unreadable "hand-book," filled with tables and other data for the reduction of dates of all periods and countries into modern terms, the present volumes, and especially the first, are filled with facts explanatory of ancient customs, sports, and superstitions, compiled not merely from Brand, Strutt, and other well-known books, but also from original sources.

It is, however, desirable to point out more precisely the plan and contents of this valuable work. Mr. Hampson first treats, generally, "on Charters and Dates;" showing the extraordinary variety of dates, and laying down rules for ascertaining both the dates and the authenticity of early instruments. When the reader learns that he prescribes no fewer than thirty-one general and twenty-seven particular rules on the subject, besides nine additional ones in relation to English charters, he must believe that the art is somewhat more difficult than he may have imagined: but if he be still doubtful, let him read what Mr. Hampson says on the redundancy of dates.

"While many of the charters, granted during the middle ages, were without any indication of the time, an astonishing redundancy of dates appears in others. A charter of William the First is dated A. D. 1082, indiction 15, epact 29, concurrent 5, lunar cycle 19, and regnal year 16. We also find not only these terms, but the solar cycle, the golden number, paschal term, dominical letter, the moon's age, the position of the sun and moon in the signs of the zodiac, Easter-day, the kalends of the month, and even the hour of the day, crowded together in the same instrument. The early writers of annals and chronicles, though they could not agree in commencing the year from the same day, sometimes indulged in this profusion of dates. Taking a few cases almost at random, we find that the death of Edmund the Martyr occurred in the year of grace 870, of his age 29, and of his reign 16, on the 12th day before the kalends of December, the second day of the week, indiction 3, and in the 22d day of the moon's age. The capture of the Knights Templars, an important event, is loaded with dates—'In the year of our Lord 1306, and the first of Edward the Second, dominical letter A, the moon current 16 days, on Wednesday next after the feast of the Epiphany, and in the 4th year of Pope John, all the brethren of the Temple were seized in pursuance of the King's mandate and the Papal Bull.' In a chronicle quoted by Dr. Whitaker, the death of a monk is recorded thus—'In the year of our Lord 1309 from his incarnation, on the day of St. Vincent the Martyr, died our first abbot, indiction 8, the 2d year from leap year, dominical letter D, golden number XIX., and the 3d year of King Edward the Second.' A battle was fought between the Scots and English on Friday, 10th June, 1138; which, to modern ears, is thus obscured by the chronicler, John, Prior of Hexham—'This battle took place at Clitheroe, on the 6th *feria* or day of the week, the quinzime of the nativity of St. John the Baptist.' A ludicrously turgid date is employed by John Whethamstede to convey the information that the king arrived at St. Alban's about Easter 1458—The 7th year being completely passed, in the first term of the ensuing year, about that season in which our Lord Jesus rode upon an ass into Jerusalem, there to celebrate the Passover with his Disciples, came our Lord the King to the monastery, to eat his paschal lamb with his dukes, earls, barons and knights. In a similar style he designates the end of July as the time when the sabbath or solstice of the year is past, and the sun has gone further and

further until he has nearly described all the degrees of the sign Leo.

"From a mistaken notion of the import of the six Persian *gahan bars*, or Zoroastrian thousands of light, an opinion early obtained that the world would terminate at the expiration of six thousand years; and in the tenth century it was every where believed that this period had nearly arrived. Theologians attempted to calculate the precise moment of the end of the world; and numerous charters of that age commence with the words 'As the world is now drawing to its close.' The terror inspired by this opinion seems not to have subsided in 1068, the date of a charter of William the Conqueror, which begins with the alarming annunciation.

"Events of national importance, and even the transactions of private persons, have been, from whatever motive, selected as the epochs of charters. A Saxon grant of manumission to a serf, in the reign of William the First, requires a minute acquaintance with ecclesiastical history to ascertain the date. So also a charter of Alice de Gant, in 1154, which is dated on the 5th day before the ides of June, in the reign of King Stephen, during the vacancy in the church caused by the death of Archbishop William, and while he lies unburied. Here all is particular, and yet, except the day of the month, obscure. The remarkable circumstance of the Archbishop's death and lying in state seems to have been uppermost in the mind of the clerical notary; who, no doubt, considered it to be a more memorable date than the regnal year of the prince or the year of the nativity. A charter of William de Romana was made A. D. 1172, on the kalends of April, at the abbey of St. Laurence, in the time of Abbot Hugh. Walter Fitz Gerard, impressed with the importance of the event, dates in that year in which died King Henry the younger, the son of Alianora and King Henry, and after the death of the same younger Henry, at the festival of St. Michael next ensuing. A charter of Owen de Bromfield is dated A. D. 1195, dominical letter A, on Sunday after the feast of St. Benedict. William the Conqueror has a magnificent date, taken from the completion of the Domesday Survey. A charter, conferring upon Alan, Count of Bretagne, all Earl Edwin's towns and lands in Yorkshire, which is ascribed to the same King, but believed by Spelman to be a forgery, is dated during the siege of the city of York. A charter of the year 1164 is dated on that Easter in which the King banished the relations of the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Feast of St. Michael after the consecration of H. Archdeacon of Canterbury as Bishop of Salisbury. The nativity of patrons of religious houses has been sometimes employed, probably from motives of gratitude, as a convenient point from which to compute the dates of the smaller monkish chronicles. Trevisa's translation of Higden's Polychronicon has a date of this kind. It was completed, he says, 18th April, 1387, 10th Richard the Second, 'the yere of my lord's age, sire Thomas Berkley, that made me make thys translation, fyve and thyrtty.' Perhaps the most singular of historical dates is contained in a charter of William Fitz Walter de Stanes, in 1193; it is taken from the regnal year and the year of his own marriage. Modern writers sometimes furnish dates of this kind, which would, unaccompanied by other materials, be attended with equal obscurity: thus the South Sea scheme, which ruined many hundred families, communicated its name to the year 1720, when the bubble was dissipated—

'What made Directors cheat in South Sea year.'

Dr. Maty, in 1751, mentions the 'year of the South' as a remarkable epoch of human weakness, in which sudden opulence threw more people into the madhouse than unexpected reverses."

The remarks on the use of the English language in England are extremely interesting.

"In consequence of the very great publicity with which the conferring of immunities and the erection or transference of a manor were transacted in early times, an opinion might be induced that a date was unnecessary in such cases; and in fact it is not now an essential requisite. The date being optional, some charters are found with and some without indications of the time of publication. The peculiar circumstances of the Saxon monks after the Conquest, might have led them to omit dates in the numerous Latin charters which they forged in order to secure themselves in their possessions. The practice, thus introduced, would be readily adopted by the Norman invaders, who employed every expedient to plunder them. The Normans were constantly demanding a sight of the written evidences of their lands; and the monks well knew that it would have been useless or impolitic to produce these evidences or charters, from which the former, besides being ignorant of the language, entertained a strong aversion. They abhorred the Saxon idiom, and administered the laws and statutes in French: even boys in schools were taught French and not English grammar; so that the English, that is the Saxon manner of writing, was lost, and the French manner used in all charters and books. The monks were therefore compelled to the pious fraud of forging their evidences in Latin; and great numbers, till lately supposed original, are still extant. It is not however to be supposed that English was totally neglected even under the Norman princes. Some of the charters of William the First himself are in Saxon; and St. Godric and Layamon composed their poems in their native language. A proclamation issued in the 43d of Henry the Third is extant in Somner, Hickes, Hearne, and the new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*. It is certainly written in Normanno-Saxon, though Lord Lyttleton considers it to be "old English"—a very loose and indefinite description, for pure Saxon may be so denominated. Robert of Gloucester, in this reign, has a passage in which he says that the Normans could speak only their own tongue, and that the high men of the land, who sprang from their blood, held all that speech, which they received from them; for if a man could speak French he was well spoken of. But low men held to English, their native language. And he weens that there is no man in any country in the world, except England alone, that does not hold to his native speech. But well he wots that it is good to know both; for the more a man knows the more is he worth. The passage itself is a specimen of English at this period:

"And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche
As speke French as dude atom, & here chyldren dude al so teche.

From the Spectator.

## HAMPSON'S MEDII ÆVI KALENDARIUM.

ARCHÆOLOGY, *Medii Ævi Kalendarium; or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages: with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century, and an alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days: forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. P. Hampson. In two volumes. *Causton and Co.*

A BOOK of so sterling a character as this, is not only a makeweight against a ton of the ephemeral trash which the press is continually pouring forth, but it does much towards supplying information for which we have hitherto been mainly indebted to the literature of France. It is impossible to place too high an estimate on the value of *dates* in all historical and antiquarian enquiries: dates are said to be "to history what the latitude and longitude are to navigation—fixing the exact position of the objects to which they are applied." From the great variety and endless complexity of dates in early charters and other instruments, both public and private, it is absolutely necessary to have tables and glossaries, &c. constantly at hand for converting those dates into the present mode of computation. Yet, while the French have long possessed such invaluable works as *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, the *Nouveau Traite de Diplomatique*, and the *Dictionnaire Raisonne de Diplomatique*, it was only of late years that the attention of our own antiquaries was directed to the subject. That great national work the *Fœdera*, as well in the original edition as in the one undertaken at an enormous cost by the late Record Commissioner of disgraceful memory, wherein numerous documents are assigned to wrong years, is a lasting monument of the ignorance of English antiquaries of what our neighbours call "la science diplomatique."

The *Notitia Historica*, which appeared in 1824, was one attempt to supply information of this nature; but it was superseded in 1829, by the *Chronology of History*, of which a new and much improved edition appeared in 1838: and it is remarkable, that though Mr. Hampson alludes to the *Notitia Historica*, and has consulted most other works bearing on his labours, he seems ignorant even of the existence of the *Chronology of History*, and consequently does not know that the regnal years of the Kings of England are therein computed upon the recently-discovered principle, "that no interregnum has occurred from the decease of a king to the reign of his successor;" that it contains all the tables which, he says, are wanted "for the reduction of dates into modern terms;" and that it contains, though in an abridged form, much of the *practical* part of the information which he has himself now given to the public. The works of Mr. Hampson, and Sir Harris Nicholas are, however, very different from each other; for while that of the latter is an unreadable "handbook," filled with tables and other data for the reduction of dates of all periods and countries into modern terms, the present volumes, and especially the first, are filled with facts explanatory of ancient customs, sports, and superstitions, compiled not merely from Brand, Strutt, and other well-known books, but also from original sources.

It is, however, desirable to point out more precisely the plan and contents of this valuable work. Mr. Hampson first treats, generally, "on Charters and Dates;" showing the extraordinary variety of dates, and laying down rules for ascertaining both the dates and the authenticity of early instruments. When the reader learns that he prescribes no fewer than thirty-one general and twenty-seven particular rules on the subject, besides nine additional ones in relation to English charters, he must believe that the art is somewhat more difficult than he may have imagined: but if he be still doubtful, let him read what Mr. Hampson says on the redundancy of dates.

"While many of the charters, granted during the middle ages, were without any indication of the time, an astonishing redundancy of dates appears in others. A charter of William the First is dated A. D. 1082, indiction 15, epact 29, concurrent 5, lunar cycle 19, and regnal year 16. We also find not only these terms, but the solar cycle, the golden number, paschal term, dominical letter, the moon's age, the position of the sun and moon in the signs of the zodiac, Easter-day, the kalends of the month, and even the hour of the day, crowded together in the same instrument. The early writers of annals and chronicles, though they could not agree in commencing the year from the same day, sometimes indulged in this profusion of dates. Taking a few cases almost at random, we find that the death of Edmund the Martyr occurred in the year of grace 870, of his age 29, and of his reign 16, on the 12th day before the kalends of December, the second day of the week, indiction 3, and in the 22d day of the moon's age. The capture of the Knights Templars, an important event, is loaded with dates—'In the year of our Lord 1306, and the first of Edward the Second, dominical letter A, the moon current 16 days, on Wednesday next after the feast of the Epiphany, and in the 4th year of Pope John, all the brethren of the Temple were seized in pursuance of the King's mandate and the Papal Bull.' In a chronicle quoted by Dr. Whitaker, the death of a monk is recorded thus—'In the year of our Lord 1309 from his incarnation, on the day of St. Vincent the Martyr, died our first abbot, indiction 8, the 24 year from leap year, dominical letter D, golden number XIX., and the 3d year of King Edward the Second.' A battle was fought between the Scots and English on Friday, 10th June, 1138; which, to modern ears, is thus obscured by the chronicler, John, Prior of Hexham—'This battle took place at Clitheroe, on the 6th *feria* or day of the week, the quinzime of the nativity of St. John the Baptist.' A ludicrously turgid date is employed by John Whethamstede to convey the information that the king arrived at St. Alban's about Easter 1458—The 7th year being completely passed, in the first term of the ensuing year, about that season in which our Lord Jesus rode upon an ass into Jerusalem, there to celebrate the Passover with his Disciples, came our Lord the King to the monastery, to eat his paschal lamb with his dukes, earls, barons and knights. In a similar style he designates the end of July as the time when the sabbath or solstice of the year is past, and the sun has gone further and

further until he has nearly described all the degrees of the sign Leo.

"From a mistaken notion of the import of the six Persian *gahan bars*, or Zoroastrian thousands of light, an opinion early obtained that the world would terminate at the expiration of six thousand years; and in the tenth century it was every where believed that this period had nearly arrived. Theologians attempted to calculate the precise moment of the end of the world; and numerous charters of that age commence with the words 'As the world is now drawing to its close.' The terror inspired by this opinion seems not to have subsided in 1068, the date of a charter of William the Conqueror, which begins with the alarming annunciation.

"Events of national importance, and even the transactions of private persons, have been, from whatever motive, selected as the epochs of charters. A Saxon grant of manumission to a serf, in the reign of William the First, requires a minute acquaintance with ecclesiastical history to ascertain the date. So also a charter of Alice de Gant, in 1154, which is dated on the 5th day before the ides of June, in the reign of King Stephen, during the vacancy in the church caused by the death of Archbishop William, and while he lies unburied. Here all is particular, and yet, except the day of the month, obscure. The remarkable circumstance of the Archbishop's death and lying in state seems to have been uppermost in the mind of the clerical notary; who, no doubt, considered it to be a more memorable date than the regnal year of the prince or the year of the nativity. A charter of William de Romana was made A. D. 1172, on the kalends of April, at the abbey of St. Laurence, in the time of Abbot Hugh. Walter Fitz Gerard, impressed with the importance of the event, dates in that year in which died King Henry the younger, the son of Alianora and King Henry, and after the death of the same younger Henry, at the festival of St. Michael next ensuing. A charter of Owen de Bromfield is dated A. D. 1195, dominical letter A, on Sunday after the feast of St. Benedict. William the Conqueror has a magnificent date, taken from the completion of the Domesday Survey. A charter, conferring upon Alan, Count of Bretagne, all Earl Edwin's towns and lands in Yorkshire, which is ascribed to the same King, but believed by Spelman to be a forgery, is dated during the siege of the city of York. A charter of the year 1164 is dated on that Easter in which the King banished the relations of the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Feast of St. Michael after the consecration of H. Archdeacon of Canterbury as Bishop of Salisbury. The nativity of patrons of religious houses has been sometimes employed, probably from motives of gratitude, as a convenient point from which to compute the dates of the smaller monkish chronicles. Trevisa's translation of Higden's Polychronicon has a date of this kind. It was completed, he says, 18th April, 1387, 10th Richard the Second, 'the yere of my lord's age, sire Thomas Berkley, that made me make thys translation, fyve and thyrtty.' Perhaps the most singular of historical dates is contained in a charter of William Fitz Walter de Stanes, in 1193; it is taken from the regnal year and the year of his own marriage. Modern writers sometimes furnish dates of this kind, which would, unaccompanied by other materials, be attended with equal obscurity: thus the South Sea scheme, which ruined many hundred families, communicated its name to the year 1720, when the bubble was dissipated—

'What made Directors cheat in South Sea year.'

Dr. Maty, in 1751, mentions the 'year of the South' as a remarkable epoch of human weakness, in which sudden opulence threw more people into the madhouse than unexpected reverses."

The remarks on the use of the English language in England are extremely interesting.

"In consequence of the very great publicity with which the conferring of immunities and the erection or transference of a manor were transacted in early times, an opinion might be induced that a date was unnecessary in such cases; and in fact it is not now an essential requisite. The date being optional, some charters are found with and some without indications of the time of publication. The peculiar circumstances of the Saxon monks after the Conquest, might have led them to omit dates in the numerous Latin charters which they forged in order to secure themselves in their possessions. The practice, thus introduced, would be readily adopted by the Norman invaders, who employed every expedient to plunder them. The Normans were constantly demanding a sight of the written evidences of their lands; and the monks well knew that it would have been useless or impolitic to produce these evidences or charters, from which the former, besides being ignorant of the language, entertained a strong aversion. They abhorred the Saxon idiom, and administered the laws and statutes in French: even boys in schools were taught French and not English grammar; so that the English, that is the Saxon manner of writing, was lost, and the French manner used in all charters and books. The monks were therefore compelled to the pious fraud of forging their evidences in Latin; and great numbers, till lately supposed original, are still extant. It is not however to be supposed that English was totally neglected even under the Norman princes. Some of the charters of William the First himself are in Saxon; and St. Godric and Layamon composed their poems in their native language. A proclamation issued in the 43d of Henry the Third is extant in Somner, Hickes, Hearne, and the new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*. It is certainly written in Normanno-Saxon, though Lord Lyttleton considers it to be "old English"—a very loose and indefinite description, for pure Saxon may be so denominated. Robert of Gloucester, in this reign, has a passage in which he says that the Normans could speak only their own tongue, and that the high men of the land, who sprang from their blood, held all that speech, which they received from them; for if a man could speak French he was well spoken of. But low men held to English, their native language. And he weens that there is no man in any country in the world, except England alone, that does not hold to his native speech. But well he wots that it is good to know both; for the more a man knows the more is he worth. The passage itself is a specimen of English at this period:

"And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche
As speke French as dude atom, & here chyldren dude al so teche.

So that heymen of thys lond, that of her blud com
Holdth alle thulke speche, that hii of hem nome.
Vor bote a man couthe French, me tolth of hym wel lute,
Ac lowe men holdth the Engligss, & to her kunde speche gute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes non,
That ne holdath to her kunde speche, bote Engelond one,
Ac wel me wot vorto come bothe wel he ys
Vor the more a man con, the more worth he ys."

"Eight years after the Saxon proclamation of Henry the Third, the first French statute was enacted. Mr. Hallam notices a proclamation of Edward the First in *Fœdera*, where he endeavours to excite his subjects against the King of France, by imputing to him the intention of conquering the country, and abolishing the English language; which is frequently repeated in the proclamations of Edward the Third. It is still more singular that the preamble of the statute of 18th Edward III., st. 2, which is itself in French, alleges the very same imputation against the French King. However, in this reign we find the oldest English instrument known to exist; it bears the date of 1343; and in 1362, a statute, written in Norman-French, was passed, requiring that all pleas in courts of justice should be pleaded, debated, and decided in English. Rymer has inserted an instrument in English, dated 1385. Ralph Higden, about the latter part of the reign of Edward the Third, says that gentlemen's children are taught to speak French from the time they are rocked in the cradle; and uplandishmen, (*i. e.* countrymen, lower classes,) will liken themselves to gentlemen with great business for to speak French, for to be the more told of; which is the very remark made by Robert of Gloucester. Chaucer, in his Prologue to the "Prioress's Tale," notices the French taught in the schools at this time, with great contempt—

"And French she spake ful fetously
After the scole at Stratforde at Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

Sir John Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice, who was beheaded 5th Richard the Second, 1382, made his will partly in Latin and partly in French; assigning as the reason of his deviation from the first to the second, that the French language was more natural to himself, and was more common and better known than the Latin; but of English he takes no notice. The Rolls of Parliament do not contain more than three or four entries in English before the reign of Henry the Sixth; after whose accession the use of the language became common in these records; but French continued to be the language of the Court so lately as the reign of Henry the Eighth; and from an epigram of Sir Thomas More, quoted by Daines Barrington, it appears to have been no better than that of Stratford-le-Bow:

"Crescit tamen, sibique nimirum placet,
Verbis tribut si quid loquatur Gallice;
Aut Gallicis si quid nequit vocabulis,
Conatur id licet verbis non Gallicis,
Canore saltum personare Gallico."

An article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the present month, shows that "French of Stratford at Bowe" meant, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no French at all, but simply English; and that two English Envoys in 1404, informed the French Ambassadors with whom they were sent to treat, that they were as ignorant of French as of Hebrew.

The second book relates to "Popular Customs and Superstitions, connected with dates;" and we have seldom met with more curious or amusing matter. The third book is "on Ancient Kalendars;" and contains copies of several kalendars of early periods, used at different places. The second volume consists of a "Glossary" of Saints' Days, and of the terms used in dating ecclesiastical and other instruments; which exhibits learning and industry, and is the fullest and most complete glossary of the kind that we are acquainted with.

---

From the Spectator.

## BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.

TRAVELS—*Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa: a Journal of Travels in the year* 1838, by E. Robinson and E. Smith; *undertaken in reference to Biblical Geography. Drawn up from the original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations*, by Edward Robinson, D. D., *Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, author of a Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, &c. With new maps and plans, in five sheets.* In three volumes. *Murray.*

THESE three elaborate and very bulky volumes are the result of a journey made in Palestine and part of Arabia during five or six months of 1838, by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Eli Smith. Dr. Robinson is well known to scholars for his Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament; as the Professor of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary of New York he has trained up many of the American clergy, both pastors and missionaries; and from his earliest years he has regarded Palestine as the object of his hopes, and fed his mind with the idea of perchance seeing it. Mr. Smith was his pupil; and subsequently, as a missionary to the East, travelled through Asia Minor and Persia, acquiring a thorough acquaintance with Arabic, and much knowledge of the Oriental character. Circumstances in 1837 having enabled the friends to perform a journey together in the Promised Land, Dr. Robinson left New York, passed rapidly through England, made some stay in Germany to consult her scholars upon certain points in his intended researches, then went on to Trieste, and reached Egypt by the steamers. In Egypt Dr. Robinson met his friend, and they proceeded together to Mount Sinai; reached Jerusalem by Hebron, through a route rarely traversed, passing midway as it were through the Desert from the head of the Red Sea, leaving Edom on the right hand and the Mediterranean more distantly on the left. At Jerusalem they remained some time, making many investigations in its neighbourhood, and many excursions throughout Palestine; till, having exhausted their subject as far as time permitted, the travellers reached Vienna by Constantinople and the Danube.

Their mode of proceeding was this. To make notes of every object as they journeyed along; to digest these notes at the end of the day's journey,

and write out the results, each party selecting such objects as struck him; but Mr. Smith alone attending to names of places, which depended upon accurate verbal communication with the natives. From these journals Dr. Robinson has composed the present work; using his own or his fellow-traveller's diary indiscriminately, excepting such remarks of Mr. Smith relating to points dependent upon language as he could not venture to alter, and the most elaborate of which are printed separately.

The *Biblical Researches* consist of narrative, disquisition, and history, varied according to the nature of the subject, with sometimes one predominating, sometimes another; but Dr. Robinson's general plan is to give an account of his journey, an enquiry into the identity of the places mentioned in Scripture, with a précis of their history since that period. To follow him through all his excursions at Jerusalem, Nazareth, Tiberias, the Dead Sea, and a long list of etceteras, would be unprofitably diffuse. A notion of the work will be conveyed by a skeleton of the section from Suez to Sinai: it contains—first, an account of the journey and the incidents of the way, with the occurrences during their sojourn in the convent, and a description of their visits to the holy places; second, a critical enquiry whether the popular opinion is correct, respecting the identity of Sinai, and if so, whether it has correctly assigned the localities; third, a history of the convent; fourth, a sketch of the Arab tribes in the vicinity.

The work is by an American, and it was composed in Berlin. We state this because it exhibits a curious mixture of German zeal in minute questions of scholarship with American enthusiasm and freshness respecting things not altogether new to Europeans. With many pleasant pictures of scenery and manners, rendered agreeable by an amiable and tolerant spirit when not very striking by intrinsic novelty, with much learning and much christian zeal, tempered by sense and a discriminating *Protestant* spirit applied to Scriptural antiquities, frequently productive of interesting discoveries—with a great deal of reading in the christian archæology of the primitive and middle ages, and a critical acumen brought to bear upon the exposure of monkish traditions—the publication is upon the whole rather a storehouse of materials than a finished work. The narrative of the journey is often too minute in detailing uninteresting particulars: the disquisitions would have been better if recast and compressed; and, if the subject of monkish history and tradition in Palestine has interest enough to support itself, it has not sufficient to impart variety and relief to the other sections. The defects we speak of would not, perhaps, have been so perceptible had each part stood alone, with unity of subject and a much greater brevity. As it is, the book consists of various topics requiring various frames of mind to attend to, and rarely having an equal degree of attraction for the reader. Neither do they always stand so entirely alone as to be easily separated without an examination. It must not be denied either, that the size of the book will be somewhat appalling to the general reader. For the religious world and the Biblical scholar the work will be one of high interest; but even for them, we think, it would have had greater attraction had the topography been separated from the travels, and more value compressed into less bulk.

In presenting quotations, we shall have an eye to what may be called the distinguishing features of the book, rather than to those which it possesses in common with every day travels. Here is an example of mingled criticism and description, in an account of the pilgrim's disappointments at the place which monkish tradition has assigned as the actual Mount Sinai.

"My first and predominant feeling while upon this summit, was that of disappointment. Although from our examination of the plain er-Râhah below, and its correspondence to the Scriptural narrative, we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law, yet we still had cherished a lingering hope or feeling, that there might after all be some foundation for the long series of monkish traditions, which for at least fifteen centuries has pointed out the summit on which we now stood as the spot where the Ten Commandments were so awfully proclaimed. But Scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and while the former has a distinctness and definiteness, which through all our journeyings rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually and almost regularly to be but a baseless fabric. In the present case, there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had any thing to do with the summit which now bears his name. It is three miles distant from the plain on which the Israelites must have stood, and hidden from it by the intervening peaks of the modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from the summit, nor are the bottoms of the adjacent valleys; nor is any spot to be seen around it where the people could have been assembled. The only point in which it is not immediately surrounded by high mountains, is towards the S. E., where it sinks down precipitously to a tract of naked gravelly hills.

In the course of the day's excursion, however, the pilgrims stumbled upon a promising place, and made the discovery of

THE TRUE MOUNT SINAI.

While the monks were employed in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the almost inaccessible peak of es-Sufsâfeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstance of the Scriptural history. This cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin; and the distance to the summit is more than half a mile. We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course, but found the rock so smooth and precipitous, that after some falls and a few exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course. From the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the nothern precipice and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which give to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament.

The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent, was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Râhah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent Wayds and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right,

and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Râhah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened, that here or on some one of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain-brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.

Jerusalem rather exceeded the expectations of our travellers: they did not find it so dirty or so sordid as previous descriptions led them to expect. Nor did they experience any interruption in their examination and surveys—less, in fact, than they would have done at home. The degradation of the Christian ceremonies at Jerusalem, however, answered all that they had read of,—that is, of the Catholic church, for the Greek they did not go to see.

### EASTER AT JERUSALEM.

The different sets of christians who have possession of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre had of course been compelled to alternate in their occupancy of it, and in the performance of their religious ceremonies. On this last "high day" of the festival, the Greeks held their grand mass at the Sepulchre before the break of day; and the Latins followed at nine o'clock. I looked in for a few moments, with my friend Mr. Homes, upon this latter ceremonial. Few persons were present except those engaged in the service. These few were all below in the body of the church; in the galleries there were no spectators. The reputed sepulchre, as is well known, stands in the middle of the spacious rotunda, directly beneath the centre of the great dome, which is open to the sky. The high altar was placed directly before the door of the sepulchre; so that we could not enter the latter. The ceremonies we saw consisted only in a procession of the monks and others marching around the sepulchre; stopping occasionally to read a portion of the gospel; and then again advancing with chanting and singing. I was struck with the splendour of their robes, stiff with embroidery of silver and gold, the well-meant offerings probably of Catholics out of every country of Europe; but I was not less struck with the vulgar and unmeaning visages that peered out from these costly vestments. The wearers looked more like ordinary ruffians than like ministers of the cross of Christ.—Indeed, there is reason to believe that the Latin monks in Palestine are actually, for the most part, ignorant and often illiterate men, chiefly from Spain, the refuse of her monks and clergy, who come or are sent hither as into a sort of exile, where they serve to excite the sympathies and the misplaced charities of the Catholics of Europe. There was hardly a face among all those before us that could be called intelligent. A few fine looking French naval officers, and one or two Irish Catholics, had joined the procession, but seemed quite out of place, and as if ashamed of their companions.

I make these remarks merely as relating a matter of fact, and not, I trust, out of any prejudice against the Romish Church or her clergy. I had once spent the Holy Week in Rome itself; and there admired the intelligent and noble countenance of many of the clergy and monks congregated in that city. For this very reason the present contrast struck me the more forcibly and disagreeably. The whole scene indeed was, to a Protestant, painful and revolting. It might perhaps have been less so had there been manifested the slightest degree of faith in the genuineness of the surrounding objects; but even the monks themselves do not pretend that the present sepulchre is any thing more than an imitation of the original. But to be in the ancient city of the Most High, and to see these venerated places, and the very name of our holy religion profaned by idle and lying mummeries, while the proud Mussulman looks on with haughty scorn—all this excited in my mind a feeling too painful to be borne, and I never visited the place again.

### PROTESTANT WORSHIP AND MISSIONS AT JERUSALEM.

We now repaired to the house of Mr. Whiting, where, in a large upper room, our friends had long established regular divine service in English every Sunday; in which they were assisted by Mr. Nicolayson, the able missionary of the English Church, sent out hither by the London Missionary Society for the Jews. We found a very respectable congregation, composed of all the missionary families, besides several European travellers of rank and name. It was, I presume, the largest Protestant congregation ever collected within the walls of the Holy City; and it was gratifying to see Protestants of various names here laying aside all distinctions, and uniting with one heart to declare by their example, in Jerusalem itself, that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The simplicity and spirituality of the Protestant worship was to me affecting and doubly pleasing, in contrast with the pageant which we had just been spectators.

Early in the afternoon, we were also present at the service in Arabic, which the same missionaries had established in the house of Mr. Lanneau, and which was then regularly attended by some twenty or thirty Arab Christians of the Greek rite. These were men of respectable appearance, merchants and others, and seemed to yield attention to the things which they heard.

It may not be out of place here to remark, that the object of the American missions to Syria and other parts of the Levant, is not to draw off members of the Oriental churches to Protestantism, but to awaken them to a knowledge and belief of the gospel truth in the purity and simplicity of its original scriptural form. To this end all the efforts of the missionaries are directed, in the hope that individuals thus enlightened, and remaining, if they choose, within the pale of their own churches, may by degrees become instrumental in infusing into the latter life and vigour, and a love of the truth, before which the various forms of error and superstition will of themselves vanish away. The missionaries would seem thus

to have taken the proper course, in going forward simply as preachers of the gospel, and not as the direct assailants of specific errors; striving to overcome darkness by diffusing light, and not by denouncing it as gross darkness. True, in this way they make less noise; for the mere presentation of truth excites less opposition than the calling in question of long cherished error; but, with the blessing of God, they are likely to reap a more abundant harvest, and exert a larger and more lasting influence in the moral regeneration of the East.

We will close with a few extracts of a miscellaneous character, as specimens of the narrative of the travels.

ARAB SALE OF PROVISIONS.

The poor kid was now let loose, and ran bleating into our tent as if aware of its coming fate. All was activity and bustle to prepare the coming feast; the kid was killed and dressed with great dexterity and despatch; and its still quivering members were laid upon the fire, and began to emit savoury odours, particularly gratifying to Arab nostrils. But now a change came over the fair scene. The Arabs of whom we had bought the kid had in some way learned that we were to encamp near; and naturally enough concluding that the kid was bought in order to be eaten, they thought good to honour our Arabs with a visit, to the number of five or six persons. Now the stern law of Bedawin hospitality demands, that whenever a guest is present at a meal, whether there be much or little, the first and best portion must be laid before the stranger. In this instance, the five or six guests attained their object, and had not only the selling of the kid, but also the eating of it; while our poor Arabs, whose mouths had long been watering with expectation, were forced to take up with the fragments. Beshârah, who played the host, fared worst of all; and came afterwards to beg for a biscuit, saying he had lost the whole of his dinner.

ARAB TOPOGRAPHERS.

We found that our guides of to-day and yesterday, both old and young, knew very little of distant mountains and objects; while they were familiarly acquainted with those near at hand. It was only after long and repeated examination and cross-questioning, that my companion could be sure of any correctness as to more remote objects; since at first they often gave answers at random, which they afterwards modified or took back. The young man Sâlim was the most intelligent of the whole. After all our pains, many of the names we obtained were different from those which Burckhardt heard; although his guides apparently were of the same tribe. A tolerably certain method of finding any place at will is to ask an Arab if its name exists. He is sure to answer yes, and to point out some spot at hand as its location. In this way, I have no doubt, we might have found Rephidim or Marah, or any other place we chose; and such is probably the mode in which many ancient names and places have been discovered by travellers, which no one has ever been able to find after them.

BEDAWIN LAW.

The following are some of the peculiarities of the Bedawin law—a law not of statute but of prescription, and as binding as the common law of England. If a Bedawy owes another, and refuses to pay, the creditor takes two or three men as witnesses of the refusal. He then seizes or steals, if he can, a camel or something else belonging to the debtor, and deposits it with a third person. This brings the case to trial before the judge; and the debtor forfeits the article seized. The Bedawin in their quarrels avoid beating each other with a stick or with the fist, as disreputable; this being the punishment of slaves and children, and a great indignity to a man. If it takes place, the sufferer is entitled to very high damages. Their code of honour allows blows to be given only with the sword or with a gun; and by these the sufferer feels himself far less aggrieved. In a quarrel of this kind where swords have been used, if the case be brought to trial, a fine is imposed on the party least wounded large enough to counterbalance the excess of blows or injury received by the other party. The degree of offence, or provocation, or claim, is of no account; it being taken for granted that nothing can justify a quarrel, and that all such occurrences must be tried on their own simple merits.

BEDAWIN RELIGION.

The Muhammedanism of all these sons of the desert sits very loosely upon them. They bear the name of followers of the False Prophet; and the few religious ideas which they possess are moulded after his precepts. Their nominal religion is a matter of habit, of inheritance, of national prescription; but they seemed to manifest little attachment to it in itself, and live in the habitual neglect of most of its external forms. We never saw any among them repeat the usual Muhammedan prayers, in which other Muslims are commonly so punctual; and were told, indeed, that many never attempt it, and that very few among them even know the proper words and forms of prayer. The men generally observe the fast of Ramadân, though some do not; nor do the females keep it. Nor is the duty of pilgrimage more regarded; for, according to Tuweiled, not more than two or three of all the Tâwarah had ever made the journey to Mecca. The profaneness of the Bedawin is excessive, and almost incredible. "Their mouth is full of cursing," and we were hardly able to obtain a single answer that did not contain an oath.

---

## THE GIRL AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

As Kate went tripping up the town
(No lassie e'er looked prettier,)
An "unco chiel" in cap and gown
(No mortal e'er looked grittier)
Accosted Kitty in the street,
As she was going to cross over,
And robb'd her of a kiss—the cheat,
Saying, "I'm a *Philosopher!*"
"A what!" said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over;
"Are you? Oh, *phi!*" and off she sped,
Whilst he bewail'd the "*los-oph-er!*"

*Omnibus.*

## CONTINENTAL POLITICS.

Paris, Wednesday, July 14.

My budget for this week is small, for the English elections still engross the almost exclusive attention of our politicians. Upon the whole men of all parties here seem to rejoice exceedingly at the defeat and discomfiture of the whigs. "Come what may," say the French liberals, "we cannot have a more rabid hater of France than Lord Palmerston." The conservatives, or rather the *conservateurs* (forgive me the use of the French term, for there is a vast distinction between French and English conservatives) are delighted that the whigs will soon be out of office—"those treacherous whigs," who hate the French alliance. The royalists rejoice that a party is coming into power in Great Britain, which respects ancient institutions, although they can scarcely forgive us yet for the prompt recognition of the July revolution. The republicans, perhaps, are the most discontented at the triumph of the conservatives in England; not from the slightest respect entertained for the whigs, but because, in the defeat of the latter, they see a further remove from the establishment of democracy or chartism, the reaction of which they hoped would have its effect in this country. Certainly never did a party manage to bring down upon itself such collected contempt and hatred as the disgraced whigs. Mixing amongst men of all nations in this capital of every shade of political opinion, I have in vain sought for an expression of sympathy for a fallen party; for, to speak frankly, I am somewhat annoyed to hear so much vituperation poured forth on men who are, at all events, my fellow-countrymen, and who I really would be glad to defend, if it were possible in a foreign country, not for themselves individually, but from a principle of nationality. I was silenced the other evening in my apologetic strain for the whig-radical cabinet, as I was urging something to diminish the humiliating sarcasms of a German diplomatist, by the quaint quotation, "In statesmen, faults are crimes." I have, however, the consolation, that the speedy coming into office of the able and patriotic men destined to hold the reins of power in England, may remedy in time, the blunders of their predecessors, and restore our tarnished reputation on the continent; for, depend upon it, that although British valour and determination are appropriately appreciated abroad, our diplomacy, as evinced in the eastern question, is held at a very cheap rate. What is now asked is "*Cui bono* the treaty of July?" To preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire?—Why, it is tumbling to pieces. To depose the Pacha of Egypt?—He remains stronger than ever; for the discordant elements of Syria have been taken away from him, and he has a powerful fleet and army, which nobody believes he intends to diminish. Then, if Lord Palmerston consents with Russia, to allow France to re-enter the European concert, by the signing of the convention relative to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, as ardently desired by Austria and Prussia, it will be to fall back on a state of things analagous to that prior to the signing of the treaty of July, with this essential difference—that France then was incapable of going to war, and *therefore did not; but that now she is prepared*, and, if permitted to go on arming, will shortly be able to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to more than one power, having effectually managed to detach Austria and Prussia from the Quadruple Alliance. This is the precious Palmerstonian legacy of which he bragged so much at Tiverton, where, by-the-bye, he was guilty either of the highest indiscretion or of the foulest designs against the foreign secretary who is to replace him. Was it prudent for him to utter what he did respecting the war in Africa, however true, at a moment when the relations with France had not been restored to their former footing, or was it simply to produce exasperation here, to embarrass the minister who will have to treat with the present cabinet? M. Guizot, to whom some person was addressing warm remarks at the language of Lord Palmerston, quiety replied, "*Il nous fait ses adieux.*" This was both cutting and in good taste; but I would much rather that a British minister had not exposed himself to a contemptuous retort in this manner.

The *emeutes* at Toulouse, consequent upon the harsh fiscal regulations of the new minister of finance, the fortifications, and the question of electorial reform, have been the principal points of domestic interest. In respect to the former, the telegraphic despatch in this morning's *Moniteur* proves that they were more serious than at first stated. After announcing for two days consecutively that order was perfectly restored, we are now told that, on the 12th, the house of the obnoxious prefect was attacked, but that the insurgents were repulsed. "Energetically," says one account, which means at the loss of life. We are told, also, that this attack emanated from the secret societies, meaning, I presume, the republicans. Toulouse is a rich city, the population of which is nearly equally divided into royalists and republicans. The Louis Phillippist party in the town is very small. The legitimatists are the persons of rank and influence, and have been remarkably careful in abstaining from any violent demonstrations. The present disturbances have, therefore, resulted from the republicans. But now remains the question which time will show.—Was this movement a premeditated one, or was it provoked by the police? I have strong suspicions that these troubles and disorders have been the work of incendiary agents. It is an infernal policy (of which M. Guizot is totally incapable,) but it is nevertheless notorious, that, for the last ten years a power higher than the cabinet, having at its disposal a police of its own, has resorted to the instigation of riots for the purpose of an exhibition of strength. This secret and powerful action has, without a doubt, been resorted to in many *emeutes;* and, what renders the transactions at Toulouse so mysterious is, that the republican leaders in Paris who are in active correspondence with the chiefs in the departments, profess to be totally ignorant of the rioters who began the disturbances. I have frequently mentioned that, since the July treaty, new tactics had been pursued here by the revolutionists, and that the *mot d'ordre* has been to avoid *emeutes*, and to prevent any collision with the authorities. How perfect this organisation has been was established at Napoleon's funeral, and on the fête days, but more recently and strikingly at the interment of Garnier Pagès.

The agitation for electoral reform is actively going on, and the government has been alive to its danger, for it knows that the parliamentary revolution now

progressing would be more fatal than a hundred *emeutes*. The other day one of the inferior courts had to try several persons for belonging to the Communist Societies (of which Darmès, the regicide, was asserted to be a member,) and to—what is more important—associations to procure a change in the electoral law. The court acquitted the accused on the ground (although not stated in the judgment) that these associations were not illegal. The very unusual occurrence of an appeal of the advocate-general against this sentence was made to the *Cour Royale*, and this tribunal has reversed the decision of the correctional police, declared the societies and associations illegal, ordered their suppression, and sentenced the prisoners to various terms of imprisonment. A further appeal has been lodged by the condemned to the Court of Cassation against the judgment of the *Cour Royale*; but from the composition of the former I regard the confirmation of the latter's verdict as very probable. I foresee, therefore, that this is a great blow aimed at electoral reform, for if organised associations and committees are put down, the getting up of petitions, Arago tours of agitation in the departments, reform banquets, &c., will soon be suppressed.

As to the wordy warfare on the fortifications, the complaint still being that the detached forts are rearing their crests, and the *enceinte continue* is but in a partial state of erection, we shall have ample opportunities of discussing this matter hereafter, when the affair assumes, as it will assume, a more serious aspect. The liberal fools! to imagine for a moment that these fortifications were ever intended for foreign invasion. The revolutionists are properly punished, but the full measure of their asinine stupidity has yet to be completed.

---

## A NEGRO BOY IN THE WEST INDIES.

The negro boys there are the most cunning imps I have ever had to do with. I recollect on my last voyage to Jamaica, while my vessel was lying in St. Anne's bay, I had to go to Port Maria to look for some cargo; and on my way thither, near Ora Cabeça, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast—I think it was the Salt Gut. When at some distance, I had observed a negro boy belabouring a mule most heartily; but before I got up he had left off his thumping and dismounted, and now appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with fore-legs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, seemed proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies.

"Who—o! you no go ober? Berry well—me bet you fippenny me make you go—No! Why for you no bet?—why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive off the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. "Oh! you do bet—berry well—den me try."

The young rascal (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fan-weed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fan-weed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to his tail, and off they went, as a negro himself would say, "like mad, massa." Into the water they plunged—the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth in perfect ecstasy. Out they got on the other side—head and ears down—tail and heels up—and the boy's arms flying about as if they did not belong to him; and I lost sight of him as he went over the rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but small chance of escape. No, no, a butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy—the one may ride like the deuce, but the other is the very deuce himself riding.

"Did you see any more of him, sir?" enquired a young lady opposite.

"Yes, madam, about two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria, and in an open space near the stores, there sat, or rather lay, young Quashie eating cakes; and there also stood the mule, eating guinea-grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at the Salt Gut. 'Well, Quashie,' I said, 'you have got here I see, but which of you won!'—'Quashie win, massa—Quashie never lose.' —'But will he pay?' I enquired.—'Quashie pay himself, massa. You see, Massa Buccra, massa gib Quashie tenpenny-bit for grass for mule. Quashie bet fippeny him make him go ober de Gut—Quashie win—Quashie hab fippenny for cake, muld hab fippenny for grass.'" *Omnibus.*

---

## THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE (WHO THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.)

My eye grew as dull as a half-scallop'd oyster,
And soon would my death in the *Times* have rejoiced her;
So to Battersea-fields, for no meadows are moister,
I hurried to drown both myself and my woes.
Down life's sunny stream many seasons I'd floated
Till pleasures now bored me, on which I had doted;
So I vowed that my death should by lovers be quoted
Where the pale, sentimental asparagus grows.

Alas! I exclaim'd, with a half-broken hiccup,
The soft crumbs of comfort no more can I pick up;
My sorrows are mix'd as it were in a tea-cup,
Without any sugar to take off the taste.
But sorrows are often inflicted to try us;
Kind fortune, invisibly, often stands by us;
And now on the roof of the famous eel-pie house
The blinker-eyed goddess was luckily placed.

She kindly assured me my views were mistaken,
That really by Betty I wasn't forsaken;
So I walk'd back to town and got into the Fakenham coach, to return to my Betty again.
Four lovers already had tried to divert her
Attentions from me, but their eagerness hurt her;
She said that she knew that I wouldn't desert her,
And now is the suicide gayest of men!

*Omnibus.*

## MRS. NOBLE'S NARRATIVE OF HER CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS IN PRISON IN CHINA IN 1840-1, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Ningpo Prison, Feb. 19, 1841.

My ever dear Friend,—On Sunday, the 14th, I received your kind letter, containing the glad tidings of peace, and the joyful hope of a speedy release from prison; and in which you so sweetly and affectionately offer a home to the homeless. The Almighty alone, who searcheth the heart, knows how deeply grateful I feel for all your abundant goodness towards me in my great afflictions, but, as my last letters were sent publicly, I could not express my feelings; I sincerely hope you have not thought me ungrateful. As I may now do so with safety, I will try to write to you the sad particulars of the dreadful wreck of the Kite, and of following events, as far as memory and the few notes I have been able to make from time to time will enable me to do. May the Almighty in mercy strengthen me for the truly melancholy duty. Amen. And I feel sure, my dear friend, you will make due allowance for the state of mind in which I write.

I shall infer that you know all our affairs up to, I think, the 10th of September, when the Kite was again on her way to Chusan; all went well to the 15th, and we then hoped to reach Chusan in two days. Alas for earthly prospects, they are indeed fallacious! About twelve o'clock in the forenoon the vessel struck on an awful quicksand, not laid down in the chart. The shock was as sudden as it was dreadful; all efforts at the moment were used, but in vain, and in a few moments—almost before we could think, or speak, or, alas! even have time to fetch my sweet child from the cabin—the vessel went over with a tremendous crash on her broadside, and every creature on board (except my dear child) was precipitated with great violence into the sea. The moment was so dreadful I saw nothing, and, whether my beloved husband, who was giving orders till the last moment, ran to the cabin to save his darling child, or whether he fell with the rest, I know not; but alas! he was never seen nor heard of more. His last words to me were, "Hold on, Anne!"—never, never, shall I forget them. My sweet child must have perished in his cradle. I tremble to think of the sufferings of both. Oh! how often have I wished I had shared the same grave, yet the will of God was otherwise, and I know it is very wicked, but when you know my almost unparalleled suffering you will not wonder at it. To return to the wreck. After struggling under water for some time I caught hold of one of the iron bars that held the boat on the quarter, to which I clung, my body being still in the water, and the breakers coming over me with great force. A poor little dog saved itself on my breast for some time, but at last I was obliged to put it off; oh! had it been my darling child, I would have died rather a thousand times. Lieutenant Douglas arose close by me, and although for a time he could not help me, yet I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude the kind manner in which he stood by me, doing all in his power to soothe me, and, by his orders, to save the lives of all. Oh! could I picture to you the scene at this moment—the vessel on her broadside, her masts and sails in the water, numbers of persons rising, and clinging to the wreck, the horror of every countenance, and the dreadful noise of the breakers; but it is too much even to tell you I saw it all—never, never shall I forget the sight. Lieutenant Douglas, with Mr. Witts, the chief officer, who now kindly came forward to my aid, did all in their power to save me, and they were, by the blessing of God, the means of preserving my unhappy life. These two gentlemen, with the poor cabin boys, got into the boat. I had just strength to raise my foot, of which one of the gentlemen took hold, drew the boat to, and lifted me in. The boat being nearly full of water, and the breakers still coming over it every moment, the gentlemen were obliged to cut the rope to prevent her sinking. The current immediately took her, and nothing could prevent her from leaving the wreck. The people had now got on the upper side of the vessel. I strained my eyes in vain to find those so dear to me. I saw all but them. I tore my hair in despair, and called till they could hear me no longer, telling them to seek my husband and child. Hour after hour the wreck was seen; at last we lost sight of it entirely. You will fancy me weeping and screaming all this time; I assure you no. My trouble was too overwhelming; I could not shed a tear, although my heart was fit to break; I sat more like a statue, my eyes seeking in vain for the wreck. The boat's little kedger was thrown out, and the water rushing by was almost like a wall on either side of our boat. We saw many things washed from the wreck pass us. About four o'clock the current turned in our favour, and after some hours of anxiety we came in sight of the wreck. As we drew near, we found the vessel had sunk in the sand, and only her maintop was now in sight, to which all the poor sufferers clung for life. Efforts were made to reach the wreck, but it was impossible. Lieutenant Douglas spoke to the men and told them to make a raft, hoping on the morrow to be able to render them some assistance. We now again left the wreck, and night began to set in; the gentlemen lay down on the bottom of the boat, and I sat and kept watch by the stars. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but I need not say it appeared very long, and often did I speak to Lieutenant Douglas who slept very little.

On the 16th we again passed the wreck early, and, as before, strove in vain to reach the poor crew. A few words were spoken until we were carried away by the current. In the afternoon we passed the wreck for the last time; every thing possible was done to reach it, but to no purpose; and after speaking a few words, once more we had to endure the trial of being carried past. What our feelings were, none but those in a like situation can conceive. It was now again night, and, as before I kept my melancholy watch. After this we could not find the wreck, and we were obliged to come to the dreadful conclusion that all the crew must have perished, or have been taken from the wreck by the Chinese. I now felt almost sure that I was a widow, and all alone in the world; but yet I think I hoped even against hope, and Lieutenant Douglas, who was most kind to me, led me to believe such happiness possible. Oh! could I only tell you all the kindness I received from that dear gentleman. One remark he made when I felt myself almost heart-broken,

was, "Depend on it, my dear Mrs. Noble, the Almighty has preserved you for a future and a better purpose." Thus did he at all times, in the most kind and soothing manner, try to cheer my truly sad heart. Picture for a moment our situation—five of us in a small boat, with little clothing—the gentlemen but thinly clad, and myself in a thin morning gown, no bonnet, no shawl, and no shoes, the latter having been washed off; no food, no water, no sail, only two oars, and near an enemy's country. On this day we went on board a fishing-boat; the men were kind to us, and gave us a little dry rice, some water, and an old mat to try to make a sail of. Soon after we thought we saw a small English sail; never shall I forget the excitement we felt; but, after a long time, found we were mistaken. Towards evening we picked up a small pumpkin, of which I took a little, the first food I had taken since the wreck. Whilst we were thus driven about from place to place, again we thought we saw a steamer, and we did all in our power to make them observe us, raising a signal of distress on one of our oars, and once more we were as before disappointed. On Wednesday night the breakers came over our little boat with such violence, that we thought we should have sunk; it washed away one of our oars, and we were all wet through, but still the Almighty preserved us, glory be to his holy name! Lieutenant Douglas and myself had a prayer together, in which we thanked God for all his past mercies, and asked his future protection; we were very cold, but felt comforted. Thursday the 17th, we boarded another boat and asked them to take us to Chusan, which they promised to do, but to which the master of the party would not accede. However, they took us up a canal and told us, that was the way. It now began to rain a little, and at night we found ourselves in a small creek, with numbers of Chinamen round us. They appeared kind, and brought us a little boiled rice. Wonderful to say, although we had been so long without food, not one in the boat complained of hunger, and of the rice now brought very little was eaten; the rain now fell fast, and we all lay down in the bottom of the boat, and laid the old mat over the top. About 12 o'clock I thought I heard footsteps, and on looking up saw about twenty Chinamen round our boat, carrying gay lanterns. I awoke Lieutenant Douglas in alarm; however, they still appeared kind and gave us more food. In the morning, it being very wet, we went barefooted to a Chinaman's house. After sitting a short time, they told us that they would get us something to eat, and then take us to Chusan. We followed; they took us to a temple for shelter from the rain. One of the party now left us, and we began to suspect that all was not right, and set off to regain our boat. Alas! it was too late. We had scarcely ascended the bank, when, on looking behind, we saw a large party of soldiers, a mandarin, and numbers of Chinese pursuing us. We saw at once we were betrayed; flight was impossible, resistance as vain. I was leaning on Lieutenant Douglas's arm; he stood boldly in my defence, but it was of no use, for they struck me several times. They then put chains around our necks, hurrying us along a path, not half a yard in breadth, to a large city, through every street of which they led us. The people thronged by thousands to stare, so that we could scarcely pass. Their savage cries were terrific. From this they led us to a temple full of soldiers, and one of the wretches stole my wedding ring from my finger, the only thing I treasured. Alas! that I was not to keep that one dear pledge of my husband's affection. They then set a table and wrote Chinese, asking whether we understood it. Never shall I forget that temple, their fierce grimaces and savage threats. Hitherto Lieutenant Douglas had been my only friend, and, I think I may say that we have been a mutual comfort to one another throughout our sufferings. But we were now to part. The soldiers bound Lieutenant Douglas's hands behind him and tied him to a post, and in this situation I was forced from him. We took an affectionate leave of one another, as friends never expecting to meet again, until we met in Heaven. He gave me his black silk handkerchief to tie round my waist, which I shall ever treasure as a remembrance of that truly sad moment. We anticipated death in its most cruel form, and I think, I could say, surely the bitterness of death is past. I now felt indeed alone. Mr. Witts, one of the boys, and myself were now again dragged through the rain, and my feet being bare slipped at every step, and they were at last obliged to bring me a pair of straw sandals. I was obliged to hang to the coat of a tall man who held me by the chain. We must have looked wretched in the extreme, our clothes being much covered with dirt as well as drenched with rain. My hair hung dishevelled round my neck. In this state we must have walked at least twenty miles, and passed through numberless cities, all the inhabitants of which crowded around us; their hooting and savage yells were frightful. We twice passed through water nearly up to our waist. After having reached a temple, we were allowed to rest ourselves on some stones. They gave us here some prison clothes and food. At night they laid down some mats and a quilt, on either side of a large temple. Mr. Witts and the boy took one side, and after a short prayer to my Almighty Heavenly Father I lay down, but not to sleep; the chain round our necks being fastened to the wall. Would that I could describe to you the scene;—the temple beautifully lighted up with lanterns, or miserable beds and more miserable selves, all the dark faces of the frightful-looking Chinese (of whom I think there were eight) the smoke from their long pipes;—the din of the gongs and other noises which they kept up all night were indeed horrid. Long, very long, did this night appear. Morning at last dawned, and the keepers brought us a little water to wash with, which was a great comfort; after which they led us to an open court, to be exposed to the public gaze of numberless spectators to come throughout the day. Here they took our height, the length of our hair, and noted every feature in an exact manner, and then made us write an account of the wreck of the Kite. In the evening I was taken to see the mandarin's wife and daughters, but although my appearance must have been wretched in the extreme they did not evince the least feeling towards me, but rather treated me as an object of scorn. This I felt the more, as I was unable to make them understand that I had lost both my dear husband and child in the wreck. We remained here two days and three nights, derided and taunted by all around us. On the morning of Monday, the 21st, they took the end of our chains and

bade us follow them. They put our coats and quilts into small cages, just such as we should think a proper place to confine a wild beast in; mine was scarcely a yard high, little more than three-quarters of a yard long, and a little more than half a yard broad. The door opened from the top. Into these we were lifted, the chains round our necks being locked to the cover. They put a long piece of bamboo through the middle, a man took either end, and in this manner we were jolted from city to city, to suffer insults from the rabble, the cries of whom were awful; but my God had not forsaken me, and even then, although a widow and in the hands of such bitter enemies, and expecting death at every moment, I could remember with delight, that Christ my Saviour had said—"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live;" and through the blessing of the Almighty, I was enabled to sing praises to God aloud. I need not tell you, my dear and much loved friend, how much I thought of my sweet and once happy home, and my dear fatherless child, and how fervently I prayed to that God of mercy and goodness, who had so wonderfully upheld me in all my sufferings, to bless her also. Death was nothing to me; I longed to be with my Saviour to praise him for ever, and to meet again my affectionate husband and sweet child, who were more than life to me. Oh my dear friend, how often do my feelings at this and many other times of my sufferings shame me, when I feel myself cold in my duty towards my Redeemer. In body I was now very weak, having scarcely eaten any thing since the wreck, but my spirit was strong in the Lord. We again stopped at another city and were taken out of our cages, having heavy irons put on our legs, and a chain half a yard long. Mr. Witts and the boy had also irons on their wrists; although I saw mine, they did not put them on at that time. The former were carried on board one boat, and I myself put into another, and thus we proceeded two days and three nights on a canal, during which time I did not taste any food, as they would not permit me to get out of my little cage on any account. You may judge what my sufferings were. I believe it was Wednesday the 23d, that we arrived at Ningpo. You may imagine my happiness in finding my dear friend Lieutenant Douglas, and my delight to hear that he had been treated rather better than myself, and had arrived here a short time before. I also heard with gratitude and joy, that all the Kite's crew had been taken from the wreck by the Chinese and were prisoners in the city. But alas, alas! with all this good news my worst fears were confirmed, that all I treasured lay buried in the ocean. What can I say—my dear child could not have lived in an open boat and suffered as I had done, and my devoted husband, being of a warm and most affectionate temper, would not have lived to have seen me suffer as I have suffered, and how would it have torn my heart to have seen those, ten thousand times dearer to me than my own life, endure so much. I humbly pray to be enabled to say, "thy will be done!" God has, I believe, in goodness and mercy taken my treasures, who was able to do for them more than I could even ask or think. And although I am left destitute and alone, and far from home, yet in his mercy he has raised you up, my truly Christian friend, with many others, for my comfort on my account, of which I shall praise the Saviour both in time and eternity, and want whatever I may, may I ever possess a thankful heart.

At Ningpo I was sorry to find another prisoner, Captain Anstruther of the Madras artillery, who has since proved to me a most kind and true friend; there was also the compradore, whom I think you have some knowledge of. My most cruel sufferings were now at an end, and of course I felt more deeply my sad loss; yet I knew that I still enjoyed many blessings. Captain A.'s prison was next door to mine, and I had the pleasure of seeing him often. The mandarins gave me some Chinese cloths of the gayest colours; distressing as it was to my feelings, I was obliged to wear them, and I was put into what the keeper styled a clean prison with a woman to attend on me in my captivity. After breakfasting with Lieutenant Douglas at the mandarin's I went to my lonely cell,—a small dirty room, two sides of which were a mere grating, in many places day-light appeared through the rafters, and it was scarcely fit to live in, its only furniture being my cage (in which I still slept at night, and into which I was put whenever I went to any of the mandarins,) a lamp, an old table, and a stool. For the first time after the wreck, I was enabled to undress myself and arrange my hair. I could not but rejoice when a large room was prepared for the three gentlemen to reside together in—Lieutenant Douglas having been hitherto obliged to endure all the discomforts of the common prison,—although it deprived me of the company of my friend. Subsequently we met only when we visited and dined at the mandarins, which we did at first frequently, but after their curiosity was satisfied I seldom saw them. When at their house, they amused themselves by questioning us about her Britannic Majesty and her government, the number of her navy and army, and the rank and income of the officers. Often I had to repeat my sad tale, particularly on the arrival of other officers; this I thought a great trial, especially when alone. Their enquiries about our respective families were most minute; particularly what relatives we were to Queen Victoria, and whether I myself was not her sister, which, notwithstanding what was said to the contrary, I was declared to be. But it would be endless to repeat all the foolish questions they asked; however, they made notes of all our replies. Captain A. was generally employed drawing, and I am sure his great talent, as well as the patience he exhibited, often insured us kindness. I dwell with gratification on those bright shades of my then dreary life. It was always with deep regret I saw the arrival of my little cage. I had the pleasure of receiving from the gentlemen's prison a note almost daily. The compradore lived near me, and showed me many and great acts of kindness.

Two days after the removal of the gentlemen from the common prison, all the remaining captives were taken to a distant jail under the pretence of better accommodations, excepting two who were sick. I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing them passing my door, but was not allowed to speak to them; it made my heart bleed to observe their distressed looks and haggard countenances.

It was October the 8th that Captain Anstruther received some supplies from Chusan, with letters that held out hopes of release. He kindly sent me a

large share of his clothes. The compradore was now taken away from us, which distressed me greatly, as I had now not a creature to whom to speak. They now gave me a bedstead, which I found a great luxury, having hitherto lain on a dirty floor. I was sometimes allowed to see and converse with the sick prisoners, and I almost felt a consolation in dwelling upon the dreadful past. Frequently my heart was sadly torn, on account of different reports about my late dearly beloved husband and child. I was once told that he was seen going to his cabin to rescue his child, and was afterwards seen dead with the baby on his bosom. Many were the sleepless nights that such accounts gave me, but I found subsequently—when meeting all the prisoners at the mandarin's, and minutely examining into the fact, that this rumour was unfounded, for they had never seen the captain after the ship had heeled over.

On the 8th of October I was far from well; two days afterwards I suffered much from violent pain, and was not able to lie down during the whole night on account of the pain. This I felt deeply, not being able to speak to a creature, and being threatened to have irons put on my wrists; they had let them off only one night on account of my being so ill. On the 9th I was only too glad to see the compradore return, who had been sent to Chinhae in order to ascertain whether the British delegate was really Captain Elliot, and if this was not the case, the individual who dared to appear under an assumed name was to be taken.

On the 14th, they sent another woman to wait on me, with a little cross boy about four years old, who cried the whole day long. This I felt a great trial, as I could not have a moment to myself, and what distressed me most, my communion with God was interrupted. The other old woman brought also her girl, so that there were now four dirty creatures in my dirty hovel. This was scarcely endurable, but after many entreaties and the lapse of a considerable time, both the children were removed. On Sunday the 18th, I heard the melancholy tidings of one of our sailors being removed by the hand of death. I had seen the poor boy several times, and as I felt sure he could never recover, the few moments we were allowed to speak were spent in dwelling upon solemn subjects. Though he was a mere skeleton and weak as a child, still he wore his irons to the last. A day or two before his death, he told me he knew that he would never be well again, but his mind was calm, and I fervently hope that the Saviour was present with him. As we parted for the last time, he said with much earnestness, "God bless you, mistress;" these words I still remember, they have been fulfilled, and God has remembered me. The two sick marines were much distressed at the death of the poor boy, and I was delighted to afford them some comfort, temporal as well as spiritual.

On the 26th we were all summoned by the superior mandarins. I felt much grieved on my way, being entirely alone, not thinking what joy was in store for me. Clothes and letters had arrived from Chusan, clothes in abundance for myself and also for my dear boy, which I had not the least reason to expect, but for which, as I subsequently heard, I was indebted to dear Mrs. Proudfoot. The sight of clothes intended for my dear lost one was overwhelming. May the Almighty reward the kind donor, and by his gracious and merciful providence, ever protect her from requiring such a comfort as she bestowed upon me. Among the above, I received a very kind note with an acceptable present of shoes, from my friend Captain Baily. The gentlemen received large supplies of clothes, wine, ale, and other articles, with 300 dollars from Admiral Elliot; and all the prisoners had clothes given to them. All the Englishmen, except the two sick, were present, and to our great satisfaction our fetters were struck off; we were also informed, that we should be free within five or six days for a certain. Gladness then pervaded every breast, but, as usual, mine was mixed with bitter grief—to think how short a time since a happy wife and a joyful mother, and that I must now return desolate and alone. However, I could but be thankful to be freed from my fetters, having worn them, as I imagine aright, for 32 days; and on our way home—if our wretched prisons deserve such a name—our hearts were much lighter and we began to put confidence in the glad tidings. Little did I then think that we should be obliged still to drag on four long months of our existence in the dreary abode. I now worked very diligently to provide myself with comfortable clothing, which I was soon enabled to do. On the arrival of letters, &c., I was usually the first person sent for by the mandarins to make known their contents. The gentlemen supplied me liberally with money, to provide myself with mourning and other necessaries, as also with comforts for the sick.

About the 1st of November, it was reported publicly that I should be sent to Chusan alone, and that the gentlemen would be sent to Canton. On the strength of this account, they wrote letters for their friends, which I was to have taken, but, like the many rumors we had before heard, this proved groundless. Sometime afterwards the two marines already mentioned were removed to the other prison. I felt sure that one of them was then dying, and I greatly feared that he would never reach the prison. His weakness was so excessive, that he once fell down on his way, though supported by a Chinaman. After a few days, the news of his death was brought to me. Notwithstanding all the representations of Lieutenant Douglas, irons were not taken off this poor man until he breathed his last. The prison was so excessively small that they could not turn around without squeezing each other, and though their commander remonstrated and insisted upon their being allowed to walk about and enjoy the fresh air, they were never permitted to take any exercise in the court. I frequently wrote a few lines to the lads, for whom I felt most deeply, as well as for the crew in general. Lieutenant Douglas was now able to provide them with money, and once only, during the four months' imprisonment, was he permitted to visit his men; for, on seeing the deep interest he took in their welfare, and his great anxiety to better their condition, they never permitted him to see them any more. I was delighted to observe the noble feelings evinced by Lieutenant Douglas towards the crew of the Kite, who suffered great hardships.

Our joy was inexpressible, when a channel of private communication with our friends at Chusan was opened, and when I received from you, my dear friend, the first letter (Dec. 29,) which afforded me very great consolation. Before this we heard of the

death of another marine, which affected us all deeply, and especially his master. Death has made sad havoc amongst us, and the Almighty alone knows the reason why he afflicted us, and I fervently hope that these many solemn warnings may be sanctified to us.

January the 9th.—I had again the unspeakable happiness of receiving two letters from you, from one of which I learnt our then contemplated rescue, which at that time gave me great uneasiness, as I trembled at the idea of any of my dear countrymen running the risk of such sufferings as I myself had undergone.

Your first letter was accompanied by a copy of the Holy Bible, an inestimable treasure for which I had so long and earnestly prayed; but, to avoid discovery, I had to read it during the night, so that it was in truth a secret treasure, and henceforth my constant companion. It is wonderful how often we heard of our speedy release, and were often disappointed, still for the time being our spirits were kept up by these good news. On Tuesday the 2d of February, I heard that the gentlemen had been summoned by the mandarins to receive clothes and letters, and with an anxious heart I watched the whole afternoon, expecting every moment a visit from them. However, I was obliged to continue in suspense till the next day, when I was called to appear before the mandarins to obtain another most affectionate letter from you, my dear friend, with abundant store of clothes and every comfort I could desire. Grateful and thankful as I felt for them, my spirits became deeply affected, inferring as I did that so many things would not have been sent if my captivity was not to be prolonged; yet the linguist cheered me by the assurance that I should be free within three weeks or a month. At this time they treated me with great kindness, and I went to see the mandarin's lady, who gave me some fruit and artificial flowers, the first mark of kindness I have received from a lady. They allowed me to remain until the evening, and I was once more gladdened in meeting my dear countrymen, and, after staying some time, we all went to my prison to write answers to our letters.

February the 8th I had the pleasure of a visit from some Chinese naval officers, who told me that we were to leave Ningpo within a fortnight. We thought there was truth in the news, but we were not certain until the 14th, when I received the glad tidings from yourself. It would be impossible to describe what our feelings were on that occasion. I had thought that the gentlemen had known it the day before, so that our meeting, at the first moment, was not so joyful as it otherwise would have been, but they had no sooner read my letter, than our mutual congratulations were warm and most sincere, and I again had the happiness of welcoming them to my poor prison, where we wrote answers to our friends. —Nothing was now spoken of but the surety of our speedy relief; as for myself I could scarcely believe it till I was on my way to Tinghae.

On the 22d of February, before I arose, my attendant came to my bedstead, saying, "Chinhae, Chusan, get up!" and immediately the compradore called to me, saying that we were indeed to go to Chinhae. Alas! poor fellow, he little thought that he was not to form one of the party. I am sure you will believe me, when I tell you, that I knew not which thing to do first. Numbers of people came round my prison, and I was obliged to shut the door to keep them out. After my morning devotions, with the comprador's aid I got all my boxes packed. While thus engaged, he was sent for by the mandarins, who told him that he was not like the other English prisoners, and therefore they would not allow him to accompany them, but send him down to Canton. This threw an immediate gloom over my spirits, and I felt deeply when, a few minutes afterwards, I saw him locked up in his prison—as he had long been my friend in adversity. I now with difficulty got through the crowd to the gentlemen's prison, where I received a hearty welcome and warmest congratulations, and was forbidden to speak of past troubles. Captain Anstruther now insisted upon seeing the compradore to give him money, and, after many entreaties made to the mandarin, whom he had greatly offended by withholding a picture for some unkindness shown, he at last succeeded in beating his way through the crowd. We walked a great while in the prison yard, until by dint of perseverance and much pushing among the immense crowd, we got into our palanquins. We had a guard to escort us, and, having crossed the river in our conveyances, I looked back and was astounded at the dense mass of spectators. Mandarins of every grade were in attendance. Indeed, the excitement at Ningpo was indescribable. Our road to Chinhae led principally along the river side, and our travelling was any thing but comfortable, the pass being so bad that I feared our palanquin-bearers would slip. When near Chinhae, one of my bearers tumbled and the palanquin thumped on the ground. I struck my head, but the alarm was more than the injury. I thought my troubles would not be at an end, until I reached Chinhae. On the road we met several emissaries urging on the bearers to use all speed, to the mutual gratification of both parties. At last we arrived safely at Chinhae, where we were received with honour by the mandarins. We had not breakfasted, and when the gentlemen asked for food, a filthy fellow came in with an apron full of cakes. Afterwards they brought us each a bason of meat.

Captain Anstruther was now taken to see Commissioner E., and after remaining a little while, he returned, telling us that we should soon be sent for to hear the same story told him—namely, that we should not have come to Chinhae if the admiral had not sent us, and that we must now return and tell the commanding officer, he must get the ships away with all speed, and with his compliments say, that a great many soldiers were waiting to enter Chusan as soon as the English evacuated it; but at the same time, he entreated us to labour under no apprehension, for they had no hostile intentions. At first it was concluded that Lieutenant Douglas was to accompany me to Chusan, while Captain Anstruther could remain and see all the men embark; but when we were with E., Lieutenant Douglas told him that Captain Anstruther had nothing to do with the people, and begged that he might be allowed to remain with his crew, and that Captain Anstruther might accompany me. It was at length determined that both the gentlemen should stay behind, and only Mr. Witts accompany me. I made every enquiry for my only bonnet and other things, which the mandarin had previously sent for to inspect, but in vain, as the

officer kept them and would not restore the same. Soon after, I took leave of the gentlemen and re-entered my palanquin, which conveyed me to the waterside, where the linguist presented me with a fan. On the mandarin's premises I had the pleasure of meeting all my fellow prisoners, which relieved my mind, as I was not before aware that they had come down from Ningpo, and had not seen them for several months. I spoke a few words to them as my sedan passed. On our way we were taken to the soldier's tents; it being a late hour, and quite dark, I could see but little of them, but they appeared to be numerous, and occupied a very large space. Every attention was now shown me; they carried me close to the boatside and fixed a chair in the sampan for my comfort. The mandarin who accompanied me showed every attention. For some hours our boat lay at anchor, to enable the other prisoners to embark, and during the night proceeded on our way to Chusan. About seven o'clock in the morning of the 26th I was once more gladdened by the sight of an English vessel. Soon after we were boarded by two naval officers, and Mr. Johnson was the first to welcome me to freedom. In a short space of time, we saw several other vessels which lay at the outer anchorage; a few moments more, and the whole fleet was before us. I thought I saw as great a change on Chusan as on myself; the tents were no longer on the hills; and to me at least all things looked strange, but perhaps the alteration was in me alone. As the boat drew near, Captain Bourchier, of the Blonde, sent his gig to convey me on board, and glad indeed was I to step into it, and thus quit forever a people, at whose hands I had received such bitter wrongs. When safely arrived on the deck of the Blonde, I received the warmest congratulations of Captain Bourchier and the many friends to whom I was then introduced. What my feelings were at that moment none but one so long in captivity can conceive. Every one seemed a participator in my enjoyment, and each countenance wore the smile of heartfelt sympathy. I once more sat down to a comfortable breakfast, but my joy was too exquisite to allow me to partake. I remained on board the Blonde until the arrival of my fellow prisoners, whom I was most anxious to see once more. Lieutenant Douglas and Captain Anstruther soon joined us, and it heightened my pleasure greatly to see those I so much esteemed restored to their usual comforts and warm friends. Ere long the European part of the crew came safely on board. I was much distressed at seeing their wasted frames and pale countenances, yet it was a cheering certainty that every kindness would now be shown them. It is to be hoped that, by the blessing of God, they will soon regain their wonted strength, and I trust the sad lesson they so dearly learned will never be erased from their memories. Being most anxious to see you, my dear friend, and Dr. Lockhart being in waiting to accompany me, I lost no time in hastening to the ship Blundell, where you had so carefully provided for my comfort. My dear friend, Lieutenant Douglas did not leave me, until I was safely on board; and no sooner had I reached the deck, than I received the loud and hearty cheers of the whole crew, which not being anticipated, was completely overwhelming, combined as it was with the cordial welcome of Captain Trail, and his officers. To describe our meeting would be needless—it is too indelibly engraven on the heart of each, ever to be forgotton; but I would not conclude without a sincere, solemn, and heartfelt ascription of praise and thanks to the Almighty Father and Gracious Saviour, and the all-sustaining Spirit, who has so truly fulfilled his promise, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee."

ANNE NOBLE.

---

## THE TERRIFIC LEGEND OF THE KILKENNY CATS.

O'FLYN she was an Irishman, as very well was known,
And she lived down by Kilkenny, and she lived there all alone,
With only six great large tom-cats as knew their ways about,
And ev'ry body else besides she scrup'lously shut out.
Oh, very fond o' cats was she—(and whisky too, 'tis said,)
She didn't feed 'em very much, but she comb'd 'em well instead;
As may be guess'd, these large tom-cats, they didn't get very sleek
Upon a combing once a-day, and a "ha'porth" once a-week.

Now on one dreary winter's night, O'Flyn she went to bed,
The whisky-bottle under her arm, (the whisky in her head,)
The six great large tom-cats they sat all in a dismal row,
And horridly glared their hungry eyes—their tails wagg'd to and fro.

At last one grim graymalkin spoke in accents dire to tell,
And dreadful were the words which in his awful whisper fell—
When all the other five tom-cats in answer loud did squall,
"Let's kill her—and let's eat her—body and bones and all!"

Oh horrible! oh terrible! oh deadly tale to tell!
When the sun shone in the window-hole all there seem'd still and well;
The cats they sat and lick'd their paws, all in a merry ring,
*But nothing else within the place look'd like a living thing;*
Anon they quarrell'd savagely, and spit, and swore, and hollo'd,
Till at last these six great large tom-cats they one another swallow'd;
And nought but one long tail was left in that once peaceful dwelling,
And a very tough one too it was—it's the same as I've been telling.

*Omnibus.*

From the United Service Journal.

## A LATE VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF KIRAUEA, IN HAWAII, ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY ASSISTANT-SURGEON REES, R. N.

From the squadron on the west coast of South America, a vessel is annually detached to visit the principal islands of Polynesia included in the Pacific station. H. M. S. Sparrowhawk being selected for this interesting service, in 1839, sailed from Valparaiso, for the Sandwich Islands, in July. Six weeks of strong and steady N. E. trade brought her to an anchor in Byron's Bay, Hawaii. The day of our arrival was busily passed in preparing for a journey to the volcano; and early the following morning, a party of five officers pushed off from the brig. They steered for a part of the beach where a troop of brawny natives had already repaired to meet them. With a light heart did we all eagerly leap on shore; and each person having entrusted his bundle of four days' provisions to the native whose physiognomy and muscle promised the best service on the journey, the whole cavalcade moved briskly along, much to the admiration of the village through which we had immediately to pass. Our way led, the former part of the first day, through a country well wooded; and we particularly admired the various kind of gigantic ferns that skirted the path, and the beautiful trees of the candle-nut and bread-fruit. Whilst in the wood, we passed several spots of cleared ground, cultivated with the kalo; one of which was crowded with labourers—it being a day on which the whole district had to work for their chief. Having passed through about seven miles of wood, the country became more clear, and began to assume something of a mountainous character. The path, almost throughout, rose with a gentle elevation, at first over ground of soft peat, but for the rest of the journey over a thin and churlish crust of soil, which imperfectly covered the beds of lava of which the entire island is composed. We passed the more oppressive hours of the first day in the grateful shade of a spacious hut, the property of a chief, who hospitably regaled us with a pig, cooked in the native manner—the animal having been baked entire in a hole in the ground, enveloped in heated stones, the whole being covered over with leaves and earth. Having accomplished more than half the journey, we yet reached, in good time, the huts where we had been recommended to pass the first night. As we came up to these huts, slow, silent, and one by one, no person would have recognised us as the brisk party that strutted, so erect and confident, through the village in the morning. The next day our party was stirring "with the crowing of the cock;" but the fleas and moschettoes must share in the credit of our early rising. Four miles from the volcano, our path commenced a gradual descent; and, soon after, a stream of smoke sweeping across our path before the N. E. trade, announced our approach to the regions of fire. This, on nearer observation, we found to consist of thick columns of vapour, rising from holes and crevices in the ground: to leeward of which we were glad to find, collected in small pools, and formed by the condensation of the steam, a plentiful and opportune supply of good water. Our path conducted us, with the same gradual slope, some distance yet, when it commenced abruptly to descend, over a broken ledge of rock, into the extensive table plain in which the volcano is situated. As we halted on this ledge, the volcano of Kirauea broke abruptly on our view: massive clouds of smoke rolled dark and thick from the leeward parts of the volcano, and the gloomy edge of the "Great Crater" stood not a mile distant:—

Sed horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis.

Too great was the excitement now to stand long here, or to travel any longer in company. Each broke forth on his own way towards the edge of the crater. But such was the nature of the ground, that we arrived almost together, and at the same spot, where we stood long indeed, gazing in mute astonishment on the unparalleled scene below. And long was the time before the mind could recover the sudden and overwhelming shock of this wondrous spectacle, —before it could examine in detail the several objects of surpassing interest that composed the grand and wonderful whole.

With hesitation I shall now try some bare and naked description of the grand view of the entire volcano which presented itself from the high cliffs or edge of the crater: of a complete and connected picture I shall not attempt the vain and rash folly. At the depth of a thousand feet, the floor of the "Great Crater" spread before us, in something of an oval figure, with a circumference of twelve or fourteen miles. It appeared as if it had sunk in one mass suddenly down from the surrounding plain. The walls of the crater, nearly throughout, were precipitous, and almost everywhere of the same elevation. So much for the extent, depth, and figure of the "Great Crater." The attention first seized on the numerous conical elevations that rose to the average height of fifty feet, and at irregular intervals, from the floor of the "Great Crater," all of which proved to be distinct craters, whilst several of them were at that moment in a state of eruption, disgorging rapidly from their summits red-hot lava. With these conical craters the numerous lakes and ponds of boiling lava soon began to share the attention. These appeared sunk, at irregular depths, in the floor of the "Great Crater," all in a state of agitation, some boiling violently,—others were moved with a more moderate ebullition. The lava, though liquid throughout these ponds and lakes, was luminous during the day only where active ebullition was going on. Besides from the conical craters, lakes, and ponds, smoke issued in a thousand places from holes and crevices in the floor and walls of the "Great Crater;" and noises like those of powerful steam machinery, and distant artillery, or thunder, were other accompaniments of this grand volcanic display.

On the edge of the crater, near the spot where we first arrived, we found a temporary hut, which the attention of the Chief of the island had put up for the accommodation of visiters to Kiranea. Here we were glad to despatch our frugal breakfast, and about eleven in the forenoon we sallied forth to descend into the "Great Crater." Our bold and experienced native guide led now along the edge of the crater towards the left; and we soon commenced to thread our descending path over a succession of sloping ledges of volcanic rock. Before stepping on the floor of the crater, we had to scramble over masses of recent lava, which had been piled up high against

the walls of the "Great Crater." It appeared to have been dashed up, in a liquid state, and in the manner of the surf on the sea-beach. Having now gained the floor of the crater, we paused to look around,—to accustom ourselves a little to our then strange and precarious situation. Then, also, was arranged the plan of our further proceedings: and our guide was instructed to steer a straight course across the floor of the crater to the "Great Lake," whilst we also prepared ourselves attentively to examine all objects of interest we might reach without stepping far from the straight line. The lava we had to walk over whilst in the crater being all recent, and much of it consisting of thin and brittle flakes, thrown over holes and crevices, it was necessary to try the solidity of the ground before we could safely step forward. This we did, by constantly beating the lava on our path with the end of a long pole, with which each was provided.

Trunca manum pinus regit et vestigia firmat.

Having traversed about three hundred yards of the crater, passing over lava of the wave-like appearance of a lake frozen whilst agitated by strong wind, our party halted to examine two conical craters, between which we had to pass. Each cone was about fifty feet high, and a hundred in circumference at the base; and both in an active state of eruption,—rapidly spitting and disgorging red-hot lava from wide mouths at their summits. The heat of the lava under foot increasing as we advanced, the fear of getting within the range of those molten ejections prevented any nearer approach to either of these cones than about thirty yards. From observations on the spot, and subsequent reflection, I shall hazard an opinion of the probable manner in which these conical craters may have been constructed. The molten mass of lava below increasing in volume, from causes I shall not here discuss, relieves itself by jetting or flowing out, in quantities according to the propelling force, through holes and crevices in the floor of the crater. When flowing out in large torrents, and with much force, it will spread far and wide, as, when in such a large body, sufficient caloric is present to retain it long in a fluid state: but when flowing out in a small stream, or jetting with little force and in small quantities, it soon becomes solid, forming a kind of embankment all round the hole or crevice of exit. Under these circumstances a cone would be rapidly built. In the two cones our party were halted to examine, the lava frequently was not ejected with sufficient force to clear the base. Falling, therefore, on the surface of the cone, and becoming consolidated before it could run down its side, accession of matter was thus received. But if formed on such principles, when would the growth of a cone cease? The process would be thus arrested. Beyond a certain elevation, which is perhaps about fifty feet, the lava, under ordinary circumstances, cannot be propelled. Any cone, therefore, having arrived to that certain elevation, would then become quiescent, whilst others of less elevation would increase in activity, or the lava would force an exit through some part of the side of the cone, which had actually taken place in one of the cones described before our return from the Great Lake. This cone no longer discharged lava from its summit, but from a mouth at its side, and about the middle. As we proceeded on our journey, after passing between these two conical craters, we traversed lava of a much rougher surface, appearing, in some places, heaped together without order, in flat and broken masses. We also traversed such as must have become solid whilst in the act of flowing in a broad stream. From the specimens I hastily collected, I can describe the lavas of this volcano as of various appearance and texture,—some of them being black, vitreous, —others, of the same colour, vitreous, and containing numerous and large amygdaloid cavities,—whilst another variety was curiously composed of fibres of vitreous lava, so arranged as to give the appearance of a kind of network. In some localities the same specimens had a thin coating of sulphur. But the most curious lava is what we found in bunches, resembling hair in appearance, and consisting of fine-drawn threads of vitreous lava. I can relate a circumstance that will, in some degree, go to explain the formation of this. As I raised the end of my pole from the boiling matter in one of the ponds, I observed the lava to run off in a fine-drawn thread, of sufficient lightness to be carried away by the breeze. Of such fine, light, and glossy threads the curious lava in question is composed; and is probably formed by the rush of steam that often accompanies the discharge of lava from the cones. This curious species of lava is aptly called by the natives, Pele's hair, Pele being the goddess of the volcano. This dreaded Vulcan of Hawaiian mythology has reigned, time out of mind, in Kirauea. By her were brought about all the calamities that befel the Sandwich Islander. When much offended she would shake the whole island with earthquake, or inundate entire districts with torrents of lava, on which the goddess herself would sometimes rush forth, riding on the wave of lava, like the islanders on their surf-board. In her train were the high-sounding titles of King of Thunder, Husband of the Wind, and many other such high-titled personages. To propitiate the goddess, fat pigs, kalo, bread-fruit, and other acceptable sacrifices, were thrown into the volcano. Pele had also her priests and annual celebrations.

But to resume the journey across the floor of the crater towards the "Great Lake." As we proceeded along, after passing between the two conical craters above described, several small and superficial ponds of boiling lava were approached and examined.—When arrived about the middle of the journey, and near the centre of the "Great Crater," we stepped aside to examine a large cavernous mouth in the side, and near the base, of a cone. Although opposed by the burning gusts of sulphurous vapours it emitted, we yet boldly advanced to the very edge of the cavern, and succeeded to obtain a passing glimpse of its roomy and glowing interior. One of the party rashly returned to the brink of this cavern even a third time, but without the satisfaction of obtaining a deep look into the "fiery furnace;" its vaulted roof, glowing with the most intense white heat, could alone be seen. The advanced time of day, and the increasing impatience of the guide, obliged us now to push more hastily on, and we began rapidly to thread our way—here avoiding a pond of boiling lava—there a hole or crevice in the floor of the crater; and, having scrambled up a rising ground of massive heaps of lava, we at last suddenly stood on the borders of the "Great Lake" itself. This immense

caldron was of irregular, but something of an oval shape, a mile long, and at its narrower part about three quarters of a mile across, and bounded nearly throughout by precipitous walls about three hundred and fifty feet high. The surface of the lake appeared as if sunk down from the surrounding floor of the crater, as that appeared sunk from the surrounding plain above. In various parts the molten contents of the huge caldron were in a violent and tumultuous state of ebullition; and splendid was the effect of the red and brilliant sprays of lava dancing and leaping on the bosom of this fiery deep. When ebullition happened to burst forth near the shore, waves and sprays of lava were literally rolled and dashed against the walls of the lake, like the surf on a rocky beach. Standing on the cliffs above, we contemplated the "Great Crater" with impressions, general, confused, and overwhelming. As we stood here, on the margin of the "Great Lake," impressions more distinct and concentrated were conveyed, with painful intensity, to the mind. Although the whole mass of lava was at no time agitated with ebullition, yet no part of the lake was stagnant, as the ebullition going on at different parts, and the irregular distribution of caloric, established currents and counter-currents, throughout the whole molten mass. Also where ebullition was going on, or where these currents and counter-currents flowed rapidly along, the lava appeared of a deep and vivid red; but where it was not agitated, or where it flowed but slowly, it presented the opaque and dull appearance of melted lead, an appearance produced by the crust of scoriæ, which so readily forms on the surface of lava when submitted, in an undisturbed state, to the action of the air.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, our journey back to the hut, on the edge of the cliffs above, would be long and laborious; and we reluctantly indeed turned away from this great phenomenon; but not without having anxiously sought to determine the spot on the edge of the "Great Crater," whence we might best overlook the operations of the lake at night. No longer supported by the same excitements as had hitherto borne us along, we arrived at the hut not a little fagged and jaded with the toilsome ascent from the crater; but we were soon much refreshed with a few cups of hot tea, which also served to whet our appetites for dinner, and we made a hearty meal on the very edge of the Great Crater, and in full view of the sublime scene below.

But the labour of that eventful day was not yet over; the cliffs overhanging the "Great Lake" were two miles off, and our party were again soon on the march. Before it was yet night, and after having shifted several times from spot to spot, we had safely perched ourselves on the very point of the cliffs that best commanded a view of the "Great Lake." Fortunately a wide gap in the walls of the lake, on the side next to us, laid open to our view almost the entire surface of the caldron. As the night approached, the volcano appeared to become more active,—the cones disgorged more rapidly, and lava of more vivid redness; the ponds also boiled more actively, and became luminous to a greater extent; but like Jove his satellites, did the "Great Lake" outshine all other objects. It was now agitated by a more tempestuous ebullition than during the day, sportively throwing red and brilliant sprays of lava high into the air; whilst, in the course of the currents and counter-currents described, luminous streams were observed beautifully to stripe the entire surface of the lake. At some distance on our right, a cone was discharging from a mouth in its side a broad river of lava, which, as it divided and subdivided into lesser streams, displayed such exquisite beauty as could not be entirely eclipsed by the "Great Lake" itself. All these operations did not proceed with an unvarying rate of activity; the "Great Lake," for example, once or twice became almost quiescent, but quiescent to break forth again with redoubled fury. We also noticed that the "Great Lake," ponds and cones, became active or quiescent simultaneously, a circumstance that will suggest their mutual dependence on the same great laboratory below.

We were yet to be astonished with a phenomenon still more wonderful than any thing we had hitherto contemplated. At a moment when the "Great Lake," and all the cones, had become unusually quiet, the exclamation from one of the party of "Good God, look here!" called our attention to the floor of the "Great Crater" immediately below and before us. Here an awful eruption of lava had just broke forth. From the spot where it had burst out, the lava spread in an enlarging circle to the circumference of three miles, and with the rapidity of a mountain torrent; the whole mass glowing with the splendour of the sun. We shrunk back, terrified and dazzled with this overwhelming sight; yet we were safely perched on cliffs a thousand feet above the scene of this eruption, and no great strangers at that time to the wonders of the volcano. The lava, whilst in motion, continued to glow with the utmost splendour; but the instant it ceased to spread, it commenced to lose its brilliancy, and, in a few minutes it had become opaque, excepting at the central part, where it continued to glow and boil for some time longer. The light, also, emitted by the lava, was most intense, and being thrown powerfully on the cliffs where we stood, it enabled the natives at the hut, two miles off, to see us with the greatest distinctness. This eruption taking place so suddenly, without any premonitory signs, and in a situation hitherto so tranquil, disclosed the great danger to which we were exposed in our journey across the floor of the crater to the "Great Lake." As well might a similar eruption have burst forth under our feet as in this particular place: but the caldron that would have engulphed an army deemed our little party too insignificant a prey.

The keen night air, our unsheltered situation, and considering this grand burst as the crowning effort of Pele in her volcanic performance of that night, induced us about eleven o'clock to think of returning to the hut, where we arrived at midnight, tired enough to sleep soundly in our cold and dangerous situation on the brink of the "Great Crater."

The following morning we found the volcano still in high action. The cones especially were in a much more active state than the morning before; by which Pele, it was supposed, sought to induce the party to remain longer in her dominions; or, perhaps, as others with as much reason maintained, the goddess had stirred up her fires to scare the intrusive strangers from her dangerous abode.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillowed in fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher.

Be that as it may, the time has now arrived to return to the ship, and about 10 A. M. we reluctantly cast a long and last look at the great and wonderful volcano of Kirauea.

Formerly, according to tradition, the eruptions from Kirauea were so frequent as to keep the natives in a state of constant alarm. In the present generation they have not been repeated: but the floor of the crater since 1829, when it was first visited by Europeans, has been known gradually to rise,—perhaps from the discharge of lava from the cones; and we are forced to apprehend the repetition, at no distant time, of former devastations,—

And ebbs but to reflow!---Renew thy rainbow, God!

Valparaiso, December, 1839.

From the Missionary Herald.

## GREAT ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF KIRAUEA.

Though my letter is already long, I cannot close it without saying a word respecting the late volcanic eruption in Puna, on this island. At the time this eruption took place we were all absent from Hilo to attend the general meeting at Oahu, a circumstance which I much regret, as it deprived us of a view of the most splendid and awful part of the scene. Since our return from Oahu I have made a pretty thorough exploration of the tract of country where the eruption occurred, having found its source, and traced the stream through most of its windings, to the sea.—Some of the principal facts which have been collected from credible testimony, and from personal observation, I will now give you. For several years past the great crater of Kirauea has been rapidly filling up, by the rising of the superincumbent crust, and by the frequent gushing forth of the molten sea below. In this manner the great basin below the black ledge, which has been computed from three to five hundred feet deep, was long since filled up by the ejection and cooling of successive masses of the fiery fluid. These silent eruptions continued to occur at intervals, until the black ledge was repeatedly overflowed, each cooling, and forming a new layer from two feet thick and upwards, until the whole area of the crater was filled up, at least fifty feet above the original black ledge, and thus reducing the whole depth of the crater to less than nine hundred feet. This process of filling up continued till the latter part of May, 1840, when, as many natives testify, the whole area of the crater became one entire sea of ignifluous matter, raging like old ocean when lashed into fury by a tempest. For several days the fires raged with fearful intensity, exhibiting a scene awfully terrific. The infuriated waves sent up infernal sounds, and dashed with such maddening energy against the sides of the awful caldron, as to shake the solid earth above, and to detach huge masses of overhanging rocks, which, leaving their ancient beds, plunged into the fiery gulf below. So terrific was the scene that no one dared to approach near it, and travellers on the main road, which lay along the verge of the crater, feeling the ground tremble beneath their feet, fled and passed by at a distance. I should be inclined to discredit these statements of the natives, had I not since been to Kirauea and examined it minutely with these reports in view. Every appearance, however, of the crater confirms these reports. Every thing within the caldron is new. Not a particle of lava remains as it was when I last visited it. All has been melted down and re-cast. All is new. The whole appears like a raging sea, whose waves had been suddenly solidified while in the most violent agitation.

Having stated something of the appearance of the great crater, for several days previous to the disgorgement of its fiery contents, I will now give a short history of the eruption itself. I say short, because it would require a volume to give a full and minute detail of all the facts in the case.

On the 30th of May the people of Puna observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region of that district.—Thinking that the fire might be the burning of some jungle, they took little notice of it until the next day, Sabbath, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by sudden and grand exhibitions of fire, on a scale so large and fearful as to leave them no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon. The fire augmented during the day and night; but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction. All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course.—On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to flow off in a northeasterly direction, and on the following Wednesday, June 3d, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour in its progress. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, being modified by the inequalities of the surface over which the stream passed. Sometimes it is supposed to have moved five miles an hour, and at other times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except in filling up deep valleys, and in swelling over or breaking away hills and precipices.

But I will return to the source of the eruption. This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kirauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was some time before the place was discovered, and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one, except myself, has reached the spot.—From Kirauea to this place the lava flows in a subterranean gallery, probably at the depth of a thousand feet, but its course can be distinctly traced all the way, by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam, and gasses. The eruption in this old crater is small, and from this place the stream disappears again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushed up and spread over an area of about fifty acres. Again it passes under ground for two or three miles, when it re-appears in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest, and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the

trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissures. At some places it is impossible to trace the subterranean stream, on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passes. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and every thing before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling, in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean! The scene, as described by eye witnesses, was terribly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision! Two antagonist and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand! The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gasses, etc.; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and, being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand beach and a new cape were formed. Three hills of scoria and sand were also formed in the sea, the lowest about two hundred and the highest about three hundred feet.

For three weeks this terrific river disgorged itself into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for twenty miles along the coast. The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but inland it varies from one to four or five miles in width, conforming itself, like a river, to the face of the country over which it flowed. Indeed, if you can imagine the Mississippi converted into liquid fire, of the consistency of fused iron, and moving onward, sometimes rapidly, sometime sluggishly; now widening into a sea, and anon rushing through a narrow defile, winding its way through mighty forests and ancient solitudes, you will get some idea of the spectacle here exhibited. The depth of the stream will probably vary from ten to two hundred feet, according to the inequalities of the surface over which it passed. During the flow, night was converted into day on all eastern Hawaii. The light rose and spread like the morning upon the mountains, and its glare was seen on the opposite side of the island. It was also distinctly visible for more than one hundred miles at sea; and at the distance of forty miles fine print could be read at midnight. The brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament, and the scene is said to have been one of unrivalled sublimity.

The whole course of the stream from Kirauea to the sea is about forty miles. Its mouth is about twenty-five miles from Hilo station. The ground over which it flowed descends at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The crust is now cooled, and may be traversed with care, though scalding steam, pungent gasses, and smoke are still emitted in many places.

In persuing my way for nearly two days over this mighty smouldering mass, I was more and more impressed at every step with the wonderful scene.—Hills had been melted down like wax; ravines and deep valleys had been filled; and majestic forests had disappeared like a feather in the flames. In some places the molten stream parted and flowed in separate channels for a considerable distance, and then re-uniting, formed islands of various sizes, from one to fifty acres, with trees still standing, but seared and blighted with the intense heat. On the outer edges of the lava, where the stream was more shallow and the heat less vehement, and where of course the liquid mass cooled soonest, the trees were mowed down like grass before the scythe, and left charred, crisped, smouldering, and only half consumed. As the lava flowed around the trunks of large trees on the outskirts of the stream, the melted mass stiffened and consolidated before the trunk was consumed, and when this was effected, the top of the tree fell, and lay unconsumed on the crust, while the hole which marked the place of the trunk remains almost as smooth and perfect as the caliber of a cannon. These holes are innumerable, and I found them to measure from ten to forty feet deep, but as I remarked before, they are in the more shallow parts of the lava, the trees being entirely consumed where it was deeper. During the flow of this eruption, the great crater of Kirauea sunk about three hundred feet, and her fires became nearly extinct, one lake only out of many, being left active in this mighty caldron. This, with other facts which have been named, demonstrates that the eruption was the disgorgement of the fires of Kirauea. The open lake in the old crater is at present intensely active, and the fires are increasing, as is evident from the glare visible at our station, and from the testimony of visiters.

During the early part of the eruption, slight and repeated shocks of earthquake were felt, for several successive days, near the scene of action. These shocks were not noticed at Hilo.

Through the directing hand of a kind Providence no lives were lost, and but little property was consumed during this amazing flood of fiery ruin. The stream passed over an almost uninhabited desert. A few little hamlets were consumed, and a few plantations were destroyed; but the inhabitants, forewarned, fled and escaped. During the progress of the eruption some of the people in Puna spent most of their time in prayer and religious meetings, some flew in consternation from the face of the all-devouring element, others wandered along its margin, marking with idle curiosity its daily progress, while another class still coolly pursued their usual vocations, unawed by the burning fury as it rolled along within a mile of their doors. It was literally true that they ate, drank, bought, sold, planted, builded, apparently indifferent to the roar of consuming forests, the sight of devouring fire, the startling detonations, the hissing of escaping steam, the rending of the earth, the shivering and melting of gigantic rocks, the raging and dashing of the fiery waves, the bellowings and murmurings, the unearthly mutterings coming up from a burning deep. They went carelessly on amid the rain of ashes, sand, and fiery scintillations, gazing vacantly on the fearful and ever varying appearance of the atmosphere, murky, black, livid, blazing, the sudden rising of lofty pillars of flame, the upward curling of ten thousand columns of smoke, and their majestic roll in dense, dingy,

lurid or party coloured clouds. All these moving phenomena were regarded by them as the fall of a shower, or the running of a brook; while to others they were as tokens of a burning world, the departing heavens, and a coming Judge.

I will just remark here, that while the stream was flowing, it might be approached within a few yards on the windward side, while at the leeward no one could live within the distance of many miles, on account of smoke, the impregnation of the atmosphere with pungent and deadly gasses, and the fiery showers which were constantly descending, and destroying all vegetable life. During the progress of the descending stream it would often fall into some fissure, and forcing itself into apertures and under massive rocks, and even hillocks and extended plats of ground, and lifting them from their ancient beds, bear them with all their superincumbent mass of soil, trees, etc., on its vicious and livid bosom, like a raft on the water. When the fused mass was sluggish, it had a gory appearance like clotted blood, and when it was active, it resembled fresh and clotted blood mingled and thrown into violent agitation. Sometimes the flowing lava would find a subterranean gallery, diverging at right angles from the main channel, and pressing into it would flow off unobserved, until meeting with some obstruction in its dark passage, when, by its expansive force, it would raise the crust of the earth into a dome-like hill of fifteen or twenty feet in height, and then bursting this shell, pour itself out in a fiery torrent around. A man who was standing at a considerable distance from the main stream, and intensely gazing on the absorbing scene before him, found himself suddenly raised to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the common level around him, and he had but just time to escape from his dangerous position, when the earth opened where he had stood, and a stream of fire gushed out. 25th Sept., 1840.

---

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

## THE MUFFIN MAN.

A LITTLE man who muffins sold,
When I was little too,
Carried a face of giant mould,
But tall he never grew.

His arms were legs for strength and size,
His coat-tail touched his heels;
His brows were forests o'er his eyes,
His voice like wagon-wheels.

When fallen leaves together flock,
And gusts begin to squall,
And suns go down at six o'clock,
You heard his muffin call.

Born in the equinoctial blast,
He came and shook his bell;
And with the equinox he pass'd,
But whither none could tell.

Some thought the monster turn'd to dew,
When muffins ceased to reign,
And lay in buds the summer through
Till muffin-time again.

Or Satyr, used the woods to rove,
Or ev'n old Caliban;
Drawn by the lure of oven-stove
To be a muffin-man.

The dwarf was not a churlish elf,
Who thought folks stared to scoff;
But used deformity itself
To set his muffins off.

He stood at doors, and talk'd with cooks,
While strangers took his span,
And grimly smiled with childhood's looks
At him, the muffin-man.

When others fled from nipping frost,
And fled from drenching skies,
And when in fogs the street was lost,
You saw his figure rise.

One night his tinkle did not sound,
He fail'd each 'custom'd door;
'Twas first of an eternal round
Of nights he walk'd no more.

When, borne in arms, my infant eye
The restless search began,
The nursery-maid was wont to cry,
"See John, the muffin-man!"

My path with things familiar spread,
Death's foot had seldom cross'd;
And when they said that John was dead,
I stood in wonder lost.

New muffin-men from lamp to lamp,
With careless glance I scan;
For none can ever raze thy stamp,
Oh John, thou muffin-man!

Thou standest snatch'd from time and storm,
A statue of the soul;
And round thy carved and goblin form,
Past days—past days unroll.

We will not part—Affection dim
This song shall help to fan;
And Memory, firmer bound to him,
Shall keep her Muffin-man.

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

## FRIGHTS!

There is no fever so contagious as fright. It runs, like a bell-wire, through the house, communicating from one line of agitation to another.

Frights, in a national point of view, are called "clouds on the political horizon." These clouds are very catching; if one nation in Europe has the vapours, all have—as we have lately had an opportunity of witnessing. In a civic, or we should say rather in a commercial sense, frights are called "panics; they are wonderfully contagious. No sooner is one house in danger, than another feels itself in peril. You walk at such a season through some vast capital, amidst lines of lofty and durable-looking mansions, and every one that begins to totter puts at least a couple in mind of tottering also. As this nods to its fall, that returns the nod instinctively. Once set the panic afoot, and each seems inclined to be foremost, rather than hindmost, in the road to ruin; let but a single firm topple down unexpectedly, and its neighbours break too, from nothing but sheer apprehension of breaking. Amidst large assemblages of people—in ball-rooms, theatres, often in churches—fright is irresistible in its progress, if once kindled. The cry of "fire," or a sound construed into the cracking of the wainscot, is enough. The strong, the weak, the bold, the nervous, the old stager and the young novice—are all reduced simultaneously to a common level: they become one mass of flying, fluttering, struggling, shrieking, *selfish* mortality—rushing to the door, and there effectually blocking up the way; each bent on escape, and each helping to render escape impossible; trampling, stifling, crushing one another, in hideous rout and disorder, without one rational idea amongst the bewildered multitude of the reality of the danger, or one courageous impulse to face it.

This wild alarm, like jealousy, makes the meat it feeds on. There is something so contradictory in it, that the presence of numbers, which should be its protection, increases its confusion. It sees its own pale, glaring, terror-stricken image in each man's face, and its diseased imagination multiplies the causes of fear, because its effects are manifold.

While such panics prevail, as all veracious chronicles show they do, amongst mankind, who shall presume ungallantly to laugh at thy innocent objects of terror, oh, womankind! or childhood, even at thine! All have their favourite antipathies. Gentlemen ere now have been appalled at the sight of a black-bottle; many a lady yet looks aghast at the intrusion of a black-beetle; while the child still screams, affrighted at the idea of black-bogy. Leaving the first to the satirist, and the last to the schoolmaster, let us picture to the eyes of ladies a scene, in which every fair reader almost must have been, at least *once* in her life, an actress.

We will suppose that scene to be a lady's "finishing establishment"—for there are no schools now—the school went out of fashion with the shop, and the "establishment" came in with the "depôt" and the "emporium."

The group is the prettiest possible, as a specimen of still-life; there is not a whisper, scarcely a motion; the superior is silently calculating the amount of her Michaelmas accounts; the assistant is mutely wondering whether young Ariosto Jackson, whom she met at Northampton last holidays, will again be there at the next breaking up; and several young ladies, in process of tuition, are learning irregular verbs by heart, reading treatises abstrusely scientific, and thinking all the time of nothing; when—all of a sudden—but no, that is not the word—quicker than lightning, transformed as by magic, the scene presents to the eye but one image of consternation—to the ear but one note of terror and dismay.

In the centre of the sacred apartment has been detected a small sable intruder. A cry of horror from one young lady—"Oh! my good gracious, there's a great black *beadle!*" brings every other young lady's heart into her mouth. In an instant the room resounds with wild piercing screams. Every chair has its pedestalled votary of Fear, its statue of Alarm exquisitely embodied; the sofa boasts a rare cluster of affrighted nymphs—more agonised by far than if they had been, by some wicked bachelor of a magician, locked for life into a nunnery. The lady-president, to exhibit an example of presence of mind, has leaped upon a chair for the purpose of pulling the bell; she at the same time conveys a lesson of industry, for she agitates it like a "ringer" pulling for a leg of mutton and trimmings. The bell-rope breaks, and the other is out of reach. The screams increase; the servants are summoned by more names than they were ever christened by. "Cook, Sarah, Betsy, Betsy, Jane, Cook, Sarah," are called, together with several domestics who have long since gone away.

In the mean time let us snatch a glance at the little dingy contemptible insect, the sable agitator, the Christophe of entomology, who has innocently created all this palpitation in tender bosoms, this distortion of beautiful features, this trembling of limbs, and this discord in voices the most musical. He stands a moment stupified, petrified with astonishment at the rush and the roar around him; recovering from his first surprise, he creeps a pace or two in blank perplexity; he wrestles with his fears—for frightened he is out of his little black wits, you may depend upon it—runs here and there, a few inches to the east, and then a few inches westward, to and fro like a bewildered thing; and then making up his mind, "away he cuts" as hard as he can pelt into the obscurest corner. The enemy out of sight, the boldest of the party, after a minute or two, ventures down and makes a desperate rush to the door; others soon follow this heroine's example; and when they reach the landing—there pale, though recent from the roasting-jack, and peeping up from one of the lower stairs of the kitchen flight, they perceive the face of the cook—a face whose expression is half curiosity, half fear. Aspects of wonder and wo-begone alarm are discernible beyond, and fill up the picture of agitation.

"Oh, Cook! where have you been?" cry the pretty tremblers.

"Oh, Miss! what *is* the matter?" sighs the cook sentimentally, observing at the same time that "her heart beats that quick as she ain't sure she knows her own name when she hears it."

"Oh, cook!" cries the least exhausted of the party, "here's a great—here's a great black beadle in the parlour!" On which a very small scream,

and a pretty shudder at the recollection, pervade the assembly.

"A black-beadle, Miss Higgins! *is that all!* Lauk, well that is disappineting; we thought as you was all a being murdered, and so we couldn't move, we was so frightened. Why, I minds a black-beadle no more nor—no more nor—no, that I don't! But if it had bin a hearwig, Miss Higgins!—ur-r-r-rh! now that's a ruptile, as I never could abide!"

Had we rushed down stairs sooner, just before the first ring of the bell, a kitchen-group might have presented itself, not unworthy of being sketched. There should we have seen a feminine party of four seated round a table spread with solid viands; the actresses have played their parts to perfection; not like unfortunate players on the mimic stage, who raise to their parched lips empty japan cups, and affect to eat large slices of pasteboard turkeys. No; they have, in the fullest sense of the word, *dined;* and are in that delicious state of dreamy repose, induced by a hearty meal, about mid-day in summer, after having risen early and "washed" till twelve! It is at this juncture they hear the loud quick ring of the parlour-bell. At such a moment, when Missus know'd they was at dinner! Again, again, again; nay, the peal is continuous, and mingled with confused screams. Terror and the cold beef combined, strong ale and intense alarm, prevent them from stirring. Still the bell rings, the screams continue, and grow more distinct! Sarah faints, Betsy manages about half a fit, and Jane staggers a few paces and falls into the arms of Robert the gardener. A jug of ale, which the cook mistakes for water, flung into the face of the fair insensible, causes a sensation that arouses the whole party; and curiosity overcoming fear, leads them towards the stairs, where, hushed and horror-stricken, they await the dread intelligence that "a great black beadle has got into the parlour," his first appearance this season!

"Had it been a mad dog, indeed!" they all cry. Yes, and if it had been merely a tiny puppy with the smallest tin kettle tied to his tail, retreating affrightedly from roguish boys, they themselves would have been thrown into fright indeed. Their instinct would have led them to cry, "Oh, here's a mad dog, ' and to run right in his way.

Every man has his "frights." Toads are exceedingly unpopular. The deathwatch, like conscience, doth make cowards of us all. Spiders are unwelcome visiters. Rats (politics apart) are eminently disagreeable. One of a party who went out to kill buffaloes, happening to run away just as all his courage was required, explained the circumstance to his friend thus: "One man dislikes this, and another man that animal; gentlemen, my antipathy is the buffalo." But in certain climates, people are accustomed to horrors; they sup full of them. Nobody there screams out, "Oh here's a scorpion!" or "Good gracious, here's an alligator!" The visits of such common-places are not angelic, being neither few nor far between. It is only some rarer monster that can hope to make a sensation. Now, a hippopotamus, once a season, would come with a forty black-beetle power to an evening party; and a group of timid ladies, kicking the mere crocodiles and rattlesnakes away, may well be imagined rushing into a corner, startled by an unlooked-for intruder, and crying out "Oh my! if here isn't a mammoth! Mamma! here's a great large leviathan!"

---

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

## A PEEP AT A "LEG-OF-BEEF SHOP."

It is a melancholy sight to witness the half-starved, anatomical-looking small youths, dressed in every variety of poverty's wardrobe, that linger for hours near a certain little bow-window in St. Giles's; where the nobility, gentry, and public are informed that by paying down the sum of threepence they will be allowed peaceably to depart with an imperial pint of leg-of-beef soup in their own jug. It is a moving sight. To see the hungry looks—the earnest gazes, that are darted through that little bow-window—to see with what intense relish they snuff up the odoriferous vapours which occasionally ascend through the gratings beneath that little bow-window, or roll out in their full fragrance through the doorway adjacent to that little bow-window, ensnaring at every other burst some new, hungry, unsuspecting wayfarer—to see this is indeed a moving sight. Seldom, very seldom is it the good fortune of these watchful youths to revel in such luxuries as leg-of-beef soup, or its rival, alamode; they are beings destined only to view such things afar off, and make vain speculations upon their ravishing flavour; to contemplate them as amalgams expressly prepared for the affluent—those happy ones who can spend threepence and not feel it. Oh! what felicity to be the master of such a shop!—to eat as much as he likes and nothing to pay—to be able to feast his eyesight with the savoury contents of those bright tin kettles when *not* hungry—to dress in a white apron and striped jacket, and to have supreme command of that ladle—to be able to look sternly upon those perturbed spirits without, and disregard their earnest whisperings of "Oh, don't it smell jolly; and warn't that piece prime though!"—to be able to go on fishing up the delicious morsels with the same provoking coolness. Oh! to what joys are some men born!

But see. Here comes two that have had their enjoyment; maybe each has eaten a whole threepenn'orth. No longer do the fumes possess any charm for them; they can now walk composedly past those magic kettles. Now, two happy beings are entering the elysium—two whose delights are yet to come. One of them is a dustman in a spotted neckerchief, red wrist-cuffs, and a cap peculiar to gentlemen in that line of business; the other is his lady, glorying in the euphonic name of "Doll."

See with what a majestic air he strides in and takes his seat, as if he could buy up the whole establishment twice over if he chose. Hark with what a lordly voice he calls the waiting-boy, whose benevolent master, for services rendered, rewards him with ninepence per week, and the gratuitous licking of all the crockery soiled on the premises.

"Vater!" again vociferates he of the neckerchief. "Yes, sir," is the reply. "Didn't you hear me call vater afore?" "Sorry, sir, but the gen'l'm'n as is just gone was agoin' to forget to pay, sir—that's all, sir." "That's nuffin to do vith me. Ven I calls 'vater,' I vants yer. I can't afford to vaste my

precious breath to no purpose as the members o' parliament do, so just prick up them long ears of your'n, and then I think you'll grow the viser." "Yes, sir." "Vell, then, bring this here leddy and me a freeha'penny plate each, and two penny crusties, and ven a gen'l'm'n calls agin, listen to his woice, or maybe it's not unpossible he may get his bit o' wittles at some other ho-tel." With another professional "Yes, sir," the urchin vanishes from the presence.

Once more the purveyor's ladle dives into the bright tin kettle. Again he tortures the hungry beholders outside the window—as they look on with outstretched necks and spasmodic mouths — with glimpses of its treasures. They see the choice bits of gristle but for an instant, and no more; for whilst gazing at the sight, in a paroxysm of longing and fever of desire, the plates are borne off to that vile dustman.

"Now, Mr. Imperence," says the lady, addressing the purveyor's protégé, at the same time, with much dexterity and elegance, converting a fork she has discovered upon the seat into a toothpick. "Now, Mr. Imperence, I hope you've brought a little less paddywack in it than there was yesterday. As Will says," she continues, stirring and scrutinising the contents of the plate, "bless'd if this house ain't quite losing its caroter." "Brayvo! Doll!" ejaculates her lord approvingly, as leaning backwards with extended leg he draws from his pocket a coin of the realm. "Here, jist valk yer laziness across the vay, and travel back agin vith a pint of half-and-half. Now, vot do you stand ringing o' the money for? Do you think other people is as vicked as yerself!"—"Th' s'picious little warmint!" rejoins the lady, swallowing a spoonful of the soup with alarming expedition, and fulfilling the purposes of a napkin with the back of her hand. "Did you see wot a imperent grin the little beast give?" "Never mind, old gal, you get on," responds the dustman, lounging with both elbows upon the table, and regarding with an air of much complacency the thin-visaged youths outside. "You get on, for I must soon be astirring."

In due time the boy and the solution of malt and hops present themselves, and after a hearty draught of the grateful beverage, the dustman evinces a disposition to become musical, and whistles an air or two with perhaps rather more of good will than of good taste. He suddenly looks round, and discovering his lady has finished the plate of soup and the last drain of beer also, summons forth the juvenile waiter from behind a little partition, just at the mortifying moment when his tongue is making clean the interiors and exteriors of two recently-used plates.

"Now, then, young imp, wot's the damage?"—"Sixpence, please sir," said the waiter, vainly endeavouring to quiet his tongue, which keeps playing round the sides of his mouth; "two plates and three loaves, please, sir." "We ain't had free, you cheating little wagabond!" screams the lady; "we've only had two—you know that!" "Oh! beg pardon, ma'am," replies the boy, after a sly lick; "it was t'other box where the gen'l'm'n was as had three. Fippence, then, please sir—two plates and two new'uns—fippence."

"You're a nice sample o' thievery for your age," says the dustman, contemplating the boy with one eye, and then counting out four penny pieces and four farthings with curious deliberation. "You're a nice article to cast a gen'l'm'n's bill. Do you happ'n to know a cove in London by the name o' Ketch—Jack Ketch!" "Yes, sir." "Vell, then, the next time as you goes his vay, have the goodness to leave your card, and say you was strongly recommended to him by me. Now, Doll."

Having delivered himself to this effect, greatly to the moral benefit of the boy, who mechanically replies at the conclusion of it, "Yes, sir," with a dignified step he leads the way to the door, merely condescending, as he places his foot upon the sill, to inform the proprietor, that "he's blow'd if there's a worser prog-shop in the whole blessed vurld!"

ALPHA.

---

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

## A FEW NOTES ON UNPAID LETTERS.

THE penny-postage has already wrought an extraordinary change in the public ideas of the value of money. Formerly, according to the old maxim, ninepence was but ninepence; but even twopence has now become a sum sterling, to demand which is to stir men's blood as violently as if the said coins were flung in their faces. To put a letter into the post, and an intimate friend to the expense of twopence, was, only the other day, perfectly natural; under the present system, it is fiendish.

A letter sent free costs the sender a penny; to receive a letter not pre-paid, is to expend double the amount. In the degree of attention shown to this little fact, it is not impossible to find a test of the principles of mankind—of the whole corresponding portion of creation at least.

The last post-office returns show, that there are upon an average 7654 persons—monsters in the human form, we should rather say—in this metropolis alone, who walk about day by day dropping stampless epistles into ravenous letter-boxes, from sheer misanthropy—hatred of their fellow-creatures; which feeling they are pleased to call forgetfulness, stamplessness, or copperlessness, as convenience may dictate.

Never become enraged when you receive a missive from one of them—never storm when you pay double—lest you should chance to justify where you mean to condemn.

> At unpaid letters look not blue,
> Nor call your correspondent scamp;
> For if you storm, he proves that you
> Received his letter—*with* "a stamp!"

Reflect seriously upon the character of such a correspondent. The man whose letters are not pre-paid may be thus denounced:

He is selfish, because he would rather you should pay twice, than that he should pay once.

He would rather inflict an injury on his friend, than act fairly himself.

He is disloyal, because he ought to grace his letter with the head of his Queen, and he declines doing so.

He prefers seeing his brother's *two* pockets picked, to having a hand thrust into one of his own.

He is an old fool, who wants to be thought young, and affects carelessness, because it is a youthful fault.

Rather than take a bottle of wine out of his own cellar, he would drink a couple at his neighbour's expense.

Sooner than experience a stamp on his toe, he would see his old father's gouty feet trampled on.

He is ready to discharge a double-barrelled gun at any body, to escape a single shot at himself.

He would ride his friend's horse fifty miles, to save his own from a journey of five-and-twenty.

To avoid an easy leap from the first-floor window, he would doom his nearest connexion to jump from the roof.

Rather than submit to the privation of half a meal, he would subject any human being to the misery of being dinnerless.

He is penny wise and twopence foolish. His penny saved is not a penny got, since the damage he occasions will recoil upon himself.

He is more mindful of the flourishing finances of the postmaster-general, than of the scanty funds of individuals who are dear to him.

He has no care for the revenue, for he shrinks from prompt payment.

He is dishonest, for rather than pay in advance he won't pay at all.

Above all, never listen to any thing that may be urged in his defence. Never attach the slightest importance to such items as these:

He is the best of patriots, because he raises a sinking revenue.

He is the best of friends, for he impels all whom he addresses to do good to the state at a slight cost to themselves.

He is the most loyal of men, for he cannot bear to part with his Queen's likeness, even upon a penny-piece.

He is a gentleman, and never has vulgar halfpence within reach.

He is kind to street-beggars, and gives away the penny in charity before he can get to the post-office.

He is well read in ancient literature, and knows that those who pay beforehand are the worst of paymasters.

He is delicate-minded, and feels that a pre-paid letter implies a supposition that the receiver would care about the postage.

His house is open to his acquaintances, who write so many notes there that he never has a stamp to use.

He scorns to subject the portrait of his lady-sovereign to the indignity of being tattooed like a New Zealander.

He is a logician, and maintains that if a penny-postage be a good thing, a twopenny-postage must be exactly twice as good.

He enables others to do a double service to their country, rather than by doing half that service himself, prevent them from doing any.

He denies himself one pleasure that his fellow-creatures may have two.

He sympathises in the postman's joy at the receipt of twopence, as it brings back old times, and restores to him his youth.

He is so anxious to write to those he loves, that the stamp, hastily affixed, comes off in the letter-box.

Signing himself "your most obedient humble servant," of course he dares not take the liberty of paying for what *you* receive.

He is married, he leaves it to bachelors to pay *single* postage.

Mark his handwriting, nevertheless; and when his unpaid epistle arrives, let your answer be, a copy of the "Times," supplement and all, sealed up in an unstamped envelope.

---

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

## THE LIVERY—OUT OF LONDON.

At my friend the squire's, when he lived down at Grassby Farm in Cheshire, I was a constant visitor; and for nothing was that pleasant hospitable house more remarkable than for the eccentric animals that found their way into it, whether as guests or as servants. Of both classes, in the course of a very few years, there were several queer specimens. I laugh as I recall them to mind.

Delightful Grassby, what joyous hours have rolled away there! Well content should I have been to have remained a welcome guest there for ever, if I could but have secured the privilege of dining as sparingly as I liked, and of taking just as few glasses of the old ale or the old port as suited *me*, rather than my friend. But with the old-fashioned notions of hospitality prevalent there, the comfort of "enough" was out of the question. It was a word never used at the squire's table. If you desired to taste a second or a third dish, good bountiful Mrs. N. sent you a second or third *dinner*; and not to eat *all* that was placed before you, though already long past the point where appetite and desire cease, was to break through every principle of their establishment, and violate all their simple ideas of etiquette and good breeding. If you left the remaining wing of the turkey, they would be wretched for the rest of the day—"You didn't like it," "you were not comfortable." After a year or two, Mrs. N. did so far relax, and mingle mercy with her hospitality, as to say when placing two ribs of roast beef upon one's plate, "I hope if there's more than you wish for, that you won't scruple to leave it." The reader will be lucky if he can secure as much indulgence as this, at many country-houses where old fashions and principles yet prevail, and my Lady Bountiful reigns supreme.

Consequences the most alarming sometimes ensued from this sense of the necessity of consuming whatsoever was placed before you by your host. A travelling acquaintance of the squire's (one Mr. Joseph Miller) paid him a flying visit one morning; and as he could not possibly stay one moment, and insisted upon not taking any refreshment at all, he was let off with a tankard of ale, and some of the finest cheese in the county. The traveller threw upward a look of despair as he saw about half a magnificent "Cheshire" introduced to his notice; but as time was precious, he went to work, and ate with vigour for half-an-hour, when the post-boy knocked to remind him of the necessity of completing that stage in a given time, or the journey would be fruitless. The answer returned

was, that the traveller "would come as soon as he could;" and upon the cheese he fell again with increased energy. Another thirty minutes elapsed, when he paused to gaze, with evident symptoms of exhaustion, on the semicircle of Cheshire, not yet visibly diminished; a second rap now summoned him, but his reply was an anxious, hopeless look, and the faint ejaculation "Wait!" The attack on the cheese was once more renewed, but by no means fiercely. "Gad," cried the squire, at last, "had I guessed you could ha' staid so long, we'd a hastened dinner a bit." "So long!" exclaimed the traveller in a tone of despair; "let me tell you such a piece of cheese as that isn't to be got through so soon as you think for!"

Another case, and a still more piteous one, was that of a young and simple damsel from a neighbouring county, who brought with her to Grassby Farm the established consciousness (prevailing still over a large portion of the country) of the unpardonable rudeness of sending away any thing presented by the host. Accordingly, one day at dinner, when cheese was sent round, and a plate containing several pieces was handed to the young lady, she presumed it to be meant for her, and as in duty bound devoured the whole supply. It so happened that she did not visit at the squire's again for some considerable time; and then, when remonstrated with for not calling upon her friends at the farm, she said, "Well, I will call, I shall be delighted to dine with you again; but—pray don't give me so much cheese!"

All who entered the farm seemed alike under the influence of one dreary and imperative necessity; that they must take whatever was offered them—which never failed to be too much. A French gentleman one evening underwent with exemplary politeness the martyrdom of drinking sixteen cups of tea, simply from not knowing that he was expected, when tired, to put the spoon in the cup. This at last he did, by mere accident, or good Mrs. N. would have gone on pouring out for him all night, to her great felicity.

Never but once—only once—was that excellent lady convicted of a fit of moderation in the arrangements of her table, and that was when some fine London acquaintances had been persuading her to transform a rustic lout of a stripling into a page, and assuring her that thick pieces of bread at dinner were quite barbarous and vulgar. She did so far forget her original nature, as to decorate the boy with roley-poley buttons, to turn his Christian name of Colin into the surname of Collins, and to admonish him on the subject of bread thus—"Collins, don't cut up so many loaves when we have company at dinner; I don't like very small pieces, but then there shouldn't be too many; you should *count heads*; you must know how much bread will be wanted, and cut accordingly. Now mind!" Kind, hospitable dame, how was she punished for her precaution! When the next dinner-party assembled, and a dozen persons had taken their seats at the table, Collins proceeded to hand the bread round after the provincial fashion of twenty years ago; but by the time he reached his mistress, the last person of the dozen, the bread was gone. "Collins," said she, in a low discreet whisper, "some bread, some more bread." Collins's whisper in reply was meant to be equally discreet, but it was more audible. "Please, ma'am, I did count heads, and cut twelve bits, but that 'ere gentleman *has took two pieces!*"

Collins, the page, was but the folly of a day; he speedily disappeared; yet there remained for some time in the heart of his mistress a lurking desire to engraft a few of the best London usages upon the more substantial country customs, and if not to keep pace with the spirit of the present age, at least to emerge out of the deep recesses of the past. Robin, the successor of Collins, was a victim to this spirit of innovation. He was a rustic of one idea; which was, to do whatever he was ordered as well as he could. If told to make haste, he would simply start off at the top of his speed; if told to fly, he would assuredly attempt with his arms and coat-flaps an imitation of the action of a bird, and fly as well as he was able. He understood all instructions literally; Robin had no imagination. To bring in every thing upon a waiter, was an order he could easily comprehend; mistake was impossible. "Well, I declare!" cried Mrs. N. to some visitors one morning, "you haven't yet seen my pets;" (some pups of an illustrious breed, that had just seen the light;) "Robin, bring in the pets—they are miracles." There was considerable delay, however, in the execution of this order; and more than one enquiry went forth, why Robin did not bring in the pups. At last, when curiosity was at its height, and expectation on tiptoe, Robin did contrive, after a "to do" outside the door, to make a formal appearance with the pups, and to explain the delay:—"Here be pups, ma'am, only dang it they won't keep on waiter."

Where the squire picked up the Imperturbable who came next, I never understood. At this distance of time it is not unreasonable to doubt whether he was in reality a human being; he might have been a talking automaton. He never appeared to have "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;" he seemed to be simply a thing of clock-work. "Master wants a bit more muffin," or "The ice has broke and master's drowned in the pond," would be uttered by him in exactly the same formal tone of voice, with exactly the same stiff and deliberate air. It was all one to him whether he had to announce—"There's a cricket-match on the common," or "the French have landed." Never shall I forget his walking into the room one day, an hour after dinner, and fixing himself beside his master's chair while the squire was telling us one of his sporting stories which were sometimes rather long; waiting patiently until the close for the signal to proceed, and then when the Squire had turned round leisurely to know what he wanted, saying in his slow tone, "When I went up stairs, sir, a little while ago, the house was a-fire! It's burning now."

But I ought to relate one more example of the manner in which the patience of the Squire's lady was tried, by the rusticity of her attendants, during the short season of her attempt to elevate her household arrangements into something like fashionable dignity. One day, when the Squire had sent off, upon some frivolous errand, every servant in the house except cook and coachman, in dropped a very important visitor who proffered his company at dinner, to the consternation of the lady: hospitable as she was, she was in a dilemma; but it could not be helped. The services of the coachman were duly called into requisition to wait at table, greatly to his chagrin, for he

detested the duty, and whenever he chanced to be called upon to perform it, was sure to find some means of letting all the room know that he did. He abhorred indoor work, and took pride in proclaiming himself to be coachee. On this occasion, having some apple-dumplings to bring in (vulgarities to which the Squire was considerably attached,) the coachman, not qualified by daily practice for the duty, let some of them slip off the dish; but recovering himself, he contrived to balance the dish as he held it out, and to steady the rolling dumplings therein, with a "Who-o, whoo-oo, *what!*" Neither the Squire nor his lady ever affected the "gentilities" after this, or allowed their honest hearts to be disconcerted about trifles; and with this last "tray" of domestic awkwardness, I for the present take my leave of the Livery.

RUS IN URBE.

## A RIGID SENSE OF DUTY.

AT one of our sea-port towns there stood (and, we believe, doth stand there still) a fort, on the outside of which is a spacious field, overlooking a delightful prospect of land and water. At the time we are speaking of, a Major Brown was the commandant; and his family being fond of a milk diet, the veteran had several cows that pastured in the land aforesaid; a sentry was placed near the entrance, part of whose duty it was to prevent strangers and stray cattle from trespassing therein. Upon one occasion, an Irish marine, a stranger to the place, was on guard at this post, and having received the regular orders not to allow any one to go upon the grass but the major's cows, determined to adhere to them strictly. He had not been long at his post, when three elegant young ladies presented themselves at the entrance for the purpose of taking their usual evening walk, and were quickly accosted by the marine with "You can't go there!"

"Oh! but we may," uttered the ladies with one voice," we have the privilege to do so."

"Privilege," repeated the sentry; "fait an' I don't care what ye have, but you mustn't go there, I tell ye; it's Major Brown's positive orders to the contrary."

"Oh—ay—yes—we know that," said the eldest of the ladies with dignity, "but we are Major Brown's daughters."

"Ah, well, you don't go in there then anyhow," exclaimed Pat, bringing his firelock to the post, "you may be Major Brown's daughters, but you're not Major Brown's cows."—*Omnibus.*

## A SCENE NEAR FOLKSTONE.

[Folkstone was made, says tradition, of the "odds and ends" left after the rest of the world was finished; and any one who has visited that jumble of heights and hollows, becomes impressed with the conviction that tradition sometimes speaks the truth.]

SOME weather-beaten men with clothes all tar-ry,
Keeping a sharp look-out upon the ocean,
And little Tom, and Jack, and Bill, and Harry,
Making upon the beach a dire commotion,—
Dabbling, like dab-chicks, in the billows briny,
Hunting for crabs, and other things crustaceous,
While a Newfoundland dog, in sport called "Tiny,"
Wags his huge bushy tail, and looks sagacious:
Here wades a shrimper to his waist in water,
There swims a bather, snorting like a grampus;
And lo! James Muddle, with his wife and daughter,
All in a boat, and crying out, "Don't swamp us!"
Far in the offing you may see a cutter,
Her white sails gleaming like the sea-gull's pinions,—
She means to overhaul that craft, with butter
Laden, and cheese, from swampy Scheldt's dominions;—
I shouldn't wonder if *Schiedam*—however,
That's not *my* business;—turn our glances landward,
There's Farley in his garden—well, I never!—
A-talking down the chimney, to my landlord;
He says, "I see you've got some greens for dinner,
And pickled pork, but can't say more for coughing;
That smoke just serves him right—the prying sinner!
He's always jeering folks, and at them scoffing:
White cliffs, and houses, underneath and over,
And roads that seem to lead to regions airy—
Old boats converted into roofs, that cover
Buildings, in shape and size that greatly vary,
Denote the place, which popular believings
Point out as being made of ends and leavings.

*Omnibus.*

## THE RETURNS, &c.

THE returns of Trade and Navigation for many years back show, on an average, an increase of exportation far exceeding and totally disproportionate to the increase of production. The attendant distress of our home population—want of employment and pauperism among the labouring classes, a constant treading on the verge of bankruptcy among the capitalists—has been the unceasing concomitant of this unnatural state of affairs. Mercantile depression has become in this country a chronic complaint. The system of consigning goods on speculation to foreign markets, instead of waiting for orders, has become in some trades the regular course of business: and the brokers of New York could tell the enormous percentage at which British cottons and printed goods have for years been disposed of below their value in order to get rid of them at any cost. A numerical increase in the quantity and value of exports does not necessarily prove the flourishing condition of a country.*

The present unhealthy condition of British manufactures and commerce has been occasioned by a protective system. This opinion does not rest upon "the ridiculous assumptions of short-sighted economists, who having found protection injurious in one or two cases assume that it must be injurious in all:" it has been adopted because men have found it to be a fact that permanent distress has accompanied permanent protection, and because strong à priori arguments can be advanced to show that the natural tendency of protection is to occasion distress.—*Spectator.*

* This argument was stated in an able and striking manner by Mr. EDWARD BAINES junior, of Leeds, at a meeting of the Anti-Corn-law Delegates in London, on the 26th March, 1840.

From the Athenæum.

# MEMORIALS OF JOSEPH PAICE.

## THE "FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN" OF ELIA'S ESSAYS.

"Why, that Joseph Paice was as *real* a person as Joseph Hume, and a great deal pleasanter! A careful observer of life, my dear Bernard, has no need to invent —Nature romances it for him."—CHARLES LAMB.

THE "deep embroidery of foreign lace" with which Elia is, sometimes unjustly, accused, of decorating homespun truth, has had the effect he would certainly have deprecated, of making the sketch of his early benefactor appear half fact half fable. Few except the venerable man's personal acquaintance (a once numerous but fast diminishing body,) are aware how far the original exceeded the picture; how deeply based, how all-pervading were the self-negation and philanthropy that have been faintly outlined!

My grandfather's roof sheltered this chivalrous and Christian old man; my mother was brought up at his knees; his dying hand was laid in blessing on my childish head; and many a trivial fond record has, by constant repetition in the family circle, prevented the memory of his good and gracious deeds from perishing. Add to this, many of his letters, private memoranda, and the letters of those who addressed him as friend and benefactor, are mine by gift; and through them, he, being dead, yet speaketh.

Many of these are exceedingly curious. For instance, here is Captain Coram writing to request the loan of £60 for the necessary expenses attending the drawing up of the charter for the Foundling Hospital, having already so exhausted his own finances and the liberality of his friends, that he could not pay for engrossing these four sheets of vellum, with the accompanying fees. Instead of £60, Mr. Paice immediately sent him a free gift of a hundred, begging that the surplus might be dedicated to the uses of the charity.

Again, here is Mr. Paice acquainting a Mr. Nath. Steward, of Tobago, that the annuitants of the "King's Bay Estate" have consented to indemnify said Mr. Steward for the £400 to which he had subjected himself, in consideration of Mr. Paice's having waived his own claims on them; and after some technical details which display the writer as a shrewd man of business, he proceeds to give directions for the sale of his negroes by private contract instead of public auction, authorising the disposal of them at the sacrifice of a quarter of their value, to secure them kind masters, and this at a time when he appeals to Steward's knowledge of his impoverished circumstances.

But what shall we say to his *twice* bestowing ten thousand pounds on the rival who married the object of his earliest affections? and his constantly befriending the wife and children of the imprudent and unfortunate man, so as to necessitate close retrenchment in his own style of living! Surely here is magnanimity of rather an unusual kind. The young lady for whom he entertained so deep an affection, was a Miss Hunt, whose father's house of business was in the Old Jewry, where Mr. Paice had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and his country seat at Ewell, in Surrey. I have before me, in the feeble characters of an old man's writing, a memorandum, written before breakfast one Sunday morning at Sir Francis Baring's, enumerating the white days of his life, and thanking the Almighty for them, among which are briefly but emphatically reckoned some of the days spent, doubtless in Miss Hunt's company, at the house of his valued friend in the Old Jewry. A growing passion for this interesting young woman was still undeclared for her, though there was reason to believe she would encourage it, when Mr. Paice became painfully aware that his first cousin, Mr. Mason, was in love with the same lady. One of the parties, it was plain, must be sacrificed to the other: the young lady's chance of happiness between the two was the next point, as well as the comparative fortitude with which disappointment was likely to be met by the several rivals. Mr. Paice debated, and decided against himself: he silently withdrew his attentions, and had the distressing trial of witnessing his cousin's success. Perhaps it was in the first severity of his young disappointment that he made the resolution thus mentioned by him, many years afterwards, in a touching letter to the first Lady Baring. She appears to have rallied him on his having remained single, notwithstanding his admiration and esteem for her sex: the unpremeditated jest opened the secrets of the deep heart; and to this dear and tender friend he wrote a defence, containing, except the story of Miss Hunt, a full account of his motives and principles. After a most pleasing description of his early years,—the only child of his father, and that father a widower,—he mentions some of the reasons which prevented him from "embracing the repeated evidence his father gave him of a liberality disposed to promote his happiness in the married state." "The plan I soon determined to form myself upon," he says, "was that of *living for the good of others*; first, in the limited sphere of relationship; and secondly, if opportunity should favour, by extending those attentions to ends of more general utility."

God knows how wonderfully he adhered to this plan! Let us only glance over the private account he gives of his stewardship:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Given to, and lost by, relations . . . . . | 15,000 |
| Lost by other persons of various descriptions | 1,600 |
| Advanced, to near relations, of their legacies | 2,700 |
| Devoted and bestowed in other ways . . . | 10,800 |
| Total | £30,100 |

"Of rent and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed two hundred pounds a year;"

at the time of making the above summary of his previous gifts and losses; for on the same sheet is noted, "In the year 1798 my income was only £194 7s. 4d. clear, being £40 less than this present year 1799." And again, "my whole annual income is £329 16s. 4d., out of which I statedly allow to relations in narrow circumstances, annually, £95 9s., and to established charities, over and above all incidental demands of the like nature, £35 2s. 6d.; and the remainder, to defray my tax on personal property, board, apparel, and every incidental expense, is only £199 4s. 10d." It is true, he had West India property, which any one less disinterested would have made available, but which, for several years, was not only unproductive, but expensive to him; and also a large reversionary income then held by Mrs. Angerstein.

There is a miniature portrait of Mr. Paice in his twentieth year still preserved among us, of which it may truly be said, that his face is as that of an angel, mild and heavenly in its expression, and not unlike Raffaelle's exquisite self-portraiture in his School of Athens. But even his oldest surviving friend can only carry back his recollections of him to his fortieth year. "My earliest remembrance of him," says my grandfather, "is before I was eight years old, when we went to call at his house in Cloak Lane, where his father, a fine old gentleman, was sitting by the fire, smoking his pipe with a great deal of dignity. I remember his coming in with a great paper of services (sweetmeats) tied up for us youngsters to carry home; and his father's calling each to him and tying a guinea in the corner of our pocket-handkerchiefs (kindness remembered by me from the age of eight to eighty.) His father *died* when I was eight years old, so that fixes the date. We expected Mr. Paice to look in on us upon the evening following his father's funeral; and perfectly do I remember my father and mother schooling us how to behave; to avoid any unthinking allusions to his loss, and so forth. Mr. Paice must then have been forty years of age. I well recollect his entering the room, and coming round to each of us in turn, with that dignity and benignity he always had about him, putting something into the hand of each, as a token whereby to remember our lost relative. His gift to my eldest sister was a beautiful miniature of his father, set in gold, which I now have. Afterwards, he sat down, and feelingly entered on the very subject we had been warned to shun."

His father left him £12,500 and his business: and his uncle Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, had previously bequeathed him £5,000, the moiety of his property, of which his other nephew, Mr. Mason, had the remaining half; but though thus placed in easy circumstances, his bounty to Mr. Mason soon so impaired his fortune, that he determined on immediate retrenchment; saying, it was better to plunge at once into a cold bath, than to stand hesitating on the brink. He accordingly gave up housekeeping, and placed at the head of his establishment the widow of a respectable chemist, to whom he paid a certain sum for his board; keeping his town house still open as a sort of asylum for the homeless, and the rendezvous of his numerous wards during their holidays. He had seventeen guardianship concerns committed to him, including the care of a hundred wards, and a hundred thousand pounds; and the responsibilities thus devolving on him, added to Mr. Mason's quitting England after his failure, leaving him to conduct all his embarrassed concerns, and face his disappointed creditors "without the means of affording the least relief to the necessities of many, and the expectations of all," nearly broke down the mind of this generous rival and tender friend. "The weight thus accumulated," he writes to Lady Baring, "became too heavy; and after long contending with it beyond my strength, had almost overpowered me." So deeply did his fortune suffer by his generosity to his cousin, that at one time he contemplated, from being a South Sea Director, becoming secretary of the company; when the property left him by his cousin, Mrs. Newman, again placed him in easy circumstances. On her death-bed, this lady mentioned to him that she had left legacies of £500, each to her two dear friends, Mrs. Shore and Mrs. Edmonds, formerly the Miss Offleys of Derbyshire (the orphan sisters whose singular story is told by the author of "Tremaine," in his work called "Human Life.") On opening the will, it appeared that the said legacies consisted of only £500 *stock*; but Mr. Paice, maintaining that £500 *sterling* had been intended by the testator, insisted on paying the sum in full. In accordance with the same principle was his conduct towards Mr. Beach, the captain of a merchant vessel, who for many years brought home the sugars from Mr. Lucas's estate at St. Christopher's. Mr. Lucas had mentioned to his friend, Mr. Paice, his intention of going to town some day to make an alteration in his will in favour of this Mr. Beach. He died, however, without executing this intention, and his nephew, Captain Wheeler, inherited his property, nearly the whole of which he subsequently left to Mr. Paice, who acting on what he considered the intention of the former testator, made over a share of the West Indian property to Mr. Beach. In like manner, the estate which Captain Wheeler had left his widow for her life, was by Mr. Paice made freehold; which, he said, he was sure must have been intended by the testator; and numerous and perplexing were the claims he drew upon himself, by his sedulous endeavours to provide for the captain's relations to the remotest degree, before he permitted himself to benefit by the fortune that had been left him.

The wholesale munificences of which these are samples, can be imitated by few; and it is to be feared, that the benevolence in daily trifles by which they were accompanied is almost equally rare.—Charles Lamb speaks of Mr. Paice's holding an umbrella over a market woman's fruit basket, lest her store should be spoilt by a sudden shower, and uncovering his head to a servant girl who was requesting him to direct her on her way. These traits are quite in keeping with many that can still be authenticated—his carrying presents of game *himself* for instance, to humble friends, who might ill have spared a shilling to a servant; and his offering a seat in his hackney coach to some poor, forlorn, draggled beings, picking their way through the mud on a rainy day. Sometimes, these chance guests have proved such uncongenial companions, that the kind old man has himself faced the bad weather, rather than prolong the acquaintance, paying the hackney-coachman for setting down the stranger at the end of his fare. At lottery times, he used to be troubled with begging visits from certain improvident hangers-on, who had risked their all in buying shares of an unlucky number. About the time the numbers were being drawn, (I am speaking now of the period when he had been for years an inmate of my maternal grandfather's family,) there would be a ring at the gate-bell, perhaps at dinner time. His spectacles would be elevated, an anxious expression would steal over his face, as he half raised himself from his seat, to obtain a glance at the intruder—"Ah, I thought so, I expected as much," he would gently say; "I guessed I should soon have a visit from poor Mrs. —— or Mrs. ——. Will you excuse me, my dear madam for a moment, while I just tell her it is quite out of my power to help her!" counting silver into his hand all the time. Then, a

parley would ensue at the hall door—complainant telling her tale in a doleful voice: "My good woman, I really cannot," &c.; and at last the hall door would be shut. "Well, sir," my grandmother used to say, as Mr. Paice returned to his seat, "I do not think you have sent Mrs. —— away quite penniless." "Merely enough for a joint of meat, my good madam—just a trifle to buy her a joint of meat."

It is worthy of remark, that this friend of the unfortunate, who had given to and lost by his friends the sum of thirty thousand pounds, received, in his declining years, not a bequest, but a free gift, from his friend, Sir Francis Baring, of seven thousand pounds. Mr. Paice had often consulted him about the disposal of his reversionary property, which depended on the death of Mrs. Angerstein,* and Sir Francis had always spoken on this subject with reluctance, being himself desirous of purchasing the Kentish estate, if Mr. Paice should succeed to its possession before the sale should be completed.—Finding, however, that the reversion would unquestionably be sold to some one else if he did not secure it, Sir Francis concluded the purchase for twenty thousand pounds; but the death of Mrs. Angerstein putting him in possession sooner than he could have anticipated, he was uneasy till he had made up what he considered a sum equivalent to the additional value of the estate. All this is briefly stated in the letter now lying before me, which was brought one afternoon to Mr. Paice by a special courier. He had scarcely glanced at it, when he became agitated, and requested the young ladies of the family would leave him for a few minutes to the company of my grandfather and grandmother. When they returned, they found the party in tears, and feared something was amiss, but were told that they only beheld tears of affection and admiration. "As I have maturely considered," writes Sir Francis, "every circumstance that attaches to the question, the result is, what you will find enclosed, which is absolutely necessary, for my future peace of mind and comfort, should remain without alteration. I will not wound your delicacy with reasons why it should be one sum in preference to another, but I hope you will suffer me to assure you, that neither myself nor any of my family will ever receive the return of any part of this sum, either now or hereafter. With this view, you will permit me to request an *assurance* from yourself, which I know to be sacred, that you will not give or beqeath to the whole or any part of my family what shall exceed the value of £100." The inclosure was a £7000 stock receipt.

It was Mr. Paice's earnest prayer, left behind him in his own hand-writing, that he might not survive this beloved friend; and Sir Francis died on the day that Mr. Paice was buried. ANNE MANNING.

* Widow of Mr. Lucas, and second wife of the late John Julius Angerstein.

---

## THE SISTER SCIENCES; OR, BOTANY AND HORTICULTURE.

BY DR. BULGARDO, L. S. D.,

Treasurer of several Learned Societies, and Professor of Asparagus at the University of Battersea.

### BOTANY.

TO MARY, WITH A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

Nay! say not faded,—'tis despair
Has thus subdued them, for they see
That in themselves however fair,
They ne'er can hope to equal thee!
The Rose's joyous blush has fled,
With which no other lip could vie;
The Heartsease turns aside its head,
Fearing to meet thy deep-blue eye.
More sad the Myrtle's hue appears,
The Jasmine's silver star is dim;
Surpass'd by thee, thou seest the tears
That tremble on the Harebell's brim.
The Woodland Lily's silver cup
Was never seen to droop as now,
It dares not lift its flowrets up
To gaze upon thy gentle brow.
How canst thou look thus calmly on,
And watch them slowly die the while?
Recall them yet, ere life be gone,
Enchantress, with thy sunny smile!

### HORTICULTURE.

TO MOLLY, WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Nay! say not shrivell'd—'tis despair
Has thus subdued them, for they see
That in themselves however fair,
They'll ne'er be relish'd, love, like thee!
A deeper blush the Raspberry paints,
Pale is the ruddy Beetroot's lip;
And e'en the red-cheek'd Apple faints,
As though it suffer'd from the pip.
Severely frown the Baking Pears;
The Artichoke's bold crest is down;
The awe-struck Medlar wildly stares
To see thy cheek a swarthier brown.
The icy Cucumber is hot,
The freckled Cauliflower wan;
The Mushroom has no longer got
A single leg to stand upon!
See how the rich, round-shoulder'd Figs
Bow to thy figure's graceful swell;
The sobbing Orange bursts its pigs
To find thee such a Nonpareil! *Omnibus.*

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## RICHARD BARNFIELD'S POEMS.

POEMS, By Richard Barnfield, 1598. (*Auchinleck reprint*, 1806. 4to.)

RICHARD BARNFIELD was born in 1574. He was matriculated at Oxford in 1589, as appears by the following entry. Brazen Nose Coll. Nov. 27, 1589. Richard Barnfield, Stafford, gen. fil. ætat. 15, matriculated Regtm. Univ. Oxon. Where he died, is not known. He is not mentioned by Anthony Wood. In 1594, or 1595, he published "The Affectionate Shepherd," which he calls his first work. In 1595, a Poem entitled "Cynthia," with certain Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra, dedicated to William Earl of Derby. That he took a degree at Oxford, (probably in 1593,) appears from the title-page of his poem called "The Encomium of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money, 1598," with which this volume commences. Then follows, "The Complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalitie, 1598." Thirdly, "The Combat between Conscience and Covetousness in the Minde of Man," 1598; and other poems in divers humours, 1598. From this last we shall make our selections.

SONNET I.—*To his friend Maister R. L. in praise of Musique and Poetrie.*

If musique and sweet poetrie agree,
As they must needes (the sister and the brother,)
Then must the love be great twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
*Dowland* to thee is deere, whose heavenly tuch
Upon the lute, doth ravishe humaine sense,
*Spenser* to mee; whose deepe conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweete melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute (the Queen of Musique) makes,
And I in deepe delight am chiefly dround
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of both (as poets faigne,)
One knight loves both, and both in thee remaine.

SONNET II.—*Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie.*

*Chaucer* is dead: and *Gower* lies in grave;
The *Earl of Surry* long agoe is gone;
*Sir Philip Sidnei's* soule the Heavens have;
*George Gascoigne* him beforne, was tomb'd in stone;
Yet tho' their bodies lye full low in ground,
(As every thing must dye, that earst was borne,)
Their living fame no fortune can confound,
Nor ever shall their labours be forlorne.
And you, that discommend sweete poetrie
(So that the subject of the same be good.)
There may you see your fond simplicitie,
Sith kings have favour'd it of royal blood.
The King of *Scots* (now living) is a poet,
As his *Lepanto*, and his *Furies* shoe it.

SONNET III.—*A Remembrance of some English Poets.*

Live *Spenser*, ever in thy *Fairy Queene*,
Whose like for deepe conceit was never seene;
Cround mayst thou bee, unto thy more renoune,
(As King of Poets) with a laurell croune.

And *Daniell*, praised for thy sweet-chast verse,
Whose fame is grav'd on Rosamond's black herse,
Still may'st thou live; and still be honoured
For that rare work—*The White Rose and the Red.*

And *Drayton*, whose well-written tragedies
And sweet epistles, soare thy fame to skies,
Thy learned name is equal with the rest,
Whose stately numbers are so well addrest.

And, *Shakespeare*, thou, whose honey-flowing vain
(Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtain,
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweet and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortal booke have plac't.
Live ever you, at least in fame live ever;
Well may the body die—but fame dies never.

SONNET IV.—*An Epitaph upon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, Lord-governor of Vlissing.*

That England lost, that learning loved, that every
truth commended,
That feyne did prayse, that prince did rays, that
country so defended,
Here lyes the man: lyke to the swan, who knowing
shee shall die,
Doeth tune her voice unto the spheares, and scornes
mortalitie.
Two worthie Earls his uncle were: a lady was his
mother,
A knight his father, and himselfe a noble countesse
brother.
Beloved, bewailed: alive, now dead: of all with tears
for ever,
Here lyes Sir Philip Sidnei's corps, whom cruell
death did sever.
He liv'd for her, he dyed for her: for when he dyed,
he lived:
O graunt (O God) that wee of her, may never bee
depriv'd.

AN ODE.*

As it fell upon a day,
In the merrie month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beastes did leap, and birds did singe,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish mone,
Save the nightingale alone,
Shee (poore bird) as all forlorne,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
Not to heare it was greate pitty:
*Fye, fie, fie*, now would she cry;
*Teru Teru*, by and by:
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from tears refraine,
For her griefs so lively shoune
Made me thinke upon mine oune.
Ah (thought I,) thou mornst in vaine,
None takes pity on thy paine.

* The first part of this Ode was set to music as a Madrigal for four voices by the Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington; for three voices by W. Knyvett; and as a duett by Mr. Henry R. Bishop, to be sung by Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree in Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors. The words are printed, with slight variations, *all for the worse*, in Clark's "Glees," &c. 1814, p. 20, where the authorship is attributed to Shakspeare. *Edit.*

Sensless trees, they cannot heere thee;
Ruthlesse bears, they wil not cheere thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapt in lead,
All thy fellow birds doe singe,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing;
Whilst as fickle fortune smilde,
Thou and I were both beguilde.
Everie one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easie like the winde,
Faithfull friends are hard to finde:
Everie man will bee thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherwith to spend;
But if store of crounes be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
Pitty but hee were a king.
If he bee adict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice.
If to woemen he be bent,
They have at commaundement.
But if fortune once doe froune,
Then farwell his greate renoune.
They that faund on him before,
Use his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrowe, hee will weep;
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe;
Thus of everie griefe in harte,
Hee, with thee, doth bear a part:
These are certain signes to knowe
Faithfull friend from flatt'ring foe.

We must now add, as a conclusion, the fine couplet which Barnfield wrote on the death of Hawkins the Navigator.

"The waters were his winding sheete,—the sea was made his toombe,
Yet for his fame, the Ocean Sea was not sufficient roome."

*B—ll.* J. M.

---

## ENIGMA.

"A DELINQUENT there is, and we ever shall scout him,
For roguery never would flourish without him.
We're lovers of peace; but regardless of quiet,
This knave is the first in a row or a riot;
A strange, paradoxical elf, we declare,
That shies at a couple but clings to a pair.
Though at first in the right, still he's found in the wrong;
And though harmony wakes him, yet dies in the song.
Three-fifths of the error that poisons our youth,
Yet boasts of a formal acquaintance with truth.
Though not fond of boasting, yet given to brag;
And though proud of a dress, still content with a rag.
He sticks to our ribs, and he hangs by our hair,
And brings with him trouble, and torment and care;
Stands thick in our sorrows and floats in our tears,
Never leads us to Hope, but returns with our Fears:
To the worst of our passions is ever allied,
Grief, Anger, and Hatred, Rage, Terror, and Pride.
Yet still, notwithstanding, the rogue we might spare
If he kept back his old ugly phiz from the Fair."

The answer is a *liquid*,* which forms the *third* part of *Rum*, the *fourth* of *Port*, the *fifth* of *Shrub*, the *sixth* of *Brandy*, the *seventh* of *Madeira*, the *eighth* of *Burgundy*, the *ninth* of *Bordeaux*, the *tenth* of *Maraschino*. It is a letter which is not seen in *the alphabet*, forms no part of *a syllable*, and yet is found in *every word*.—V. D. L.

---

## MIRABEAU.

WHAT aileth thee, oh Paris; Wherefore flow
Big tears upon thy breast, like driving rain
Upon the bosom of the foaming main,
Veiling its fury in the mists of woe?
Thy muffled music keepeth time with slow
And sad lament for him the Fates have slain;
As they of old for Thammuz in their pain
Made frantic moan, so France for Mirabeau.
She weeps for Thammuz—she whose Phœnix eye
Flouted the solar rays, beholds them shorn,
And with prophetic prescience, quivering high,
Her self-consuming fires and bosom torn:
Her sun-star set, her arm of power laid low,
France rends her vest, and mourns her Mirabeau.

---

## NAPOLEON.

OLD things have passed, and from her fearful trance
Paris hath waked, her foot on ancient crowns
And dynasties time-gray, and long renowns;
In headstrong youth, she in Ambition's dance
Doth madly reel, and challenge change and chance;
Her Conqueror forth, his din of battle drowns
The thunder-peals of Jove, and at his frowns
Kingdoms must quail, and bow the knee to France.
She hath her glory—the Promethean rock,
The death-sobs of the martyr of her might—
"Give back, give back my dead"—th' electric shock
Shakes out the bars, and rends the gates of night;
Triumphant France bears home her mighty Brave
To fill,—oh glorious Mockery!—a grave.

---

* "The liquids are l, m, n, r."—*Lindley Murray.*

From the Christian Observer.

*Reminiscences of Bishop Chase, No. 1, to be published quarterly, at fifty cents per number:* Peoria, Illinois.

Bishop Chase is one of those remarkable men whom we may justly regard as raised up by Divine Providence as an instrument of special benefit to mankind. His zealous labours to extend the gospel of Christ, in connexion with the ministrations of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the western wilds of the American Union, have for nearly twenty years caused his name to be well known, and highly venerated in England, as well as in his native land. In 1823 he paid a visit to this country, in order to obtain aid in founding an episcopal theological seminary in Ohio, at that period almost entirely a dense forest, but destined rapidly to become the home of a numerous and thriving population; and with a prescient mind the good bishop determined to anticipate the tide of immigration, by providing beforehand the means of spiritual grace to meet it. His plan embraced the two-fold object of an ordinary academical establishment, and a school of the prophets, but with peculiar reference to the latter. Dr. Hobart, the bishop of the Protestant church in the State of New York, arrived in England before Bishop Chase, and laboured strenuously to thwart his project. He did not object to a secular college; but he urged that a theological seminary was unnecessary and mischievous; that the one in New York was adequate for every purpose; and that one in Ohio would only lead to sectional differences, and might ultimately tend to the dismemberment of the United States episcopal church. But it was out of the question that the bishops of sees located in independent states should submit themselves to the rule of New York; nor could the great mass of students of distant and newly settled districts be supposed able to find time or money for a course of education so far from home and in an expensive metropolis. Bishop Hobart's objections were therefore felt to be unreasonable, and he was at length induced to relinquish his opposition to the proposed institution, which was largely assisted by British liberality, and soon became a highly and increasingly important institution.

Since that period the name and plans of Bishop Chase have been familiar to the friends of religious institutions in England. His more recent visit, in aid of his new diocese in Illinois, which stands very much in the condition that Ohio did at his first visit, confirmed the feelings of regard and esteem in which the good prelate is held among British churchmen. The painful circumstances connected with his relinquishing the see of Ohio, were mercifully overruled to his founding a new one in a still more remote state; and Jubilee College, Illinois, will, we trust, become in a few years what Kenyon College is now.

In the mean time the good bishop has determined to publish an auto-biographical memoir, under the title of Reminiscences, and we have been favoured with the first sheet of the intended work, which relates to the bishop's ancestors, and brings down the narrative to the birth of the memorialist. It exhibits so curious and characteristic a sketch of manners in the United States in former days, that we will present it to our readers; more especially in the hope that it may make the intended work better known in this country, and procure subscriptions to it; for it is but justice to the writer to say that he has dedicated his private resources to objects of public religious benefit, and that in his latter days the profits of this work, should it be widely circulated, will be highly useful to him.

"*Some Traits of the Writer's Ancestor, Captain Aquila Chase—His Settlement at Newbury—The movement of the Family thence to Sutton, and thence to Cornish, New Hampshire—Story of his mother and seven children going up Connecticut River in a Canoe.*

"Aquila Chase, according to a tradition among his descendants, was a native of Cornwall, in England, and was born in 1618. It is certain from the records of the town of Newbury, at the mouth of Merrimack river, that he was the first captain who in a regular vessel ever sailed into that port. By reason of his nautical skill and enterprising character, he received an invitation from the inhabitants of that infant settlement to bring his family from Hampton, not far off, where they had lived a few years on coming to America, and make his home among them; and to ensure his compliance, the 'select men,' who acted as (what is called in other places than New England) a town council, tendered him the donation of several lots of land and some other immunities. He complied with their wishes, and became an inhabitant of that then promising maritime village.

"It appears from the records which the writer caused to be examined in Newburyport in 1826, that Captain Aquila Chase had several children and an affectionate wife, who made home to him more than ordinarily agreeable. Connected with these facts and circumstances there are recorded on the town books many events, which, being put together, fully justify in its main features the truth of the following singular story of this venerable ancestor of most of the New England Chases.

"It appears that the captain and his industrious family had improved the lots, which had been presented to him by the 'select men,' into a pretty garden; and while the enterprising and hardy parent was at sea, buffeting the waves and enduring the hardships of a voyage across the Atlantic, the wife and children felt that they could do no less than try to make him comfortable on his return and during his stay (short enough always) on shore.

"It happened on a year of peculiar vernal forwardness in gardening, after the captain had been absent a great part of the winter, and had delayed his return beyond the expected time, that this most affectionate family mutually conferred together on the great question how they could most acceptably, by their skill in gardening, welcome his return whom of all earthly beings they loved most. The boys proposed to force forward the potatoes; the girls thought that the sweet flowers of May would please him best; but the mother observed that she knew of something which would gratify him more than all. 'Green peas are your father's favourite,' said she, 'and it is my wish that we try to force them forward to the utmost of our power.'

"There was something more than that which met the eye in this expression. Mrs. Chase had often heard her husband complain of the danger to bodily

health, in long voyages at sea, from the want of vegetable diet; for acids at that era were not known as means to obviate this evil. She therefore could not but mingle with the motives which prompted her to treat her husband with kindness, in presenting him with the first fruits of her garden on his arrival, something besides the mere pleasure of seeing him regale his appetite, and that was a settled conviction that the same would be for his health. 'He must have been a long time at sea,' said she to her children, when cultivating the favourite bed of peas; 'and who knows but this precaution may prevent some deadly disease?'

"Never were children more mindful of a parent's commands than were those of Captain Chase in all things relating to the cultivation of the garden peas meant to greet him on his expected arrival. The dark green vines of this delicious vegetable grew apace; the flowers put forth, and the pods formed and swelled; and, just as they were ready to pluck, a vessel was seen crowding all her sails to get into port.

"It was Sunday morning. The news came that she had passed the bar;—then that Captain Chase himself had been descried as if giving cheerful orders to his men;—again it was reported that he had arrived and laid his ship 'long side of Newbury old wharf.

"This indeed was a reality, and the grateful father was soon on shore, surrounded by his sons,—full of talk, of questions, and of glee. 'But it is the Sabbath,' said the youngest boy; 'we must not talk loud; the deacon will hear us if we do.' 'Suppose he do, my child,' said the father, tenderly embracing him; 'God hears us too, and knows our hearts and thoughts, and how thankful we all are for being permitted, after so long a voyage, to meet in peace and health.'

"As they were walking to their home, another of his sons said, 'Dear father, it will give mother a great deal of pleasure to see you.' 'I hope so, my son.' 'But she will be additionally happy when she sees you eat her green peas.' 'What green peas?' said the captain. 'Some that we have all been raising, at mother's particular request, to regale you on your arrival. No one else in Newberry has any half so forward. Yes, they are ready, mother said, to pick this moment; and when we came away she said she wished you had come on a week day, for then you should have had them for dinner.' 'Suppose we were yet to have them?' said the father. 'Did not the disciples of our Lord pluck the ears of corn, and rub them in their hands, and eat them too, on the Sabbath day; and may we not pick and eat the green peas without incurring the Divine displeasure?'

"This was reported to the ears of the mother, and consent was obtained to prepare the peas. And now comes the difficulty. Some one who was going home from 'meeting,' (for it was thought sinful to say, 'going home from church' in those days,) saw the captain's family in the garden on the Sabbath day, and that they were gathering peas! The next day he was cited to appear before the minister. The captain plead his own cause,—it seems one against many,—and cited the passage alluded to in his justification. At the close he alleged that he had been long at sea, and that the peas were necessary to his bodily health, and would be adjudged so by the physicians. It was unfortunate for him that he attempted to draw a contrast between his accusers and the ancient Scribes and Pharisees. This shut the door of mercy on him, and they pronounced him 'guilty.' They did not punish him corporeally, as in those days was common, with 'forty stripes save one,' but they laid a heavy fine upon him, and compelled him to pay.

"It does not appear that Captain Chase retained any ill will towards the people of Newberry on account of this treatment: on the contrary, all his descendants have had and still have a traditionary affection for the place and its inhabitants, where their venerable ancestor was invited to reside, and where he spent so many of his happiest days.

"Moses, the youngest son of Aquila Chase, was born the 24th of December, 1663. He married Ann Folansbee, November 10, 1684, and had many children. His first was Daniel, born September 20, 1685. He (Daniel) moved to Sutton, and married Sarah March, January 2, 1707. This couple, also, had many children. Their first-born was Samuel, who married Mary Dudley; and these were the grandparents of the writer of this memoir. Their second son Dudley was the writer's father, who married Alice Corbett, of Mendon, August 23, 1753. They lived in Sutton about ten years, and then moved to New Hampshire, where having obtained the grant, from Governor Bowdoin, of a township of land on Connecticut river, they settled, and called it Cornish, in honour of the parent country of their common ancestor.

"This happened previously to any settlements being made to the northward of Charlestown, then called Fort No. 4, on the forementioned river Connecticut, which divides Vermont from New Hampshire. The writer's father, Dudley Chase, the second son of Samuel Chase, was the first, with his family, then consisting of his wife and seven children, to take possession of the soil, which was then covered by an entire forest of the largest and tallest trees.

"When the family, in their painful journey through the woods, arrived at Fort No. 4, it was thought advisable that his mother and children should remain there for shelter, and for their greater security from the Indians. To this arrangement his mother consented, although, as she told him, it was with the greatest reluctance. 'I shuddered,' she said, 'at the thought of being penned up with my precious bairns within the precincts of a narrow fort, rudely built for defence against savages, for a period of time I knew not how long; for it was sixteen miles up the river whither your father and his company of workmen were going, where the land was to be cleared, and the crop for the approaching season was to be planted. But necessity is an imperious dictate, and submission was my duty. It was nevertheless a hard parting when your father pressed his babes to his bosom, and mine to his manly cheek, as he stepped into his canoe, and took command of his little fleet of stout and cheerful men, both able and willing to subdue the forest and plant the virgin soil.

"'It was sometime in the early spring that this parting scene took place on the banks of the Connecticut river. The bud was then bursting from its wintry fetters; the birds were commencing their

wooing songs, and the wild herbage sprang up all around me. Among these I wandered, admired their beauty, and inhaled their sweets: but all had no charms for me while your father was gone. I tried to banish my fears for his safety when I thought of his defenceless state, and the proximity of the ruthless savage; for there was then war between France and England, and no fort between us and Canada. I also endeavoured to seek refuge from my painful feelings in employment for myself and children; but our condition in the fort precluded the observance of regularity, and without that, little can be done. So much mingling of contending interests, especially among a crowd of little children, bade defiance to all efforts for order or peace. Days seemed weeks, and weeks seemed months; and scarcely did a sun rise without witnessing my wanderings on the banks of the flowing stream where I had parted from your father and his blithe company of Cornish woodmen.

"'It was in one of these walks, that, with my children by my side, I saw, as the day drew to its close, a canoe coming round a point of the river bank above me. I first thought of the approach of savages; but before I had time to flee I recognised the well-known canoe of your father, and in it our trusty neighbour Diah Spalding. My heart leaped with joy; and no sooner did the canoe reach the shore, than the children were in it and on his knees; nor did they suffer him to stir till they had told him I was resolved that we should all return with him to their father in the woods. 'Do you know, are you apprised, dear madam,' said he, respectfully approaching me, 'are you aware that such has been our anxiety to put in a crop, and plant the ground for the coming summer, that we have found no time to erect the semblance of a house? I am come to tell you your husband is well and all his men are well, and to obtain information of your health and safety, and to carry back with me a recruit of provisions for their comfort; but we have all slept upon the uncovered ground, and as yet have no place to shelter ourselves —much less you and your little ones—from the pelting of the storm; and will you venture with them into the woods before you are sure of a refuge.' 'I will go, and with all my children endure any storm, if you will give me but a safe and speedy conveyance to my husband. If there be no shelter, or fence, or fort, his faithful arm will guard me, and his trusty men will aid him; and their God, who is above all, ruleth all, and directeth all, will provide.'

"'A much smaller degree of sagacity than our neighbour Spalding possessed, would have been sufficient to make him sensible that it was in vain to thwart a resolution so firmly taken; and the speedy removal once determined on, all the force of his ingenuous and friendly mind was called into action to make things ready. Such goods as we needed least were secured in the fort; and such as the boats would carry, and we needed most, with ample provisions, were put on board; and the morning sun had scarcely risen, ere the indefatigable exertions of Spalding, and the anxious assiduity of my children, had made all things ready for the voyage. Spalding was a good canoe man; and under the protection of the Almighty, in whom our trust was placed, the exertions of his strong arm, and the industrious aid of my elder sons, made our speed, though slow, yet unceasing; and, in time of war, ascending a rapid stream in a frail Indian canoe, we reached before night the little opening among the towering trees, from whence the spot of your father's choice appeared to our longing eyes. 'There they are,' said the mingled voices of my children; 'there is our dear father, and yonder are his men; I hear his voice, and the sound of their axes.' For a moment all was hidden from our view, by the density of the intervening forest trees. This gave me time to utter what was labouring in my bosom,—a prayer of faith and benediction. 'God of our ancestors, bless your father, and me your helpless mother, and you my loved children, now, even now, as we shall, in a few minutes, take possession of this our dwelling-place in the wild woods: and though, like Jacob, we have nought but a stone for our pillow, and the canopy of heaven for a covering, may we all find God indeed to be in this place; and may this place be to us a house of God and a gate of heaven!' What a moment was this to one who had left all for her husband and the future fortunes of her children! The wealth of India would have been meanly estimated in comparison of the endeared spot before me.

"'With your leave, madam,' said pilot Spalding, 'I think it prudent that your husband come to us, and give orders where he will have his family landed.' Accordingly he made fast the canoe to the willows, and desired us to wait his return. Your father could get no direct answer from Spalding as to the nature of the cargo he had brought. 'Come and see,' was all he would say. 'Is all well?' said your father; 'have you brought us a good supply of food?' 'Come and see,' replied Spalding with animation, and in an instant they burst upon our view; and as your dear father stood on the margin of the high bank, he saw beneath his feet the frail bark in which were his wife and children. The emotion was almost too much for him. I saw this, and sprang forward, the children quickly following. He received us with a mixture of joy mingled with agony: 'Are you come to die here,' he exclaimed, 'before your time? We have no house to shelter you, and you will perish before we can get one erected.' 'Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!" said I to your father; 'let the smiles and the ruddy faces of your children, and the health and cheerfulness of your wife, make you joyful. If you have no house, you have strength and hands to make one. The God we worship will bless us, and help us to obtain a shelter. Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!"

"'The sunshine of joy and hope began to beam from his countenance; the news was communicated throughout the company of workmen, and the woods rang with shouts at the arrival of the first white woman and the first family on the banks of the Connecticut river above Fort No. 4. All assembled to see the strangers, and strove to do them acts of kindness. The trees were quickly felled and peeled, and the clean bark in large sheets was spread for a floor: other sheets, being fastened by thongs of twisted twigs to stakes driven in the ground, were raised for walls, or laid on cross pieces for a roof; and the cheerful fire soon made glad our little dwelling.—The space of three hours was not consumed in effecting all this: and never were men more happy than those who had contributed thus speedily and thus effectually to supply our wants. Beds were brought from the canoe to this rustic pavilion, and

on them we rested sweetly, fearless of danger, though the thick foliage was wet with dew, and the wild beasts howled all around us, trusting in the protecting hand of Providence, and the watchful fidelity of our faithful neighbours.

"'The next day all hands were called to build a cabin, which served us for the coming winter, and in which, cheered by the rising prospects of the family, and the mutual affection of all around us, my enjoyments were more exquisite than at any subsequent period of my life.'

"Thus far the story from the lips of his venerable mother. It will serve to show with what unsubdued, pure and patriotic spirits, New England was first overspread with inhabitants.

"The names of the children of Dudley Chase, and Alice his wife, are as follows:—Before moving to Cornish, N. H., Mercy, Louis, Abigail, Simeon, Salmon, Ithamar, Baruch. After coming to Cornish, Alice, Sarah, Corbett, Heber, Dudley, Rachel, Philander.

"Of these Salmon was a barrister in Portland, Me., of whom the late Judge Dawes, of Boston, was heard to say he 'never saw him enter the court but with feelings of respect.' Died in 1806. Ithamar was for many years member of the council of state of New Hampshire. Died in Keene, N. H., in 1819. Baruch was solicitor for Hillsborough county, N. H., for many years, and president of Merrimack County Bank. Died March 4, 1841, at Hopkinton, N. H. Heber was a physician. Died in 1799, in Demerara, South America. Dudley was long a member and speaker of the legislature of Vermont, afterwards chief justice of that state, and senator in the Congress of the United States, and of whom the writer has heard the late President of the United States—the lamented General Harrison—say, that during the last war with England, while associated with him in congress, he had no friend on whose steady patriotism he could more confidentially rely."

Philander, the youngest, is the present venerable bishop, the Western episcopal pioneer, who has set an example that may work its way, North and West, to the Arctic circle and Nootka Sound. Jubilee College was to open last January.

---

## TO AN OLD LIVING POET.

To thee that art the summer's nightingale,
Thy sovereign goddesses' most dear delight
Why do I send this rustic madrigale,
That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?—*Spenser.*

Dear friend and poet! leafy June
Sheds light and shadow o'er thy head;
And still the blackbird's sylvan tune,
At sunrise, lures thee from thy bed.

Each olden book, like fragrant clime,
Far o'er the azure Indian sea,
Opens the treasuries of time,
And gives its rubies unto thee.

Imagination's wondrous lamp
Still shines upon thy studious hour;
Thy footsteps haunt the Angelic Camp;*
Thy couch is spread in Helen's bower.†

About thy gate, at morn and eve,
Linger meek Spirits of the lyre;
Soft raiment for thy thoughts they weave;
And warm thee with their eyes of fire.

Beneath their radiant feet, the ground
With summer-bloom of flowers grows bright;
And Spring, with red-rose garland crown'd,
Breathes odour on thy wintry night.

Sweet Poet of the field and brook,
Of fading hamlet—village tomb;
Thy lip, from Nature's golden book,
Pours wisdom through the scholar's room.

O teach us now *one* studious hour,
At morn, or noon, to give to thee;
On Nature's shrine to lay *one* flower;
And learn *one* lesson at her knee.

Poet and Friend! in hope and fear,
Upon thy tranquil life I gaze;
And see in thy declining year
The shadows warm'd by summer rays.

O'er the tempestuous wave of grief,
Thy faith goes wandering, like the dove;
Like her, oft bringing home a leaf
To crown the pilgrimage of love.

How sweet thy winter-evening's close!
No cloud of storm—no voice of strife!
And childhood's own sweet-scented rose,
Still blooming on the edge of life!

*Asiatic Journal.*

* *Paradise Lost.* † The *Iliad.*

From the Spectator.

## STEPHENS'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Mr. Stephens is favourably known to the English reading public, for some lively, rattling, off-hand Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Asia Minor, Russia, &c., which have attained the unprofitable honour of two or three rival reprints from the American edition. The present work, however, is of a much higher character than its predecessors, possessing all the dashing vivacity and animation of the author, mollified by experience, with the great advantage of being exercised in a new field and under highly-favourable circumstances. If sufficient interest was imparted to travels through countries forming part of the grand tour, by a sprightly and picturesque style, inclining towards a florid eloquence, and reflecting in every page the personal character of the writer, to induce booksellers to send forth all but simultaneous editions, and some of them intended for popular circulation, the additional attraction these qualities derive from being exercised in a country new in all senses may be readily imagined. The personal characteristics of Mr. Stephens, which seemed strange at the least in Europe, were more in place in Central America. His familiarity, wearing an air of what would be deemed impudence in an European, appears to have been adapted to the thin colonial population of Spanish Creoles and interminable races of Indians and mixed breeds; his perpetual-motion propensities, which seemed so singular in Europe, alone got him through his travels in the primitive forests, swamps, and mountains of Central America, where part of the *main road* between the capital and the principal sea-port was a "narrow gulley, worn by the tracks of mules and mountain torrents so deep that the sides were higher than our heads, and so narrow that we could barely pass through without touching," and sometimes impassable altogether; and a pushing disposition, not too nice in its requisitions, was necessary to deal with Spanish inertness, increased by the lassitude of the Tropics, and the suspicions of ignorance, in a country almost shut out from the world, and distracted by civil war.

Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, the regions Mr. Stephens explored, form the greatest part of that very irregularly-shaped neck of land which unites the two Americas, terminating on the North in Mexico, and on the South just excluding the Isthmus of Darien. Those who have not a modern map at hand, will form an idea of their position by hearing that they lie on the mainland opposite to the West Indies. Chiapas nominally belongs to Mexico; so did Yucatan, but had just set up for itself when Mr. Stephens got there. The political condition of Guatemala or Central America may be inferred from the fact that our author was an accredited agent for the United States, and travelled with his credentials and a diplomatic dress coat all through the country in search of a government, without being able to find one.

Yucatan is an alluvial flat, without rivers or springs; and the water of the rainy season is preserved in large tanks, which has caused a curious kind of feudalism: the Indians being too improvident to take heed for the morrow, render suit and service to the great Spanish proprietors, on condition of being supplied with water, and are *adscripti aquæ* instead of *glebæ*. Guatemala and Chiapas have much more varied features.

Although the Andes have not in these countries the gigantic character they possess in South America, they rise to a height sufficient in the high table lands to form a temperate climate—a perpetual spring within the Tropics. In the loftier ranges numerous active volcanos are found; mineral wealth is said to exist in them, and of course there is a British Company engaged in exhuming it; the loftiest mountain peaks are sterile, but most other parts of the soil are fertile in vegetation of every kind; the plains and valleys teem with the rank luxuriance of the Tropics; the table-lands produce the vegetables, fruits, and grain of a temperate clime; and in short, between the highest and lowest points of vegetation, almost every plant can be grown which depends upon climate only. The great natural advantage of Guatemala, however, is the all but ready-made connexion of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. The great lake of Nicaragua, having an average depth of fifteen fathoms, is within sixteen miles of the Pacific; the only known outlet of this inland sea is the river San Juan, navigable for craft drawing four feet water, to the Atlantic Ocean, in despite of rapids, and capable of being improved for the passage of ships. At present no commerce is carried on upon this remarkable line of navigation; it might almost be said that nothing floats upon it. As soon, however, as a settled country and stable government can give security to commerce and capitalists, it is easy to see that this water-line will be the seat of an extensive transit-trade: whether it will ever answer the full expectations of sanguine men and supersede Cape Horn, is very questionable, as regards coarse and bulky commodities.

This magnificent country, capable of supplying the whole world with tropical produce if the existing marts were struck with barrenness, is thinly peopled, miserably poor in all except the productions grown upon the spot, and torn by intestine divisions, which have nearly destroyed or banished the more respectable families, and seem to render government impossible. We have already seen the nature of their ways; indeed, except in the vicinity of the large towns, where a rock foundation gives a *via* ready made, there is no such thing as a road; and on the main track of the country the traveller may ride for two or three days without meeting a village, sometimes without even a settler, and the villages are in general merely a collection of hovels—what substantial buildings there are in the country date from the first period of the Spanish conquest.

To this land Mr. Stephens was sent on a special confidential mission, by Mr. Van Buren, in October, 1839, with liberty to travel on his own account, when he had either succeeded or failed for the public. Apparently, Mr. Stephens had been studying the descriptions and disquisitions by Humboldt and others on the aboriginal ruins and antiquities of the country formerly included in old Mexico; for he engaged Mr. Catherwood, an artist, to accompany him on his journey. The two friends sailed direct to the British settlement of Honduras; whence, like Mr. Montgomery, his predecessor of the year before, the diplomatist steamed to Izabel, the port of Guatemala,

the capital. On his journey, he heard that there were a couple of governments in the country; but which had the best claims either *de jure* or *de facto*, was no easy matter to decide. He also heard that there were at Copan, a few days' journey out of his road, some ruins of that primeval architecture which is the puzzle of antiquaries; and largely interpreting his travelling clause, thither he and his artist companion went, encountering many hardships and adventures on their way, from the nature of the country, the ignorance and suspicions of the people, and the disturbed state of public affairs. Arrived at the city of Guatemala, Mr. Stephens found the government driven out which he had been accredited to, but some expected it would return with its army. The people who were uppermost, of course, claimed to be the true government; but Mr. Stephens had doubts about the fact; the British Consul-General was equally sceptical, with plainer speech, for he wrote to know if the government was in existence; and if it were, there was a military adventurer dictator over it. Mr. Stephens therefore determined to examine the other government, at St. Salvador: but here a new difficulty arose; for the ways were beset by a gentleman with a flag of his own, who fleeced all parties that fell in his way, without regard to politics. Luckily, however, the captain of a French vessel, which lay off St. Salvador, had made the land journey and been hunted for his life, having only escaped by riding sixty miles in one day through a mountainous country. Sick of travelling in Central America, M. de Nouvelle sent off a native courier to order up his ship, merely to take him back again; and offered Mr. Stephens a passage. After many adventures, he at last found a Vice-President, but the government he was in search of depended upon a victory which eventually happened to be a defeat.—However, the upshot was, Mr. Stephens rode the whole length of Central America, turning aside to examine any natural curiosity or ruined work of art; surveyed the line of canal that had been planned to connect Lake Nicaragua with the Pacific, cutting his way through the wood; was present at the last contest, which seems likely to establish anarchy in the state of Guatemala, he and his party being the sole occupants of a town in which the "affair" was fought out, except the clergy and people whose age or infirmity prevented their running away. Arrived again at Guatemala, the victorious government were too much afraid of their military protector even to ask Mr. Stephens for his credentials; and he departed, taking his return through the Northern part of Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, in order to visit the ruined aboriginal cities of Palenque and Usmal.

The volumes before us have a threefold character—1. The usual characteristics of a book of travels, personal adventures, with sketches of people, manners, and scenery: and in this point of view it is the best work that has lately appeared; any errors or defects of taste being more than counterbalanced by the hearty pleasantness of manner, the vivacity of the style, and the novelty of the subject,—for Mr. Montgomery's journey was very much less extended, and his powers both of writing and observation very inferior to those of Mr. Stephens. 2. There is a curious chapter, and what may turn out to be a very critical one in the history of Guatemala, and indeed of Spanish America; the present military dictator being an Indian, his army consisting of Indians, and the aristocratical party and priests, who made use of him to destroy the Liberals, beginning to suspect they have done a foolish thing in making the Indians acquainted with their strength. 3. The work contains a sufficient description with graphic illustrations of the most striking remains of the cities of the aboriginals of America, which have excited so much learned speculation; and Stephens's *Central America* will offer the popular reader by far the pleasantest and the best idea of the subject.

The travels of Mr. Stephens begin at Belize, the chief and only town of our settlement of Honduras; whose mahogany renders the name familiar to many who know nothing of its geography; and from his sketch of it we will take a picture of

COLOURS AT BELIZE.

By this time I had twice passed the whole length of the principal street, and the town seemed in the entire possession of blacks. The bridge, the market-place, the streets, and stores, were thronged with them, and I might have fancied myself in the capital of a Negro republic. They were a fine looking race, tall, straight, and athletic, with skins black, smooth, and glossy as velvet, and well dressed; the men in white cotton shirts and trousers, with straw hats, and the women in white frocks with short sleeves and broad red borders, and adorned with large red earrings and necklaces; and I could not help remarking that the frock was their only article of dress, and that it was the fashion of these sable ladies to drop this considerably from off the right shoulder, and to carry the skirt in the left hand, and raise it to any height necessary for crossing puddles.

On my way back I stopped at the house of a merchant, whom I found at what is called a second breakfast. The gentleman sat on one side of the table and his lady on the other. At the head was a British officer, and opposite him a mulatto; on his left was another officer, and opposite him also a mulatto. By chance a place was made for me between the two coloured gentlemen. Some of my countrymen, perhaps, would have hesitated about taking it, but I did not; both were well dressed, well educated, and polite. They talked of their mahogany works, of England, hunting, horses, ladies, and wine; and before I had been an hour in Belize I learned that the great work of practical amalgamation, the subject of so much angry controversy at home, had been going on quietly for generations; that colour was considered mere matter of taste; and that some of the most respectable inhabitants had black wives, and mongrel children, whom they educated with as much care and made money for with as much zeal as if their skins were perfectly white.

In all Spanish America the government and the church seem to have been the great builders, and the great civilisers, such civilisation as it is. Churches, public offices, with here and there a bridge, are met with upon a much larger scale of grandeur than in our colonies; and in a few cities, where the grandees congregated, the houses are well built: but all this labour for endurance has passed for the present, and the country is on the decline.

### A PICTURE OF DESOLATION.

At six o'clock we rose upon a beautiful table of land, on which stood another gigantic church. It was the seventh we had seen that day; and coming upon them in a region of desolation, and by mountain paths which human hands had never attempted to improve, their colossal grandeur and costliness were startling, and gave evidence of a retrograding and expiring people. This stood in a more desolate place than any we had yet seen. The grass was green, the sod unbroken even by a mule-path; not a human being was in sight, and even the gratings of the prison had no one looking through them. It was, in fact, a picture of a deserted village. We rode up to the cabildo; the door of which was fastened and the shed barricaded, probably to prevent the entrance of straggling cattle. We tore away the fastenings, broke open the door, and, unloading the mules, sent Augustin on a foraging expedition. In half an hour he returned with *one* egg, being all that he was able to procure; but he had waked up the village, and the alcalde, an Indian with a silver-headed cane, and several alguazils with long thin rods or wands of office, came down to examine us. We showed them our passport, and told them where we were going; at which, with their characteristic indifference of manner, they expressed no surprise. They could not read the passport, but they examined the seal and returned it. We asked them for eggs, fowls, milk, &c.; to all of which they answered, what afterwards became too familiar, "No hay"—"There is none," and in a few minutes they retired and left us to ourselves.

### CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

The proprieties of life are matters of conventional usage. Our host was a don; and when we presented our letter, he received us with great dignity, in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees. The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old-fashioned short-gown and petticoat, only the short-gown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads, with a large cross at the end. A dozen men and half-grown boys, naked except the small covering formed by rolling the trousers up and down in the manner I have mentioned, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty.

Mr. C. and I were in a rather awkward predicament for the night. The general reception-room contained three beds, made of strips of cow-hide interlaced. The don occupied one: he had not much undressing to do, but what little he had he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of my hammock. I was dozing, when I opened my eyes and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideway upon it, smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied around her waist, and falling below her knees: the rest of her dress was the same which nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl; in other words, it was the same as that of the don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first, I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream; and as I waked-up, perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick puffs of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. I endeavoured to do the same. I called to mind the proverb, that "travelling makes strange bedfellows." I had slept pellmell with Greeks, Turks, and Arabs. I was beginning a journey in a new country: it was my duty to conform to the customs of the people, to be prepared for the worst, and to submit with resignation to whatever might befall me.

As guests, it was pleasant to feel that the family made no strangers of us. The wife of the don retired with the same ceremonies. Several times during the night we were waked by the clicking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbours lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the don was enjoying her morning slumber. While I was dressing, she bade me good morning, removed the cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day.

### SHOEMAKING AT GUATEMALA.

At the moment of starting, our remaining attendant said he could not go until he had made a pair of shoes; and we were obliged to wait; but it did not take long. Standing on an untanned cow-hide, he marked the size of his feet with a piece of coal, cut them out with his matchete, made proper holes, and, passing a leather string under the instep, around the heel, and between the great *doigt du pied* and the one next to it, was shod.

### CURATES OF GUATEMALA.

In the course of the day I had an opportunity of seeing, what I afterwards observed throughout all Central America, the life of labour and responsibility passed by the cura in an Indian village, who devotes himself faithfully to the people under his charge.—Besides officiating in all the services of the church, visiting the sick, and burying the dead, my worthy host was looked up to by every Indian in the village as a counsellor, friend, father. The door of the convent was always open, and Indians were constantly resorting to him: a man who had quarrelled with his neighbour, a wife who had been badly treated by her husband, a father whose son had been carried off as a soldier, a young girl deserted by her lover, all who were in trouble or affliction, came to him for advice and consolation, and none went away without it.—And besides this, he was principal director of all the public business of the town; the right-hand of the alcalde; and had been consulted whether or not I ought to be considered a dangerous person. But the performance of these multifarious duties, and the excitement and danger of the times, were wearing away his frame. Four years before, he gave up the capital, and took upon himself this curacy; and during that time he had lived a life of labour, anxiety, and peril; cut off from all the delights of social intercourse that make labour welcome; beloved by the Indians, but without any to sympathise with him in his thoughts and feelings.

### SIGHT OF THE TWO OCEANS.

Beyond this we came into an open region, where nothing but cedar and thorns grew; and here I saw whortleberries for the first time in Central America. In that wild region there was a charm in seeing any thing that was familiar to me at home, and I should

perhaps have become sentimental, but they were hard and tasteless. As we rose we entered a region of clouds; very soon they became so thick that we could see nothing; the figures of our own party were barely distinguishable, and we lost all hope of any view from the top of the volcano. Grass still grew, and we ascended till we reached a belt of barren sand and lava; and here, to our great joy, we emerged from the region of clouds, and saw the top of the volcano, without a vapour upon it, seeming to mingle with the clear blue sky; and at that early hour the sun was not high enough to play upon its top.

Mr. Lawrence, who had exerted himself in walking, lay down to rest, and the doctor and I walked on. The crater was about two miles in circumference, rent and broken by time or some great convulsion: the fragments stood high, bare, and grand as mountains, and within were three or four smaller craters. We ascended on the south side by a ridge running east and west till we reached a high point, at which there was an immense gap in the crater impossible to cross. The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent purity; and looking beyond the region of desolation below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees the more distant clouds were lifted, and over the immense bed we saw at the same moment the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected to behold. My companions had ascended the volcano several times, but on account of the clouds had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulf of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles to each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains neither was more than twenty miles distant, and from the great height at which we stood they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas; and I ranked the sight with those most interesting occasions when from the top of Mount Sinai I looked out upon the Desert of Arabia, and from Mount Hoar I saw the Dead Sea.

### THE CARRIAGE OF THE COUNTRY.

We had brought the silla with us merely as a measure of precaution, without much expectation of being obliged to use it; but at a steep pitch, which made my head almost burst to think of climbing, I resorted to it for the first time. It was a large, clumsy arm-chair, put together with wooden pins and bark strings. The Indian who was to carry me, like all the others, was small, not more than five feet seven, very thin, but symmetrically formed. A bark strap was tied to the arms of the chair; and sitting down, he placed his back against the back of the chair, adjusted the length of the strings, and smoothed the bark across his forehead with a little cushion to relieve the pressure. An Indian on each side lifted it up; and the carrier rose on his feet, stood still a moment, threw me up once or twice to adjust me on his shoulders, and set off with one man on each side. It was a great relief; but I could feel every movement, even to the heaving of his chest. The ascent was one of the steepest on the whole road. In a few minutes he stopped and sent forth a sound usual with Indian carriers, between a whistle and a blow, always painful to my ears, but which I never felt so disagreeably before. My face was turned backward; I could not see where he was going, but observed that the Indian on the left fell back. Not to increase the labour of carrying me, I sat as still as possible; but in a few minutes, looking over my shoulder, saw that we were approaching the edge of a precipice more than a thousand feet deep. Here I became very anxious to dismount; but I could not speak intelligibly, and the Indians could or would not understand my signs. My carrier moved along carefully with his left foot first, feeling that the stone on which he put it down was steady and secure before he brought up the other, and by degrees, after a particularly careful movement, brought both feet up within half a step of the edge of the precipice, stopped, and gave a fearful whistle and blow. I rose and fell with every breath, felt his body trembling under me, and his knees seemed giving way. The precipice was awful, and the slightest irregular movement on my part might bring us both down together. I would have given him a release in full for the rest of the journey to be off his back; but he started again, and with the same care ascended several steps, so close to the edge that even on the back of a mule it would have been very uncomfortable. My fear lest he should break down or stumble was excessive. To my extreme relief the path turned away; but I had hardly congratulated myself upon my escape before he descended a few steps. This was much worse than ascending: if he fell, nothing could keep me from going over his head; but I remained till he put me down of his own accord. The poor fellow was wet with perspiration, and trembled in every limb. Another stood ready to take me up, but I had enough. Pawling tried it, but only for a short time. It was bad enough to see an Indian toiling with a dead-weight on his back; but to feel him trembling under one's own body, hear his hard breathing, see the sweat rolling down him, and feel the insecurity of the position, made this a mode of travelling which nothing but constitutional laziness and insensibility could endure. Walking, or rather climbing, stopping very often to rest, and riding when it was at all practicable, we reached a thatched shed where we wished to stop for the night; but there was no water.

Although many of the sketches of civil war and its effects have an intrinsic interest, the main interest of the historical passages of Mr. Stephens's work arises from the peculiar character of this revolution,—an ignorant Indian domineering over the country, without even the slight regard to forms under which a dictator generally veils his power; not, it would appear, from any willing disregard of White usages, but simply from not knowing better, for Mr. Stephens thinks that he means well, and would act rightly if he knew how. Carrera, for so he is named, was originally a drum-boy under the aristocratic party; but retiring in disgust when a revolution placed the Liberals uppermost, he turned pig-driver. The measures of the dominant party in respect to the church, coupled with the devastations of the cholera, the hatred of foreigners, and the intrigues of the clergy, induced the Indians to rise en masse; and with Carrera at the head of those of his district, they murdered several of the authorities, and cut to pieces

a party sent to treat with them. Defeated by the Government troops, themselves were scattered, their villages burned, and among other excesses the last outrage was perpetrated on Carrera's wife. Vowing vengeance, he commenced a buccaneering or partisan warfare at the head of a few followers, who gradually increased in number; and, under the advice of a profligate priest, he issued proclamations, demanding, among other things, a return to old usages and customs. In the mean time, dissensions broke out among the party in power. One faction rose against their quondam friends; the aristocratic party, or such of them as were left, either remaining quiescent or joining the rebels. Carrera was applied to by the weaker; and thus was laid the foundation of his rapid advance, through the internal dissensions of the Spaniards, and their want of spirit and power of combining together to resist, when resistance was almost sure of success. The strange mixture of native energy, passion, and intelligence in Carrera's character, with the native simplicity and ignorance of an uneducated Indian, strangely contrasting with his position—as well as the strange events in his career, and the steps by which he attained his power—must be read in Mr. Stephens's volumes. But we will take one passage—his first entry into Guatemala, when the insurgent inhabitants of Antigua, despairing of success, had called upon Carrera to join them.

### CARRERA'S ENTRANCE INTO GUATEMALA.

On Wednesday, Carrera joined the rebels. He had sent his emissaries to the villages, rousing the Indians, and promising them the plunder of Guatemala; and on Thursday, with a tumultuous mass of half-naked savages, men, women, and children, estimated at ten or twelve thousand, presented himself at the gate of the city. The [rebel] Antiguanos themselves were struck with consternation, and the citizens of Guatemala were thrown into a state bordering on distraction.

Efforts at negotiation failed.

"In the mean time, Carrera's hordes were advancing. The commandant of the Antiguans asked him if he had his masses divided into squares or companies; he answered, 'No entiendo nada de eso. Todo es uno.' ('I don't understand any thing of that. It is all the same.') Among his leaders were Monreal and other known outlaws, criminals, robbers, and murderers. He himself was on horseback, with a green bush in his hat, and hung round with pieces of dirty cotton cloth covered with pictures of the saints. A gentleman who saw them from the roof of his house, and who was familiar with all the scenes of terror which had taken place in that unhappy city, told me that he never felt such consternation and horror as when he saw the entry of this immense mass of barbarians; choking up the streets, all with green bushes in their hats, seeming at a distance like a moving forest; armed with rusty muskets, old pistols, fowling-pieces, some with locks and some without; sticks formed into the shape of muskets, with tin-plate locks; clubs, matchetes, and knives tied to the end of long poles; and swelling the multitude were two or three thousand women, with sacks and alforgas for carrying away the plunder. Many, who had never left their villages before, looked wild at the sight of the houses and churches, and the magnificence of the city. They entered the plaza, vociferating 'Viva la religion, y muerte a los etrangeros!' Carrera himself, amazed at the immense ball he had set in motion, was so embarrassed that he could not guide his horse. He afterwards said that he was frightened at the difficulty of controlling this huge and disorderly mass. The traitor Barundia, the leader of the Opposition, the Catiline of this rebellion, rode by his side on his entry into the plaza.

"At sun-down the whole multitude set up the Salve, or Hymn to the Virgin. The swell of human voices filled the air, and made the hearts of the inhabitants quake with fear. Carrera entered the Cathedral; the Indians, in mute astonishment at its magnificence, thronged in after him, and set up around the beautiful altar the uncouth images of their village saints. Monreal broke into the house of General Prem, and seized a uniform coat, richly embroidered with gold; into which Carrera slipped his arms, still wearing his straw-hat with its green bush. A watch was brought him, but he did not know the use of it. Probably, since the invasion of Rome by Alaric and the Goths, no civilised city was ever visited by such an inundation of barbarians.

"And Carrera alone had power to control the wild elements around him. As soon as possible, some of the authorities sought him out, and in the most abject terms begged him to state on what conditions he would evacuate the city. He demanded the deposition of Galvez, the chief of the state, all the money, and all the arms the Government could command. The priests were the only people who had any influence with him; and words cannot convey any idea of the awful state of suspense which the city suffered, dreading every moment to hear the signal given for general pillage and massacre. The inhabitants shut themselves up in their houses; which, being built of stone, with iron balconies to the windows, and doors several inches thick, resisted the assaults of straggling parties; but atrocities more than enough were committed, as it seemed, preliminary to a general sacking. The Vice-President of the Republic was murdered; the house of Flores, a Deputy, sacked, his mother knocked down by a villian with the butt of a musket, and one of his daughters shot in the arm with two balls.

"The house of Messrs. Klee, Skinner, and Co., the principal foreign merchants in Guatemala, which was reported to contain ammunition and arms, was several times attacked with great ferocity: having strong balconied windows, and the door being secured by bales of merchandise piled up within, it resisted the assaults of an undisciplined mob, armed only with clubs, muskets, knives, matchetes. The priests ran through the streets bearing the crucifix, in the name of the Virgin and saints restraining lawless Indians, stilling the wildness of passion, and saving the terrified inhabitants. * * *

"Pending the negotiation, Carrera, dressed in Prem's uniform, endeavoured to restrain his tumultuous followers; but several times he said that he could not himself resist the temptation to sack Klee's house, and those of the other Ingleses. There was a strange dash of fanaticism in the character of this lawless chieftain. The battle-cry of his hordes was "Viva la religion!" The palace of the Archbishop had been suffered to be used as a theatre by the Liberals; Carrera demanded the keys, and putting them in his pocket, declared that, to prevent any future

pollution, it should not be opened again until the banished Archbishop returned to occupy it.

"At length the terms upon which he consented to withdraw were agreed upon,—viz: eleven thousand dollars in silver, ten thousand to be distributed among his followers and one thousand for his own share, a thousand muskets, and a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel for himself. The amount of money was small as the price of relief from such imminent danger, but it was an immense sum in the eyes of Carrera and his followers, few of whom were worth more than the rags on their backs and the stolen arms in their hands: and it was not easily raised; the treasury was bankrupt, and the money was not very cheerfully contributed by the citizens. The madness of consenting to put in the hands of Carrera a thousand muskets was only equalled by the absurdity of making him a Lieutenant-Colonel.

"On the afternoon of the third day the money was paid, the muskets delivered, and Carrera was invested with the command of the province of Mita, a district near Guatemala. The joy of the inhabitants at the prospect of his immediate departure was without bounds; but at the last moment an awful rumour spread, that the wild bands had evinced an uncontrollable eagerness, before leaving, to sack the city. A random discharge of muskets in the plaza confirmed the rumour, and the effect was dreadful. An hour of terrible suspense followed; but at five o'clock they filed off in straggling crowds from the plaza. At the Plaza de Toros they halted, and firing their muskets in the air, created another panic. A rumour was revived that Carrera had demanded four thousand dollars more, and that unless he received it he would return and take it by force. Carrera himself did actually return, and demanded a field-piece, which was given him; and at length, leaving behind him a document requiring the redress of certain grievances, to the unspeakable joy of all the inhabitants he left the city."

We have no wish to undervalue the grounds the citizens had for their panic, or to defend the atrocities of the Indians, from the seizure of General Prem's uniform-coat up to the sacking of the house of Senor Flores. At the same time, looking at the doings of civilised soldiers when they take towns—Badajoz and St. Sebastian, for example—and bearing in mind the personal injuries which their Indian leader had suffered, we doubt whether Carrera with his "hordes" might not be safer visitants of a city than Wellington and his heroes, or any other Marshal of them all.

The length to which this notice has extended prevents our entering upon the subject of the ruined cities Mr. Stephens surveyed, and the more striking monuments of which Mr. Catherwood has drawn to illustrate the prose descriptions or exhibit the arts of an *aboriginal* people: for we are disposed to agree with our author in his conclusions, that these buildings were the works of Americans, and if not erected by the nation which Cortes found on his invasion of Mexico, yet by a similar race. In getting rid, however, of the antediluvian style of building which some have discovered in these monuments—or the Chinese, or Hindoo, or Egyptian, to which others have had recourse—one difficulty still remains, namely, the *origin* of this American civilisation, such as it was. We say such as it was, for our inspection of the drawings of Mr. Catherwood confirms the opinion we expressed when reviewing Mrs. Hamilton Gray's *Sepulchres of Etruria*, "that nothing perishes which is worthy to live." In looking at these buildings, with their statues, columns, and various ornaments, we see nothing from which the Old World could have derived any improvement—nothing, indeed, which it had not outgrown three thousand years ago. Mr. Stephens, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of an explorer, candidly admits, that in style of art, and in power over mechanics, they are inferior to the Egyptian monuments. To us they appear to exhibit an inferiority of intellect: the mechanical execution, the mere cutting, appears to have been finished to a high degree; but so is the workmanship of the paddles, prows of canoes, &c. of backward and almost barbarous nations. In style, we do not look for the ideal; but this people seemed scarcely to have arrived at the point of endeavouring to represent things as they actually are. Their human face is grotesque in form and expression; the extremities of the limbs only exhibited, the intermediate parts being nondescript monstrosities; not from any want of mechanical power to express the parts, but from a mental weakness, a vicious style, which seemed to distrust nature. The chief exceptions to this criticism are in the bas-reliefs at Palenque; which would appear to show that Mexican art was in its decadence during its later period, if the inference of Mr. Stephens is correct, that Palenque was a ruined city in the age of Cortes. The clearest point about them is the combined labour required for their erection, arguing despotic power of some kind, monarchical, priestly, or in the system of castes; either or all of which may be deduced from the accounts of the first invaders.

---

## THE MARINE'S LAMENT.

All other corps have many doors,
Through which they may advance, sir;
Promotion oft her favour pours
On Light Bob, Buff, and Lancer.

If money's plenty, soon—at twenty—
A company is got;
Whilst I must scrub, a hopeless Sub,
In station cold and hot.

In every clime, full many a time,
With foes I've had a rub,—
On sea and land I've made my stand,
Yet still I stand a Sub.

When, age-oppressed and gout-possessed,
Our companies we get, sir,
Some scarce can stand, much less command—
We are a luckless set, sir!!

"Slow March,"

*United Service Journal.*

From the Spectator.

## EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

THIS volume is a reprint of an American book, with a candid preface by Carlyle; at whose suggestion, probably, it has appeared with a London imprint. According to Mr. Carlyle, Emerson is a very remarkable man—an American who has "the invaluable talent of sitting still;" one who having attempted public life with good omens of success, has withdrawn from it into solitude and privacy, content to "sit down to spend *his* life not in Mammon worship, or the hunt for reputation, influence, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever." A self-dependent man is, no doubt, a rare thing any where, but especially in the United States: at the same time, it is perhaps neither Emerson's philosophic independence nor his genius which has attracted Mr. Carlyle's notice, so much as his modes of thought and quaint peculiarity of diction; both of which have a resemblance to those of his English editor, though not enough to stamp him a mere imitator.

The Essays possess faults enough to justify Mr. Carlyle's assertion that "such a book can never expect to become popular here." The looseness of structure, the want of plan inherent in the essay, has often been pointed out as tempting an author to extend his lucubrations as long as he can say any thing *about* his subject; a temptation overcome only by the *artist*, who sees distinctly the particular branch which he is going to treat, and determinedly rejects every thing not directly bearing upon it. To this temptation Emerson has yielded, and so fully that he sometimes continues pouring out words with no meaning at all, or a very subordinate one, after he has exhausted his view of the question—or what, in an essay, is much the same, after he has said his best things. He is also deficient in large and vigorous logic; sometimes putting forward a limited truth as if it were as extensive as creation, or advancing a truth as universal, which possibly may be so, but which he does not prove. He as often dogmatises as reasons, and sometimes merely declaims. His style is peculiar—quaint, and rather affected; partaking of the nature of Carlyle, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, but rather founded on than copied from them. When the truth is cogent or the illustration happy, the effect is striking and powerful; but when the thought is common, or imperfectly developed, as is frequently the case, the peculiarity of the manner alone remains —not pleasing, if not offensive. Yet the style is probably one cause of the effect of the book; for it is not always that its best thoughts are new thoughts, but truths presented in a new and more striking way. With all these drawbacks, however, Ralph Waldo Emerson is a man of genius—a deep, original, and independent thinker; scorning the conventionalities of life, holding cheap the mechanicals of literature, and speaking what he deems the truth; careless whether he offends opinion or pleases taste, and not always careful whether he presents his view distinctly to the minds of others.

To enumerate the twelve Essays would not be of much utility; for several reasons. Sometimes the treatment of the subject is so peculiar, that the reader finds nothing which he expects from the title, though an intelligible word enough. The essay on "History," for instance, deals not at all with matters which relate to history in the usual meaning; but refers to the only use which in Emerson's opinion can be made of the *works of the past*—events, persons, literature, and so forth; whilst he expresses himself about this use so oddly and mystically that few will be certain of what he does mean, though it would seem to be, that the productions of the past have no other use than to enable us to understand ourselves. "Self-Reliance," again, as he treats of it, is rather an inculcation to originality of thought and independence of action—a hortative to men to discover their own natural bent, and give it free scope, instead of imitating individuals or submitting to the opinions and usages of society. "Spiritual Laws" has no relation whatever to theology; but inculcates a kind of practical "fate and metaphysical aid"—that we are taught independently of the teaching of others or of ourselves by the facts and circumstances of our lives, and that mental existence—all connected with mind—is independent, and cannot be affected by accident. "Compensation," to give a last example, does not mean any thing which most readers would infer, but is an endeavour to show that "whatever is is right"—that there is little evil at large, no misfortunes to ourselves; a doctrine the truth of which merely goes to the extent that there is no unmixed evil in the physical world, but which, as regards mind, is very lamely handled by Mr. Emerson, being assumed instead of proved. The utility of the book does not, therefore, consist in the complete view which it propounds upon a series of subjects, or even in any principle which it deduces upon any single topic: its use is in its detached thoughts; and as these have not always a strict relation to the place where they are found, we shall in the examples we take affix the name of the essay to the quotation.

### DEAD CONFORMITY.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is, that it scatters your force; it loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead bible society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers; under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I will know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side; the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true.—*Essay on Self-Reliance.*

### COURAGE NECESSARY FOR NONCONFORMITY.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlour. If this

pollution, it should not be opened again until the banished Archbishop returned to occupy it.

"At length the terms upon which he consented to withdraw were agreed upon,—viz: eleven thousand dollars in silver, ten thousand to be distributed among his followers and one thousand for his own share, a thousand muskets, and a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel for himself. The amount of money was small as the price of relief from such imminent danger, but it was an immense sum in the eyes of Carrera and his followers, few of whom were worth more than the rags on their backs and the stolen arms in their hands: and it was not easily raised; the treasury was bankrupt, and the money was not very cheerfully contributed by the citizens. The madness of consenting to put in the hands of Carrera a thousand muskets was only equalled by the absurdity of making him a Lieutenant-Colonel.

"On the afternoon of the third day the money was paid, the muskets delivered, and Carrera was invested with the command of the province of Mita, a district near Guatemala. The joy of the inhabitants at the prospect of his immediate departure was without bounds; but at the last moment an awful rumour spread, that the wild bands had evinced an uncontrollable eagerness, before leaving, to sack the city. A random discharge of muskets in the plaza confirmed the rumour, and the effect was dreadful. An hour of terrible suspense followed; but at five o'clock they filed off in straggling crowds from the plaza. At the Plaza de Toros they halted, and firing their muskets in the air, created another panic. A rumour was revived that Carrera had demanded four thousand dollars more, and that unless he received it he would return and take it by force. Carrera himself did actually return, and demanded a field-piece, which was given him; and at length, leaving behind him a document requiring the redress of certain grievances, to the unspeakable joy of all the inhabitants he left the city."

We have no wish to undervalue the grounds the citizens had for their panic, or to defend the atrocities of the Indians, from the seizure of General Prem's uniform-coat up to the sacking of the house of Senor Flores. At the same time, looking at the doings of civilised soldiers when they take towns—Badajoz and St. Sebastian, for example—and bearing in mind the personal injuries which their Indian leader had suffered, we doubt whether Carrera with his "hordes" might not be safer visitants of a city than Wellington and his heroes, or any other Marshal of them all.

The length to which this notice has extended prevents our entering upon the subject of the ruined cities Mr. Stephens surveyed, and the more striking monuments of which Mr. Catherwood has drawn to illustrate the prose descriptions or exhibit the arts of an *aboriginal* people: for we are disposed to agree with our author in his conclusions, that these buildings were the works of Americans, and if not erected by the nation which Cortes found on his invasion of Mexico, yet by a similar race. In getting rid, however, of the antediluvian style of building which some have discovered in these monuments—or the Chinese, or Hindoo, or Egyptian, to which others have had recourse—one difficulty still remains, namely, the *origin* of this American civilisation, such as it was. We say such as it was, for our inspection of the drawings of Mr. Catherwood confirms the opinion we expressed when reviewing Mrs. Hamilton Gray's *Sepulchres of Etruria*, "that nothing perishes which is worthy to live." In looking at these buildings, with their statues, columns, and various ornaments, we see nothing from which the Old World could have derived any improvement—nothing, indeed, which it had not outgrown three thousand years ago. Mr. Stephens, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of an explorer, candidly admits, that in style of art, and in power over mechanics, they are inferior to the Egyptian monuments. To us they appear to exhibit an inferiority of intellect: the mechanical execution, the mere cutting, appears to have been finished to a high degree; but so is the workmanship of the paddles, prows of canoes, &c. of backward and almost barbarous nations. In style, we do not look for the ideal; but this people seemed scarcely to have arrived at the point of endeavouring to represent things as they actually are. Their human face is grotesque in form and expression; the extremities of the limbs only exhibited, the intermediate parts being nondescript monstrosities; not from any want of mechanical power to express the parts, but from a mental weakness, a vicious style, which seemed to distrust nature. The chief exceptions to this criticism are in the bas-reliefs at Palenque; which would appear to show that Mexican art was in its decadence during its later period, if the inference of Mr. Stephens is correct, that Palenque was a ruined city in the age of Cortes. The clearest point about them is the combined labour required for their erection, arguing despotic power of some kind, monarchical, priestly, or in the system of castes; either or all of which may be deduced from the accounts of the first invaders.

---

## THE MARINE'S LAMENT.

All other corps have many doors,
Through which they may advance, sir;
Promotion oft her favour pours
On Light Bob, Buff, and Lancer.

If money's plenty, soon—at twenty—
A company is got;
Whilst I must scrub, a hopeless Sub,
In station cold and hot.

In every clime, full many a time,
With foes I've had a rub,—
On sea and land I've made my stand,
Yet still I stand a Sub.

When, age-oppressed and gout-possessed,
Our companies we get, sir,
Some scarce can stand, much less command—
We are a luckless set, sir!!

"Slow March,"

*United Service Journal.*

From the Spectator.

## EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

This volume is a reprint of an American book, with a candid preface by Carlyle; at whose suggestion, probably, it has appeared with a London imprint. According to Mr. Carlyle, Emerson is a very remarkable man—an American who has "the invaluable talent of sitting still;" one who having attempted public life with good omens of success, has withdrawn from it into solitude and privacy, content to "sit down to spend *his* life not in Mammon worship, or the hunt for reputation, influence, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever." A self-dependent man is, no doubt, a rare thing any where, but especially in the United States: at the same time, it is perhaps neither Emerson's philosophic independence nor his genius which has attracted Mr. Carlyle's notice, so much as his modes of thought and quaint peculiarity of diction; both of which have a resemblance to those of his English editor, though not enough to stamp him a mere imitator.

The Essays possess faults enough to justify Mr. Carlyle's assertion that "such a book can never expect to become popular here." The looseness of structure, the want of plan inherent in the essay, has often been pointed out as tempting an author to extend his lucubrations as long as he can say any thing *about* his subject; a temptation overcome only by the *artist*, who sees distinctly the particular branch which he is going to treat, and determinedly rejects every thing not directly bearing upon it. To this temptation Emerson has yielded, and so fully that he sometimes continues pouring out words with no meaning at all, or a very subordinate one, after he has exhausted his view of the question—or what, in an essay, is much the same, after he has said his best things. He is also deficient in large and vigorous logic; sometimes putting forward a limited truth as if it were as extensive as creation, or advancing a truth as universal, which possibly may be so, but which he does not prove. He as often dogmatises as reasons, and sometimes merely declaims. His style is peculiar—quaint, and rather affected; partaking of the nature of Carlyle, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, but rather founded on than copied from them. When the truth is cogent or the illustration happy, the effect is striking and powerful; but when the thought is common, or imperfectly developed, as is frequently the case, the peculiarity of the manner alone remains—not pleasing, if not offensive. Yet the style is probably one cause of the effect of the book; for it is not always that its best thoughts are new thoughts, but truths presented in a new and more striking way. With all these drawbacks, however, Ralph Waldo Emerson is a man of genius—a deep, original, and independent thinker; scorning the conventionalities of life, holding cheap the mechanicals of literature, and speaking what he deems the truth; careless whether he offends opinion or pleases taste, and not always careful whether he presents his view distinctly to the minds of others.

To enumerate the twelve Essays would not be of much utility; for several reasons. Sometimes the treatment of the subject is so peculiar, that the reader finds nothing which he expects from the title, though an intelligible word enough. The essay on "History," for instance, deals not at all with matters which relate to history in the usual meaning; but refers to the only use which in Emerson's opinion can be made of the *works of the past*—events, persons, literature, and so forth; whilst he expresses himself about this use so oddly and mystically that few will be certain of what he does mean, though it would seem to be, that the productions of the past have no other use than to enable us to understand ourselves. "Self-Reliance," again, as he treats of it, is rather an inculcation to originality of thought and independence of action—a hortative to men to discover their own natural bent, and give it free scope, instead of imitating individuals or submitting to the opinions and usages of society. "Spiritual Laws" has no relation whatever to theology; but inculcates a kind of practical "fate and metaphysical aid"—that we are taught independently of the teaching of others or of ourselves by the facts and circumstances of our lives, and that mental existence—all connected with mind—is independent, and cannot be affected by accident. "Compensation," to give a last example, does not mean any thing which most readers would infer, but is an endeavour to show that "whatever is is right"—that there is little evil at large, no misfortunes to ourselves; a doctrine the truth of which merely goes to the extent that there is no unmixed evil in the physical world, but which, as regards mind, is very lamely handled by Mr. Emerson, being assumed instead of proved. The utility of the book does not, therefore, consist in the complete view which it propounds upon a series of subjects, or even in any principle which it deduces upon any single topic: its use is in its detached thoughts; and as these have not always a strict relation to the place where they are found, we shall in the examples we take affix the name of the essay to the quotation.

### DEAD CONFORMITY.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is, that it scatters your force; it loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead bible society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers; under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I will know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side; the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true.—*Essay on Self-Reliance.*

### COURAGE NECESSARY FOR NONCONFORMITY.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlour. If this

aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent; for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.—*Essay on Self-Reliance.*

TIMOROUSNESS OF THE AGE.

The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant; our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlour soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.—*Essay on Self-Reliance.*

Mr. Carlyle tells us that Emerson is understood to have studied theology in his youth; and there are traces of divinity-learning in his book. The following passage smacks of this, and is moreover a remarkable specimen of idiomatic English.

THE PREACHER'S DOCTRINE OF COMPENSATION.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the last judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet, what was the import of this teaching? what did the preacher mean by saying, that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise, to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, "We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now;" or, to push it to its extreme import, "You sin now; we shall sin by and by; we would sin now if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow."—*Essay on Compensation.*

THE PAST.

When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the weed at the water-side, the old house, the foolish person, however neglected in the passing, have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain.—*Essay on Spiritual Laws.*

NO LEARNING WITHOUT PREPARATION.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser; the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream. *Essay on Spiritual Laws.*

THE SPIRIT SELF-PROTECTING.

What can we see or acquire but what we are? You have seen a skilful man reading Virgil. Well, that author is a thousand books to a thousand persons. Take the book into your two hands, and read your eyes out, you will never find what I find. If any ingenious reader would have a monopoly of the wisdom or delight he gets, he is as secure now the book is Englished, as if it were imprisoned in the Pelews' tongue. It is with a good book as it is with good company. Introduce a base person among gentlemen: it is all to no purpose; he is not their fellow. Every society protects itself. The company is perfectly safe, and he is not one of them, though his body is in the room.—*Essay on Spiritual Laws.*

FORCE OF TRUTH.

Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannises over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy and sometimes asquint.

I have heard an experienced counsellor say that he feared never the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict. If he does not believe it, his unbelief will appear to the jury, despite all his protestations, and will become their unbelief. This is that law whereby a work of art, of whatever kind, sets us in the same state of mind wherein the artist was when he made it. That which we do not believe we cannot adequately say, though we may repeat the words never so often.—*Essay on Spiritual Laws.*

INTELLECT.

Intellect and intellection signify, to the common ear, consideration of abstract truth. The consideration of time and place, of you and me, of profit and hurt, tyrannise over most men's minds. Intellect separates the fact considered from *you*, from all local and personal reference, and discerns it as if it existed for its own sake. Heraclitus looked upon the affections as dense and coloured mists. In the fog of good and evil affections, it is hard for man to walk forward in a straight line. Intellect is void of affection, and sees an object as it stands in the light of science, cool and disengaged. The intellect goes out of the individual, floats over its own personality, and regards it as a fact, and not as *I* and *mine*. He who is immersed in what concerns person or place cannot see the problem of existence. This the intellect always ponders. Nature shows all things formed and bound. The intellect pierces the form, overleaps the wall, detects intrinsic likeness between remote things, and reduces all things into a few principles.—*Essay on Intellect.*

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

While the worst passions of the worst men were thus working in the dark, and the mantle of religion, assumed to cover the ugliest deformities, threatened to become the shroud of all that was good and peaceful in society, a circumstance occurred which once more altered the position of two persons from whom this history has long been separated, and to whom it must now return.

In a small English country-town, the inhabitants of which supported themselves by the labour of their hands in plaiting and preparing straw for those who made bonnets and other articles of dress and ornament from that material,—concealed under an assumed name, and living in a quiet poverty which knew no change, no pleasures, and few cares but that of struggling on from day to day in the one great toil for bread,—dwelt Barnaby and his mother.—Their poor cottage had known no stranger's foot since they sought the shelter of its roof five years before; nor had they in all that time held any commerce or communication with the old world from which they had fled. To labour in peace, and devote her labour and her life to her poor son, was all the widow sought. If happiness can be said at any time to be the lot of one on whom a secret sorrow preys, she was happy now. Tranquillity, resignation, and her strong love of him who needed it so much, formed the small circle of her quiet joys; and while that remained unbroken, she was contented.

For Barnaby himself, the time which had flown by, had passed him like the wind. The daily suns of years had shed no brighter gleam of reason on his mind; no dawn had broken on his long, dark night. He would sit sometimes—often for days together—on a low seat by the fire or by the cottage door, busy at work (for he had learnt the art his mother plied,) and listening, God help him, to the tales she would repeat, as a lure to keep him in her sight. He had no recollection of these little narratives; the tale of yesterday was new upon the morrow; but he liked them at the moment; and when the humour held him, would remain patiently within doors, hearing her stories like a little child, and working cheerfully from sunrise until it was too dark to see.

At other times,—and then their scanty earnings were barely sufficient to furnish them with food, though of the coarsest sort,—he would wander abroad from dawn of day until the twilight deepened into night. Few in that place, even of the children, could be idle, and he had no companions of his own kind. Indeed there were not many who could have kept up with him in his rambles, had there been a legion.—But there were a score of vagabond dogs belonging to their neighbours, who served his purpose quite as well. With two or three of these, or sometimes with a full half-dozen barking at his heels, he would sally forth on some long expedition that consumed the day; and though, on their return at nightfall, the dogs would come home limping and sore-footed, and almost spent with their fatigue, Barnaby was up and off again at sunrise with some new attendants of the same class, with whom he would return in like manner. On all these travels, Grip, in his little basket at his master's back, was a constant member of the party, and when they set off in fine weather and in high spirits, no dog barked louder than the raven.

Their pleasures on these excursions were simple enough. A crust of bread and scrap of meat, with water from the brook or spring, sufficed for their repast. Barnaby's enjoyments were, to walk, and run, and leap, till he was tired; then to lie down in the long grass, or by the growing corn, or in the shade of some tall tree, looking upward at the light clouds as they floated over the blue surface of the sky, and listening to the lark as she poured out her brilliant song. There were wild flowers to pluck—the bright red poppy, the gentle harebell, the cowslip, and the rose. There were birds to watch; fish, ants, worms, hares or rabbits, as they darted across the distant pathway in the wood and so were gone: millions of living things to have an interest in, and lie in wait for, and clap hands and shout in memory of, when they had disappeared. In default of these, or when they wearied, there was the merry sunlight to hunt out, as it crept in aslant through leaves and boughs of trees, and hid far down—deep, deep, in hollow places—like a silver pool, where nodding branches seemed to bathe and sport; sweet scents of summer air breathing over fields of beans or clover; the perfume of wet leaves or moss; the life of waving trees, and shadows always changing. When these or any of them tired, or in excess of pleasing tempted him to shut his eyes, there was slumber in the midst of all these soft delights, with the gentle wind murmuring like music in his ears, and every thing around melting into one delicious dream.

Their hut—for it was little more—stood on the outskirts of the town, at a short distance from the high road, but in a secluded place, where few chance passengers strayed at any season of the year. It had a plot of garden-ground attached, which Barnaby in fits and starts of working, trimmed, and kept in order. Within doors and without, his mother laboured for their common good; and hail, rain, snow, or sunshine, found no difference in her.

Though so far removed from the scenes of her past life, and with so little thought or hope of ever visiting them again, she seemed to have a strange desire to know what happened in the busy world. Any old newspaper or scrap of intelligence from London, she caught at with avidity. The excitement it produced was not of a pleasurable kind, for her manner at such times expressed the keenest anxiety and dread; but it never faded in the least degree. Then, and in stormy winter nights, when the wind blew loud and strong, the old expression came into her face, and she would be seized with a fit of trembling, like one who had an ague. But Barnaby noted little of this; and putting a great constraint upon herself, she usually recovered her accustomed manner before the change had caught his observation.

Grip was by no means an idle or unprofitable member of the humble household. Partly by dint of Barnaby's tuition, and partly by pursuing a species of self-instruction common to his tribe, and exerting his powers of observation to the utmost, he had acquired a degree of sagacity which rendered him famous for miles round. His conversational powers and surprising performance were the universal theme: and as many persons came to see the wonderful raven, and none left his exertions unrewarded—

when he condescended to exhibit, which was not always, for genius is capricious—his earnings formed an important item in the common stock. Indeed, the bird himself appeared to know his value well; for though he was perfectly free and unrestrained in the presence of Barnaby and his mother, he maintained in public an amazing gravity, and never stooped to any other gratuitous performances than biting the ankles of vagabond boys (an exercise in which he much delighted,) killing a fowl or two occasionally, and swallowing the dinners of various neighbouring dogs, of whom the boldest held him in great awe and dread.

Time had glided on in this way, and nothing had happened to disturb or change their mode of life, when, one summer's night in June, they were in their little garden, resting from the labours of the day.—The widow's work was yet upon her knee, and strewn upon the ground about her; and Barnaby stood leaning on his spade, gazing at the brightness in the west, and singing softly to himself.

"A brave evening, mother! If we had, chinking in our pockets, but a few specks of that gold which is piled up yonder in the sky, we should be rich for life."

"We are better as we are," returned the widow with a quiet smile. "Let us be contented, and we do not want and need not care to have it, though it lay shining at our feet."

"Ay!" said Barnaby, resting with crossed arms on his spade, and looking wistfully at the sunset, "that's well enough, mother; but gold's a good thing to have. I wish that I knew where to find it. Grip and I could do much with gold, be sure of that."

"What would you do?" she asked.

"What! A world of things. We'd dress finely—you and I, I mean; not Grip—keep horses, dogs, wear bright colours and feathers, do no more work, live delicately and at our ease. Oh, we'd find uses for it, mother, and uses that would do us good. I would I knew where gold was buried. How hard I'd work to dig it up!"

"You do not know," said his mother, rising from her seat and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "what men have done to win it, and how they have found, too late, that it glitters brightest at a distance, and turns quite dim and dull when handled."

"Ay, ay; so you say; so you think," he answered, still looking eagerly in the same direction. "For all that, mother, I should like to try."

"Do you not see," she said, "how red it is? Nothing bears so many stains of blood as gold. Avoid it. None have such cause to hate its name as we have. Do not so much as think of it, dear love. It has brought such misery and suffering on your head and mine as few have known, and God grant few may have to undergo. I would rather we were dead and laid down in our graves, than you should ever come to love it."

For a moment Barnaby withdrew his eyes and looked at her with wonder. Then, glancing from the redness in the sky to the mark upon his wrist as if he would compare the two, he seemed about to question her with earnestness, when a new object caught his wandering attention, and made him quite forgetful of his purpose.

This was a man with dusty feet and garments, who stood, bareheaded, behind the hedge that divided their patch of garden from the pathway, and leant meekly forward as if he sought to mingle with their conversation, and waited for his time to speak. His face was turned towards the brightness too, but the light that fell upon it showed that he was blind, and saw it not.

"A blessing on those voices!" said the wayfarer. "I feel the beauty of the night more keenly, when I hear them. They are like eyes to me. Will they speak again, and cheer the heart of a poor traveller!"

"Have you no guide?" asked the widow, after a moment's pause.

"None but that," he answered, pointing with his staff towards the sun: "and sometimes a milder one at night, but she is idle now."

"Have you travelled far?"

"A weary way and long," rejoined the traveller as he shook his head. "A weary, weary way. I struck my stick just now upon the bucket of your well—be pleased to let me have a draught of water, lady."

"Why do you call me lady?" she returned. "I am as poor as you."

"Your speech is soft and gentle, and I judge by that," replied the man. "The coarsest stuffs and finest silks are—apart from the sense of touch—alike to me. I cannot judge you by your dress."

"Come round this way," said Barnaby, who had passed out at the garden gate and now stood close beside him. "Put your hand in mine. You're blind and always in the dark, eh? Are you frightened in the dark? Do you see great crowds of faces, now? Do they grin and chatter?"

"Alas!" returned the other, "I see nothing.—Waking or sleeping, nothing."

Barnaby looked curiously at his eyes, and touching them with his fingers, as an inquisitive child might do, led him towards the house.

"You have come a long distance," said the widow, meeting him at the door. "How have you found your way so far?"

"Use and necessity are good teachers, as I have heard—the best of any," said the blind man, sitting down upon the chair to which Barnaby had led him, and putting his hat and stick upon the red-tiled floor. "May neither you nor your son ever learn under them. They are rough masters."

"You have wandered from the road, too," said the widow, in a tone of pity.

"Maybe, maybe," returned the blind man with a sigh, and yet with something of a smile upon his face, "that's likely. Handpost sand milestones are dumb, indeed, to me. Thank you the more for this rest, and this refreshing drink!"

As he spoke, he raised the mug of water to his mouth. It was clear, and cold, and sparkling, but not to his taste, nevertheless, or his thirst was not very great, for he only wetted his lips and put it down again.

He wore, hanging with a long strap round his neck, a kind of scrip or wallet, in which to carry food. The widow set some bread and cheese before him, but he thanked her, and said that through the kindness of the charitable he had broken his fast once since morning, and was not hungry. When

he had made her this reply, he opened his wallet, and took out a few pence, which was all it appeared to contain.

"Might I make bold to ask," he said, turning towards where Barnaby stood looking on, "that one who has the gift of sight, would lay this out for me in bread to keep me on my way? Heaven's blessing on the young feet that will bestir themselves in aid of one so helpless as a sightless man!"

Barnaby looked at his mother, who nodded assent; in another moment he was gone upon his charitable errand. The blind man sat listening with an attentive face, until long after the sound of his retreating footsteps was inaudible to the widow, and then said, suddenly, and in a very altered tone:

"There are various degrees and kinds of blindness, widow. There is the connubial blindness, ma'am, which perhaps you may have observed in the course of your own experience, and which is a kind of wilful and self-bandaging blindness. There is the blindness of party, ma'am, and public men, which is the blindness of a mad bull in the midst of a regiment of soldiers clothed in red. There is the blind confidence of youth, which is the blindness of young kittens, whose eyes have not yet opened on the world; and there is that physical blindness, ma'am, of which I am, contrary to my own desire, a most illustrious example. Added to these, ma'am, is that blindness of the intellect, of which we have a specimen in your interesting son, and which, having sometimes glimmerings and dawnings of the light, is scarcely to be trusted as a total darkness. Therefore, ma'am, I have taken the liberty to get him out of the way for a short time, while you and I confer together, and this precaution arising out of the delicacy of my sentiments towards yourself, you will excuse me, ma'am, I know."

Having delivered himself of this speech with many flourishes of manner, he drew from beneath his coat a flat stone bottle, and, holding the cork between his teeth, qualified his mug of water with a plentiful infusion of the liquor it contained. He politely drained the bumper to her health, and the ladies, and setting it down empty, smacked his lips with infinite relish.

"I am a citizen of the world, ma'am," said the blind man, corking his bottle, "and if I seem to conduct myself with freedom, it is the way of the world. You wonder who I am, ma'am, and what has brought me here. Such experience of human nature as I have, leads me to that conclusion, without the aid of eyes by which to read the movements of your soul as depicted in your feminine features. I will satisfy your curiosity immediately, ma'am; im-mediately." With that he slapped his bottle on its broad back, and having put it under his garment as before, crossed his legs and folded his hands, and settled himself in his chair, previous to proceeding any further.

The change in his manner was so unexpected, the craft and nakedness of his deportment were so much aggravated by his condition—for we are accustomed to see in those who have lost a human sense, something in its place almost divine—and this alteration bred so many fears in her whom he addressed, that she could not pronounce one word. After waiting, as it seemed, for some remark or answer, and waiting in vain, the visiter resumed:

"Madam, my name is Stagg. A friend of mine who has desired the honour of meeting with you any time these five years past, has commissioned me to call upon you. I should be glad to whisper that gentleman's name in your ear.—Zounds, ma'am, are you deaf? Do you hear me say that I should be glad to whisper my friend's name in your ear?"

"You need not repeat it," said the widow, with a stifled groan; "I see too well from whom you come."

"But as a man of honour, ma'am," said the blind man, striking himself on the breast, "whose credentials must not be disputed, I take leave to say that I will mention that gentleman's name. Ay, ay," he added, seeming to catch with his quick ear the very motion of her hand, "but not aloud. With your leave, ma'am, I desire the favour of a whisper."

She moved towards him, and stooped down. He muttered a word in her ear; and, wringing her hands, she paced up and down the room like one distracted. The blind man, with perfect composure, produced his bottle again, mixed another glassful; put it up as before; and, drinking from time to time, followed her with his face in silence.

"You are slow in conversation, widow," he said, after a time, pausing in his draught. "We shall have to talk before your son."

"What would you have me do?" she answered. "What do you want?"

"We are poor, widow, we are poor," he retorted, stretching out his right hand, and rubbing his thumb upon its palm.

"Poor!" she cried. "And what am I?"

"Comparisons are odious," said the blind man. "I don't know, I don't care. I say that we are poor. My friend's circumstances are indifferent, and so are mine. We must have our rights, widow, or we must be bought off. But you know that, as well as I, so where's the use of talking?"

She still walked wildly to and fro. At length, stopping abruptly before him, she said:

"Is he near here?"

"He is. Close at hand."

"Then I am lost!"

"Not lost, widow," said the blind man, calmly; "only found. Shall I call him?"

"Not for the world," she answered with a shudder.

"Very good," he replied, crossing his legs again, for he had made as though he would rise and walk to the door. "As you please, widow. His presence is not necessary that I know of. But both he and I must live; to live, we must eat and drink; to eat and drink, we must have money:—I say no more."

"Do you know how pinched and destitute I am?" she retorted. "I do not think you do, or can. If you had eyes, and could look around you on this poor cabin, you would have pity on me. Oh! let your heart be softened by your own affliction, friend, and have some sympathy with mine."

The blind man snapped his fingers as he answered.

"—Beside the question, ma'am, beside the question. I have the softest heart in the world, but I can't live upon it. Many a gentleman lives well upon a soft head, who would find a heart of the same quality a very great drawback. Listen to me. This is a matter of business, with which sympathies and sentiments have nothing to do. As a mutual friend, I wish to arrange it in a satisfactory manner, if pos-

sible; and thus the case stands. If you are very poor now, it's your own choice. You have friends who, in case of need, are always ready to help you. My friend is in a more destitute and desolate situation than most men, and, you and he being linked together in a common cause, he naturally looks to you to assist him. He has boarded and lodged with me a long time (for, as I said just now, I am very soft-hearted,) and I quite approve of his entertaining this opinion. You have always had a roof over your head; he has always been an outcast.—You have your son to comfort and assist you; he has nobody at all. The advantages must not be all on one side. You are in the same boat, and we must divide the ballast a little more equally.

She was about to speak, but he checked her, and went on.

"The only way of doing this, is by making up a little purse now and then for my friend; and that's what I advise. He bears you no malice that I know of, ma'am: so little, that although you have treated him harshly more than once, and driven him, I may say, out of doors, he has that regard for you that I believe, even if you disappointed him now, he would consent to take charge of your son, and to make a man of him."

He laid a great stress on these latter words, and paused as if to find out what effect they had produced. She only answered by her tears.

"He is a likely lad," said the blind man thoughtfully, "for many purposes, and not ill-disposed to try his fortune in a little change and bustle, if I may judge from what I heard of his talk with you to-night. Come. In a word, my friend has pressing necessity for twenty pounds. You, who can give up an annuity, can get that sum for him. It's a pity you should be troubled. You seem very comfortable here, and it's worth that much to remain so. Twenty pounds, widow, is a moderate demand. You know where to apply for it; a post will bring it you.—Twenty pounds!"

She was about to answer him again, but again he stopped her.

"Don't say any thing hastily; you might be sorry for it. Think of it a little while. Twenty pounds—of other people's money—how easy! Turn it over in your mind, I'm in no hurry. Night's coming on, and if I don't sleep here, I shall not go far.—Twenty pounds! Consider of it, ma'am, for twenty minutes; give each pound a minute; that's a fair allowance. I'll enjoy the air the while, which is very mild and pleasant in these parts."

With these words, he groped his way to the door, carrying his chair with him. Then seating himself under a spreading honeysuckle, and stretching his legs across the threshold so that no person could pass in or out without his knowledge, he took from his pocket a pipe, flint, steel, and tinder-box, and began to smoke. It was a lovely evening, of that gentle kind, and at that time of the year when the twilight is most beautiful. Pausing now and then to let his smoke curl slowly off, and to sniff the grateful fragrance of the flowers, he sat there at his ease—as though the cottage were his proper dwelling, and he had held undisputed possession of it all his life—waiting for the widow's answer and for Barnaby's return.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

When Barnaby returned with the bread, the sight of the pious old pilgrim smoking his pipe and making himself so thoroughly at home, appeared to surprise even him; the more so as that worthy person, instead of putting up the loaf in his wallet as a scarce and precious article, tossed it carelessly on the table, and producing his bottle, bade him sit down and drink.

"For I carry some comfort you see," he said. "Taste that. Is it good?"

The water stood in Barnaby's eyes as he coughed from the strength of the draught, and answered in the affirmative.

"Drink some more," said the blind man; "don't be afraid of it. You don't taste any thing like that, often, eh?"

"Often!" cried Barnby. "Never!"

"Too poor!" returned the blind man with a sigh. "Ay. That's bad. Your mother, poor soul, would be happier if she was richer, Barnaby."

"Why, so I tell her—the very thing I told her just before you came to-night, when all that gold was in the sky," said Barnaby, drawing his chair nearer to him, and looking eagerly in his face. "Tell me. Is there any way of being rich, that I could find out?"

"Any way! A hundred ways."

"Ay, ay?" he returned. "Do you say so? What are they?—Nay, mother, it's for your sake I ask; not mine;—for yours, indeed. What are they?"

The blind man turned his face, on which there was a smile of triumph, to where the widow stood in great distress; and answered,

"Why, they are not to be found out by stay-at-homes, my good friend."

"By stay-at-homes!" cried Barnaby, plucking at his sleeve. "But I am not one. Now, there you mistake. I am often out before the sun, and travel home when he has gone to rest. I am away in the woods before the day has reached the shady places, and am often there when the bright moon is peeping through the boughs, and looking down upon the other moon that lives in water. As I walk along, I try to find, among the grass and moss, some of that small money for which she works so hard and used to shed so many tears. As I lie asleep in the shade, I dream of it—dream of digging it up in heaps; and spying it out, hidden under bushes; and seeing it sparkle, as the dew-drops do, among the leaves. But I never find it. Tell me where it is. I'd go there, if the journey were a whole year long, because I know she would be happier when I came home and brought some with me. Speak again. I'll listen to you if you talk all night."

The blind man passed his hand lightly over the poor fellow's face, and finding that his elbows were planted on the table, that his chin rested on his two hands, that he leaned eagerly forward, and that his whole manner expressed the utmost interest and anxiety, paused for a minute as though he desired the widow to observe this fully, and then made answer:

"It's in the world, bold Barnaby, the merry world; not in solitary places like those you pass your time in, but in crowds, in crowds, and where there's noise and rattle."

"Good! good!" cried Barnaby, rubbing hands.

"Yes! I love that. Grip loves it too. It suits us both. That's brave!"

"—The kind of places," said the blind man, "that a young fellow likes, and in which a good son may do more for his mother, and himself to boot, in a month, than he could here in all his life—that is, if he had a friend, you know, and some one to advise with."

"You hear this, mother!" cried Barnaby, turning to her with delight. "Never tell me we shouldn't heed it, if it lay shining at our feet. Why do we heed it so much now? Why do you toil from morning until night?"

"Surely," said the blind man, "surely. Have you no answer, widow? Is your mind," he slowly added, "not made up yet?"

"Let me speak with you," she answered, "apart."

"Lay your hand upon my sleeve," said Stagg, rising from the table; "and lead me where you will. Courage, bold Barnaby. We'll talk more of this: I've a fancy for you. Wait there till I come back. Now, widow."

She led him out the door, and into the little garden, where they stopped.

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half-breathless manner, "and well represent the man who sent you here."

"I'll tell him that you said so," Stagg retorted. "He has a regard for you, and will respect me the more (if possible) for your praise. We must have our rights, widow."

"Rights! Do you know," she said, "that a word from me—"

"Why do you stop?" returned the blind man calmly, after a long pause. "Do I know that a word from you would place my friend in the last position of the dance of life? Yes, I do. What of that? It will never be spoken, widow."

"You are sure of that"

"Quite—so sure, that I don't come here to discuss the question. I say we must have our rights, or we must be bought off. Keep to that point, or let me return to my young friend, for I have an interest in the lad, and desire to put him in the way of making his fortune. Bah! you needn't speak," he added hastily; "I know what you would say: you have hinted at it once already. Have I no feeling for you, because I am blind? No, I have not. Why do you expect me, being in darkness, to be better than men who have their sight—why should you? Is the hand of God more manifest in my having no eyes, than in your having two? It's the cant of you folks to be horrified if a blind man robs, or lies, or steals; oh yes, it's far worse in him, who can barely live on the few half-pence that are thrown to him in your crowded streets, than in you, who can see, and work, and are not dependent on the mercies of the world. A curse on you! You who have seven senses may be wicked at your pleasure; we who have six, and want the most important, are to live and be moral on our affliction. The true charity and justice of rich to poor, all the world over!"

He paused a moment when he had said these words, and caught the sound of money, jingling in her hand.

"Well?" he cried, quickly resuming his former manner. "That should lead to something. "The point, widow?"

"First answer me one question," she replied. "You say he is close at hand. Has he left London?"

"Being close at hand, widow, it would seem he has," returned the blind man.

"I mean, for good? You know that."

"Yes, for good. The truth is, widow, that his making a longer stay there might have had disagreeable consequences. He has come away for that reason."

"Listen," said the widow, telling some money out upon a bench beside them. "Count."

"Six," said the blind man, listening attentively. "Any more?"

"They are the savings," she answered, "of five years. Six guineas."

He put out his hand for one of the coins; felt it carefully, put it between his teeth, rung it on the bench; and nodded to her to proceed.

"These have been scraped together and laid by, lest sickness or death should separate my son and me. They have been purchased at the price of much hunger, hard labour, and want of rest. If you *can* take them—do—on condition that you leave this place upon the instant, and enter no more into that room where he sits now, expecting your return."

"Six guineas," said the blind man, shaking his head, "though of the fullest weight that were ever coined, fall very far short of twenty pounds, widow."

"For such a sum, as you know, I must write to a distant part of the country. To do that, and receive an answer, I must have time."

"Two days?" said Stagg.

"More."

"Four days?"

"A week. Return on this day week, at the same hour, but not to the house. Wait at the corner of the lane."

"Of course," said the blind man, with a crafty look, "I shall find you there!"

"Where else can I take refuge?" Is it not enough that you have made a beggar of me, and that I have sacrificed my whole store, so hardly earned, to preserve this home?"

"Humph!" said the blind man, after some consideration. "Set me with my face towards the point you speak of, and in the middle of the road. Is this the spot?"

"It is."

"On this day week at sunset. And think of him within doors.—For the present, good night."

She made him no answer, nor did he stop for any. He went slowly away, turning his head from time to time, and stopping to listen, as if he were curious to know whether he was watched by any one. The shadows of night were closing fast around, and he was soon lost in the gloom. It was not, however, until she had traversed the lane from end to end, and made sure that he was gone, that she re-entered the cottage, and hurriedly barred the door and window.

"Mother!" said Barnaby. "What is the matter? Where is the blind man?"

"He is gone."

"Gone!" he cried, starting up. "I must have more talk with him. Which way did he take?"

"I don't know," she answered, folding her arms about him. "You must not go out to-night. There are ghosts and dreams abroad."

"Ay?" said Barnaby, in a frightened whisper.

"It is not safe to stir. We must leave this place to-morrow."

"This place! This cottage—and the little garden, mother!"

"Yes! To-morrow morning at sunrise. We must travel to London; lose ourselves in that wide place—there would be some trace of us in any other town; then travel on again, and find some new abode."

Little persuasion was required to reconcile Barnaby to any thing that promised change. In another minute he was wild with delight; in another, full of grief at the prospect of parting with his friends the dogs; in another, wild again; then he was fearful of what she had said to prevent his wandering abroad that night, and full of terrors and strange questions. His light-heartedness in the end surmounted all his other feelings, and lying down in his clothes to the end that he might be ready on the morrow, he soon fell fast asleep before the poor turf fire.

His mother did not close her eyes, but sat beside him, watching. Every breath of wind sounded in her ears like that dreaded footstep at the door, or like that hand upon the latch, and made the calm summer night a night of horror. At length the welcome day appeared. When she had made the little preparations which were needful for their journey, and had prayed upon her knees with many tears, she roused Barnaby, who jumped up gaily at her summons.

His clothes were few enough, and to carry Grip was a labour of love. As the sun shed his earliest beams upon the earth, they closed the door of their deserted home and turned away. The sky was blue and bright. The air was fresh and filled with a thousand perfumes. Barnaby looked upward, and laughed with all his heart.

But it was a day he usually devoted to a long ramble, and one of the dogs—the ugliest of them all—came bounding up, and jumping round him in the fulness of his joy. He had to bid him go back in a surly tone, and his heart smote him while he did so. The dog retreated; turned with a half-incredulous, half-imploring look; came a little back; and stopped.

It was the last appeal of an old companion and a faithful friend—cast off. Barnaby could bear no more, and as he shook his head and waved his playmate home, he burst into tears.

"Oh mother, mother, how mournful he will be when he scratches at the door, and finds it always shut!"

There was such a sense of home in the thought, that though her own eyes overflowed she would not have obliterated the recollection of it, either from her own mind or from his, for the wealth of the whole wide world.

---

## THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

A REMARKABLY curious instrument, bearing the name of the "Electro-Magnetic Printing Telegraph," is exhibiting at the Polytechnic Institution. The object of this invention is to convey information from one place to another by means of the electrical current, in such a way, that words or sentences transmitted from one locality are instantaneously printed in another, however distant; and this, too, without the agency of any person in the place to which the correspondence is to be forwarded. The means by which this extraordinary effect is produced are simple enough. Three wires for the passage of the electric fluid are first laid between any two given places. To one end of these wires is attached a dial-plate with one revolving hand, which is kept in motion by a spring. A peg stops the hand when required; and the face of the dial-plate contains the letters of the alphabet separately arranged in a circle, each letter having a small hole in the plate, immediately underneath it, into which the peg is placed, when the revolution of the hand is to be arrested. To the other end of the wires is affixed a small frame-work, and into it are introduced a cylinder, round which the paper to be printed on is placed; also, a wheel, having the letters of the alphabet arranged regularly on its edge, and a small inking roller. All these revolve horizontally and simultaneously, the wheel with the letters being placed between the ink roller and the cylinder for paper. Motion is communicated to these parts by a pair of electro-magnets attached to them and communicating with the wires. Thus, if the word "thee" is to be printed, the hand on the dial-plate is allowed to revolve until it reaches the letter T, beyond which it is prevented from passing by the peg. When stopped, the printer places his finger on a spring attached to the plate, which allows a current of electricity to pass to the wheel with the letters, which immediately presses the letter T against the paper, it having previously been inked by the roller, and then retires. The other letters are arranged in the same way until the word is complete. A peculiar part of the mechanism, and that which can hardly be explained without a diagram, relates to the passage of the galvanic current from the dial-plate to the wheel with the letters on it, in order to produce corresponding motion in both, so that the letter indicated by the dial-plate shall be printed by the other. This, however, is effected by a simple arrangement on the face of the dial-plate, which makes and breaks the current exactly in the way required. The inventor of this extraordinary machine is Mr. Alexander Bain, the chronometer-maker; and it appears that its introduction for telegraphic or other similar purposes might be attended with great success. The length of wires laid on at the Polytechnic Institution is not more than a mile; but were it the distance of a hundred or a thousand, the instantaneous effect would be the same. There are some minor particulars which require ocular inspection in order to be fully understood.—*John Bull.*

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

In the exhaustless catalogue of Heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something, we have reason to believe, of the divine spirit; something of that goodness which detects amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality; something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels; which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and lingers on it yet, in pity.

How often, on their journey, did the widow remember with grateful heart, that out of his deprivation Barnaby's cheerfulness and affection sprung! How often did she call to mind that but for that, he might have been sullen, morose, unkind, far removed from her—vicious, perhaps, and cruel! How often had she cause for comfort, in his strength, and hope, and in his simple nature! Those feeble powers of mind which rendered him so soon forgetful of the past, save in brief gleams and flashes,—even they were a comfort now. The world to him was full of happiness; in every tree, and plant, and flower, in every bird, and beast, and tiny insect whom a breath of summer wind laid low upon the ground, he had delight. His delight was hers; and where many a wise son would have made her sorrowful, this poor light-hearted idiot filled her breast with thankfulness and love.

Their stock of money was low, but from the hoard she had told into the blind man's hand, the widow had withheld one guinea. This, with the few pence she possessed besides, was, to two persons of their frugal habits, a goodly sum in bank. Moreover, they had Grip in company; and when they must otherwise have changed the guinea, it was but to make him exhibit outside an alehouse door, or in a village street, or in the grounds or gardens of a mansion of the better sort, and scores, who would have given nothing in charity, were ready to bargain for more amusement from the talking bird.

One day—for they moved slowly, and although they had many rides in carts and wagons, were on the road a week—Barnaby, with Grip upon his shoulder and his mother following, begged permission at a trim lodge to go up to the great house, at the other end of the avenue, and show his raven. The man within was inclined to give them admittance, and was indeed about to do so, when a stout gentleman with a long whip in his hand, and a flushed face which seemed to indicate that he had had his morning's draught, rode up to the gate, and called in a loud voice, and with more oaths than the occasion seemed to warrant, to have it opened directly.

"Who hast thou got here?" asked the gentleman, angrily, as the man threw the gate wide open, and pulled off his hat, "who are these? Eh? ar't a beggar, woman?"

The widow answered, with a curtsy, that they were poor travellers.

"Vagrants," said the gentleman, "vagrants and vagabonds. Thee wish to be made acquainted with the cage, dost thee—the cage, the stocks, and the whippingpost? Where dost thou come from?"

She told him in a timid manner,—for he was very loud, hoarse, and red-faced,—and besought him not to be angry, for they meant no harm, and would go upon their way that moment.

"Don't be too sure of that," replied the gentleman, "we don't allow vagrants to roam about this place. I know what thou want'st—stray linen drying on hedges, and stray poultry, eh? What hast got in that basket, lazy hound?"

"Grip, Grip, Grip—Grip the clever, Grip the wicked, Grip the knowing—Grip, Grip, Grip, Grip," cried the raven, whom Barnaby had shut up on the approach of this stern personage. "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil, Never say die, Hurrah, Bow, wow, wow, Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea."

"Take the vermin out, scoundrel," said the gentleman; "and let me see him."

Barnaby, thus condescendingly addressed, produced his bird, but not without much fear and trembling, and set him down upon the ground; which he had no sooner done than Grip drew fifty corks at least, and then began to dance; at the same time eyeing the gentleman with surprising insolence of manner, and screwing his head so much on one side that he appeared desirous of screwing it off upon the spot.

The cork-drawing seemed to make a greater impression on the gentleman's mind than the raven's power of speech, and was indeed particularly adapted to his habits and capacity. He desired to have that done again, but despite his being very peremptory, and notwithstanding that Barnaby coaxed to the utmost, Grip turned a deaf ear to the request, and preserved a dead silence.

"Bring him along," said the gentleman, pointing to the house. But Grip, who had watched the action, anticipated his master, by hopping on before them;—constantly flapping his wings, and screaming "cook!" meanwhile, as a hint, perhaps, that there was company coming, and a small collation would be acceptable.

Barnaby and his mother walked on, on either side of the gentleman on horseback, who surveyed each of them from time to time in a proud and coarse manner, and occasionally thundered out some question, the tone of which alarmed Barnaby so much that he could find no answer, and, as a matter of course, could make him no reply. On one of these occasions, when the gentleman appeared disposed to exercise his horsewhip, the widow ventured to inform him, in a low voice and with tears in her eyes, that her son was of weak mind.

"An idiot, eh?" said the gentleman, looking at Barnaby as he spoke. "And how long hast been an idiot?"

"She knows," was Barnaby's timid answer, pointing to his mother—"I—always, I believe."

"From his birth," said the widow.

"I don't believe it," cried the gentleman, "not a bit of it. It's an excuse not to work. There's nothing like flogging to cure that disorder. I'd make a difference in him in ten minutes, I'll be bound."

"Heaven has made none in more than twice ten years, sir," said the widow mildly.

"Then why don't you shut him up? we pay

enough for county institutions, damn 'em. But thou'd rather drag him about to excite charity—of course. Ay, I know thee."

Now, this gentleman had various endearing appellations among his intimate friends. By some he was called "a country gentleman of the true school," by some "a fine old country gentleman," by some "a sporting gentleman," by some "a thorough-bred Englishman," by some "a genuine John Bull;" but they all agreed in one respect, and that was, that it was a pity there were not more like him, and that because there were not, the country was going to rack and ruin every day. He was in the commission of the peace, and could write his name almost legibly; but his greatest qualifications were, that he was more severe with poachers, was a better shot, a harder rider, had better horses, kept better dogs, could eat more solid food, drink more strong wine, go to bed every night more drunk, and get up every morning more sober, than any man in the county. In knowledge of horseflesh he was almost equal to a farrier, in stable learning he surpassed his own head groom, and in gluttony not a pig on his estate was a match for him. He had no seat in Parliament himself, but he was extremely patriotic, and usually drove his voters up to the poll with his own hands. He was warmly attached to the church, and never appointed to the living in his gift any but a three-bottle man and a first-rate fox-hunter. He mistrusted the honesty of all poor people who could read and write, and had a secret jealousy of his own wife (a young lady whom he had married for what his friends called "the good old English reason," that her father's property adjoined his own) for possessing those accomplishments in a greater degree than himself. In short, Barnaby being an idiot, and Grip a creature of mere brute instinct, it would be very hard to say what this gentleman was.

He rode up to the door of a handsome house approached by a great flight of steps, where a man was waiting to take his horse, and led the way into a large hall, which, spacious as it was, was tainted with the fumes of last night's stale debauch. Great-coats, riding-whips, bridles, topboots, spurs, and such gear, were strewn about on all sides, and formed, with some huge stags' antlers, and a few portraits of dogs and horses, its principal embellishments.

Throwing himself into a great chair (in which, by the bye, he often snored away the night, when he had been, according to his admirers, a finer country gentleman than usual) he bade the man tell his mistress to come down: and presently there appeared, a little flurried, as it seemed, by the unwonted summons, a lady much younger than himself, who had the appearance of being in delicate health, and not too happy.

"Here! Thou'st no delight in following the hounds as an Englishwoman should have," said the gentleman. "See to this here. That'll please thee, perhaps."

The lady smiled, sat down at a little distance from him, and glanced at Barnaby with a look of pity.

"He's an idiot, the woman says," observed the gentleman, shaking his head; "I don't believe it."

"Are you his mother?" asked the lady.

She answered yes.

"What's the use of asking *her*?" said the gentleman, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets. "She'll tell thee so, of course. Most likely he's hired, at so much a day. There. Get on. Make him do something."

Grip having by this time recovered his urbanity, condescended, at Barnaby's solicitation, to repeat his various phrases of speech, and to go through the whole of his performances with the utmost success. The corks, and the never say die, afforded the gentleman so much delight that he demanded the repetition of this part of the entertainment, until Grip got into his basket, and positively refused to say another word, good or bad. The lady too, was much amused with him; and the closing point of his obstinacy so delighted her husband that he burst into a roar of laughter, and demanded his price.

Barnaby looked as though he didn't understand his meaning. Probably he did not.

"His price," said the gentleman, rattling the money in his pockets, "what dost want for him? How much?"

"He's not to be sold," replied Barnaby, shutting up the basket in a great hurry, and throwing the strap over his shoulder. "Mother, come away."

"Thou seest how much of an idiot he is, book-learner," said the gentleman, looking scornfully at his wife. "He can make a bargain. What dost want for him, old woman?"

"He is my son's constant companion," said the widow. "He is not to be sold, sir, indeed."

"Not to be sold!" cried the gentleman, growing ten times redder, hoarser, and louder than before. "Not to be sold!"

"Indeed no," she answered. "We have never thought of parting with him, sir, I do assure you."

He was evidently about to make a very passionate retort, when a few murmured words from his wife happening to catch his ear, he turned sharply round, and said, "Eh? What?"

"We can hardly expect them to sell the bird, against their own desire," she faltered. "If they prefer to keep him——"

"Prefer to keep him!" he echoed. "These people, who go tramping about the country, a pilfering, and vagabondizing on all hands, prefer to keep a bird, when a landed proprietor and a justice asks his price! That old woman's been to school. I know she has. Don't tell me no," he roared to the widow, "I say, yes."

Barnaby's mother pleaded guilty to the accusation, and hoped there was no harm in it.

"No harm!" said the gentleman. "No. No harm, ye old rebel, not a bit of harm. If my clerk was here, I'd set ye in the stocks, I would, or lay ye in jail for prowling up and down, on the lookout for petty larcenies, ye limb of a gipsy. Here, Simon, put these pilferers out, shove 'em into the road, out with 'em! Ye don't want to sell the bird, ye that come here to beg, don't ye? If they an't out in double-quick, set the dogs upon 'em!"

They waited for no further dismissal, but fled precipitately, leaving the gentleman to storm away by himself (for the poor lady had already retreated,) and making a great many vain attempts to silence Grip, who, excited by the noise, drew corks enough for a city feast as they hurried down the avenue, and appeared to congratulate himself beyond measure on

having been the cause of the disturbance. When they had nearly reached the lodge, another servant, emerging from the shrubbery, feigned to be very active in ordering them off, but this man put a crown into the widow's hand, and whispering that his lady sent it, thrust them gently from the gate.

This incident only suggested to the widow's mind, when they halted at an ale-house some miles further on, and heard the justice's character as given by his friends, that perhaps something more than capacity of stomach and tastes for the kennel and the stable, were required to form either a perfect country gentleman, a thorough-bred Englishman, or a genuine John Bull; and that possibly the terms were sometimes misappropriated, not to say disgraced. She little thought then, that a circumstance so slight would ever influence their future fortunes; but time and experience enlightened her in this respect.

"Mother," said Barnaby, as they were sitting next day in a wagon which was to take them to within ten miles of the capital, "we're going to London first, you said. Shall we see that blind man there?"

She was about to answer "Heaven forbid!" but checked herself, and told him No, she thought not; why did he ask?

"He's a wise man," said Barnaby, with a thoughtful countenance. "I wish that we may meet with him again. What was it that he said of crowds? That gold was to be found where people crowded, and not among the trees and in such quiet places? He spoke as if he loved it; London is a crowded place; I think we shall meet him there."

"But why do you desire to see him, love?" she asked.

"Because," said Barnaby, looking wistfully at her, "he talked to me about gold, which is a rare thing, and say what you will, a thing you would like to have, I know. And because he came and went away so strangely—just as white-headed old men come sometimes to my bed's foot in the night, and say what I can't remember when the bright day returns. He told me he'd come back. I wonder why he broke his word!"

"But you never thought of being rich or gay, before, dear Barnaby. You have always been contented."

He laughed and bade her say that again, then cried "Ay, ay—oh, yes," and laughed once more. Then something passed that caught his fancy, and the topic wandered from his mind, and was succeeded by another just as fleeting.

But it was plain from what he had said, and from his returning to the point more than once that day, and on the next, that the blind man's visit, and indeed his words, had taken strong possession of his mind. Whether the idea of wealth had occurred to him for the first time on looking at the golden clouds that evening—and images were often presented to his thoughts by outward objects quite as remote and distant; or whether their poor and humble way of life had suggested it, by contrast, long ago; or whether the accident (as he would deem it) of the blind man's pursuing the current of his own remarks, had done so at the moment; or he had been impressed by the mere circumstance of the man being blind, and, therefore, unlike any one with whom he had talked before; it was impossible to tell. She tried every means to discover, but in vain; and the probability is that Barnaby himself was equally in the dark.

It filled her with uneasiness to find him harping on this string, but all that she could do, was to lead him quickly to some other subject, and to dismiss it from his brain. To caution him against their visiter, to show any fear or suspicion in reference to him, would only be, she feared, to increase that interest with which Barnaby regarded him, and to strengthen his desire to meet him once again. She hoped, by plunging into the crowd, to rid herself of her terrible pursuer, and then, by journeying to a distance and observing increased caution, if that were possible, to live again unknown, in secresy and peace.

They reached, in course of time, their halting-place within ten miles of London, and lay there for the night, after bargaining to be carried on for a trifle next day, in a light van which was returning empty, and was to start at five o'clock in the morning. The driver was punctual, the road good—save for the dust, the weather being very hot and dry—and at seven in the forenoon of Friday the second of June, one thousand seven hundred and eighty, they alighted at the foot of Westminster Bridge, bade their conductor farewell, and stood alone, together, on the scorching pavement. For the freshness which night sheds upon such busy thoroughfares had already departed, and the sun was shining with uncommon lustre.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

Uncertain where to go next, and bewildered by the crowd of people who were already astir, they sat down in one of the recesses on the bridge, to rest. They soon became aware that the stream of life was all pouring one way, and that a vast throng of persons were crossing the river from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, in unusual haste and evident excitement. They were, for the most part, in knots of two or three, or sometimes half-a-dozen; they spoke little together—many of them were quite silent; and hurried on as if they had one absorbing object in view, which was common to them all.

They were surprised to see that nearly every man in this great concourse, which still came pouring past, without slackening in the least, wore in his hat a blue cockade; and that the chance passengers who were not so decorated, appeared timidly anxious to escape observation or attack, and gave them the wall as if they would conciliate them. This, however, was natural enough, considering their inferiority in point of numbers; for the proportion of those who wore blue cockades, to those who were dressed as usual, was at least forty or fifty to one. There was no quarrelling, however: the blue cockades went swarming on, passing each other when they could, and making all the speed that was possible in such a multitude; and exchanged nothing more than looks, and very often not even those, with such of the passers-by as were not of their number.

At first, the current of people had been confined to the two pathways, and but a few more eager stragglers kept the road. But after half an hour or so, the passage was completely blocked up by the great press, which, being now closely wedged together,

and impeded by the carts and coaches it encountered, moved but slowly, and was sometimes at a stand for five or ten minutes together.

After the lapse of nearly two hours, the numbers began to diminish visibly, and gradually dwindling away, by little and little, left the bridge quite clear, save that, now and then, some hot and dusty man with the cockade in his hat, and his coat thrown over his shoulder, went panting by, fearful of being too late, or stopped to ask which way his friends had taken, and being directed, hastened on again like one refreshed. In this comparative solitude, which seemed quite strange and novel after the late crowd, the widow had for the first time an opportunity of enquiring of an old man who came and sat beside them, what was the meaning of that great assemblage.

"Why, where have you come from," he returned, "that you haven't heard of Lord George Gordon's great association? This is the day that he presents the petition against the Catholics, God bless him!"

"What have all these men to do with that?" she asked.

"What have they to do with it!" the old man replied. "Why, how you talk! Don't you know his lordship has declared he won't present it to the house at all, unless it is attended to the door by forty thousand good and true men at least? There's a crowd for you!"

"A crowd indeed!" said Barnaby. "Do you hear that, mother!"

"And they're mustering yonder, as I am told," resumed the old man, "nigh upon a hundred thousand strong. Ah! Let Lord George alone. He knows his power. There'll be a good many faces inside them three windows over there," and he pointed to where the House of Commons overlooked the river, "that'll turn pale when good Lord George gets up this afternoon, and with reason too. Ay, ay. Let his lordship alone. Let him alone. *He* knows!" And so, with much mumbling and chuckling and shaking of his forefinger, he rose, with the assistance of his stick, and tottered off.

"Mother!" said Barnaby, "that's a brave crowd he talks of. Come!"

"Not to join it!" cried his mother.

"Yes, yes," he answered, plucking at her sleeve. "Why not? Come!"

"You don't know," she urged, "what mischief they may do, where they may lead you, what their meaning is. Dear Barnaby, for my sake——"

"For your sake!" he cried, patting her hand. "Well! It *is* for your sake, mother. You remember what the blind man said about the gold. Here's a brave crowd! Come! Or wait till I come back—yes, yes, wait here."

She tried with all the earnestness her fears engendered, to turn him from his purpose, but in vain. He was stooping down to buckle on his shoe, when a hackney-coach passed them rather quickly, and a voice inside called to the driver to stop.

"Young man," said a voice within.

"Who's that?" cried Barnaby, looking up.

"Do you wear this ornament?" returned the stranger, holding out a blue cockade.

"In Heaven's name, no. Pray do not give it him!" exclaimed the widow.

"Speak for yourself, woman," said the man within the coach, coldly. "Leave the young man to his choice; he's old enough to make it, and to snap your apron-strings. He knows, without your telling, whether he wears the sign of a loyal Englishman or not."

Barnaby, trembling with impatience, cried, "Yes, yes, yes, I do," as he had cried a dozen times already. The man threw him a cockade, and crying "Make haste to Saint George's Fields," ordered the coachman to drive on fast; and left them.

With hands that trembled with his eagerness to fix the bauble in his hat, Barnaby was adjusting it as he best could, and hurriedly replying to the tears and entreaties of his mother, when two gentlemen passed on the opposite side of the way. Observing them, and seeing how Barnaby was occupied, they stopped, whispered together for an instant, turned back, and came over to them.

"Why are you sitting here!" said one of them, who was dressed in a plain suit of black, wore long lank hair, and carried a great cane. "Why have you not gone with the rest?"

"I am going, sir," replied Barnaby, finishing his task, and putting his hat on with an air of pride. "I shall be there directly."

"Say my lord, young man, when his lordship does you the honour of speaking to you," said the second gentleman mildly. "If you don't know Lord George Gordon when you see him, it's high time you should."

"Nay, Gashford," said Lord George, as Barnaby pulled off his hat again and made him a low bow, "it's no great matter on a day like this, which every Englishman will remember with delight and pride. Put on your hat, friend, and follow us, for you lag behind and are late. It's past ten now. Didn't you know that the hour of assembling was ten o'clock?"

Barnaby shook his head, and looked vacantly from one to the other.

"You might have known it, friend," said Gashford, "it was perfectly understood. How came you to be so ill informed!"

"He cannot tell you, sir," the widow interposed. "It's of no use to ask him. We are but this morning come from a long distance in the country, and know nothing of these matters."

"The cause has taken a deep root, and has spread its branches far and wide," said Lord George to his secretary. "This is a pleasant hearing. I thank Heaven for it!"

"Amen!" cried Gashford, with a solemn face.

"You do not understand me, my lord," said the widow. "Pardon me, but you cruelly mistake my meaning. We know nothing of these matters. We have no desire or right to join in what you are about to do. This is my son, my poor afflicted son, dearer to me than my own life. In mercy's name, my lord, go your way alone, and do not tempt him into danger!"

"My good woman," said Gashford, "how can you!—Dear me!—What do you mean by tempting and by danger? Do you think his lordship is a roaring lion, going about and seeking whom he may devour? God bless me!"

"No, no, my lord, forgive me," implored the widow, laying both her hands upon his breast, and scarcely knowing what she did, or said, in the earnestness of her supplication, "but there are reasons why you should hear my earnest, mother's

prayer, and leave my son with me. Oh do! He is not in his right senses, he is not, indeed!"

"It is a bad sign of the wickedness of these times," said Lord George, evading her touch, and colouring deeply, "that those who cling to the truth and support the right cause, are set down as mad. Have you the heart to say this of your own son, unnatural mother!"

"I am astonished at you!" said Gashford, with a kind of meek severity. "This is a very sad picture of female depravity."

"He has surely no appearance," said Lord George, glancing at Barnaby, and whispering in his secretary's ear, "of being deranged? And even if he had, we must not construe any trifling peculiarity into madness. Which of us"—and here he turned red again—"would be safe, if that were made the law!"

"Not one," replied the secretary; "in that case, the greater the zeal, the truth, and talent; the more direct the call from above; the clearer would be the madness. With regard to this young man, my lord," he added, with a lip that slightly curled as he looked at Barnaby, who stood twirling his hat, and stealthily beckoning them to come away, "he is as sensible and self-possessed as any one I ever saw."

"And you desire to make one of this great body!" said Lord George, addressing him; "and intended to make one, did you!"

"Yes—yes," said Barnaby, with sparkling eyes. "To be sure I did! I told her so myself."

"I see," replied Lord George, with a reproachful glance at the unhappy mother: "I thought so. Follow me and this gentleman, and you shall have your wish."

Barnaby kissed his mother tenderly on the cheek, and, bidding her be of good cheer, for their fortunes were both made now, did as he was desired. She, poor woman, followed too—with how much fear and grief it would be hard to tell.

They passed quickly through the Bridge-road, where the shops were all shut up (for the passage of the great crowd and the expectation of their return had alarmed the tradesmen for their goods and windows,) and where, in the upper stories, all the inhabitants were congregated, looking down into the street below, with faces variously expressive of alarm, of interest, expectancy, and indignation. Some of these applauded, and some hissed; but, regardless of these interruptions—for the noise of a vast congregation of people at a little distance, sounded in his ears like the roaring of a sea—Lord George Gordon quickened his pace, and presently arrived before St. George's Fields.

They were really fields at that time, and of considerable extent. Here an immense multitude was collected, bearing flags of various kinds and sizes, but all of the same colour—blue, like the cockades—some sections marching to and fro in military array, and others drawn up in circles, squares, and lines. A large portion, both of the bodies which paraded the ground, and of those which remained stationary, were occupied in singing hymns or psalms. With whomsoever this originated, it was well done; for the sound of so many thousand voices in the air must have stirred the heart of any man within him, and could not fail to have a wonderful effect upon enthusiasts, however mistaken.

Scouts had been posted in advance of the great body, to give notice of their leader's coming. These falling back, the word was quickly passed through the whole host, and for a short interval there ensued a profound and death-like silence, during which the mass was so still and quiet, that the fluttering of a banner caught the eye, and became a circumstance of note. Then they burst into a tremendous shout, into another, and another; and the air seemed rent and shaken, as if by the discharge of cannon.

"Gashford!" cried Lord George, pressing his secretary's arm tight within his own, and speaking with as much emotion in his voice, as in his altered face, "I am called indeed, now. I feel and know it. I am the leader of a host. If they summoned me at this moment with one voice to lead them on to death, I'd do it—Yes, and fall first myself!"

"It is a proud sight," said the secretary. "It is a noble day for England, and for the great cause throughout the world. Such homage, my lord, as I, an humble but devoted man can render——"

"What are you doing!" cried his master, catching him by both hands; for he had made a show of kneeling at his feet; "Do not unfit me, dear Gashford, for the solemn duty of this glorious day—" the tears stood in the eyes of the poor gentleman as he said the words.—"Let us go among them; we have to find a place in some division for this new recruit—give me your hand."

Gashford slid his cold insidious palm into his master's grasp, and so, hand in hand, and followed still by Barnaby and by his mother too, they mingled with the concourse.

They had by this time taken to their singing again, and as their leader passed between their ranks, they raised their voices to their utmost. Many of those who were banded together to support the religion of their country, even unto death, had never heard a hymn or psalm in all their lives. But these fellows having for the most part strong lungs, and being naturally fond of singing, chanted any ribaldry or nonsense that occurred to them, feeling pretty certain that it would not be detected in the general chorus, and not caring very much if it were. Many of these voluntaries were sung under the very nose of Lord George Gordon, who, quite unconscious of their burden, passed on with his usual stiff and solemn deportment, very much edified and delighted by the pious conduct of his followers.

So they went on and on, up this line, down that, round the exterior of this circle, and on every side of that hollow square; and still there were lines, and squares, and circles out of number to review. The day being now intensely hot, and the sun striking down his fiercest rays upon the field, those who carried heavy banners began to grow faint and weary; most of the number assembled were fain to pull off their neck-cloths, and throw their coats and waistcoats open; and some, towards the centre, quite overpowered by the excessive heat, which was of course rendered more unendurable by the multitude around them, lay down upon the grass, and offered all they had about them for a drink of water. Still, no man left the ground, not even these who were so distressed; still Lord George, streaming from every pore, went on with Gashford; and still Barnaby and his mother followed close behind them.

They had arrived at the top of a long line of some

eight hundred men in single file, and Lord George had turned his head to look back, when a loud cry of recognition—in that peculiar and half-stifled tone which a voice has, when it is raised in the open air and in the midst of a great concourse of persons—was heard, and a man stepped with a shout of laughter from the rank, and smote Barnaby on the shoulders with his heavy hand.

"How now!" he cried. "Barnaby Rudge! Why, where have you been hiding for these hundred years!"

Barnaby had been thinking within himself that the smell of the trodden grass brought back his old days at cricket, when he was a young boy and played on Chigwell Green. Confused by this sudden and boisterous address, he stared in a bewildered manner at the man, and could scarcely say "What! Hugh!"

"Hugh!" echoed the other; "ay, Hugh—Maypole Hugh! You remember my dog? He's alive now, and will know you, I warrant. What, you wear the colour, do you? Well done! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You know this young man, I see," said Lord George.

"Know him, my lord! as well as I know my own right hand. My captain knows him. We all know him."

"Will you take him into your division?"

"It hasn't in it a better, nor a nimbler, nor a more active man, than Barnaby Rudge," said Hugh. "Show me the man who says it has. Fall in, Barnaby. He shall march, my lord, between me and Dennis; and he shall carry," he added, taking a flag from the hand of a tired man who tendered it, "the gayest silken streamer in this valiant army."

"In the name of God, no!" shrieked the widow, darting forward. "Barnaby—my lord—see—he'll come back—Barnaby—Barnaby!"

"Women in the field!" cried Hugh, stepping between them, and holding her off. "Holloa! My captain there!"

"What's the matter here?" cried Simon Tappertit, bustling up in a great heat. "Do you call this order?"

"Nothing like it, captain," answered Hugh, still holding her back with his out-stretched hand. "It's against all orders. Ladies are carrying off our gallant soldiers from their duty. The word of command, captain! They're filing off the ground. Quick!"

"Close!" cried Simon, with the whole power of his lungs. "Form! March!"

She was thrown to the ground; the whole field was in motion; Barnaby was whirled away into the heart of a dense mass of men, and she saw him no more.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

The mob had been divided from its first assemblage into four divisions; the London, the Westminster, the Southwark, and the Scotch. Each of these divisions being subdivided into various bodies, and these bodies being drawn up in various forms and figures, the general arrangement was, except to the few chiefs and leaders, as unintelligible as the plan of a great battle to the meanest soldier in the field. It was not without its method, however; for, in a very short space of time after being put in motion, the crowd had resolved itself into three great parties, and were prepared, as had been arranged, to cross the river by different bridges, and make for the House of Commons in separate detachments.

At the head of that division which had Westminster Bridge for its approach to the scene of action, Lord George Gordon took his post; with Gashford at his right hand, and sundry ruffians, of most unpromising appearance, forming a kind of staff about him. The conduct of a second party, whose route lay by Blackfriars, was entrusted to a committee of management, including perhaps a dozen men; while the third, which was to go by London Bridge, and through the main streets, in order that their numbers and their serious intentions might be the better known and appreciated by the citizens, were led by Simon Tappertit, (assisted by a few subalterns, selected from the Brotherhood of United Bull-Dogs,) Dennis the hangman, Hugh, and some others.

The word of command being given, each of these great bodies took the road assigned to it, and departed on its way, in perfect order and profound silence. That which went through the city greatly exceeded the others in number, and was of such prodigious extent that when the rear began to move, the front was nearly four miles in advance, notwithstanding that the men marched three abreast and followed very close upon each other.

At the head of this party, in the place where Hugh, in the madness of his humour, had stationed him, and walking between that dangerous companion and the hangman, went Barnaby; as many a man among the thousands who looked on that day afterwards remembered well. Forgetful of all other things in the ecstasy of the moment, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling with delight, heedless of the weight of the great banner he carried, and mindful only of its flashing in the sun and rustlings in the summer breeze, on he went, proud, happy, elated past all telling:—the only light-hearted, undesigning creature, in the whole assembly.

"What do you think of this?" asked Hugh, as they passed through the crowded streets, and looked up at the windows which were thronged with spectators. "They have all turned out to see our flags and streamers? Eh, Barnaby? Why, Barnaby's the greatest man of all the pack! His flag's the largest of the lot, the brightest too. There's nothing in the show like Barnaby. All eyes are turned on him. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't make that din, brother," growled the hangman, glancing with no very approving eyes at Barnaby as he spoke: "I hope he don't think there's nothing to be done, but carrying that there piece of blue rag, like a boy at a breaking-up. You're ready for action I hope, eh? You, I mean," he added, nudging Barnaby roughly with his elbow. "What are you staring at? Why don't you speak?"

Barnaby had been gazing at his flag, and looked vacantly from his questioner to Hugh.

"He don't understand your way," said the latter. "Here, I'll explain it to him. Barnaby, old boy, attend to me."

"I'll attend," said Barnaby, looking anxiously round; "but I wish I could see her somewhere."

"See who?" demanded Dennis in a gruff tone. "You a'n't in love I hope, brother? That a'n't the sort of thing for us, you know. We mustn't have no love here."

"She would be proud, indeed, to see me now, eh, Hugh?" said Barnaby. "Wouldn't it make her glad to see me at the head of this large show? She'd cry with joy, I know she would. Where *can* she be? She never sees me at my best, and what do I care to be gay and fine if *she's* not by?"

"Why, what palaver's this?" asked Mr. Dennis with supreme disdain. "We a'n't got no sentimental members among us, I hope."

"Don't be uneasy, brother," cried Hugh, "he's only talking of his mother."

"Of his what?" said Mr. Dennis, with a strong oath.

"His mother."

"And have I combined myself with this here section, and turned out on this here memorable day, to hear men talk about their mothers!" growled Mr. Dennis, with extreme disgust. "The notion of a man's sweetheart's bad enough, but a man's mother!"—and here his disgust was so extreme that he spat upon the ground, and could say no more.

"Barnaby's right," cried Hugh, with a grin, "and I say it. Lookee, bold lad. If she's not here to see, it's because I've provided for her, and sent half a dozen gentlemen, every one of 'em with a blue flag (but not half as fine as yours,) to take her, in state, to a grand house all hung round with gold and silver banners, and every thing else you please, where she'll wait till you come, and want for nothing."

"Ay!" said Barnaby, his face beaming with delight: "have you, indeed? That's a good hearing. That's fine! Kind Hugh!"

"But nothing to what will come, bless you," retorted Hugh, with a wink at Dennis, who regarded his new companion in arms with great astonishment.

"No, indeed!" cried Barnaby.

"Nothing at all," said Hugh. "Money, cocked hats and feathers, red coats and gold lace; all the fine things there are, ever were, or will be; will belong to us if we are true to that noble gentleman—the best man in the world, carry our flags for a few days, and keep them safe. That's all we've got to do."

"Is that all?" cried Barnaby, with glistening eyes, as he clutched his pole the tighter; "I warrant you I keep this one safe, then. You have put it in good hands. You know me, Hugh. Nobody shall wrest this flag away."

"Well said!" cried Hugh. "Ha, ha! Nobly said! That's the old stout Barnaby, that I have climbed and leaped with many and many a day—I knew I was not mistaken in Barnaby.—Don't you see, man," he added in a whisper, as he slipped to the other side of Dennis, "that the lad's a natural, and can be got to do any thing, if you take him the right way. Letting alone the fun he is, he's worth a dozen men, in earnest, as you'd find, if you tried a fall with him. Leave him to me. You shall soon see whether's he's of use or not."

Mr. Dennis received these explanatory remarks with many nods and winks, and softened his behaviour towards Barnaby from that moment. Hugh, laying his finger on his nose, stepped back into his former place, and they proceeded in silence.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the three great parties met at Westminster, and, uniting into one huge mass, raised a tremendous shout. This was not only done in token of their presence, but as a signal to those on whom the task devolved, that it was time to take possession of the lobbies of both Houses, and of the various avenues of approach, and of the gallery stairs. To the last-named place, Hugh and Dennis, still with their pupil between them, rushed straightway; Barnaby having given his flag into the hands of one of their own party, who kept them at the outer door. Their followers pressing on behind, they were borne as on a great wave to the very doors of the gallery, whence it was impossible to retreat, even if they had been so inclined, by reason of the throng which choked up the passages. It is a familiar expression in describing a great crowd, that a person might have walked upon the people's heads. In this case it was actually done; for a boy who had by some means got among the concourse, and was in imminent danger of suffocation, climbed to the shoulders of a man beside him, and walked upon the people's hats and heads into the open street; traversing in his passage the whole length of two staircases and a long gallery. Nor was the swarm without less dense; for a basket which had been tossed into the crowd, was jerked from head to head, and shoulder to shoulder, and went spinning and whirling on above them, until it was lost to view, without ever once falling in among them or coming near the ground.

Through this vast throng, sprinkled doubtless here and there with honest zealots, but composed for the most part of the very scum and refuse of London, whose growth was fostered by bad criminal laws, bad prison regulations, and the worst conceivable police,—such of the members of both Houses of Parliament as had not taken the precaution to be already at their posts, were compelled to fight and force their way. Their carriages were stopped and broken; the wheels wrenched off; the glasses shivered to atoms; the panels beaten in; drivers, footmen, and masters, pulled from their seats and rolled in the mud. Lords, commoners, and reverend Bishops, with little distinction of person or party, were kicked and pinched and hustled; passed from hand to hand through various stages of ill-usage; and sent to their fellow-senators at last with their clothes hanging in ribands about them, their bag-wigs torn off, themselves speechless and breathless, and their persons covered with the powder which had been cuffed and beaten out of their hair. One Lord was so long in the hands of the populace, that the Peers as a body resolved to sally forth and rescue him, and were in the act of doing so, when he happily appeared among them covered with dirt and bruises, and hardly to be recognised by those who knew him best. The noise and uproar were on the increase every moment. The air was filled with execrations, hoots, and howlings. The mob raged and roared, like a mad monster as it was, unceasingly, and each new outrage served to swell its fury.

Within doors, matters were even yet more threatening. Lord George—preceded by a man who carried the immense petition on a porter's knot through

the lobby to the door of the House of Commons, where it was received by two officers of the house, who rolled it up to the table ready for presentation—had taken his seat at an early hour, before the Speaker went to prayers. His followers pouring in at the same time, the lobby and all the avenues were immediately filled, as we have seen: thus the members were not only attacked in their passage through the streets, but were set upon within the very walls of Parliament; while the tumult, both within and without, was so great, that those who attempted to speak could scarcely hear their own voices; far less consult upon the course it would be wise to take in such extremity, or animate each other to dignified and firm resistance. So sure as any member, just arrived, with dress disordered and dishevelled hair, came struggling through the crowd in the lobby, it yelled and screamed in triumph; and when the door of the house, partially and cautiously opened by those within for his admission, gave them a momentary glimpse of the interior, they grew more wild and savage, like beasts at the sight of prey, and made a rush against the portal which strained its locks and bolts in their staples, and shook the very beams.

The strangers' gallery, which was immediately above the door of the house, had been ordered to be closed on the first rumour of disturbance, and was empty; save that now and then Lord George took his seat there, for the convenience of coming to the head of the stairs which led to it, and repeating to the people what had passed within. It was on these stairs that Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis were posted. There were two flights, short, steep, and narrow, running parallel to each other, and leading to two little doors communicating with a low passage which opened on the gallery. Between them was a kind of well, or unglazed skylight, for the admission of light and air into the lobby, which might be some eighteen or twenty feet below.

Upon one of these little staircases—not that at the head of which Lord George appeared from time to time, but the other—Gashford stood with his elbow on the banister, and his cheek resting on his hand, with his usual crafty aspect. Whenever he varied this attitude in the slightest degree—so much as by the gentlest motion of his arm—the uproar was certain to increase, not merely there, but in the lobby below; from which place, no doubt, some man who acted as fugleman to the rest, was constantly looking up and watching him.

"Order!" cried Hugh, in a voice which made itself heard even above the roar and tumult, as Lord George appeared at the top of the staircase. "News! News from my Lord!"

The noise continued notwithstanding his appearance, until Gashford looked round. There was silence immediately—even among the people in the passages without, and on the other staircases, who could neither see nor hear, but to whom, notwithstanding, the signal was conveyed with marvellous rapidity.

"Gentlemen," said Lord George, who was very pale and agitated, "we must be firm. They talk of delays, but we must have no delays. They talk of taking your petition into consideration next Tuesday, but we must have it considered now. Present appearances look bad for our success, but we must succeed and will!"

"We must succeed and will!" echoed the crowd. And so among their shouts and cheers and other cries, he bowed to them and retired, and presently came back again. There was another gesture from Gashford, and a dead silence directly.

"I am afraid," he said, this time, "that we have little reason, gentlemen, to hope for any redress from the proceedings of parliament. But we must redress our own grievances, we must meet again, we must put our trust in Providence, and it will bless our endeavours."

This speech being a little more temperate than the last, was not so favourably received. When the noise and exasperation were at their height, he came back once more, and told them that the alarm had gone forth for many miles round; that when the King heard of their assembling together in that great body, he had no doubt His Majesty would send down private orders to have their wishes complied with; and, with the manner of his speech as childish, irresolute, and uncertain as his matter—was proceeding further, when two gentlemen suddenly appeared at the door where he stood, and pressing past him and coming a step or two lower down upon the stairs, confronted the people.

The boldness of this action quite took them by surprise. They were not the less disconcerted, when one of the gentlemen, turning to Lord George, spoke thus—in a loud voice that they might hear him well, but quite coolly and collectedly—

"You may tell these people, if you please, my Lord, that I am General Conway of whom they have heard; and that I oppose this petition, and all their proceedings, and yours. I am a soldier, you may tell them; and I will protect the freedom of this place with my sword. You see, my Lord, that the members of this house are all in arms to-day; you know that the entrance to it is a narrow one; you cannot be ignorant that there are men within these walls who are determined to defend that pass to the last, and before whom many lives must fall if your adherents persevere. Have a care what you do."

"And my Lord George," said the other gentleman, addressing him in like manner, "I desire them to hear this, from me—Colonel Gordon—your near relation. If a man among this crowd, whose uproar strikes us deaf, crosses the threshold of the House of Commons, I swear to run my sword that moment—not into his, but into your body!"

With that, they stepped back again, keeping their faces towards the crowd; took each an arm of the misguided nobleman; drew him into the passage, and shut the door; which they directly locked and fastened on the inside.

This was so quickly done, and the demeanour of both gentlemen—who were not young men either—was so gallant and resolute, that the crowd faltered and stared at each other with irresolute and timid looks. Many tried to turn towards the door; some of the faintest-hearted cried that they had best go back, and called to those behind to give way; and the panic and confusion were increasing rapidly, when Gashford whispered Hugh.

"What now!" Hugh roared aloud, turning towards them. "Why go back? Where can you do better than here, boys! One good rush against these doors and one below at the same time, will do the business. Rush on, then! As to the door below, let those stand

back who are afraid. Let those who are not afraid, try who shall be the first to pass it. Here goes. Look out down there!"

Without the delay of an instant, he threw himself headlong over the banisters into the lobbey below. He had hardly touched the ground when Barnaby was at his side. The chaplain's assistant and some members who were imploring the people to retire, immediately withdrew; and then, with a great shout, both crowds threw themselves against the doors pell-mell, and besieged the house in earnest.

At that moment, when a second onset must have brought them into collision with those who stood on the defensive within, in which case great loss of life and bloodshed would inevitably have ensued,—the hindmost portion of the crowd gave way, and the rumour spread from mouth to mouth that a messenger had been despatched by water for the military, who were forming in the street. Fearful of sustaining a charge in the narrow passages in which they were so closely wedged together, the throng poured out as impetuously as they had flocked in. As the whole stream turned at once, Barnaby and Hugh went with it: and so, fighting and struggling and trampling on fallen men and being trampled on in turn themselves, they and the whole mass floated by degrees into the open street, where a large detachment of the Guards, both horse and foot, came hurrying up, clearing the ground before them so rapidly that the people seemed to melt away as they advanced.

The word of command to halt being given, the soldiers formed across the street; the rioters, breathless and exhausted with their late exertions, formed likewise, though in a very irregular and disorderly manner. The commanding officer rode hastily into the open space between the two bodies, accompanied by a magistrate and an officer of the House of Commons, for whose accommodation a couple of troopers had hastily dismounted. The Riot Act was read, but not a man stirred.

In the first rank of the insurgents, Barnaby and Hugh stood side by side. Somebody had thrust into Barnaby's hands when he came out into the street, his precious flag; which, being now rolled up and tied round the pole, looked like a giant quarter-staff as he grasped it firmly and stood upon his guard. If ever man believed with his whole heart and soul that he was engaged in a just cause, and that he was bound to stand by his leader to the last, poor Barnaby believed it of himself and Lord George Gordon.

After an ineffectual attempt to make himself heard, the magistrate gave the word and the Horse Guards came riding in among the crowd. But even then he galloped here and there, exhorting the people to disperse; and, although heavy stones were thrown at the men, and some were desperately cut and bruised, they had no orders but to make prisoners of such of the rioters as were the most active, and to drive the people back with the flat of their sabres. As the horses came in among them, the throng gave way at many points, and the Guards, following up their advantage, were rapidly clearing the ground, when two or three of the foremost, who were in a manner cut off from the rest by the people closing round them, made straight towards Barnaby and Hugh, who had no doubt been pointed out as the two men who dropped into the lobby; laying about them now with some effect, and inflicting on the more turbulent of their opponents, a few slight flesh-wounds, under the influence of which a man dropped senseless, here and there, into the arms of his fellows, amid much groaning and confusion.

At the sight of gashed and bloody faces, seen for a moment in the crowd, then hidden by the press around them, Barnaby turned pale and sick. But he stood his ground, and grasping his pole more firmly yet, kept his eye fixed upon the nearest soldier—nodding his head meanwhile, as Hugh, with a scowling visage, whispered in his ear.

The soldier came spurring on, making his horse rear as the people pressed about him, cutting at the hands of those who would have grasped his rein and forced his charger back, and waving to his comrades to follow—and still Barnaby, without retreating an inch, waited for his coming. Some called to him to fly, and some were in the very act of closing round him, to prevent his being taken, when the pole swept the air above the people's heads, and the man's saddle was empty in an instant.

Then he and Hugh turned and fled; the crowd opening to let them pass, and closing up again so quickly that there was no clue to the course they had taken. Panting for breath, hot, dusty, and exhausted with fatigue, they reached the river-side in safety, and getting into a boat with all despatch were soon out of any immediate danger.

As they glided down the river, they plainly heard the people cheering; and supposing they might have forced the soldiers to retreat, lay upon their oars for a few minutes, uncertain whether to return or not. But the crowd passing along Westminster Bridge, soon assured them that the populace were dispersing; and Hugh rightly guessed from this, that they had cheered the magistrate for offering to dismiss the military on condition of their immediate departure to their several homes; and that he and Barnaby were better where they were. He advised, therefore, that they should proceed to Blackfriars, and, going ashore at the bridge, make the best of their way to the Boot; where there was not only good entertainment and safe lodging, but where they would certainly be joined by many of their late companions. Barnaby assenting, they decided on this course of action, and pulled for Blackfriars accordingly.

They landed at a critical time, and fortunately for themselves at the right moment. For, coming into Fleet Street, they found it in an unusual stir; and enquiring the cause, were told that a body of Horse Guards had just galloped past, and that they were escorting some rioters whom they had made prisoners, to Newgate for safety. Not at all ill-pleased to have so narrowly escaped the cavalcade, they lost no more time in asking questions, but hurried to the Boot with as much speed as Hugh considered it prudent to make, without appearing singular or attracting an inconvenient share of public notice.

---

## CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

They were among the first to reach the tavern, but they had not been there many minutes, when several groups of men who had formed part of the crowd, came straggling in. Among them were

Simon Tappertit and Mr. Dennis; both of whom, but especially the latter, greeted Barnaby with the utmost warmth, and paid him many compliments on the prowess he had shown.

"Which," said Dennis, with an oath, as he rested his bludgeon in a corner with his hat upon it, and took his seat at the same table with them, "it does me good to think of. There was an opportunity! But it led to nothing. For my part, I don't know what would. There's no spirit among the people in these here times. Bring something to eat and drink here. I'm disgusted with humanity."

"On what account?" asked Mr. Tappertit, who had been quenching his fiery face in a half-gallon can. "Don't you consider this a good beginning, mister?"

"Give me security that it an't an ending," rejoined the hangman. "When that soldier went down, we might have made London ours; but no; we stand, and gape, and look on—the justice (I wish he had had a bullet in each eye, as he would have had, if we'd gone to work my way) says, 'My lads, if you'll give me your word to disperse, I'll order off the military,'—our people set up a hurrah, threw up the game with the winning cards in their hands, and stalk away like a pack of tame curs as they are. Ah!" said the hangman, in a tone of deep disgust, "it makes me blush for my feller creeturs. I wish I had been born a ox, I do!"

"You'd have been quite as agreeable a character if you had been, I think," returned Simon Tappertit, going out in a lofty manner.

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined the hangman, calling after him; "if I was a horned animal at the present moment, with the smallest grain of sense, I'd toss every man in this company, excepting them two," meaning Hugh and Barnaby, "for his manner of conducting himself this day."

With which mournful review of their proceedings, Mr. Dennis sought consolation in cold boiled beef and beer; but without at all relaxing the grim and dissatisfied expression of his face, the gloom of which was rather deepened than dissipated by their grateful influence.

The company who were thus libelled might have retaliated by strong words, if not by blows, but they were dispirited and worn out. The greater part of them had fasted since morning; all had suffered extremely from the excessive heat; and, between the day's shouting, exertion, and excitement, many had quite lost their voices, and so much of their strength that they could hardly stand. Then they were uncertain what to do next, fearful of the consequences of what they had done already, and sensible that after all they had carried no point, but had indeed left matters worse than they had found them. Of those who had come to the Boot, many had dropped off within an hour; such of them as were really honest and sincere, never, after the morning's experience, to return, or to hold any communication with their late companions. Others remained but to refresh themselves, and then went home desponding; others who had theretofore been regular in their attendance, avoided the place altogether. The half-dozen prisoners whom the Guards had taken, were magnified by report into half a hundred at least; and their friends, being faint and sober, so slackened in their energy, and so drooped beneath these dispiriting influences, that by eight o'clock in the evening, Dennis, Hugh, and Barnaby, were lett alone. Even they were fast asleep upon the benches, when Gashford's entrance roused them.

"Oh! You *are* here then?" said the secretary. "Dear me!"

"Why, where should we be, Muster Gashford!" Dennis rejoined, as he rose into a sitting posture.

"Oh nowhere, nowhere," he returned, with excessive mildness. "The streets are filled with blue cockades. I rather thought you might have been among them. I am glad you *are* not."

"You have orders for us, master, then?" said Hugh.

"Oh dear, no. Not I. No orders, my good fellow. What orders should I have? You are not in my service."

"Muster Gashford," remonstrated Dennis, "we belong to the cause, don't we?"

"The cause!" repeated the secretary, looking at him in a sort of abstraction. "There is no cause. The cause is lost."

"Lost!"

"Oh yes. You have heard, I suppose? The petition is rejected by a hundred and ninety-two, to six. It's quite final. We might have spared ourselves some trouble: that, and my Lord's vexation, are the only circumstances I regret. I am quite satisfied in all other respects."

As he said this, he took a penknife from his pocket, and putting his hat upon his knee, began to busy himself in ripping off the blue cockade which he had worn all day; at the same time humming a psalm tune which had been very popular in the morning, and dwelling on it with a gentle regret.

His two adherents looked at each other, and at him, as if they were at a loss how to pursue the subject. At length Hugh, after some elbowing and winking between himself and Mr. Dennis, ventured to stay his hand, and to ask him why he meddled with that riband in his hat.

"Because," said the secretary, looking up with something between a snarl and a smile, "because to sit still and wear it, or fall asleep and wear it, or run away and wear it, is a mockery. That's all, friend."

"What would you have us do, master?" cried Hugh.

"Nothing," returned Gashford, shrugging his shoulders; "nothing. When my Lord was reproached and threatened for standing by you, I, as a prudent man, would have had you do nothing.—When the soldiers were trampling you under their horses' feet, I would have had you do nothing. When one of them was struck down by a daring hand, and I saw confusion and dismay in all their faces, I would have had you do nothing—just what you did, in short. This is the young man who had so little prudence, and so much boldness. Ah! I am sorry for him."

"Sorry, master?" cried Hugh.

"Sorry, Muster Gashford!" echoed Dennis.

"In case there should be a proclamation out to-morrow, offering five hundred pounds, or some such trifle, for his apprehension; and in case it should include another man who dropped into the lobby from the stairs above," said Gashford coldly; "still, do nothing."

"Fire and fury, master!" cried Hugh, starting up. "What have we done, that you should talk to us like this!"

"Nothing," returned Gashford, with a sneer. "If you are cast into prison; if the young man—" here he looked hard at Barnaby's attentive face—"is dragged from us and from his friends; perhaps from people whom he loves, and whom his death would kill; is thrown into jail, brought out and hanged before their eyes; still, do nothing. You'll find it your best policy, I have no doubt."

"Come on!" cried Hugh, striding towards the door. "Dennis—Barnaby—come on!"

"Where? To do what?" said Gashford, slipping past him, and standing with his back against it.

"Any where! Any thing!" cried Hugh. "Stand aside, master, or the window will serve our turn as well. Let us out!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You are of such—of such an impetuous nature," said Gashford, changing his manner for one of the utmost good fellowship and the pleasantest raillery; "you are such an excitable creature—but you'll drink with me before you go?"

"Oh, yes—certainly," growled Dennis, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty lips. "No malice, brother. Drink with Muster Gashford!"

Hugh wiped his heated brow, and relaxed into a smile. The artful secretary laughed outright.

"Some liquor here! Be quick, or he'll not stop, even for that. He is a man of such desperate ardour!" said the smooth secretary, whom Mr. Dennis corroborated—with sundry nods and muttered oaths.—"Once roused, he is a fellow of such fierce determination!"

Hugh poised his sturdy arm aloft, and clapping Barnaby on the back, bade him fear nothing. They shook hands together—poor Barnaby evidently possessed with the idea that he was among the most virtuous and disinterested heroes in the world—and Gashford laughed again.

"I hear," he said smoothly, as he stood among them with a great measure of liquor in his hand, and filled their glasses as quickly and as often as they chose, "I hear—but I cannot say whether it be true or false—that the men who are loitering in the streets to-night, are half disposed to pull down a Romish chapel or two, and that they only want leaders. I even heard mention of those in Duke street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in Warwick street, Golden Square; but common report, you know—You are not going?"

—"To do nothing, master, eh!" cried Hugh. "No jails and halter for Barnaby and me. They must be frightened out of that. Leaders are wanted, are they? Now boys!"

"A most impetuous fellow!" cried the secretary. "Ha, ha! A courageous, boisterous, most vehement fellow! A man who—"

There was no need to finish the sentence, for they had rushed out of the house, and were far beyond hearing. He stopped in the middle of a laugh, listened, drew on his gloves, and, clasping his hands behind him, paced the deserted room for a long time, then bent his steps towards the busy town, and walked into the streets.

They were filled with people, for the rumour of that day's proceedings had made a great noise.—Those persons who did not care to leave home, were at their doors or windows, and one topic of discourse prevailed on every side. Some reported that the riots were effectually put down; others that they had broken out again: some said that Lord George Gordon had been sent under a strong guard to the Tower; others that an attempt had been made upon the King's life, that the soldiers had been again called out, and that the noise of musketry in a distant part of the town had been plainly heard within an hour. As it grew darker, these stories became more direful and mysterious; and often, when some frightened passenger ran past with tidings that the rioters were not far off, and were coming up, the doors were shut and barred, lower windows made secure, and as much consternation engendered, as if the city were invaded by a foreign army.

Gashford walked stealthily about, listening to all he heard, and diffusing or confirming, whenever he had an opportunity, such false intelligence as suited his own purpose; and busily occupied in this way, turned into Holborn for the twentieth time, when a great many women and children came flying along the street—often panting and looking back—and the confused murmur of numerous voices struck upon his ear. Assured by these tokens, and by the red light which began to flash upon the houses on either side, that some of his friends were indeed approaching, he begged a moment's shelter at a door which opened as he passed, and running with some other persons to an upper window, looked out upon the crowd.

They had torches among them, and the chief faces were distinctly visible. That they had been engaged in the destruction of some building was sufficiently apparent, and that it was a Catholic place of worship was evident from the spoils they bore as trophies, which were easily recognisable for the vestments of a priest, and rich fragments of altar furniture. Covered with soot, and dirt, and dust, and lime; their garments torn to rags; their hair hanging wildly about them; their hands and faces jagged and bleeding with the wounds of rusty nails; Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis hurried on before them all, like hideous madmen. After them, the dense throng came fighting on: some singing; some shouting in triumph; some quarrelling among themselves; some menacing the spectators as they passed; some with great wooden fragments, on which they spent their rage as if they had been alive, rending them limb from limb, and hurling the scattered morsels high into the air; some in a drunken state, unconscious of the hurts they had received from falling bricks, and stones, and beams; one borne upon a shutter, in the very midst, covered with a dingy cloth, a senseless, ghastly heap. Thus—a vision of coarse faces, with here and there a blot of flaring, smoky light; a dream of demon heads and savage eyes, and sticks and iron bars uplifted in the air, and whirled about; a bewildering horror, in which so much was seen, and yet so little, which seemed so long and yet so short, in which there were so many phantoms, not to be forgotten all through life, and yet so many things that could not be observed in that distracting glimpse;—it flitted onward and was gone.

As it passed away upon its work of wrath and ruin, a piercing scream was heard. A knot of persons ran towards the spot; Gashford, who just then emerged into the street, among them. He was on the outskirts of the little concourse, and could not see or hear what passed within; but one who had a better place, informed him that a widow woman had descried her son among the rioters.

"Is that all?" said the secretary, turning his face homewards. "Well! I think this looks a little more like business!"

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

Promising as these outrages were to Gashford's view, and much like business as they looked, they extended that night no farther. The soldiers were again called out, again they took half-a-dozen prisoners, and again the crowd dispersed after a short and bloodless scuffle. Hot and drunken though they were, they had not yet broken all bounds and set all law and government at defiance. Something of their habitual deference to the authority erected by society for its own preservation yet remained among them, and had its majesty been vindicated in time, the secretary would have had to digest a bitter disappointment.

By midnight, the streets were clear and quiet, and, save that there stood in two parts of the town, a heap of nodding walls and pile of rubbish, where there had been at sunset a rich and handsome building, every thing wore its usual aspect. Even the Catholic gentry and tradesmen, of whom there were many, resident in different parts of the city and its suburbs, had no fear for their lives or property, and but little indignation for the wrong they had already sustained in the plunder and destruction of their temples of worship. An honest confidence in the government under whose protection they had lived for many years, and a well-founded reliance on the good feeling and right thinking of the great mass of the community, with whom, notwithstanding their religious differences, they were every day in habits of confidential, affectionate, and friendly intercourse, re-assured them, even under the excesses that had been committed; and convinced them that they who were Protestants in any thing but the name, were no more to be considered as abettors of these disgraceful occurrences, than they themselves were chargeable with the uses of the block, the rack, the gibbet, and the stake, in cruel Mary's reign.

The clock was on the stroke of one, when Gabriel Varden, with his lady and Miss Miggs, sat waiting in the little parlour. This fact, the toppling wicks of the dull, wasted candles; the silence that prevailed; and above all the nightcaps of both maid and matron, were sufficient evidence that they had been prepared for bed some time ago, and had some strong reason for sitting up so far beyond their usual hour.

If any other corroborative testimony had been required, it would have been abundantly furnished in the actions of Miss Miggs, who, having arrived at that restless state and sensitive condition of the nervous system which are the result of long watching, did, by a constant rubbing and tweaking of her nose, a perpetual change of position (arising from the sudden growth of imaginary knots and knobs in her chair,) a frequent friction of her eye-brows, the incessant recurrence of a small cough, a small groan, a gasp, a sigh, a sniff, a spasmodic start, and by other demonstrations of that nature, so file down and rasp, as it were, the patience of the locksmith, that after looking at her in silence for some time, he at last broke out into this apostrophe:

"Miggs my good girl, go to bed—do go to bed. You're really worse than the dripping of a hundred water-butts outside the window, or the scratching of as many mice behind the wainscot. I can't bear it. Do go to bed, Miggs. To oblige me—do."

"You haven't got nothing to untie sir, returned Miss Miggs, "and therefore your requests does not surprise me. But Missis has—and while you set up, mim"—she added, turning to the locksmith's wife, "I couldn't, no not if twenty times the quantity of cold water was apereiently running down my back at this moment, go to bed with a quiet spirit."

Having spoken these words, Miss Miggs made divers efforts to rub her shoulders in an impossible place, and shivered from head to foot; thereby giving the beholders to understand that the imaginary cascade was still in full flow, but that a sense of duty upheld her under that, and all other sufferings, and nerved her to endurance.

Mrs. Varden being too sleepy to speak, and Miss Miggs having, as the phrase is, said her say, the locksmith had nothing for it but to sigh and be as quiet as he could.

But to be quiet with such a basilisk before him, was impossible. If he looked another way, it was worse to feel that she was rubbing her cheek, or twitching her ear, or winking her eye, or making all kinds of extraordinary shapes with her nose, than to see her do it. If she was for a moment free from any of these complaints, it was only because of her foot being asleep, or of her arm having got the fidgets, or of her leg being doubled up with the cramp, or of some other horrible disorder which racked her whole frame. If she did enjoy a moment's ease, then with her eyes shut and her mouth wide open she would be seen to sit very stiff and upright in her chair; then to nod a little way forward, and stop with a jerk; then to nod a little further forward, and stop with another jerk; then to recover herself; then to come forward again—lower—lower—lower—by very slow degrees, until, just as it seemed impossible that she could preserve her balance for another instant, and the locksmith was about to call out in an agony, to save her from dashing down upon her forehead and fracturing her skull, then, all of a sudden and without the smallest notice, she would come upright and rigid again with her eyes open, and in her countenance an expression of defiance, sleepy but yet most obstinate, which plainly said "I've never once closed 'em since I looked at you last, and I'll take my oath of it!"

At length, after the clock had struck two, there was a sound at the street door as if somebody had fallen against the knocker by accident. Miss Miggs immediately jumping up and clapping her hands, cried with a drowsy mingling of the sacred and profane, "Ally Looyer Mim! there's Simmuns's knock!"

"Who's there!" said Gabriel.

"Me!" cried the well-known voice of Mr. Tappertit. Gabriel opened the door, and gave him admission.

He did not cut a very insinuating figure; for a man of his stature suffers in a crowd: and having been active in yesterday morning's work, his dress was literally crushed from head to foot: his hat being beaten out of all shape, and his shoes trodden down at heel like slippers. His coat fluttered in strips about him, the buckles were torn away both from his knees and feet, half his neckerchief was gone, and the bosom of his shirt was rent to tatters. Yet notwithstanding all these personal disadvantages; despite his being very weak from heat and fatigue; and so begrimed with mud and dust that he might have been in a case, for any thing of the real texture (either

of his skin or apparel) that the eye could discern; he stalked haughtily into the parlour, and throwing himself into a chair, and endeavouring to thrust his hands into the pockets of his small-clothes, which were turned inside out and displayed upon his legs, like tassels, surveyed the household with a gloomy dignity.

"Simon," said the locksmith gravely, "how comes it that you return home at this time of night, and in this condition? Give me an assurance that you have not been among the rioters, and I am satisfied."

"Sir," replied Mr. Tappertit, with a contemptuous look, "I wonder at your assurance in making such demands."

"You have been drinking," said the locksmith.

"As a general principle, and in the most offensive sense of the words, sir," returned his journeyman with great self-possession, "I consider you a liar. In that last observation you have unintentionally—unintentionally, sir—struck upon the truth."

"Martha," said the locksmith, turning to his wife, and shaking his head sorrowfully, while a smile at the absurd figure before him still played upon his open face, "I trust it may turn out that this poor lad is not the victim of the knaves and fools we have so often had words about, and who have done so much harm this day. If he has been at Warwick Street or Duke Street to-night—"

"He has been at neither, sir," cried Mr. Tappertit in a loud voice, which he suddenly dropped into a whisper as he repeated, with eyes fixed upon the locksmith, "he has been at neither."

"I am glad of it, with all my heart," said the locksmith in a serious tone; "for if he had been, and it could be proved against him, Martha, your great association would have been to him the cart that draws men to the gallows and leaves them hanging in the air. It would, as sure as we're alive!"

Mrs. Varden was too much scared by Simon's altered manner and appearance, and by the accounts of the rioters which had reached her ears that night, to offer any retort, or to have recourse to her usual matrimonial policy. Miss Miggs wrung her hands, and wept.

"He was not at Duke Street or at Warwick Street, G. Varden," said Simon, sternly; "but he was at Westminster. Perhaps, sir, he kicked a county member, perhaps sir he tapped a lord—you may stare, sir, I repeat it—blood flowed from noses, and perhaps he tapped a lord. Who knows? This," he added, putting his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and taking out a large tooth, at sight of which both Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed, "this was a bishop's. Beware, G. Varden!"

"Now, I would rather," said the locksmith hastily, "have paid five hundred pounds, than had this come to pass. You idiot, do you know what peril you stand in?"

"I know it, sir," replied his journeyman, "and it is my glory. I was there, every body saw me there. I was conspicuous and prominent. I will abide the consequences."

The locksmith, really disturbed and agitated, paced to and fro in silence—glancing at his former 'prentice every now and then—and at length stopping before him, said:

"Get to bed, and sleep for a couple of hours that you may wake penitent, and with some of your senses about you. Be sorry for what you have done, and we will try to save you. If I call him by five o'clock," said Varden, turning hurriedly to his wife, "and he washes himself clean and changes his dress, he may get to the Tower Stairs, and away by the Gravesend tide-boat, before any search is made for him. From there he can easily get on to Canterbury, where your cousin will give him work till this storm has blown over. I am not sure that I do right in screening him from the punishment he deserves, but he has lived in this house, man and boy, for a dozen years, and I should be sorry if for this one day's work he made a miserable end. Lock the front door Miggs, and show no light towards the street when you go up stairs. Quick, Simon! Get to bed!"

"And do you suppose, sir," retorted Mr. Tappertit, with a thickness and slowness of speech which contrasted forcibly with the rapidity and earnestness of his kind-hearted master—"and do you suppose, sir, that I am base and mean enough to accept your servile proposition!—Miscreant!"

"Whatever you please, Sim, but get to bed. Every minute is of consequence. The light here, Miggs!"

"Yes, yes, oh do! Go to bed directly," cried the two women together.

Mr. Tappertit stood upon his feet, and pushing his chair away to show that he needed no assistance, answered, swaying himself to and fro, and managing his head as if it had no connexion whatever with his body.

"You spoke of Miggs, sir—Miggs may be smothered!"

"Oh Simmun!" ejaculated that young lady in a faint voice. "Oh mim! Oh sir! Oh goodness gracious, what a turn he has give me!"

"This family may *all* be smothered, sir," returned Mr. Tappertit, after glancing at her with a smile of ineffable disdain, "excepting Mrs. V. I have come here, sir, for her sake this night. Mrs. Varden, take this piece of paper. It's a protection, ma'am. You may need it."

With these words he held out at arms length, a dirty, crumpled scrap of writing. The locksmith took it from him, opened it, and read as follows:

"All good friends to our cause, I hope will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant. I am well assured that the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause. GEORGE GORDON."

"What's this!" said the locksmith, with an altered face.

"Something that'll do you good service, young feller," replied his journeyman, "as you'll find.—Keep that safe, and where you can lay your hand upon it in an instant. And chalk 'No Popery' on your door to-morrow night, and for a week to come—that's all."

"This is a genuine document," said the locksmith, "I know, for I have seen the hand before. What threat does it imply? What devil is abroad?"

"A fiery devil," retorted Sim; "a flaming, furious devil. Don't you put yourself in its way, or you're done for, my buck. Be warned in time, G. Varden. Farewell!"

But here the two women threw themselves in his way—especially Miss Miggs, who fell upon him with

such fervour that she pinned him against the wall—and conjured him in moving words not to go forth till he was sober; to listen to reason; to think of it; to take some rest, and then determine.

"I tell you," said Mr. Tappertit, "that my mind is made up. My bleeding country calls me, and I go! Miggs, if you don't get out of the way, I'll pinch you."

Miss Miggs, still clinging to the rebel, screamed once vociferously—but whether in the distraction of her mind, or because of his having executed his threat, is uncertain.

"Release me," said Simon, struggling to free himself from her chaste, but spider-like embrace. "Let me go! I have made arrangements for you in an altered state of society, and mean to provide for you comfortably in life—there! Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh Simmun!" cried Miss Miggs. "Oh my blessed Simmun! Oh mim, what are my feelings at this conflicting moment!"

Of a rather turbulent description, it would seem; for her nightcap had been knocked off in the scuffle, and she was on her knees upon the floor, making a strange revelation of blue and yellow curl-papers, straggling locks of hair, tags of staylaces, and strings of it's impossible to say what; panting for breath, clasping her hands, turning her eyes upwards, shedding abundance of tears, and exhibiting various other symptoms of the acutest mental suffering.

"I leave," said Simon, turning to his master, with an utter disregard of Miggs's maidenly afflictions, "a box of things up stairs. Do what you like with 'em. *I* don't want 'em. I'm never coming back here, any more. Provide yourself, sir, with a journeyman; I'm my country's journeyman; henceforward that's *my* line of business."

"Be what you like in two hour's time, but now go up to bed," returned the locksmith, planting himself in the doorway. "Do you hear me? Go to bed!"

"I hear you, and defy you, Varden," rejoined Simon Tappertit. "This night, sir, I have been in the country, planning an expedition which shall fill your bell-hanging soul with wonder and dismay.—The plot demands my utmost energy. Let me pass!"

"I'll knock you down if you come near the door," replied the locksmith. "You had better go to bed!"

Simon made no answer, but gathering himself up as straight as he could, plunged head foremost at his old master, and the two went driving out into the workshop together, plying their hands and feet so briskly that they looked like half-a-dozen, while Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed for twelve.

It would have been easy for Varden to knock his old 'prentice down, and bind him hand and foot; but as he was loath to hurt him in his then defenceless state, he contented himself with parrying his blows when he could, taking them in perfect good part when he could not, and keeping between him and the door, until a favourable opportunity should present itself for forcing him to retreat up stairs, and shutting him up in his own room. But in the goodness of his heart, he calculated too much upon his adversary's weakness, and forgot that drunken men who have lost the power of walking steadily, can often run. Watching his time, Simon Tappertit made a cunning show of falling back, staggered unexpectedly forward, brushed past him, opened the door (he knew the trick of that lock well,) and darted down the street like a mad dog. The locksmith paused for a moment in the excess of his astonishment, and then gave chase.

It was an excellent season for a run, for at that silent hour the streets were deserted, the air was cool, and the flying figure before him distinctly visible at a great distance, as it sped away, with a long gaunt shadow following at its heels. But the short-winded locksmith had no chance against a man of Sim's youth and spare figure, though the day had been when he could have run him down in no time. The space between them rapidly increased, and as the rays of the rising sun streamed upon Simon in the act of turning a distant corner, Gabriel Varden was fain to give up, and sit down on a door-step to fetch his breath. Simon meanwhile, without once stopping, fled at the same degree of swiftness to the Boot, where, as he well knew, some of his company were lying, and at which respectable hostelry—for he had already acquired the distinction of being in great peril of the law—a friendly watch had been expecting him all night, and was even now on the look-out for his coming.

"Go thy ways, Sim, go thy ways," said the locksmith, as soon as he could speak. "I have done my best for thee, poor lad, and would have saved thee, but the rope is round thy neck, I fear."

So saying, and shaking his head in a very sorrowful and disconsolate manner, he turned back, and soon re-entered his own house, where Mrs. Varden and the faithful Miggs had been anxiously expecting his return.

Now Mrs. Varden (and by consequence Miss Miggs likewise) was impressed with a secret misgiving that she had done wrong; that she had, to the utmost of her small means, aided and abetted the growth of disturbances, the end of which it was impossible to foresee; that she had led remotely to the scene which had just passed; and that the locksmith's time for triumph and reproach had now arrived indeed. And so strongly did Mrs. Varden feel this, and so crest-fallen was she in consequence, that while her husband was pursuing their lost journeyman, she secreted under her chair the little red brick dwelling house with the yellow roof, lest it should furnish new occasion for reference to the painful theme; and now hid the same still farther, with the skirts of her dress.

But it happened that the locksmith had been thinking of this very article on his way home, and that, coming into the room and not seeing it, he at once demanded where it was.

Mrs. Varden had no resource but to produce it, which she did with many tears, and broken protestations that if she could have known—

"Yes, yes," said Varden, "of course—I know that. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear. But recollect from this time that all good things perverted to evil purposes, are worse than those which are naturally bad. A thoroughly wicked woman, is wicked indeed. When religion goes wrong, she is very wrong, for the same reason. Let us say no more about it, my dear."

So he dropped the red brick dwelling house on the floor, and setting his heel upon it, crushed it into pieces. The halfpence, and sixpences, and other voluntary contributions, rolled about in all directions, but nobody offered to touch them, or to take them up.

"That," said the locksmith, "is easily disposed of, and I would to Heaven that every thing growing out of the same society could be settled as easily."

"It happens very fortunately, Varden," said his wife, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that in case any more disturbances should happen—which I hope not; I sincerely hope not—"

"I hope so too, my dear."

"—That in case any should occur, we have the piece of paper which that poor misguided young man brought."

"Ay, to be sure," said the locksmith, turning quickly round. "Where is that piece of paper?"

Mrs. Varden stood aghast as he took it from her outstretched hand, tore it into fragments, and threw them under the grate.

"Not use it!" she said.

"Use it!" cried the locksmith. "No! Let them come and pull the roof about our ears; let them burn us out of house and home; I'd neither have the protection of their leader, nor chalk their howl upon my door, though, for not doing it, they shot me on my own threshold. Use it! Let them come and do their worst. The first man who crosses my door step on such an errand as theirs, had better be a hundred miles away. Let him look to it. The others may have their will. I wouldn't beg or buy them off, if, instead of every pound of iron in the place, there was a hundred weight of gold. Get you to bed, Martha. I shall take down the shutters and go to work."

"So early!" said his wife.

"Ay," replied the locksmith cheerily, "so early. Come when they may, they shall not find us skulking and hiding, as if we feared to take our portion of the light of day, and left it all to them. So pleasant dreams to you, my dear, and cheerful sleep!"

With that he gave his wife a hearty kiss, and bade her delay no longer, or it would be time to rise before she lay down to rest. Mrs. Varden quite amiably and meekly walked up stairs, followed by Miggs, who, although a good deal subdued, could not refrain from sundry stimulative coughs and sniffs by the way, or from holding up her hands in astonishment at the daring conduct of master.

---

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

A MOB is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from or whither it goes, few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself; nor does the parallel stop here, for the ocean is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when roused, more unreasonable, or more cruel.

The people who were boisterous at Westminster upon the Friday morning and were eagerly bent upon the work of devastation in Duke Street and Warwick Street at night, were, in the mass, the same. Allowing for the chance accessions of which any crowd is morally sure in a town where there must always be a large number of idle and profligate persons, one and the same mob was at both places. Yet they spread themselves in various directions when they dispersed in the afternoon, made no appointment for re-assembling, had no definite purpose or design, and indeed, for any thing they know, were scattered beyond the hope of future union.

At the Boot, which, as has been shown, was in a manner the head quarters of the rioters, there were not, upon this Friday night, a dozen people. Some slept in the stable and out-houses, some in the common room, some two or three in beds. The rest were in their usual homes or haunts. Perhaps not a score in all lay in the adjacent fields and lanes, and under haystacks, or near the warmth of brick-kilns, who had not their accustomed place of rest beneath the open sky. As to the public ways within the town, they had their ordinary nightly occupants, and no others; the usual amount of vice and wretchedness, but no more.

The experience of one evening, however, had taught the reckless leaders of disturbance, that they had but to show themselves in the streets, to be immediately surrounded by materials which they could only have kept together when their aid was not required, at great risk, expense, and trouble. Once possessed of this secret, they were as confident as if twenty thousand men, devoted to their will, had been encamped about them, and assumed a confidence which could not have been surpassed, though that had really been the case. All day Saturday, they remained quiet. On Sunday, they rather studied how to keep their men within call, and in full hope, than to follow out, by any very fierce measure, their first day's proceedings.

"I hope," said Dennis, as, with a loud yawn, he raised his body from a heap of straw on which he had been sleeping, and supporting his head upon his hand, appealed to Hugh on Sunday morning, "that Muster Gashford allows some rest! Perhaps he'd have us at work again already, eh?"

"It's not his way to let matters drop, you may be sure of that," growled Hugh in answer. "I'm in no humour to stir yet, though. I'm as stiff as a dead body, and as full of ugly scratches as if I had been fighting all day yesterday with wild-cats."

"You've so much enthusiasm, that's it," said Dennis, looking with great admiration at the uncombed head, matted beard, and torn hands and face of the wild figure before him; "you're such a devil of a fellow. You hurt yourself a hundred times more than you need, because you will be foremost in every thing, and will do more than the rest."

"For the matter of that," returned Hugh, shaking back his ragged hair and glancing towards the door of the stable in which they lay; "there's one yonder as good as me. What did I tell you about him? Did I say he was worth a dozen, when you doubted him?"

Mr. Dennis rolled lazily over upon his breast, and resting his chin upon his hand in imitation of the attitude in which Hugh lay, said, as he too looked towards the door:

"Ay ay, you knew him brother, you knew him. But who'd suppose to look at that chap now, that he could be the man he is! Isn't it a thousand cruel pities, brother, that instead of taking his nat'ral rest and qualifying himself for further exertions in this here honourable cause, he should be playing at soldiers like a boy? And his cleanliness, too!" said Mr. Dennis, who certainly had no reason to entertain

a fellow feeling with any body who was particular on that score: "what weaknesses he's guilty of, with respect to his cleanliness! At five o'clock this morning, there he was at the pump, though any one would think he had gone through enough the day before yesterday, to be pretty fast asleep at that time. But no—when I woke for a minute or two, there he was at the pump, and if you'd have seen him sticking them peacock's feathers into his hat when he'd done washing—ah! I'm sorry he's such a imperfect character, but the best on us is incomplete in some pint of view or another."

The subject of this dialogue and of these concluding remarks which were uttered in a tone of philosophical meditation, was, as the reader will have divined, no other than Barnaby, who, with his flag in his hand, stood sentry in the little patch of sunlight at the distant door, or walked to and fro outside, singing softly to himself, and keeping time to the music of some clear church bells. Whether he stood still, leaning with both hands on the flag-staff, or, bearing it upon his shoulder, paced slowly up and down, the careful arrangement of his poor dress, and his erect and lofty bearing, showed how high a sense he had of the great importance of his trust, and how happy and how proud it made him. To Hugh and his companion, who lay in a dark corner of the gloomy shed, he, and the sunlight, and the peaceful Sabbath sound to which he made response, seemed like a bright picture framed by the door, and set off by the stable's blackness. The whole formed such a contrast to themselves, as they lay wallowing, like some obscene animals, in their squalor and wickedness on the two heaps of straw, that for a few moments they looked on without speaking, and felt almost ashamed.

"Ah!" said Hugh at length, carrying it off with a laugh: "He's a rare fellow is Barnaby, and can do more, with less rest, or meat, or drink, than any of us. As to his soldiering, I put him on duty there."

"Then there was a object in it, and a proper good one too, I'll be sworn," retorted Dennis with a broad grin, and an oath of the same quality. "What was it, brother?"

"Why, you see," said Hugh, crawling a little nearer to him, "that our noble captain yonder, came in yesterday morning rather the worse for liquor, and was—like you and me—ditto last night."

Dennis looked to where Simon Tappertit lay coiled upon a truss of hay, snoring profoundly, and nodded.

"And our noble captain," continued Hugh with another laugh, "our noble captain and I, have planned for to-morrow a roaring expedition, with good profit in it."

"Against the papists?" asked Dennis, rubbing his hands.

"Ay, against the papists—against one of 'em at least, that some of us, and I for one, owe a good heavy grudge to."

"Not Muster Gashford's friend that he spoke to us about in my house, eh?" said Dennis, brimfull of pleasant expectation.

"The same man," said Hugh.

"That's your sort," cried Mr. Dennis, gaily shaking hands with him, "that's the kind of game. Let's have revenges and injuries, and all that, and we shall get on twice as fast. Now you talk, indeed!"

"Ha, ha, ha! The captain," added Hugh, "has thoughts of carrying off a woman in the bustle, and—ha, ha, ha!—and so have I!"

Mr. Dennis received this part of the scheme with a wry face, observing that as a general principle he objected to women altogether, as being unsafe and slippery persons on whom there was no calculating with any certainty, and who were never in the same mind for four-and-twenty hours at a stretch. He might have expatiated on this suggestive theme at much greater length, but that it occurred to him to ask what connexion existed between the proposed expedition and Barnaby's being posted at the stable door as sentry; to which Hugh cautiously replied in these words:

"Why, the people we mean to visit, were friends of his once upon a time, and I know that much of him to feel pretty sure that if he thought we were going to do them any harm, he'd be no friend to our side, but would lend a ready hand to the other. So I've persuaded him (for I know him of old) that Lord George has picked him out to guard this place to-morrow while we're away, and that it's a great honour—and so he's on duty now, and as proud of it as if he was a general. Ha, ha! What do you say to me for a careful man as well as a devil of a one?"

Mr. Dennis exhausted himself in compliments, and then added,

"But about the expedition itself—"

"About that," said Hugh, "you shall hear all particulars from me and the great captain conjointly and both together—for see, he's waking up. Rouse yourself, lion-heart. Ha, ha! Put a good face upon it, and drink again. Another hair of the dog that bit you, captain! Call for drink! There's enough of gold and silver cups and candlesticks buried underneath my bed," he added, rolling back the straw, and pointing to where the ground was newly turned, "to pay for it, if it was a score of casks full. Drink, captain!"

Mr. Tappertit received these jovial promptings with a very bad grace, being much the worse, both in mind and body, for his two nights of debauch, and but indifferently able to stand upon his legs. With Hugh's assistance, however, he contrived to stagger to the pump; and having refreshed himself with an abundant draught of cold water, and a copious shower of the same refreshing liquid on his head and face, he ordered some rum and milk to be served; and upon that innocent beverage and some biscuits and cheese made a pretty hearty meal. That done, he disposed himself in an easy attitude on the ground beside his two companions (who were carousing after their own tastes,) and proceeded to enlighten Mr. Dennis in reference to to-morrow's project.

That their conversation was an interesting one, was rendered manifest by its length, and by the close attention of all three. That it was not of an oppressively grave character, but was enlivened by various pleasantries arising out of the subject, was clear from their loud and frequent roars of laughter, which startled Barnaby on his post, and made him wonder at their levity. But he was not summoned to join them, until they had eaten, and drunk, and slept, and talked together for some hours; not, indeed, until the twilight; when they informed him that they were about to make a slight demonstration in the streets—just to keep the people's hands in, as it was Sunday

night, and the public might otherwise be disappointed—and that he was free to accompany them, if he would.

Without the slightest preparation, saving that they carried clubs and wore the blue cockade, they sallied out into the streets; and, with no more settled design than that of doing as much mischief as they could, paraded them at random. Their numbers rapidly increasing, they soon divided into parties; and agreeing to meet by-and-by, in the fields near Welbeck Street, scoured the town in various directions. The largest body, and that which augmented with the greatest rapidity, was the one to which Hugh and Barnaby belonged. This took its way towards Moorfields, where there was a rich chapel, and in which neighbourhood several Catholic families were known to reside.

Beginning with the private houses so occupied, they broke open the doors and windows; and while they destroyed the furniture and left but the bare walls, made a sharp search for tools and engines of destruction, such as hammers, pokers, axes, saws, and such like instruments. Many of the rioters made belts of cord, or of handkerchiefs, or any material they found at hand, and wore these weapons as openly as pioneers upon a field-day. There was not the least disguise or concealment—indeed, on this night, very little excitement or hurry. From the chapels, they tore down and took away the very altars, benches, pulpits, pews, and flooring; from the dwelling-houses, the very wainscoting and stairs. This Sunday evening's recreation they pursued like mere workmen who had a certain task to do, and did it. Fifty resolute men might have turned them at any moment; a single company of soldiers could have scattered them like dust; but no man interposed, no authority restrained them, and, except by the terrified persons who fled from their approach, they were as little heeded as if they were pursuing their lawful occupations with the utmost sobriety and good conduct.

In the same manner, they marched to the place of rendezvous agreed upon, made great fires in the fields, and reserving the most valuable of their spoils, burnt the rest. Priestly garments, images of saints, rich stuffs and ornaments, altar-furniture and household goods, were cast into the flames, and shed a glare on the whole country around; but they danced, and howled, and roared about these fires till they were tired, and were never for an instant checked.

As the main body filed off from this scene of action, and passed down Welbeck Street, they came upon Gashford, who had been a witness of their proceedings, and was walking stealthily along the pavement. Keeping up with him, and yet not seeming to speak, Hugh muttered in his ear:

"Is this better, master?"

"No," said Gashford. "It is not."

"What would you have?" said Hugh. "Fevers are never at their height at once. They must get on by degrees."

"I would have you," said Gashford, pinching his arm with such malevolence that his nails seemed to meet in the skin; "I would have you put some meaning into your work. Fools! Can you make no better bonfires than of rags and scraps? Can you burn nothing whole?"

"A little patience, master," said Hugh. "Wait but a few hours, and you shall see. Look for a redness in the sky, to-morrow night."

With that, he fell back into his place beside Barnaby; and when the secretary looked after him, both were lost in the crowd.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

The next day was ushered in by merry peals of bells, and by the firing of the Tower guns; flags were hoisted on many of the church-steeples; the usual demonstrations were made, in honour of the anniversary of the King's birth-day; and every man went about his pleasure or business, as if the city were in perfect order, and there were no half-smouldering embers in its secret places which on the approach of night would kindle up again, and scatter ruin and dismay abroad. The leaders of the riot, rendered still more daring by the success of last night and by the booty they had acquired, kept steadily together, and only thought of implicating the mass of their followers so deeply that no hope of pardon or reward might tempt them to betray their more notorious confederates into the hands of justice.

Indeed, the sense of having gone too far to be forgiven, held the timid together no less than the bold. Many, who would readily have pointed out the foremost rioters and given evidence against them, felt that escape by that means was hopeless, when their every act had been observed by scores of people who had taken no part in the disturbances; who had suffered in their persons, peace, or property, by the outrages of the mob; who would be most willing witnesses; and whom the government would, no doubt, prefer to any King's evidence that might be offered. Many of this class had deserted their usual occupations on the Saturday morning; some had been seen by their employers, active in the tumult; others knew they must be suspected, and that they would be discharged if they returned; others had been desperate from the beginning, and comforted themselves with the homely proverb, that, being hung at all, they might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. They all hoped and believed, in a greater or less degree, that the government they seemed to have paralysed, would, in its terror, come to terms with them in the end, and suffer them to make their own conditions. The least sanguine among them reasoned with himself that, at the worst, they were too many to be all punished, and that he had as good a chance of escape as any other man. The great mass never reasoned or thought at all, but were stimulated by their own headlong passions, by poverty, by ignorance, by the love of mischief, and the hope of plunder.

One other circumstance is worthy of remark; and that is, that from the moment of their first outbreak at Westminster, every symptom of order or preconcerted arrangement among them, vanished. When they divided into parties and ran to different quarters of the town, it was on the spontaneous suggestion of the moment. Each party swelled as it went along, like rivers as they roll towards the sea; new leaders sprang up as they were wanted, disappeared when the necessity was over, and re-appeared at the next crisis. Each tumult took shape and form, from the

circumstances of the moment; sober workmen going home from their day's labour, were seen to cast down their baskets of tools and become rioters in an instant; mere boys on errands did the like. In a word, a moral plague ran through the city. The noise, and hurry, and excitement, had for hundreds and hundreds an attraction they had no firmness to resist. The contagion spread, like a dread fever: an infectious madness, as yet not near its height, seized on new victims every hour, and society began to tremble at their ravings.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when Gashford looked into the lair described in the last chapter, and seeing only Barnaby and Dennis there, enquired for Hugh.

He was out, Barnaby told him; had gone out more than an hour ago; and had not yet returned.

"Dennis!" said the smiling secretary, in his smoothest voice, as he sat down cross-legged on a barrel, "Dennis!"

The hangman struggled into a sitting posture directly, and with his eyes wide open, looked towards him.

"How do you do, Dennis?" said Gashford, nodding. "I hope you have suffered no inconvenience from your late exertions, Dennis!"

"I always will say of you, Muster Gashford," returned the hangman, staring at him, "that that 'ere quiet way of yours might almost wake a dead man. It is," he added with a muttered oath—still staring at him in a thoughtful manner—"so awfully sly!"

"So distinct, eh Dennis?"

"Distinct!" he answered, scratching his head, and keeping his eyes upon the secretary's face; "I seem to hear it, Muster Gashford, in my very bones."

"I am very glad your sense of hearing is so sharp, and that I succeed in making myself so intelligible," said Gashford, in his unvarying, even tone. "Where is your friend?"

Mr. Dennis looked round as in expectation of beholding him asleep upon his bed of straw; then remembering that he had seen him go out, replied:

"I can't say where he is, Muster Gashford. I expected him back afore now. I hope it isn't time that we was busy, Muster Gashford?"

"Nay," said the secretary, "who should know that as well as you? How can I tell you, Dennis? You are a perfect master of your own actions, you know, and accountable to nobody—except sometimes to the law, eh?"

Dennis, who was very much baffled by the cool matter-of-course manner of this reply, recovered his self-possession on his professional pursuits being referred to, and pointing towards Barnaby, shook his head and frowned.

"Hush!" cried Barnaby.

"Ah! Do hush about that, Muster Gashford," said the hangman in a low voice, "pop'lar prejudices—you always forget—well, Barnaby my lad, what's the matter?"

"I hear him coming," he answered: "Hark! Do you mark that? That's his foot! Bless you, I know his step, and his dog's too. Tramp, tramp, pitpat, on they come together, and, ha, ha, ha!—and here they are!" he cried joyfully, welcoming Hugh with both hands, and then patting him fondly on the back, as if instead of being the rough companion he was, he had been one of the most prepossessing of men. "Here he is, and safe too! I am glad to see him back again, old Hugh!"

"I'm a Turk if he don't give me a warmer welcome always than any man of sense," said Hugh, shaking hands with him with a kind of ferocious friendship, strange enough to see. "How are you, boy?"

"Hearty!" cried Barnaby, waving his hat. "Ha, ha, ha! And merry too, Hugh! And ready to do any thing for the good cause, and the right, and to help the kind, mild, pale-faced gentleman—the Lord they use so ill—eh, Hugh?"

"Ay!" returned his friend, dropping his hand, and looking at Gashford for an instant with a changed expression before he spoke to him. "Good day, master!"

"And good day to you," replied the secretary, nursing his leg. "And many good days—whole years of them, I hope. You are heated."

"So would you have been, master," said Hugh, wiping his face, "if you'd been running here as fast as I have."

"You know the news then? Yes, I supposed you would have heard it."

"News—what news?"

"You don't?" cried Gashford, raising his eyebrows with an exclamation of surprise. "Dear me! Come; then I *am* the first to make you acquainted with your distinguished position, after all. Do you see the King's Arms a-top?" he smilingly asked, as he took a large paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and held it out for Hugh's inspection.

"Well!" said Hugh. "What's that to me?"

"Much. A great deal," replied the secretary. "Read it."

"I told you, the first time I saw you, that I couldn't read," said Hugh, impatiently. "What in the Devil's name's inside of it?"

"It is a proclamation from the King in Council," said Gashford, "dated to-day, and offering a reward of five hundred pounds—five hundred pounds is a great deal of money, and a large temptation to some people—to any one who will discover the person or persons most active in demolishing those chapels on Saturday night."

"Is that all?" cried Hugh, with an indifferent air. "I knew of that."

"Truly I might have known you did," said Gashford, smiling, and folding up the document again. "Your friend, I might have guessed—indeed I did guess—was sure to tell you."

"My friend!" stammered Hugh, with an unsuccessful effort to appear surprised. "What friend?"

"Tut tut—do you suppose I don't know where you have been?" retorted Gashford, rubbing his hands, and beating the back of one on the palm of the other, and looking at him with a cunning eye. "How dull you think me! Shall I say his name?"

"No," said Hugh, with a hasty glance towards Dennis.

"You have also heard from him, no doubt," resumed the secretary, after a moment's pause, "that the rioters who have been taken (poor fellows) are committed for trial, and that some very active witnesses have had the temerity to appear against them. Among others—" and here he clenched his teeth, as if he would suppress, by force, some violent words that rose upon his tongue; and spoke very slowly.

"Among others, a gentleman who saw the work going on in Warwick street; a Catholic gentleman; one Haredale."

Hugh would have prevented his uttering the word, but it was out already. Hearing the name, Barnaby turned swiftly round.

"Duty, duty, bold Barnaby!" cried Hugh, assuming his wildest and most rapid manner, and thrusting into his hand his staff and flag which leant against the wall. "Mount guard without loss of time, for we are off upon our expedition. Up, Dennis, and get ready. Take care that no one turns the straw upon my bed, brave Barnaby; we know what's underneath it—eh! Now, master, quick! What you have to say, say speedily, for the little captain and a cluster of 'em are in the fields, and only waiting for us. Sharp's the word, and strike's the action. Quick!"

Barnaby was not proof against this bustle and despatch. The look of mingled astonishment and anger which had appeared in his face when he turned towards them, faded from it, as the words passed from his memory, like breath from a polished mirror; and grasping the weapon which Hugh forced upon him, he proudly took his station at the door, beyond their hearing.

"You might have spoiled our plans, master," said Hugh. "*You*, too, of all men!"

"Who would have supposed that *he* would be so quick?" urged Gashford.

"He's as quick sometimes—I don't mean with his hands, for that you know, but with his head—as you, or any man," said Hugh. "Dennis, it's time we were going; they're waiting for us; I came to tell you. Reach me my stick and belt. Here! Lend a hand, master. Fling this over my shoulder, and buckle it behind, will you?"

"Brisk as ever!" said the secretary, adjusting it for him as he desired.

"A man need be brisk to-day; there's brisk work a-foot."

"There is, is there?" said Gashford. He said it with such a provoking assumption of ignorance, that Hugh, looking over his shoulder and angrily down upon him, replied:

"Is there! You know there is! Who knows better than you, master, that the first great step to be taken is to make examples of these witnesses, and frighten all men from appearing against us or any of our body, any more?"

"There's one we know of," returned Gashford, with an expressive smile, "who is at least as well informed upon that subject as you or I."

"If we mean the same gentleman, as I suppose we do," Hugh rejoined, softly, "I tell you this—he's as good and quick information about every thing as—" here he paused and looked round, as if to make quite sure that the person in question was not within hearing—"as Old Nick himself. Have you done that, master? How slow you are!"

"Its quite fast now," said Gashford, rising. "I say—you didn't find that your friend disapproved of to-day's little expedition? Ha, ha, ha! It is fortunate! it jumps so well with the witness' policy; for, once planned, it must have been carried out. And now you are going, eh?"

"Now we are going, master!" Hugh replied. "Any parting words!"

"Oh dear, no," said Gashford sweetly. "None!"

"You're sure?" cried Hugh, nudging the grinning Dennis.

"Quite sure, eh, Muster Gashford?" chuckled the hangman.

Gashford paused a moment, struggling with his caution and his malice; then putting himself between the two men, and laying a hand upon the arm of each, said, in a cramped whisper:

"Do not, my good friends—I am sure you will not—forget our talk one night—in your house, Dennis—about this person. No mercy, no quarter, no two beams of his house to be left standing where the builder placed them! Fire, the saying goes, is a good servant, but a bad master. Make it *his* master; he deserves no better. But I am sure you will be firm, I am sure you will be very resolute, I am sure you will remember that he thirsts for your lives, and those of all your brave companions. If you ever acted like stanch fellows, you will do so to-day. Won't you, Dennis—won't you, Hugh?"

The two looked at him, and at each other; then bursting into a roar of laughter, brandished their staves above their heads, shook hands, and hurried out.

When they had been gone a little time, Gashford followed. They were yet in sight, and hastening to that part of the adjacent fields in which their fellows had already mustered; Hugh was looking back, and flourishing his hat to Barnaby, who, delighted with his trust, replied in the same manner, and then resumed his pacing up and down before the stable-door, where his feet had worn a path already. And when Gashford himself was far distant, and looked back for the last time, he was still walking to and fro, with the same measured tread; the most devoted and the blithest champion that ever maintained a post, and felt his heart lifted up with a brave sense of duty, and determination to defend it to the last.

Smiling at the simplicity of the poor idiot, Gashford betook himself to Welbeck Street by a different path from that which he knew the rioters would take, and sitting down behind a curtain in one of the upper windows of Lord George Gordon's house, waited impatiently for their coming. They were so long, that although he knew it had been settled they should come that way, he had a misgiving they must have changed their plans and taken some other route. But at length the roar of voices was heard in the neighbouring fields, and soon afterwards they came thronging past, in a great body.

However, they were not all, nor nearly all, in one body, but were, as he soon found, divided into four parties, each of which stopped before the house to give three cheers, and then went on; the leaders crying out in what direction they were going, and calling on the spectators to join them. The first detachment, carrying, by way of banners, some relics of the havoc they had made in Moorfields, proclaimed that they were on their way to Chelsea, whence they would return in the same order, to make of the spoil they bore, a great bonfire, near at hand. The second gave out that they were bound for Wapping, to destroy a chapel; the third, that their place of destination was East Smithfield, and their object the same. All this was done in broad, bright, summer day. Gay carriages and chairs stopped to let them pass, or turned back to avoid them; people on foot stood

aside in doorways, or perhaps knocked and begged permission to stand at a window, or in the hall, until the rioters had passed; but nobody interfered with them; and directly they had gone by, every thing went on as usual.

There still remained the fourth body, and for that the secretary looked with a most intense eagerness. At last it came up. It was numerous, and composed of picked men; for as he gazed down among them, he recognised many upturned faces which he knew well—those of Simon Tappertit, Hugh, and Dennis in the front, of course. They halted and cheered, as the others had done; but when they moved again, they did not, like them, proclaim what design they had. Hugh merely raised his hat upon the bludgeon he carried, and glancing at a spectator on the opposite side of the way, was gone.

Gashford followed the direction of his glance instinctively, and saw, standing on the pavement, and wearing the blue cockade, Sir John Chester. He held his hat an inch or two above his head, to propitiate the mob; and, resting gracefully on his cane, smiling pleasantly, and displaying his dress and person to the very best advantage, looked on in the most tranquil state imaginable. For all that, and quick and dexterous as he was, Gashford had seen him recognise Hugh with the air of a patron. He had no longer any eyes for the crowd, but fixed his keen regards upon Sir John.

He stood in the same place and posture, until the last man in the concourse had turned the corner of the street; then very deliberately took the blue cockade out of his hat; put it carefully in his pocket, ready for the next emergency; refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff; put up his box; and was walking slowly off, when a passing carriage stopped, and a lady's hand let down the glass. Sir John's hat was off again immediately. After a minute's conversation at the carriage-window, in which it was apparent that he was vastly entertaining on the subject of the mob, he stepped lightly in, and was driven away.

The secretary smiled, but he had other thoughts to dwell upon, and soon dismissed the topic. Dinner was brought to him, but he sent it down untasted; and, in restless pacings up and down the room, and constant glances at the clock, and many futile efforts to sit down and read, or go to sleep, or look out of the window, consumed four weary hours. When the dial told him thus much time had crept away, he stole up stairs to the top of the house, and coming out upon the roof, sat down with his face towards the east.

Heedless of the fresh air that blew upon his heated brow, of the pleasant meadows from which he turned, of the piles of roofs and chimneys upon which he looked, of the smoke and rising mist he vainly sought to pierce, of the shrill cries of children at their evening sports, the distant hum and turmoil of the town, the cheerful country breath that rustled past to meet it, and to droop and die; he watched, and watched, till it was dark—save for the specks of light that twinkled in the streets below and far away—and, as the darkness deepened, strained his gaze and grew more eager yet.

"Nothing but gloom in that direction still!" he muttered restlessly. "Dog! where is the redness in the sky, you promised me!

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

Rumours of the prevailing disturbances had by this time begun to be pretty generally circulated through the towns and villages round London, and the tidings were every where received with that appetite for the marvellous and love of the terrible which have probably been among the natural characteristics of mankind since the creation of the world. These accounts, however, appeared, to many persons at that day, as they would to us at the present, but that we know them to be matter of history, so monstrous and improbable, that a great number of those who were resident at a distance, and who were credulous enough on other points, were really unable to bring their minds to believe that such things could be; and rejected the intelligence they received on all hands, as wholly fabulous and absurd.

Mr. Willet—not so much, perhaps, on account of his having argued and settled the matter with himself, as by reason of his constitutional obstinacy—was one of those who positively refused to entertain the current topic for a moment. On this very evening, and perhaps at the very time when Gashford kept his solitary watch, old John was so red in the face with perpetually shaking his head in contradiction of his three ancient cronies and pot companions, that he was quite a phenomenon to behold; and lighted up the Maypole Porch wherein they sat together, like a monstrous carbuncle in a fairy tale.

"Do you think, sir," said Mr. Willet, looking hard at Solomon Daisy, for it was his custom in cases of personal altercation to fasten upon the smallest man in the party—"do you think, sir, that I'm a born fool!"

"No, no, Johnny," returned Solomon, looking round upon the little circle of which he formed a part: "We all know better than that. You're no fool, Johnny. No, no!"

Mr. Cobb and Mr. Parkes shook their heads in unison, muttering "No, no, Johnny, not you!" But as such compliments had usually the effect of making Mr. Willet rather more dogged than before, he surveyed them with a look of deep disdain, and returned for answer:

"Then what do you mean by coming here, and telling me that this evening you're going to walk up to London together—you three—you—and have the evidence of your own senses? An't," said Mr. Willet, putting his pipe in his mouth with an air of solemn disgust, "an't the evidence of *my* senses enough for you?"

"But we haven't got it, Johnny," pleaded Parkes, humbly.

"You haven't got it, sir?" repeated Mr. Willet, eyeing him from top to toe. "You haven't got it, sir? You *have* got it, sir. Don't I tell you that His blessed Majesty King George the Third would no more stand a rioting and rollicking in his streets, than he'd stand being crowed over by his own Parliament?"

"Yes Johnny, but that's your sense—not your senses," said the adventurous Mr. Parkes.

"How do *you* know," returned John with great dignity. "You're a contradicting pretty free, you are sir. How do *you* know which it is? I'm not aware I ever told you, sir."

Mr. Parkes, finding himself in the position of having got into metaphysics without exactly seeing his way out of them, stammered forth an apology and retreated from the argument. There then ensued a silence of some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which period Mr. Willet was observed to rumble and shake with laughter, and presently remarked, in reference to his late adversary, "that he hoped he had tackled him enough." Thereupon Messrs. Cobb and Daisy laughed, and nodded, and Parkes was looked upon as thoroughly and effectually put down.

"Do you suppose if all this was true, that Mr. Haredale would be constantly away from home, as he is?" said John, after another silence. "Do you think he would'nt be afraid to leave his house with them two young women in it, and only a couple of men or so?"

"Ay, but then you know, returned Solomon Daisy, "his house is a goodish way out of London, and they say that the rioters won't go more than two miles, or three at farthest, off the stones. Besides, you know, some of the Catholic gentlefolks have actually sent trinkets and such-like down here for safety—at least, so the story goes."

"The story goes!" said Mr. Willet testily. "Yes, sir. The story goes that you saw a ghost last March. But nobody believes it."

"Well!" said Solomon, rising, to divert the attention of his two friends, who tittered at this retort: "believed or disbelieved it's true; and true or not, if we mean to go to London, we must be going at once. So shake hands, Johnny, and good night."

"I shall shake hands," returned the landlord, putting his into his pockets, "with no man as goes to London on such nonsensical errands."

The three cronies were therefore reduced to the necessity of shaking his elbows; having performed that ceremony, and brought from the house their hats, and sticks, and great coats, they bade him good night and departed; promising to bring him on the morrow full and true accounts of the real state of the city, and if it were quiet, to give him the full merit of his victory.

John Willet looked after them, as they plodded along the road in the rich glow of a summer evening; and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, laughed inwardly at their folly, until his sides were sore.—When he had quite exhausted himself—which took some time, for he laughed as slowly as he thought and spoke—he sat himself comfortably with his back to the house, put his legs upon the bench, then his apron over his face, and fell sound asleep.

How long he slept, matters not; but it was for no brief space, for when he awoke, the rich light had faded, the sombre hues of night were falling fast upon the landscape, and a few bright stars were already twinkling overhead. The brids were all at roost, the daisies on the green had closed their fairy hoods, the honeysuckle twining round the porch exhaled its perfume in a twofold degree, as though it lost its coyness at that silent time and loved to shed its fragrance on the night; the ivy scarcely stirred its deep green leaves. How tranquil, and how beautiful it was!

Was there no sound in the air, besides the gentle rustling of the trees and the grasshopper's merry chirp? Hark! Something very faint and distant, not unlike the murmuring in a sea-shell. Now it grew louder, fainter now, and now it altogether died away. Presently—it came again, subsided, came once more; grew louder, fainter, swelled into a roar. It was on the road, and varied with its windings.—All at once it burst with a distinct sound—the voices, and the tramping feet of many men.

It is questionable whether old John Willet, even then, would have thought of the rioters, but for the cries of his cook and housemaid, who ran screaming up stairs, and locked themselves into one of the old garrets,—shrieking dismally when they had done so, by way of rendering their place of refuge perfectly secret and secure. These two females did afterwards depone that Mr. Willet in his consternation uttered but one word, and called that up the stairs in a stentorian voice, six distinct times. But as this word was a monosyllable, which, however inoffensive when applied to the quadruped it denotes, is highly reprehensible when used in connexion with females of unimpeachable character, many persons were inclined to believe that the young women laboured under some hallucination caused by excessive fear; and that their ears deceived them.

Be this as it may, John Willet, in whom the very uttermost extent of dull headed perplexity supplied the place of courage, stationed himself in the porch, and waited for their coming up. Once, it dimly occurred to him that there was a kind of door to the house, which had a lock and bolts; and at the same time some shadowy ideas of shutters to the lower windows, flitted through his brain. But he stood stock still, looking down the road in the direction which the noise was rapidly advancing, and did not so much as take his hands out of his pockets.

He had not to wait long. A dark mass, looming through a cloud of dust, soon became visible; the mob quickened their pace; shouting and whooping like savages, they came rushing on pell-mell; and in a few seconds he was bandied from hand to hand, in the heart of a crowd of men.

"Halloa!" cried a voice he knew, as the man who spoke came cleaving through the throng. "Where is he? Give him to me. Don't hurt him. How now, old Jack! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Willet looked at him, and saw it was Hugh; but he said nothing, and thought nothing.

"These lads are thirsty and must drink!" cried Hugh, thrusting him back towards the house. "Bustle, Jack, bustle. Show us the best—the very best—the over-proof that you keep for your own drinking, Jack!"

John faintly articulated the words, "Who's to pay?"

"He says 'Who's to pay!'" cried Hugh, with a roar of laughter which was loudly echoed by the crowd. Then turning to John, he added, "Pay! Why, nobody."

John stared round at the mass of faces—some grinning, some fierce, some lighted up by torches, some indistinct, some dusky and shadowy: some looking at him, some at his house, some at each other,—and while he was, as he thought, in the very act of doing so, found himself, without any consciousness of having moved, in the bar; sitting down in an arm-chair, and watching the destruction of his property, as if it were some queer play or entertainment, of an astonishing and stupefying nature, but having no reference to himself—that he could make out—at all.

Yes. Here was the bar—the bar that the boldest never entered without special invitation—the sanctuary, the mystery, the hallowed ground: here it was, crammed with men, clubs, sticks, torches, pistols; filled with a deafening noise, oaths, shouts, screams, hootings; changed all at once into a bear-garden, a madhouse, an infernal temple: men darting in and out, by door and window, smashing the glass, turning the taps, drinking liquor out of China punch-bowls, sitting astride of casks, smoking private and personal pipes, cutting down the sacred grove of lemons, hacking and hewing at the celebrated cheese, breaking open inviolable drawers, putting things in their pockets which didn't belong to them, dividing his own money before his own eyes, wantonly wasting, breaking, pulling down, and tearing up: nothing quiet, nothing private: men every where—above, below, over-head, in the bedrooms, in the kitchen, in the yard, in the stables—clambering in at windows when there were doors wide open; dropping out of windows when the stairs were handy; leaping over the banisters into chasms of passages: new faces and figures presenting themselves every instant—some yelling, some singing, some fighting, some breaking glass and crockery, some laying the dust with the liquor they couldn't drink, some ringing the bells till they pulled them down, others beating them with pokers till they beat them into fragments: more men still—more, more, more,—swarming on like insects: noise, smoke, light, darkness, frolic, anger, laughter, groans, plunder, fear, and ruin!

Nearly all the time while John looked on at this bewildering scene, Hugh kept near him; and though he was the loudest, wildest, most destructive villain there, he saved his old master's bones a score of times. Nay, even when Mr. Tappertit, excited by liquor, came up, and in an assertion of his prerogative politely kicked John Willet on the shins, Hugh bade him return the compliment; and if old John had sufficient presence of mind to understand this whispered direction, and to profit by it, he might no doubt, under Hugh's protection, have done so with impunity.

At length the band began to re-assemble outside the house, and to call to those within, to join them, for they were losing time. These murmurs increasing, and attaining a very high pitch, Hugh, and some of those who yet lingered in the bar, and who plainly were the leaders of the troop, took counsel together apart as to what was to be done with John, to keep him quiet until their Chigwell work was over. Some proposed to set the house on fire and leave him in it; others that he should be reduced to a state of temporary insensibility, by knocking on the head; others that he should be sworn to sit where he was until to-morrow at the same hour; others again that he should be gagged and taken off with them, under a sufficient guard. All these propositions being overruled, it was concluded, at last, to bind him in his chair, and the word was passed for Dennis.

"Look'ee here, Jack!" said Hugh, striding up to him: "We're going to tie you, hand and foot, but otherwise you won't be hurt. D'ye hear?"

John Willet looked at another man, as if he didn't know which was the speaker, and muttered something about an ordinary every Sunday at two o'clock.

"You won't be hurt I tell you, Jack—do you hear me?" roared Hugh, impressing the assurance upon him by means of a heavy blow on the back. "He's so dead scared, he's wool-gathering, I think. Ha, ha! Give him a drop of something to drink here. Hand over, one of you."

A glass of liquor being passed forward, Hugh poured the contents down old John's throat. Mr. Willet feebly smacked his lips, thrust his hand into his pocket, and enquired what was to pay; adding, as he looked vacantly round, that he believed there was a trifle of broken glass—

"He's out of his senses for the time, it's my belief," said Hugh, after shaking him, without any visible effect upon his system, until his keys rattled in his pocket. "Where's that Dennis?"

The word was again passed, and presently Mr. Dennis, with a long cord bound about his middle, something after the manner of a friar, came hurrying in, attended by a body-guard of half-a-dozen of his men.

"Come! Be alive here!" cried Hugh, stamping his foot upon the ground. "Make haste!"

Dennis, with a wink and a nod, unwound the cord from about his person, and raising his eyes to the ceiling, looked all over it, and round the walls and cornice, with a curious eye; then shook his head.

"Move man, can't you!" cried Hugh, with another impatient stamp of his foot. "Are we to wait here till the cry has gone for ten miles round, and our work's interrupted?"

"It's all very fine talking, brother," answered Dennis, stepping towards him; "but unless—" and here he whispered in his ear—"unless we do it over the door, it can't be done at all in this here room."

"What can't!" Hugh demanded.

"What can't!" retorted Dennis. "Why, the old man can't."

"Why, you weren't going to hang him!" cried Hugh.

"No, brother!" returned the hangman, with a stare. "What else?"

Hugh made no answer, but snatching the rope from his companion's hand, proceeded to bind old John himself; but his very first move was so bungling and unskilful, that Mr. Dennis entreated, almost with tears in his eyes, that he might be permitted to perform the duty. Hugh consenting, he achieved it in a twinkling.

"There!" he said, looking mournfully at John Willet, who displayed no more emotion in his bonds than he had shown out of them. "That's what I call pretty, and workmanlike. He's quite a picter now. But, brother, just a word with you—now that he's ready trussed, as one may say, wouldn't it be better for all parties if we was to work him off? It would read uncommon well in the newspapers, it would indeed. The public would think a great deal more on us!"

Hugh, inferring what his companion meant, rather from his gestures than his technical mode of expressing himself (to which, as he was ignorant of his calling, he wanted the clue,) rejected this proposition for the second time, and gave the word "Forward!" which was echoed by a hundred voices from without.

"To the Warren!" shouted Dennis as he ran out, followed by the rest. "A witness's house, my lads!"

A loud yell followed, and the whole throng hurried off, mad for pillage and destruction. Hugh lingered behind him for a few moments to stimulate himself with more drink, and to set all the taps running, a

few of which had accidentally been spared; then glancing round the despoiled and plundered room, through whose shattered window the rioters had thrust the Maypole itself,—for even that had been sawn down,—lighted a torch; clapped the mute and motionless John Willet on the back; and waving it above his head, and uttering a fierce shout, hastened after his companions.

---

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

John Willet, left alone in his dismantled bar, continued to sit staring about him; awake as to his eyes, certainly, but with all his powers of reason and reflection in a sound and dreamless sleep. He looked round upon the room which had been for years, and was within an hour ago, the pride of his heart; and not a muscle of his face was moved. The night without looked black and cold through the dreary gaps in the casement; the precious liquids, now nearly leaked away, dripped with a hollow sound upon the floor; the Maypole peered ruefully in through the broken window like the bowsprit of a wrecked ship; the ground might have been the bottom of the sea, it was so strewn with precious fragments. Currents of air rushed in as the old doors jarred and creaked upon their hinges; the candles flickered and guttered down, and made long winding-sheets; the cheery deep-red curtains flapped and fluttered idly in the road; even the stout Dutch kegs, overthrown and lying empty in dark corners, seemed the mere husks of good fellows whose jollity had departed, and who could kindle with a friendly glow no more. John saw this desolation, and yet saw it not. He was perfectly contented to sit there staring at it, and felt no more indignation or discomfort in his bonds than if they had been robes of honour. So far as he was personally concerned, old Time lay snoring, and the world stood still.

Save for the dripping from the barrels, the rustling of such light fragments of destruction as the wind effected, and the dull creaking of the open doors, all was profoundly quiet; indeed these sounds, like the ticking of the death-watch in the night, only made the silence they invaded deeper and more apparent. But quiet or noisy it was all one to John. If a train of heavy artillery could have come up and commenced ball-practice outside the window, it would have been all the same to him. He was a long way beyond surprise. A ghost couldn't have overtaken him.

By and by he heard a footstep—a hurried and yet cautious footstep—coming on towards the house. It stopped, advanced again, then seemed to go quite round it. Having done that, it came beneath the window, and a head looked in.

It was strongly relieved against the darkness outside by the glare of the guttering candles. A pale, worn, withered face; the eyes—but that was owing to its gaunt condition—unnaturally large and bright; the hair a grizzled black. It gave a searching glance all round the room, and a deep voice said:

"Are you alone in this house?"

John made no sign, though the question was repeated twice, and he heard it distinctly. After a moment's pause, the man got in at the window. John was not at all surprised at this either. There had been so much getting in and out of window in the course of the last hour or so, that he had quite forgotten the door, and seemed to have lived among such exercises from infancy.

The man wore a large dark faded cloak, and a slouched hat; he walked up close to John, and looked at him. John returned the compliment with interest.

"How long have you been sitting thus?" said the man.

John considered, but nothing came of it.

"Which way have the party gone?"

Some wandering speculations relative to the fashion of the stranger's boots got into Mr. Willet's mind by some accident or other, but they got out again in a hurry, and left him in his former state.

"You would do well to speak," said the man, "you may keep a whole skin though you have nothing else left that can be hurt. Which way have the party gone?"

"That!" said John, finding his voice all at once, and nodding with perfect good faith—he couldn't point he was so tightly bound—in exactly the opposite direction to the right one.

"You lie!" said the man angrily, and with a threatening gesture. "I came that way. You would betray me."

It was so evident that John's imperturbability was not assumed, but was the result of the late proceedings under his roof, that the man stayed his hand in the very act of striking him, and turned away.

John looked after him without so much as a twitch in a single nerve of his face. He seized a glass, and holding it under one of the little casks until a few drops were collected, drank them greedily off; then dashing it down on the floor impatiently, he took the vessel in his hands and drained it into his throat.—Some scraps of bread and meat were scattered about, and on these he fell next, eating them with great voracity, and pausing every now and then to listen for some fancied noise outside. When he had refreshed himself in this manner with violent haste, and raised another barrel to his lips, he pulled his hat upon his brow as though he were about to leave the house, and turned to John.

"Where are your servants?"

Mr. Willet indistinctly remembered to have heard the rioters calling to them to throw the key of the room in which they were out of the window for their keeping. He therefore replied, "Locked up."

"Well for them if they remain quiet, and well for you if you do the like," said the man. "Now show me the way the party went."

This time Mr. Willet indicated it correctly. The man was hurrying to the door, when suddenly there came towards them on the wind, the loud and rapid tolling of an alarm bell, and then a bright and vivid glare streamed up, which illumined, not only the whole chamber, but all the country.

It was not the sudden change from darkness to this dreadful light, it was not the sound of distant shrieks and shouts of triumph, it was not this dread invasion of the serenity and peace of night, that drove the man back as though a thunderbolt had struck him. It was the bell. If the ghastliest shape the human mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him, he could not have staggered backward from its touch as he did from the

first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that started from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up into the air, and holding something visionary back and down with his other hand, drove at it as though he held a knife and stabbed it to the heart. He clutched his hair, and stopped his ears, and travelled madly round and round; then gave a frightful cry, and with it rushed away: still, still the bell tolled on and seemed to follow him—louder and louder, hotter and hotter yet. The glare grew brighter, the roar of voices deeper, the crash of heavy bodies falling shook the air, bright streams of sparks rose up into the sky; but louder than them all—rising faster far to Heaven—a million times more fierce and furious, pouring forth dreadful secrets after its long silence—speaking the language of the dead—the bell—the bell!

What hunt of spectres could surpass that dread pursuit and flight! Had there been a legion of them on his back, he could have better borne it. They would have had a beginning and an end, but here all space was full—the one pursuing voice was every where; it sounded in the earth, the air; shook the long grass, and howled among the trembling trees. The echoes caught it up, the owls hooted as it flew upon the breeze, the nightingale was silent and hid herself among the thickest boughs—it seemed to goad and urge the angry fire, and lash it into madness. Every thing was steeped in one prevailing red; the glow was every where; nature was drenched in blood; still the remorseless crying of that awful voice—the bell, the bell!

It ceased; but not in his ears. The knell was at his heart; no work of man had ever voice like that which sounded there, and warned him that it cried unceasingly to Heaven. Who could hear that bell and not know what it said! There was murder in its every note—cruel, relentless, savage murder—the murder of a confiding man by one who held his every trust. Its ringing summoned phantoms from their graves. What face was that, in which a friendly smile changed to a look of half incredulous horror, which stiffened for a moment into one of pain, then changed again into an imploring glance at Heaven, and so fell idly down with upturned eyes, like the dead stags he had often peeped at when a little child: shrinking and shuddering—there was a dreadful thing to think of now!—and clinging to an apron as he looked! He sank down upon the ground, and grovelling down as if he would dig himself a place to hide in, covered his face and ears, but no, no, no—a hundred walls and roofs of brass would not shut out that bell, for in it spoke the wrathful voice of God, and from that the whole wide universe could not afford a refuge!

While he rushed up and down not knowing where to turn, and while he lay crouching there, the work went briskly on indeed. When they left the Maypole, the rioters formed into a solid body, and advanced at a quick pace to the Warren. Rumour of their approach having gone before, they found the garden doors fast closed, the windows made secure, and the house profoundly dark: not a light being visible in any portion of the building. After some fruitless ringing at the bells, and beating at the iron gates, they drew off a few paces to reconnoitre, and confer upon the course it would be best to take.

Very little conference was needed, when all were bent upon one desperate purpose, infuriated with liquor, and flushed with successful riot. The word being given to surround the house, some climbed the gates, or dropped into the shallow trench and scaled the garden wall, while others pulled down the solid iron fence, and while they made a breach to enter by, made deadly weapons of the bars. The house being completely encircled, a small number of men were despatched to break open a tool shed in the garden, and during their absence on this errand, the remainder contented themselves with knocking violently at the doors, and calling to those within, to come down and open them on peril of their lives.

No answer being returned to this repeated summons, and the detachment who had been sent away, coming back with an accession of pick axes, spades, and hoes, they together with those who had such arms already, or carried (as many did) axes, poles, and crow bars, struggled into the foremost rank, ready to beset the doors and windows. They had not at this time more than a dozen lighted torches among them, but when these preparations were completed, flaming links were distributed and passed from hand to hand with such rapidity, that in a minute's time at least two-thirds of the whole roaring mass, bore, each man in his hand, a blazing brand. Whirling these about their heads they raised a loud shout, and fell to work upon the doors and windows.

Amidst the clattering of heavy blows, the rattling of broken glass, the cries and execrations of the mob, and all the din and turmoil of the scene, Hugh and his friends kept together at the turret door where Mr. Haredale had last admitted him and old John Willet; and spent their united force on that. It was a strong old oaken door, guarded by good bolts and a heavy bar, but it soon went crashing in upon the narrow stairs behind, and made, as it were, a platform to facilitate their tearing up into the rooms above. Almost at the same moment, a dozen other points were forced, and at every one the crowd poured in like water.

A few armed servant-men were posted in the hall, and when the rioters forced an entrance there, they fired some half-a-dozen shots. But these taking no effect, and the concourse coming on like an army of devils, they only thought of consulting their own safety, and retreated, echoing their assailants' cries, and hoping in the confusion to be taken for rioters themselves, in which stratagem they succeeded, with the exception of one old man who was never heard of again, and was said to have had his brains beaten out with an iron bar (one of his fellows reported that he had seen the old man fall) and to have been afterwards burnt in the flames.

The besiegers being now in complete possession of the house, spread themselves over it from garret to cellar, and plied their demon labours fiercely. While some small parties kindled bonfires underneath the windows, others broke up the furniture and cast the fragments down to feed the flames below; where the apertures in the wall (windows no longer) were large enough, they hurled out tables, chests of drawers, beds, mirrors, pictures, and flung them whole into the fire; while every fresh addition to the blazing masses was received with shouts, and howls, and yells, which added new and dismal terrors to the conflagration. Those who had axes and had spent their fury on the moveables, chopped and tore down

the doors and window frames, broke up the flooring, hewed away the rafters, and buried men who lingered in the upper rooms, in heaps of ruins. Some searched the drawers, the chests, the boxes, writing-desks, and closets, for jewels, plate, and money; while others, less mindful of gain and more mad for destruction, cast their whole contents into the court-yard without examination, and called to those below to heap them on the blaze. Men who had been into the cellars, and had staved the casks, rushed to and fro stark mad, setting fire to all they saw—often to the dresses of their own friends—and kindling the building in so many parts that some had no time for escape, and were seen with drooping hands and blackened faces hanging senseless on the window sills, to which they had crawled, until they were sucked and drawn into the burning gulf. The more the fire crackled and raged, the wilder and more cruel the men grew; as though moving in that element they became fiends, and changed their earthly nature for the qualities that give delight in hell.

The burning pile revealing rooms and passages red hot, through gaps made in the crumbling walls; the tributary fires that licked the outer bricks and stones, with their long forked tongues, and ran up to meet the glowing mass within; the shining of the flames upon the villains who looked on and fed them; the roaring of the angry blaze, so bright and high that it seemed in its rapacity to have swallowed up the very smoke; the living flakes the wind bore rapidly away and hurried on with, like a storm of fiery snow; the noiseless breaking of great beams of wood which fell like feathers on the heaps of ashes, and crumbled in the very act to sparks and powder; the lurid tinge that overspread the sky; and the darkness, very deep by contrast, which prevailed around; the exposure to the coarse, common gaze, of every little nook which usages of home had made a sacred place, and the destruction by rude hands of every little household favourite which old associations made a dear and precious thing—all this taking place; not among pitying looks and friendly murmurs of compassion, but brutal shouts and exultations, which seemed to make the very rats who stood by the old house too long, creatures with some claim upon the pity and regard of those its roof had sheltered—combined to form a scene never to be forgotten by those who saw it, and were not actors in the work, so long as life endured.

And who were they? The alarm-bell rang—and it was pulled by no faint or hesitating hands—for a long time; but not a soul was seen. Some of the insurgents said that when it ceased they heard the shrieks of women, and saw some garments fluttering in the air, as a party of men bore away no unresisting burdens. No one could say that this was true or false, in such an uproar, but where was Hugh? who among them had seen him, since the forcing of the doors? The cry spread through the body—Where was Hugh?

"Here!" he hoarsely cried, appearing from the darkness; out of breath, and blackened with the smoke. "We have done all we can; the fire is burning itself out; and even the corners where it hasn't spread, are nothing but heaps of ruins. Disperse my lads, while the coast's clear; get back by different ways; and meet as usual!" With that he disappeared again,—contrary to his wont, for he was always first to advance, and last to go away—leaving them to follow homewards as they would.

It was not an easy task to draw off such a throng. If Bedlam gates had been flung open wide, there would not have issued forth such maniacs as the frenzy of that night had made. There were men there who danced and trampled on the beds of flowers as though they trod down human enemies; and wrenched them from the stalks, like savages who twisted human necks. There were men who rushed up to the fire and paddled in it with their hands as if in water; and others who were restrained by force from plunging in it to gratify their deadly longing. On the skull of one drunken lad—not twenty, by his looks—who lay upon the ground with a bottle to his mouth, the lead from the roof came streaming down in a shower of liquid fire, white hot—melting his head like wax. When the scattered parties were collected, men,—living yet, but singed as with hot irons, were plucked out of the cellars, and carried off upon the shoulders of others, who strove to wake them as they went along, with ribald jokes, and left them dead in the passages of hospitals. But of all the howling throng not one learnt mercy from, or sickened at these sights; nor was the fierce, besotted, senseless rage of one man glutted.

Slowly, and in small clusters, with hoarse hurrahs and repetitions of their usual cry, the assembly dropped away. The last few red-eyed stragglers reeled after those who had gone before; the distant noise of men calling to each other, and whistling for others whom they missed, grew fainter and fainter; at length even these sounds died away, and silence reigned alone.

Silence indeed! The glare of the flames had sunk into a fitful flashing light, and the gentle stars, invisible till now, looked down upon the blackening. A dull smoke hung upon the ruin, as though to hide it from those eyes of Heaven; and the wind forbore to move it. Bare walls, roof open to the sky—chambers where the beloved, lately dead, had many and many a fair day risen to new life and energy—where so many dear ones had been sad and merry; which were connected with so many thoughts and hopes, regrets and changes—all gone—nothing left but a dull and dreary blank—a smouldering heap of dust and ashes—the silence and solitude of utter desolation.

---

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

The Maypole cronies, little dreaming of the change so soon to come upon their favourite haunt, struck through the forest path upon their way to London: and avoiding the main road which was hot and dusty, kept to the bye paths and the fields. As they drew nearer to their destination, they began to make enquiries of the people whom they passed, concerning the riots, and the truth or falsehood of the stories they had heard. The answers went far beyond any intelligence that had spread to quiet Chigwell. One man told them that that afternoon the Guards, conveying to Newgate some rioters who had been re-examined, had been set upon by the mob and compelled to retreat; another, that the houses of two

witnesses near Clare Market were about to be pulled down when he came away; another, that Sir George Saville's house in Leicester Fields was to be burned that night, and that it would go hard with Sir George if he fell into the people's hands, as it was he who had brought in the Catholic bill. All accounts agreed, that the mob were out, in stronger numbers and more numerous parties than had yet appeared; that the streets were unsafe; that no man's house or life was worth an hour's purchase; that the public consternation was increasing every moment; and that many families had already fled the city. One fellow who wore the popular colour, damned them for not having cockades in their hats, and bade them set a good watch to-morrow night upon the prison doors, for the locks would have a straining; another asked if they were fire proof, that they walked abroad without the distinguishing mark of all good and true men; and a third who rode on horseback and was quite alone, ordered them to throw, each man a shilling, in his hat, towards the support of the rioters. Although they were afraid to refuse compliance with this demand, and were much alarmed by these reports, they agreed, having come so far, to go forward, and see the real state of things with their own eyes. So they pushed on quicker, as men do who are excited by portentous news, and ruminating on what they had heard, spoke little to each other.

It was now night, and as they came nearer to the city they had dismal confirmation of this intelligence in three great fires all close together, which burnt fiercely and were gloomily reflected in the sky. Arriving in the immediate suburbs, they found that almost every house had chalked upon its door in large characters "No Popery," that the shops were shut, and that alarm and anxiety were depicted in every face they passed.

Noting these things with a degree of apprehension which neither of the three cared to impart in its full extent to his companions, they came to a turnpike gate, which was shut. They were passing through the turnstile on the path, when a horseman rode up from London at a hard gallop, and called to the toll-keeper in a voice of great agitation, to open quickly in the name of God.

The adjuration was so earnest and vehement, that the man with a lantern in his hand came running out, toll-keeper though he was, and was about to throw the gate open, when happening to look behind him, he exclaimed, "Good Heaven what's that! another fire!"

At this, the three turned their heads, and saw in the distance straight in the direction whence they had come, a broad sheet of flame, casting a threatening light upon the clouds, which glimmered as though the conflagration were behind them, and showed like a wrathful sunset.

"My mind misgives me," said the horseman, "that I know from what far building those flames come. Don't stand aghast my good fellow, open the gate!"

"Sir," cried the man, laying his hand upon his horse's bridle as he let him through. "I know you now sir, be advised by me—do not go on. I saw them pass and know what kind of men they are. You will be murdered."

"So be it!" said the horseman, looking intently towards the fire, and not at him who spoke.

"But sir—sir," cried the man, grasping at his rein more tightly yet, "if you do go on, wear the blue riband. Here sir," he added, taking one from his own hat, and speaking so earnestly that the tears stood in his eyes, "It's necessity not choice, that makes me wear it,—it's love of life and home sir. Wear it for this one night sir; only for this one night."

"Do!" cried the three friends pressing round his horse. "Mr. Haredale—worthy sir—good gentleman—pray be persuaded."

"Who's that!" cried Mr. Haredale stooping down to look, "Did I hear Daisy's voice!"

"You did sir," cried the little man, "Do be persuaded sir. This gentleman says very true. Your life may hang upon it."

"Are you," said Mr. Haredale abruptly, "afraid to come with me?"

"I sir!—N-n-no."

"Put that riband in your hat. If we meet the rioters, swear that I took you prisoner for wearing it. I will tell them so with my own lips; for as I hope for mercy when I die, I will take no quarter from them, nor shall they have quarter from me, if we come hand to hand to-night. Up here—behind me—quick! Clasp me tight round the body, and fear nothing."

In an instant they were riding away at full gallop, in a dense cloud of dust and speeding on like hunters in a dream.

It was well the good horse knew the road he traversed, for never once, no never once in all the journey, did Mr. Haredale cast his eyes upon the ground, or turn them for an instant, from the light towards which they sped so madly. Once he said in a low voice, "It *is* my house," but that was the only time he spoke. When they came to dark and doubtful places, he never forgot to put his hand upon the little man to hold him more securely on his seat, but he kept head erect and his eyes fixed on the fire, then, and always.

The road was dangerous enough, for they went the nearest way—headlong—far from the highway,—by lonely lanes and paths, where wagon wheels had worn deep ruts; where hedge and ditch hemmed in the narrow strip of ground; and tall trees arching overhead, made it profoundly dark. But on, on, on, with neither stop nor stumble, till they reached the Maypole door, and could plainly see that the fire began to fade, as if for want of fuel.

"Down for one moment—for but one moment," said Mr. Haredale, helping Daisy to the ground, and following himself, "Willet—Willet where are my niece and servants—Willet!"

Crying out to him distractedly, he rushed into the bar. The landlord bound and fastened to his chair; the place dismantled, stripped, and pulled about his ears;—nobody could have taken shelter here.

He was a strong man, accustomed to restrain himself, and suppress his strong emotions; but this preparation for what was to follow—though he had seen that fire burning, and knew that his house must be razed to the ground—was more than he could bear. He covered his face with his hands for a moment, and turned away his head.

"Johnny, Johnny," said Solomon—and the simple-hearted fellow cried outright, and wrung his hands. "Oh dear, old Johnny, here's a change! That the Maypole bar should come to this, and we

should live to see it! The old Warren too, Johnny—Mr. Haredale—oh, Johnny, what a piteous sight this is!"

Pointing to Mr. Haredale as he said these words, little Solomon Daisy put his elbows on the back of Mr. Willet's chair, and fairly blubbered on his shoulder.

While Solomon was speaking, old John sat, mute as a stock-fish, staring at him with an unearthly glare, and displaying, by every possible symptom, entire and most comple unconsciousness. But when Solomon was silent again, John followed with his great round eyes the direction of his look, and did appear to have some dawning, distant notion that somebody had come to see him.

"You know us, don't you, Johnny?" said the little clerk, rapping himself on the breast, "Daisy you know—Chigwell Church—bell-ringer—little desk on Sundays—eh, Johnny?"

Mr. Willet reflected for a few moments, and then muttered, as it were, mechanically: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of—"

"Yes, to be sure," cried the little man, hastily; "that's it—that's me, Johnny. You're all right now, an't you? Say you're all right, Johnny."

"All right?" pondered Mr. Willet, as if that were a matter entirely between himself and his conscience. "All right? Ah?"

"They haven't been misusing you with sticks, or pokers, or any other blunt instruments, have they, Johnny?" asked Solomon, with a very anxious glance at Mr. Willet's head. "They didn't beat you, did they?"

John knitted his brow; looked downwards, as if mentally engaged in some arithmetical calculation; then upwards, as if the total wouldn't come at his call; then at Solomon Daisy, from his eyebrow to his shoe-buckle; then very slowly round the bar; and then a great, round, leaden-looking, and not-at-all-transparent tear came rolling out of each eye, and he said, as he shook his head:

"If they'd only had the goodness to murder me, I'd have thanked 'em kindly."

"No, no, don't say that Johnny," whimpered his little friend. "It's very—very bad, but not quite so bad as that. No, no!"

"Lookee here, sir!" cried John, turning his rueful eyes on Mr. Haredale, who had dropped on one knee, and was hastily beginning to untie his bonds. "Lookee here, sir! The very Maypole—the old dumb Maypole—stares in at the winder, as if it said, 'John Willet, John Willet, let's go and pitch ourselves in the nighest pool of water as is deep enough to hold us; for our day is over!'"

"Don't, Johnny, don't," cried his friend: no less affected by this mournful effort of Mr. Willet's imagination, than by the sepulchral tone in which he had spoken for the Maypole. "Please don't, Johnny!"

"Your loss is great, and your misfortune a heavy one," said Mr. Haredale, looking restlessly towards the door: "and this is not a time to comfort you. If it were, I am in no condition to do so. Before I leave you, tell me one thing, and try to tell me truly and plainly, I implore you. Have you seen or heard of Emma?"

"No!" said Mr. Willet.

"Nor any one, but these blood-hounds?"

"No!"

"They rode away, I trust in Heaven, before these dreadful scenes began," said Mr. Haredale, who, between his agitation, his eagerness to mount his horse again, and the dexterity with which the cords were tied, had scarcely yet undone one knot. "A knife, Daisy."

"You didn't," said John, looking about, as though he had lost his pocket-handkerchief, or some such slight article—"either of you, gentlemen—see a—a coffin any wheres, did you?"

"Willet!" cried Mr. Haredale. Solomon dropped the knife, and instantly becoming limp from head to foot, exclaimed "Good gracious!"

"—Because," said John, not at all regarding them, "a dead man called a little time ago, on his way yonder. I could have told you what name was on the plate, if he had brought his coffin with him, and left it behind. If he didn't, it don't signify."

His landlord, who had listened to these words with breathless attention, started that moment to his feet; and, without a word, drew Solomon Daisy to the door, mounted his horse, took him up behind again, and flew rather than galloped towards the pile of ruins, which that day's sun had shone upon, a stately house. Mr. Willet stared after them, listened, looked down upon himself, to make quite sure that he was still unbound, and without any manifestation of impatience, disappointment, or surprise, gently relapsed into the condition from which he had so imperfectly recovered.

Mr. Haredale tied his horse to the trunk of a tree, and grasping his companion's arm, stole softly along the footpath, and into what had been the garden of his house. He stopped for an instant to look upon its smoking walls, and at the stars that shone through roof and floor upon the heap of crumbling ashes. Solomon glanced timidly in his face, but his lips were tightly pressed together, a resolute and stern expression sat upon his brow, and not a tear, a look, or gesture indicating grief escaped him.

He drew his sword; felt for a moment in his breast, as though he carried other arms about him; then grasping Solomon by the wrist again, went with a cautious step all round the house. He looked into every door-way and gap in the wall; retraced his steps at every rustling of the air among the leaves; and searched in every shadowed nook with outstretched hands. Thus they made the circuit of the building: but they returned to the spot from which they had set out, without encountering any human being, or finding the least trace of any concealed straggler.

After a short pause, Mr. Haredale shouted twice or thrice; then cried aloud, "Is there any one in hiding here, who knows my voice? There is nothing to fear now. If any of my people are near, I entreat them to answer!" He called them all by name; his voice was echoed in many mournful tones; then all was silent as before.

They were standing near the foot of the turret, where the alarm-bell hung. The fire had raged there, and the floors had been sawn, and hewn, and beaten down, besides. It was open to the night; but a part of the staircase still remained, winding upwards from a great mound of dust and cinders. Fragments of the jagged and broken steps offered an insecure and giddy footing here and there, and then were lost again behind protruding angles of the wall, or in the

deep shadows cast upon it by other portions of the ruin; for by this time the moon had risen, and shone brightly.

As they stood here, listening to the echoes as they died away, and hoping in vain to hear a voice they knew, some of the ashes in this turret slipped and rolled down. Startled by the least noise in that melancholy place, Solomon looked up at his companion's face, and saw that he had turned towards the spot, and that he watched and listened keenly.

He covered the little man's mouth with his hand, and looked again. Instantly, with kindling eyes, he bade him on his life keep still, and neither speak nor move. Then holding his breath and stooping down, he stole into the turret, with his drawn sword in his hand, and disappeared.

Terrified to be left there by himself, under such desolate circumstances, and after all he had seen and heard that night, Solomon would have followed; but there had been something in Mr. Haredale's manner and his look, the recollection of which held him spell-bound. He stood rooted to the spot, and scarcely venturing to breathe, looked up with mingled fear and wonder.

Again the ashes slipped and rolled—very, very softly—again—and then again, as though they crumbled underneath the tread of a stealthy foot. And now a figure was dimly visible, climbing very softly, and often stopping to look down: now it pursued its difficult way, and now it was hidden from the view again.

It emerged once more into the shadowy and uncertain light—higher now, but not much, for the way was steep and toilsome, and its progress very slow. What phantom of the brain did he pursue? and why did he look down so constantly? He knew he was alone. Surely his mind was not affected by that night's loss and agony. He was not about to throw himself headlong from the summit of the tottering wall. Solomon turned sick, and clasped his hands. His limbs trembled beneath him, and a cold sweat broke out upon his pallid face.

If he complied with Mr. Haredale's last injunction now, it was because he had not the power to speak or move. He strained his gaze, and fixed it on a patch of moonlight, into which, if he continued to ascend, he must soon emerge. When he appeared there, he would try to call to him.

Again the ashes slipped and crumbled; some stones rolled down, and fell with a dull heavy sound upon the ground below. He kept his eyes upon the piece of moonlight. The figure was coming on, for its shadow was already thrown upon the wall. Now it appeared—and now looked round at him—and now—

The horror-stricken clerk uttered a scream that pierced the air, and cried, "The ghost again! The ghost!"

Long before the echo of that cry had died away, another form rushed out into the light, flung itself upon the foremost one, knelt down upon its breast, and clutched its throat with both hands.

"Villain!" cried Mr. Haredale, in a terrible voice—for it was he. "Dead and buried, as all men supposed, through your infernal arts, but reserved by Heaven for this. At last—at last—I have you. You, whose hands are red with my brother's blood, and that of his faithful servant, shed to conceal your own atrocious guilt. You, Rudge, double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of God, who has delivered you into my hands. Nay, though you had the strength of twenty men," he added, as he writhed and struggled, "you could not escape me, or loosen my grasp to-night."

---

## THE MATE'S LAMENT.

I'm thirty four,—a trifle more,—
  Mate of the "Lower Deck;"
And there, mid scrubs and washing-tubs,
  I'm buried to the neck.

On Afric's coast I've had my roast,
  In craft of every rate;
Mid slaves and knaves, and waves and graves,
  I've serv'd too long a Mate.

What more annoys—I've seen mere boys,
  Whom oft I've cobb'd for jaw,
In a few years mount o'er my ears,
  Commanding ships of war.

Of course Lord Minto oft looks into
  Your news of sea and state;
These lines he'll note, and then promote
  "An old deserving Mate."

HOLYSTONE ORLOP.

*U. S. Journal.*

---

## POPULATION OF PARIS.

DURING the first six months of the present year there were born in Paris 10,500 legitimate children; 4,735 illegitimate children; the lifeless bodies of 150 persons were deposited at the Morgue; there were 4,400 marriages celebrated; and 12,660 individuals had paid the debt of nature.

## SKETCH OF COLONEL CROCKETT.

"Among the slain there was one who, surrounded by a heap of the fallen enemy, displayed, even in death, the freshness of the hunter's aspect, and whose eccentricities, real or reputed, have familiarised England with his name—David Crockett of Tennessee, a charactor such as could only have been produced and perfected within the limits of his own country.

"The whole man, physical and mental, was of frontier growth. His playthings from infancy were the axe and the rifle. Few among his youthful companions displayed more activity and strength; none aimed his piece with a steadier hand or truer eye. In the metaphorical eulogy of the western woodsmen, he was more than 'a horse,'—he was a 'steamboat.' During the war of 1812, David took up arms for his country, and fought bravely, though no admirer of parade or drill. After the war he turned to industrious pursuits, and was a successful hunter and thriving planter. Hospitality kept cheerful watch at his door, and the wayfarer was ever welcome to a plentiful meal, and a glass of 'old Monongahela.'

"The ambition to be politically distinguished, which prevails wherever free institutions are established, is, perhaps, a more active passion in new states than in old. Crockett did not escape the general mania for public life. His conscience told him that he was an honest man, and rumour and the newspapers strangely lied if there were many of the same stamp in the great house at Washington. Reforms were wanting—there was no question of that—but means were essential to an end, and sound reforms demanded clean-handed legislators. David felt that he had a call. He had mastered the 'varmint' of the woods—'coon,' bear, and panther—and why should he not 'use up' the prowlers that preyed upon the commonwealth?—The great Tennessee hunter determined to 'run for Congress."

"The stump of a tree is frequently the rostrum of a western orator; hence the name of 'stump-speeches' has been given in the states to those morsels of eloquence which are seasoned and sauced exclusively for the popular palate. Possessed of robust health and powerful lungs, backed by never-faltering perseverance, Crockett was a giant on the stump. If poor in classical lore, he was affluent in the figures and phraseology of life in the West. After a long and arduous struggle, he was chosen a member of Congress for Tennessee.

"His career as a patriotic legislator disappointed his hopes, and fell far short of his electioneering promises. When he entered Congress he imagined that his prowess as a hunter and a wrestler would inspire his opponents with awe, and enable him to shoulder the state wagon out of the ruts by a few prompt and dexterous heaves; but he found difficulties at Washington which he never contemplated when an aspirant for representative honours. The first thing, he said, that 'bothered' him were the Congressional rules and orders, and 'what those rascally things were made for he could not reckon, for they did no good.' If he happened to damage these rules and orders, and then got in a 'fair track,' his tongue did not wag so glibly as it used to do on the stump, and he frequently found himself short of breath and his knees weak when he attempted to harangue the House. He could not understand this, but he found it was so day after day. He often looked round to see if there were any man bigger and stronger than himself to produce this quaking, for, until then, none but a stronger man than himself could shake his nerve. His visions of reform, one after another, vanished, for he could not make the members listen to his reasoning. He began to suspect that he had different work to do than when he used to go 'a gunning.' Often as he might hit a political wild cat, the 'crittur' held out, as if it had nine times the nine lives attributed to grimalkin.

"Many an odd saying and grotesque story was fathered on 'Colonel Crockett,' whose raciness of speech and manners was, however, spoiled by mixing in political society. He lost the wild originality of frontier, without acquiring the polish or sprightliness of city life. Still, Washington had its attractions, and he was anxious to retain his place in the legislature; but he must have his own way, and would not submit to be trammelled; the consequence of which was that his constituents chose a more pliable candidate. This was a heavy blow to David, who had been for years a 'lion,' and to whom excitement of some kind was indispensable. Disgusted with politics and irritated by public ingratitude, military renown acquired fresh attractions in his eyes. At this time Texas had raised the standard of resistance against military usurpation. To the cause of Texan liberty he resolved to devote himself, and, shouldering his rifle, he started for the Sabine, and arrived at Nacogdoches, accompanied by several volunteers, in the commencement of the war."—*Kennedy's Texas.*

---

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS ON THE GANGES.

Every thing is strange to him: groves of palm-trees meet his eye on every hand; he sees the footprints of the tiger upon the mud deposited by the last high tide; jackals meet him on his walk, and hardly move out of his track; and monkies mimic the cries of dying innocence in the adjoining copse: he sees the alligator basking upon the sand-bank like a log of wood; vultures and adjutants flapping each other with their wings as they float by him rafted on a dead Hindo; vampire-bats skim silently through the evening air in search of prey; fire-flies glimmer and gyrate among the blossom-laden forest trees; his ear is assailed and stunned by the noise, the buzz, and hum, and hiss, and clatter of ten thousand insects. The native tomtom sounds from the bazaar of a neighbouring village. The houses are mere wigwams, shrouded in most luxuriant vegetation. The people are almost naked, or clothed in muslin robes, with silver rings upon their ankles and their arms, their fingers and their toes, and golden ornaments in their ears and their noses. He is agreeably surprised to find them so fair; and more so to find them more handsome and with more regular and finer turned features than his own countrymen; graceful in their gait, easy and polite in their manners, and in their intercourse highly polished and civilised; speaking an unknown language, and yet making themselves understood; kneeling in prayer along the highways, regardless of the turmoil around them, or pouring out libations into the sacred stream.—*Dr. M'Cosh.*

## CHAPTER CII.—Ciudad Rodrigo.

While such were the scenes passing round me, of my own part in them I absolutely knew nothing; for, until the moment that the glancing bayonets of the light division came rushing on the foe, and the loud, long cheer of victory burst above us, I felt like one in a trance. Then I leaned against an angle of the rampart, overpowered and exhausted; a bayonet wound, which some soldier of our own ranks had given me when mounting the breach, pained me somewhat; my uniform was actually torn to rags; my head bare; of my sword, the hilt and four inches of the blade alone remained, while my left hand firmly grasped the rammer of a cannon, but why or wherefore I could not even guess. As thus I stood, the unceasing tide of soldiery pressed on; fresh divisions came pouring in, eager for plunder, and thirsting for the spoil. The dead and the dying were alike trampled beneath the feet of that remorseless mass, who, actuated by vengeance and by rapine, sprang fiercely up the breach.

Weak and exhausted, faint from my wound, and overcome by my exertions, I sank among the crumbling ruin. The loud shouts which arose from the town, mingled with cries and screams, told the work of pillage was begun; while still a dropping musketry could be heard on the distant rampart, where even yet the French made resistance. At last even this was hushed, but to it succeeded the far more horrifying sounds of rapine and of murder; the forked flames of burning houses rose here and there amid the black darkness of the night; and through the crackling of the timbers, and the falling crash of roofs, the heart-rending shriek of agony rent the very air. Officers pressed forward, but in vain were their efforts to restrain their men: the savage cruelty of the moment knew no bounds of restraint. More than one gallant fellow perished in his fruitless endeavour to enforce obedience; and the most awful denunciations were now uttered against those whom at any other time they dared not mutter before.

Thus passed the long night: far more terrible to me than all the dangers of the storm itself, with all its death and destruction-dealing around it. I know not if I slept; if so, the horrors on every side were pictured in my dreams; and, when the gray dawn was breaking, the cries from the doomed city were still ringing in my ears. Close around me the scene was still and silent; the wounded had been removed during the night, but the thickly-packed dead lay side by side where they fell. It was a fearful sight to see them, as, blood-stained and naked (for already the camp-followers had stripped the bodies) they covered the entire breach. From the rampart to the ditch, the ranks lay where they had stood in life: a faint phosphoric flame flickered above their ghastly corses, making even death still more horrible. I was gazing steadfastly, with all that stupid intensity which imperfect senses and exhausted faculties possess, when the sounds of voices near aroused me.

"Bring him along: this way, Bob. Over the breach with the scoundrel, into the fosse."

"He shall die no soldier's death, by heaven!" cried another and a deeper voice, "if I lay his skull open with my axe."

"O mercy, mercy! as you hope for"—

"Traitor! don't dare to mutter here!" As the last words were spoken, four infantry soldiers, reeling from drunkenness, dragged forward a pale and haggard wretch, whose limbs trailed behind him like those of palsy; his uniform was that of a French chasseur, but his voice bespoke him English.

"Kneel down there, and die like a man! You were one, once!"

"Not so, Bill: never. Fix bayonets, boys! That's right! Now take the word from me."

"Oh forgive me! for the love of heaven forgive me!" screamed the voice of the victim; but his last accents ended in a death-cry, for, as he spoke, the bayonets flashed for an instant in the air, and the next were plunged into his body. Twice I had essayed to speak, but my voice, hoarse from shouting, came not; and I could but look upon this terrible murder with staring eyes and burning brain. At last, speech came, as if wrest by the very excess of my agony, and I muttered aloud, "O God!" The words were not well spoken, when the muskets were brought to the shoulders, and, reeking with the blood of the murdered man, their savage faces scowled at me as I lay.

A short and heartfelt prayer burst from my lips, and I was still. The leader of the party called out, "Be steady! and together. One, two! Ground arms, boys! Ground arms!" roared he in a voice of thunder; "it's the captain himself." Down went the muskets with a crash; while, springing toward me, the fellows caught me in their arms, and with one jerk mounted me upon their shoulders—the cheer that accompanied the sudden movement seeming like the yell of maniacs. "Ha, ha, ha! we have him now," sang their wild voices: as, with blood-stained hands and infuriated features, they bore me down the rampart. My sensations of disgust and repugnance to the party seemed at once to have evidenced themselves, for the corporal, turning abruptly round, called out:

"Don't pity *him*, captain; the scoundrel was a deserter; he escaped from the picket two nights ago, and brought information of all our plans to the enemy."

"Ay," cried another, "and what's worse, he fired through an embrasure near the breach, for two hours, upon his own regiment. It was there we found him: this way, lads."

So saying, they turned short from the walls, and dashed down a dark and narrow lane, into the town. My struggles to get free were perfectly ineffectual, and to my entreaties they were totally indifferent.

In this way, therefore, we made our way into the Plaza, where some hundred soldiers, of different regiments, were bivouacked. A shout of recognition welcomed the fellows as they came; while, suddenly a party of eighty-eight men, springing from the ground, rushed forward with drawn bayonets, calling out, "Give him up, this minute, or by the Father of Moses! we'll make short work of ye."

The order was made by men who seemed well disposed to execute it; and I was accordingly grounded with a shock and a rapidity that savoured much more of ready compliance than any respect for my individual comfort. A roar of laughter rang through the motley mass, and every powder-stained face around me seemed convulsed with merriment. As I sat passively upon the ground, looking ruefully about.

whether my gestures or my words increased the absurdity of my appearance, it is hard to say; but certainly the laughter increased at each moment, and the drunken wretches danced around me in ecstasy.

"Where is your major? Major O'Shaughnessy, lads," said I.

"He's in the church, with the general, your honour," said the sergeant of the regiment; upon whom the mention of his officer's name seemed at once to have a sobering influence. Assisting me rise, (for I was weak as a child,) he led me through the dense crowd, who, such is the influence of example, now formed into line, and, as well as their state permitted, gave me a military salute as I passed.

"Follow me, sir," said the sergeant; "this little dark street to the left will take us to the private door of the chapel."

"Wherefore are they there, sergeant?"

"There's a general of division mortally wounded."

"You did not hear his name?"

"No, sir. All I know is, he was one of the storming party at the lesser breach."

A cold, sickening shudder came over me; I dare not ask further, but pressed on, with anxious steps, toward the chapel.

"There, sir; yonder where you see that light; that's the door."

So saying, the sergeant stopped suddenly and placed his hand to his cap. I saw at once that he was sufficiently aware of his condition, not to desire to appear before his officers; so, hurriedly thanking him, I walked forward.

"Halt there! and give the countersign," cried a sentinel who, with fixed bayonet, stood before the door.

"I am an officer," said I, endeavouring to pass in.

"Stand back; stand back," said the harsh voice of the Highlander, for such he was.

"Is Major O'Shaughnessy in the church?"

"I dinna ken," was the short, rough answer.

"Who is the officer so badly wounded?"

"I dinna ken," repeated he, as gruffly as before; while he added in a louder key, "Stand back, I tell ye, mun: dinna ye see the staff coming!"

I turned round hastily, and at the same instant several officers, who apparently from precaution had dismounted at the end of the street, were seen approaching. They came hurriedly forward, but without speaking. He who was in advance of the party wore a short, blue cape, over an undress uniform: the rest were in full regimentals. I had scarcely time to throw a passing glance upon him, when the officer I have mentioned as coming first called out, in a stern voice,—

"Who are you, sir?"

I started at the sounds: it was not the first time those accents had been heard by me.

"Captain O'Malley, Fourteenth Light Dragoons."

"What brings you here, sir? Your regiment is at———"

"I have been employed as acting aid-de-camp to General Crawford," said I, hesitatingly.

"Is that your staff uniform?" said he, as with compressed brow and stern look he fixed his eyes upon my coat. Before I had time to reply, or indeed before I well knew how to do so, a gruff voice, from behind, called out:

"Damn me! if that ain't the fellow that led the stormers through a broken embrasure. I say, my lord, that's the yeoman I was telling you of. Is it not so, sir?" continued he, turning toward me.

"Yes, sir; I led a party of the eighty-eighth at the breach."

"And devilish well you did it, too!" added Picton, for it was he who recognised me. "I saw him, my lord, spring down from the parapet upon a French gunner, and break his sword as he cleft his helmet in two. Yes, yes; I shall not forget in a hurry, how you laid about you with the rammer of the gun: by Jove that's it he has in his hand."

While Picton ran thus hurriedly on, Lord Wellington's calm but stern features never changed their expression. The looks of those around were bent upon me with interest, and even admiration; but his evinced nothing of either.

Reverting at once to my absence from my post, he asked me—

"Did you obtain leave for a particular service, sir?"

"No, my lord. It was simply from an accidental circumstance, that"———

"Then, report yourself at your quarters as under arrest."

"But, my lord," said Picton. Lord Wellington waited not for the explanation, but walked firmly forward, and strode into the church. The staff followed in silence, Picton turning one look of kindness on me as he went, as though to say, "I'll not forget you."

"The devil take it," cried I, as I found myself once more alone, "but I am unlucky. What would turn out with other men the very basis of their fortune, is ever with me the source of ill luck."

It was evident, from Picton's account, that I had distinguished myself in the breach; and yet nothing was more clear than that my conduct had displeased the commander-in-chief. Picturing him ever to my mind's eye as the *beau ideal* of a military leader, by some fatality of fortune I was continually incurring his displeasure, for whose praise I would have risked my life. And this confounded costume—what, in the name of every absurdity, could ever have persuaded me to put it on? What signifies it, though a man should cover himself with glory, if in the end he is to be laughed at! Well, well! it matters not much, now my soldiering's over. And yet I could have wished that the last act of my campaigning had brought with it pleasanter recollections."

"As thus I ruminated, the click of the soldier's musket near, aroused me: Picton was passing out. A shade of gloom and desperation was visible upon his features, and his lip trembled as he muttered some sentences to himself.

"Ha! Captain ——— I forgot the name. Yes—Captain O'Malley, you are released from arrest. General Crawford has spoken very well of you, and Lord Wellington has heard the circumstances of your case."

"Is it General Crawford, then, that is wounded?" said I, eagerly.

Picton paused for a moment, while, with an effort, he controlled his features into their stern and impassive expression, he then added hurriedly, and almost harshly—

"Yes, sir; badly wounded; through the arm, and in the lung. He mentioned you to the notice of the commander-in-chief, and your application for leave

is granted; in fact, you are to have the distinguished honour of carrying back despatches. There, now; you had better join your brigade."

"Could I not see my general once more? It may be for the last time."

"No, sir," sternly replied Picton. "Lord Wellington believes you under arrest. It is as well he should suppose you obeyed his orders."

There was a tone of sarcasm in these words that prevented my reply; and, muttering my gratitude for his well-timed and kindly interference in my behalf, I bowed deeply, and turned away.

"I say, sir," said Picton, as he returned toward the church, "should any thing befall——that is, if, unfortunately, circumstances should make you in want and desirous of a staff appointment, remember that you are known to General Picton."

Downcast and depressed, by the news of my poor general, I wended my way, with slow and uncertain steps, toward the rampart. A cold, wintry sky, and a sharp, bracing air, made my wound, slight as it was, more painful, and I endeavored to reach the reserves, where I knew the hospital-staff had established, for the present, their quarters. I had not gone far when, from a marauding party, I learned that my man, Mike, was in search of me through the plain. A report of my death had reached him, and the poor fellow was half distracted.

Longing anxiously to allay his fears on my account, which I well knew might lead him into any act of folly or insanity, I pressed forward; beside, shall I confess it, that amid the manifold thoughts of sorrow and affliction which weighed me down, I could not divest myself of the feeling, that so long as I wore my present absurd costume, I could be nothing but an object of laughter and ridicule to all who met me.

I had not long to look for my worthy follower, for I soon beheld him cantering about the plain. A loud shout brought him beside me; and truly the poor fellow's delight was great and sincere. With a thousand protestations of his satisfaction, and reiterated assurances of what he would not have done to the French prisoners, if any thing had happened to me, we took our way together toward the camp.

---

## CHAPTER CIV.—The Despatch.

I was preparing to visit the town on the following morning, when my attention was attracted by a dialogue which took place beneath my window.

"I say, my good friend," cried a mounted orderly to Mike, who was busily employed in brushing a jacket; "I say, are you Captain O'Malley's man?"

"The least taste in life o' that same," replied he, with a half jocular expression.

"Well then," said the other, "take up these letters to your master. Be alive, my fine fellow, for they are despatches, and I must have a written return for them."

"Won't ye get off, and take a drop of somethin' refreshing; the air is cowld this morning."

"I can't stay, my good friend, but thank you all the same; so be alive, will you?"

"Arrah! there's no hurry in life. Sure it's an invitation to dinner to Lord Wellington, or a tea-party at Sir Denny's; sure my master's bothered with them every day o' th' week; that's the misfortune of being an agreeable creature; and I'd be led into dissipation myself, if I wasn't raal prudent."

"Well, come along, take these letters, for I must be off; my time is short."

"That's more nor your nose is, honey," said Mike, evidently piqued at the little effort his advances had produced upon the Englishman. "Give them here," continued he, while he turned the various papers in every direction, affecting to read their addresses.

"There's nothing for me here, I see. Did none o' the generals ask after me?"

"You are a queer one," said the dragoon, not a little puzzled what to make of him.

Mike meanwhile thrust the papers carelessly into his pocket, and strode into the house, whistling a quick step as he went, with the air of a man perfectly devoid of care or occupation. The next moment, however, he appeared at my door, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, and apparently breathless with haste.

"Despatches, Misther Charles—Despatches from Lord Wellington. The orderly is waiting below for a return."

"Tell him he shall have it in one moment," replied I; "and now bring me a light."

Before I had broken the seal of the envelope, Mike was once more at the porch.

"My masther is writing a few lines to say he'll do it. Don't be talking of it," added he, dropping his voice; "but they want him to take another fortress."

What turn the dialogue subsequently took, I cannot say, for I was entirely occupied by a letter which accompanied the despatches; it ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—The commander-in-chief has been kind enough to accord you the leave of absence you applied for, and takes the opportunity of your return to England, to send you the accompanying letters for his Royal Highness the Duke of York. To his approval of your conduct in the assault of last night, you owe this distinguished mark of Lord Wellington's favor, which I hope will be duly appreciated by you, and serve to increase your zeal for that service in which you have already distinguished yourself.

"Believe me that I am most happy in being made the medium of this communication, and have the honour to be Very truly, yours,

"Quarter-General. PICTON.

"Ciudad Rodrigo, Jan. 1812."

I read and re-read this note again and again.—Every line was conned over by me, and every phrase weighed and balanced in my mind. Nothing could be more gratifying, nothing more satisfactory to my feelings, and I would not have exchanged its possession for the brevet of a lieutenant-colonel.

"Halloo, orderly," cried I from the window, as I hurriedly sealed my few words of acknowledgment, "take this note back to General Picton, and here's a guinea for yourself." So saying I pitched into his ready hand one of the very few which remained to me in the world. "This is indeed good news," said I to myself; "this is indeed a moment of unmixed happiness."

As I closed the window, I could hear Mike pronouncing a glowing eulogium upon my liberality, from which he could not, however, help in some

degree detracting, as he added, "But the devil thank him after all; sure it's himself has the illigant fortune and the fine place of it."

Scarcely were the last sounds of the retiring horseman dying away in the distance, when Mike's meditations took another form, and he muttered between his teeth—"Oh! holy Agatha! a guinea, a raal guinea to a thief of a dragoon that come with the letter, and here am I wearing a picture of the holy family for a back to my waistcoat, all out of economy; and sure, God knows, but maybe they'll take their dealing trick out of me in purgatory for this hereafter; and faith, it's a beautiful pair of breeches I'd have had, if I wasn't ashamed to put the twelve disciples on my legs."

While Mike ran on at this rate, my eyes fell upon a few lines of postscript in Picton's letter, which I had not previously noticed.

"The official despatches of the storming are of course intrusted to senior officers, but I need scarcely remind you, that it will be a polite and a proper attention to his Royal Highness, to present your letters with as little delay as possible. Not a moment is to be lost on your landing in England."

"Mike," cried I, "how look the cattle for a journey?"

"The chestnut is a little low in flesh, but in great wind, your honor; and the black mare is jumping like a filly."

"And Badger?" said I.

"Howld him, if you can, that's all; but it's murthering work this, carrying despatches day after day."

"This time, however, Mike, we must not grumble."

"Maybe it isn't far."

"Why, as to that, I shall not promise much. I'm bound for England, Mickey."

"For England!"

"Yes, Mike, and for Ireland."

"For Ireland! Whoop!" shouted he, as he shied his cap into one corner of the room, the jacket he was brushing into the other, and began dancing round the table with no bad imitation of an Indian war dance.

"How I'll dance like a fairy
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I leave it, to be a dragoon."

"Oh! blessed hour! isn't it beautiful to think of the illuminations, and dinners, and speeches, and shaking of hands, huzzaing, and hip, hipping. Maybe there won't be pictures of us in all the shops—Misther Charles and his man Misther Free. Maybe they won't make plays out of us; myself dressed in the gray coat with the red cuffs, the cords, the tops, and the Caroline hat a little cocked, with the phiz in the side of it." Here he made a sign with his expanded fingers to represent a cockade, which he designated by this word. "I think I see myself dining with the Corporation, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin getting up to propose the health of the hero of El Boden, Misther Free! and three times three, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Musha, but its dry I am gettin' with the thoughts of the punch and the poteen negus."

"If you go on at this rate, we're not likely to be soon at our journey's end; so be alive now, pack up my kit; I shall start by twelve o'clock."

With one spring Mike cleared the stairs, and, overthrowing every thing and every body in his way, hurried toward the stable, chanting at the top of his voice the very poetical strain he had indulged me with a few minutes before.

My preparations were rapidly made: a hurried few lines of leavetaking to the good fellows I had lived so much with and felt so strongly attached to, with a firm assurance that I should join them again ere long, was all that my time permitted. To Power I wrote more at length, detailing the circumstances which my own letters informed me of, and also those which invited me to return home. This done, I lost not another moment, but set out upon my journey.

---

## CHAPTER CV.—The Leave.

After an hour's sharp riding we reached the Aguada, where the river was yet fordable; crossing this, we mounted the Sierra by a narrow and winding pass which leads through the mountains toward Almeida. Here I turned once more to cast a last and farewell look at the scene of our late encounter. It was but a few hours that I had stood almost on the same spot, and yet how altered was all around. The wide plain, then bustling with all the life and animation of a large army, was now nearly deserted; some dismounted guns, some broken up and dismantled batteries, around which a few sentinels seemed to loiter rather than to keep guard; a strong detachment of infantry could be seen wending their way toward the fortress, and a confused mass of camp followers, sutlers, and peasants, following their steps for protection against the pillagers and the still ruder assaults of their own guerillas. The fortress too, was changed indeed. Those mighty walls before whose steep sides the bravest fell back baffled and beaten, were now a mass of ruin and decay; the muleteer could be seen driving his mule along through the rugged ascent of that breach, to win whose top the best blood of Albion's chivalry was shed; and the peasant child looked timidly from those dark enclosures into the deep fosse below, where perished hundreds of our best and bravest. The air was calm, clear, and unclouded; no smoke obscured the transparent atmosphere; the cannon had ceased; and the voices that rang so late in accents of triumphant victory were stilled in death. Every thing, indeed, had undergone a mighty change; but nothing brought the altered fortunes of the scene so vividly to my mind as when I remembered that when last I had seen those walls, the dark shako of the French grenadiers peered above their battlements, and now the gay tartan of the Highlander fluttered above them, and the red flag of England waved boldly in the breeze.

Up to that moment my sensations were those of unmixed pleasure: the thought of my home, my friends, my country, the feeling that I was returning with the bronze of the battle upon my cheek, and the voice of praise still ringing in my heart; these were proud thoughts, and my bosom heaved short and quickly, as I revolved them; but as I turned my gaze for the last time toward the gallant army I was leaving, a pang of self-reproach shot through me, and I could not help feeling how far less worthily was I acting in yielding to the impulse of my wishes, than had I remained to share the fortunes of the campaign.

So powerfully did these sensations possess me that I sat motionless for some time, uncertain whether to proceed; forgetting that I was the bearer of important information, I only remembered that by my own desire I was there; my reason but half convinced me that the part I had adopted was right and honourable, and more than once my resolution to proceed hung in the balance. It was just at this critical moment of my doubts, when Mike, who had been hitherto behind, came up.

"Is it the upper road, sir!" said he, pointing to a steep and rugged path, which led by a zigzag ascent toward the crest of the mountain.

I nodded in reply, when he added:

"Doesn't this remind your honour of Sleibh More above the Shannon, where we used to be grouse shooting? and there's the keeper's house in the valley; and that might be your uncle, the master himself, waving his hat to you."

Had he known the state of my conflicting feelings at the moment, he could not more readily have decided this doubt. I turned abruptly away, put spurs to my horse, and dashed up the steep pass at a pace which evidently surprised, and as evidently displeased my follower.

How natural it is even to experience a reaction of depression and lowness after the first burst of unexpected joy; the moment of happiness is scarce experienced ere come the doubts of its reality, the fears for its continuance; the higher the state of pleasurable excitement, the more painful and the more pressing the anxieties that await on it; the tension of delighted feelings cannot last, and our over-wrought faculties seek repose in regrets. Happy he who can so temper his enjoyments as to view them in their shadows as in their sunshine: he may not, it is true, behold the landscape and the blaze of its noonday brightness; but he need not fear the thunder-cloud nor the hurricane. The calm autumn of *his* bliss, if it dazzle not in its brilliancy, will not any more be shrouded in darkness and in gloom.

My first burst of pleasure over, the thought of my uncle's changed fortunes pressed deeply on my heart, and a hundred plans suggested themselves in turn to my mind to relieve his present embarrassments; but I knew how impracticable they would all prove when opposed by his prejudices. To sell the old home of his forefathers, to wander from the roof which had sheltered his name for generations, he would never consent to; the law might by force expel him, and drive him a wanderer and an exile, but of his own free will the thing was hopeless. Considine too would encourage rather than repress such feelings; his feudalism would lead him to any lengths, and in defence of what he would esteem a right, he would as soon shoot a sheriff as a snipe, and, old as he was, ask for no better amusement than to arm the whole tenantry and give battle to the king's troops on the wide plain of Scariff. Amid such conflicting thoughts, I travelled on moodily and in silence to the palpable astonishment of Mike, who could not help regarding me as one from whom fortune met the most ungrateful returns. At every new turn of the road he would endeavour to attract my attention by the objects around; no white turreted château, no tapered spire in the distance escaped him; he kept up a constant ripple of half muttered praise and censure upon all he saw, and instituted unceasing comparisons between the country and his own, in which I am bound to say, Ireland rarely, if ever, had to complain of his patriotism.

When we arrived at Almeida, I learned that the Medea sloop of war was lying off Oporto, and expected to sail for England in a few days. The opportunity was not to be neglected; the official despatches I was aware would be sent through Lisbon, where the Gordon frigate was in waiting to convey them; but, should I be fortunate enough to reach Oporto in time, I had little doubt of arriving in England with the first intelligence of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. Reducing my luggage, therefore, to the smallest possible compass, and having provided myself with a juvenile guide for the pass of La Regna, I threw myself, without undressing, upon the bed, and waited anxiously for the break of day to resume my journey.

As I ruminated over the prospect my return presented, I suddenly remembered Frank Webber's letter, which I had hastily thrust into a portfolio without reading, so occupied was I by Considine's epistle; with a little searching I discovered it, and, trimming my lamp, as I felt no inclination to sleep, I proceeded to the examination of what seemed a more than usually voluminous epistle. It contained four closely written pages, accompanied by something like a plan in an engineering sketch. My curiosity becoming further stimulated by this, I sat down to peruse it. It began thus:

"Official Despatch of Lieutenant-General Francis Webber, to Lord Castlereagh; detailing the assault and capture of the old pump, in Trinity College, Dublin, on the night of the second of December, eighteen hundred and eleven, with returns of killed, wounded, and missing; with other information from the seat of war.

"Head-quarters, No. 2, Old Square.

"My Lord,

In compliance with the instructions contained in your lordship's despatch, of the twenty-first ultimo, I concentrated the force under my command, and, assembling the generals of division, made known my intentions in the following general order:

"A. G. O.

"The following troops will, this evening, assemble at head-quarters, and, having partaken of a sufficient dinner for the next two days, with punch for four, will hold themselves in readiness to march, in the following order:

"Harry Nesbitt's brigade of incorrigibles will form a blockading force, in the line extending from the vice-provost's house to the library. The light division, under Mark Waller, will skirmish from the gate toward the middle of the square, obstructing the march of the cuirassiers of the guard, which, under the command of old Duncan, the porter, are expected to move in that direction. Two columns of attack will be formed by the senior sophisters of the old guard, and a forlorn hope of the 'cautioned' men at the last four examinations, will form, under the orders of Timothy O'Rourke, beneath the shadow of the dining-hall.

"At the signal of the dean's bell the stormers will move forward. A cheer from the united corps will then announce the moment of attack.

"The word for the night will be, 'May the devil admire me!'

"The commander of the forces desires that the different corps should be as strong as possible, and expects that no man will remain, on any pretence whatever, in the rear, with the lush. During the main assault, Cecil Cavendish will make a feint upon the provost's windows, to be converted into a real attack if the ladies scream.

"General Order,

"The Commissary-General Foley will supply the following articles for the use of the troops:—Two hams, eight pair of chickens, the same to be roasted; a deviled turkey; sixteen lobsters; eight hundred of oysters, with a proportionate quantity of cold sherry and hot punch.

"The army will get drunk by ten o'clock to-night.

"Having made these dispositions, my lord, I proceeded to mislead the enemy as to our intentions, in suffering my servant to be taken with an intercepted despatch. This, being a prescription by Doctor Colles, would convey to the dean's mind that I am still upon the sick list. This being done, and four canisters of Dartford gunpowder being procured on tick, our military chest being in a deplorable condition, I waited for the moment of attack.

"A heavy rain, accompanied with a frightful hurricane, prevailed during the entire day, rendering the march of the troops who came from the neighbourhood of Merrion-square and Fitzwilliam-street a service of considerable fatigue. The outlaying pickets in College-green being induced probably by the inclemency of the season, were rather tipsy on joining, and, having engaged in a skirmish with old M'Calister, tying his red uniform over his head, the moment of attack was precipitated, and we moved to the trenches by half-past nine o'clock.

"Nothing could be more orderly, nothing more perfect than the march of the troops. As we approached the corner of the commons' hall a skirmish on the rear apprised us that our intentions had become known; and I soon learned from my aid-de-camp, Bob Moore, that the attack was made by a strong column of the enemy, under command of Old Fitzgerald.

"Perpendicular (as your lordship is aware he is styled by the army) came on in a determined manner, and before many minutes had elapsed had taken several prisoners, among others Tom Drummond—Long Tom—who, having fallen on all fours, was mistaken for a long eighteen. The success, however, was but momentary; Nesbitt's brigade attacked them in flank, rescued the prisoners, extinguished the dean's lantern, and, having beaten back the heavy porters, took Perpendicular himself prisoner.

"An express from the left informed me that the attack upon the provost's house had proved equally successful: there wasn't a whole pane of glass in the front, and from a footman who deserted it was learned that Mrs. Hutchinson was in hysterics.

"While I was reading this despatch, a strong feeling of the line toward the right announced that something was taking place in that direction. Bob Moore, who rode by on Drummond's back, hurriedly informed me that Williams had put the lighted end of his cigar to one of the fuses, but the powder, being wet, did not explode, notwithstanding his efforts to effect it. Upon this I hastened to the front, where I found the individual in question kneeling upon the ground, and endeavouring, as far as punch would permit him, to kindle a flame at the portfire. Before I could interfere, the spark had caught; a loud, hissing noise followed; the different magazines successively became ignited, and at length the fire reached the great four-pound charge.

"I cannot convey to your lordship, by any words of mine, an idea of this terrible explosion; the blazing splinters were hurled into the air and fell in fiery masses on every side from the park to King William; Ivey, the bell-ringer, was precipitated from the scaffold beside the bell, and fell headlong into the mud beneath; the surrounding buildings trembled at the shock; the windows were shattered, and in fact a scene of perfect devastation ensued on all sides.

"When the smoke cleared away I rose from my recumbent position, and perceived with delight that not a vestige of the pump remained. The old iron handle was imbedded in the wall of the dining-hall, and its round knob stood out like the end of a queue.

"Our loss was, of course, considerable; and, ordering the wounded to the rear, I proceeded to make an orderly and regular retreat. At this time, however, the enemy had assembled in force. Two battalions of porters, led on by Dr. Dobbin, charged us on the flank; a heavy brigade poured down upon us from the battery, and, but for the exertions of Harry Nesbitt, our communication with our reserves must have been cut off. Cecil Cavendish also came up; for, although beaten in his great attack, the forces under his command had penetrated by the kitchen windows, and carried off a considerable quantity of cold meat.

"Concentrating the different corps, I made an echellon movement upon the chapel, to permit of the light division coming up. This they did in a few moments, informing me that they had left Perpendicular in the haha, which, as your lordship is aware, is a fosse of the very greenest and most stagnant nature. We now made good our retreat upon number two, carrying our wounded with us: the plunder we also secured, but we kicked the prisoners and suffered them to escape.

"Thus terminated, my lord, one of the brightest achievements of the under-graduate career. I enclose a list of the wounded, as also an account of the various articles returned in the commissary-general's list.

"Harry Nesbitt; severely wounded; no coat nor hat; a black eye; left shoe missing.

"Cecil Cavendish; face severely scratched; supposed to have received his wound in the attack upon the kitchen.

"Tom Drummond; not recognisable by his friends; his features resembling a transparency disfigured by the smoke of the preceding night's illumination.

"Bob Moore; slightly wounded.

"I would beg particularly to recommend all these officers to your lordship's notice: indeed the conduct of Moore, in kicking the dean's lantern out of the porter's hand, was marked by great promptitude and decision. This officer will present to H. R. H. the following trophies, taken from the enemy. The dean's cap and tassel; the key of his chamber; Dr

Dobbin's wig and bands; four porters' helmets, and a book on the cellar.

"I have the honour to remain, My Lord, &c.

"G. O. "————————"

"The commander of the forces returns his thanks to the various officers and soldiers employed in the late assault, for their persevering, gallantry, and courage. The splendour of the achievement can only be equalled by the humanity and good conduct of the troops. It only remains for me to add, that the less they say about the transaction, and the sooner they are severally confined to their beds with symptoms of contagious fever, the better.

"Meanwhile, to concert upon the future measures of the campaign, the army will sup to-night at Morisson's."

Here ended this precious epistle, rendering one fact sufficiently evident—that, however, my worthy friend advanced in years, he had not grown in wisdom.

While ruminating upon the strange infatuation which could persuade a gifted and an able man to lavish upon dissipation and reckless absurdity the talents that must, if well directed, raise him to eminence and distinction, a few lines of a newspaper paragraph fell from the paper I was reading. It ran thus:

"LATE OUTRAGE IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

"We have great pleasure in stating that the serious disturbance which took place with the walls of our university a few evenings since, was in no wise attributable to the conduct of the students. A party of ill-disposed townspeople were, it would appear, the instigators and perpetrators of the outrage. That their object was the total destruction of our venerated university there can be but little doubt. Fortunately, however, they did not calculate upon the *esprit de corps* of the students, a body of whom, under the direction of Mr. Webber, successfully opposed the assailants, and finally drove them from the walls.

"It is, we understand, the intention of the board to confer some mark of approbation upon Mr. Webber, who, independently of this, has strong claims upon their notice, his collegiate success pointing him out as the most extraordinary man of his day."

"This, my dear Charley, will give you some faint conception of one of the most brilliant exploits of modern days. The bulletin, believe me, is not Napoleonised into any bombastic extravagance of success. The thing was splendid: from the brilliant firework of the old pump itself to the figure of Perpendicular dripping with duckweed, like an insane river god, it was unequalled. Our fellows behaved like trumps; and, to do them justice, so did the enemy. But unfortunately, notwithstanding this, and the plausible paragraphs of the morning papers, I have been summoned before the board for Tuesday next.

"Meanwhile, I employ myself in throwing off a shower of small squibs for the journals, so that if the board deal not mercifully with me, I may meet with sympathy from the public. I have just despatched a little editorial bit for *The Times*, calling, in terms of parental tenderness, upon the university to say—

"'How long will the extraordinary excesses of a learned functionary be suffered to disgrace college? Is Dr. * * * * to be permitted to exhibit an example of more riotous insubordination than would be endured in an undergraduate? More on this subject hereafter.'

"'*Saunders's Newsletter*.—Doctor Barret appeared at the head police office, before Alderman Darley, to make oath that neither he nor Catty were concerned in the late outrage upon the pump,' &c. &c.

"Paragraphs like those are flying about every provincial paper of the empire. People shake their heads when they speak of the university, and respectable females rather cross over by King William and the bank than pass near its precincts.

"Tuesday Evening.

"Would you believe it, they've expelled me! Address your next letter as usual, for they havn't got rid of me yet.

Yours, F. W."

So, I shall find him at his old quarters, thought I, and evidently not much altered since we parted. It was not without a feeling of (I trust pardonable) pride, that I thought over my own case in the interval. My three years of campaigning life had given me some insight into the world, and some knowledge of myself, and conferred upon me a boon, of which I know not the equal; that while yet young, and upon the very threshold of life, I should have tasted the enthusiastic pleasures of a soldier's fortune, and braved the dangers and difficulties of a campaign at a time when, under other auspices, I might have wasted my years in unprofitable idleness or careless dissipation.

## CHAPTER CVI.—LONDON.

TWELVE hours after my arrival in England, I entered London. I cannot attempt to record the sensations which thronged my mind, as the din and tumult of that mighty city awoke me from a sound sleep I had fallen into in the corner of the chaise. The seemingly interminable lines of lamp-light, the crash of carriages, the glare of the shops, the buzz of voices, made up a chaotic mass of sights and sounds, leaving my efforts at thought in vain and fruitless.

Obedient to my instructions, I lost not a moment in my preparations to deliver my despatches. Having dressed myself in the full uniform of my corps, I drove to the horse-guards. It was now nine o'clock, and I learned that his Royal Highness had gone to dinner at Carlton House. In a few words which I spoke with the aid-de-camp, I discovered that no information of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo had yet reached England. The greatest anxiety prevailed as to the events of the Peninsula, from which no despatches had been received for several weeks past.

To Carlton House I accordingly bent my steps, without any precise determination how I should proceed when there, not knowing how far etiquette might be an obstacle to the accomplishment of my mission. The news of which I was the bearer was however of two important a character to permit me

to hesitate, and I presented myself to the aid-de-camp in waiting, simply stating that I was entrusted with important letters to his Royal Highness, the purport of which did not admit of delay.

"They have not gone to dinner yet," lisped out the aid-de-camp, "and if you would permit me to deliver the letters——."

"Mine are despatches," said I, somewhat proudly, and in no wise disposed to cede to another the honour of personally delivering them into the hands of the duke.

"Then you had better present yourself at the levee to-morrow morning," replied he carelessly, while he turned into one of the window recesses, and resumed the conversation with one of the gentlemen in waiting.

I stood for some moments uncertain and undecided; reluctant on the one part to relinquish my claim as the bearer of despatches, and equally unwilling to defer the delivery till the following day.

Adopting the former alternative, I took my paper from my sabretash, and was about to place them in the hands of the aid-de-camp, when the folding doors at the end of the apartment suddenly flew open, and a large and handsome man, with a high bold forehead, entered hastily.

The different persons in waiting sprung from their lounging attitudes upon the sofas, and bowed respectfully as he passed on toward another door. His dress was a plain blue coat, buttoned to the collar, and his only decoration, a brilliant star upon the breast. There was that air, however, of high birth and bearing about him, that left no doubt upon my mind he was of the blood royal.

As the aid-de-camp to whom I had been speaking opened the door for him to pass out, I could hear some words in a low voice, in which the phrases of "letters of importance and your Royal Highness," occurred. The individual addressed, turned suddenly about, and casting a rapid glance around the room, without deigning a word in reply, walked straight up to where I was standing.

"Despatches for me, sir," said he shortly, taking, as he spoke, the packet from my hand.

"For his Royal Highness, the commander-in-chief," said I, bowing respectfully, and still uncertain in whose presence I was standing. He broke the seal without answering, and, as his eye caught the first lines of despatch, broke out with an exclamation of—

"Ha! peninsular news! When did you arrive, sir?"

"An hour since, sir."

"And these letters are from"—

"General Picton, your Royal Highness."

"How glorious—how splendidly done!" muttered he to himself, as he ran his eye over the letter.

"Are you Captain O'Malley, whose name is mentioned here so favourably?"

I bowed deeply in reply.

"You are most highly spoken of, and it will give me sincere pleasure to recommend you to the notice of the Prince Regent. But stay a moment." So saying, hurriedly he passed from the room, leaving me overwhelmed at the suddenness of the incident, and a mark of no small astonishment to the different persons in waiting, who had hitherto no other idea, but that my despatches were from Hounslow or Knight's bridge.

"Captain O'Malley," said an officer covered with decorations, and whose slightly foreign accent bespoke the Hanoverian, "his Royal Highness requests you will accompany me." The door opened as he spoke, and I found myself in a most splendidly lit-up apartment; the walls covered with pictures, and the ceiling divided into panels, resplendent with the richest gilding. A group of persons in court-dresses, were conversing in a low tone as we entered, but suddenly ceased, and, saluting my conductor respectfully, made way for us to pass on. The folding-doors again opened as we approached, and we found ourselves in a long gallery, whose sumptuous furniture and costly decorations, shone beneath the rich tints of a massive lustre of ruby glass, diffusing a glow resembling the most gorgeous sunset. Here also some persons in handsome uniform were conversing, one of whom accosted my companion by the title of "Baron," nodding familiarly as he muttered a few words in German; he passed forward, and the next moment the doors were thrown suddenly wide, and we entered the drawing-room.

The buzz of voices and the sound of laughter reassured me as I came forward, and, before I had well time to think where and why I was there, the Duke of York advanced toward me, with a smile of peculiar sweetness in its expression, and said, as he turned toward one side—

"Your Royal Highness—Captain O'Malley!"

As he spoke, the prince moved forward, and bowed slightly.

"You've brought us capital news, Mr. O'Malley. May I beg, if you're not too much tired, you'll join us at dinner. I am most anxious to learn the particulars of the assault."

As I bowed my acknowledgments to the gracious invitation, he continued—

"Are you acquainted with your countryman—but of course you can scarcely be—you began too early as a soldier. So let me present you to my friend, Mr. Burke," a middle-aged man, whose broad white forehead and deep-set eyes evinced the character of features that were otherwise not remarkable in expression, bowed somewhat stiffly.

Before he had concluded a somewhat laboured compliment to me, we were joined by a third person, whose strikingly handsome features were lit up with an expression of the most animated kind. He accosted the prince with an air of easy familiarity, and while he led him from the group, appeared to be relating some anecdote, which actually convulsed his Royal Highness with laughter.

Before I had time or opportunity to enquire who the individual could be, dinner was announced, and the wide folding-doors being thrown open, displayed the magnificent dining-room of Carlton-house, in all the blaze and splendour of its magnificence.

The sudden change, from the rough vicissitudes of campaigning-life, to all the luxury and voluptuous elegance of a brilliant court, created too much confusion in my mind to permit of my impressions being the most accurate or most collected. The splendour of the scene, the rank, but, even more, the talent of individuals by whom I was surrounded, had all their full effect upon me; and, although I found, from the tone of the conversation about, how immeasurably I was their inferior, yet, by a delicate and courteous interest in the scene of which I had lately partaken,

they took away the awkwardness which, in some degree, was inseparable from the novelty of my position among them.

Conversing about the Peninsula with a degree of knowledge which I could in no wise comprehend from those not engaged in the war, they appeared perfectly acquainted with all the details of the campaign; and I heard on every side of me anecdotes and stories which I scarcely believed known beyond the precincts of a regiment. The prince himself, the grace and charm of whose narrative talents have never been excelled, was particularly conspicuous, and I could not help feeling struck with his admirable imitations of voice and manner; the most accomplished actor could not have personated the cannie calculating spirit of the Scot, nor the rollicking recklessness of the Irishman, with more tact and *finesse*. But far above all this shone the person I have already alluded to as speaking to his Royal Highness in the drawing-room; combining the happiest conversational eloquence, with a quick, ready, and brilliant fancy. He threw from him in all the careless profusion of boundless resource, a shower of pointed and epigrammatic witticisms; now, illustrating a really difficult subject by one happy touch, as the blaze of the lightning will light up the whole surface of the dark landscape beneath it; now, turning the force of an adversary's argument by some fallacious but unanswerable jest; accompanying the whole by those fascinations of voice, look, gesture, and manner which have made those who once have seen, never able to forget, Brinsley Sheridan.

I am not able, were I even disposed, to record more particularly the details of that most brilliant evening of my life. On every side of me I heard the names of those whose fame as statesmen, or whose repute as men of letters, was ringing throughout Europe; they were then, too, not in the easy indolence of ordinary life, but displaying with their utmost effort those powers of wit, fancy, imagination, and eloquence, which had won for them elsewhere their high and exalted position. The masculine understanding and powerful intellect of ——— vied with the brilliant and dazzling conceptions of Sheridan. The easy *bonhomie* and English heartiness of Fox contrasted with the cutting sarcasm and sharp raillery of Erskine. While contending the palm with each himself, the Prince evinced powers of mind and eloquent facilities of expression that, in any walk of life, must have made their possessor a most distinguished man. Politics, war, women, literature, the turf, the navy, the opposition, architecture, the drama, were all discussed with a degree of information and knowledge that proved to me how much of real acquirements can be obtained by those whose exalted station surrounds them with the collective intellect of a nation. As for myself, the time flew past unconsciously. So brilliant a display of all that was courtly and fascinating in manner and all that was brilliant in genius, was so novel to me, that I really felt like one entranced. To this hour my impression, however confused in details, is as vivid as though that evening were but yesternight; and although since that period I have enjoyed numerous opportunities of meeting with the great and the gifted, yet I treasure the memory of that night as by far the most delightful of my whole life.

While I abstain from any mention of the many incidents of the evening, I cannot pass over one, which, occurring to myself, is valuable but as showing, by one slight and passing trait, the amiable and kind feeling of one, whose memory is hallowed in the service.

A little lower than myself, on the opposite side of the table, I perceived an old military acquaintance whom I had first met in Lisbon; he was then in Sir Charles Stewart's staff, and we met almost daily. Wishing to commend myself to his recollection, I endeavoured for some time to catch his eye, but in vain; at last, when I thought I had succeeded, I called to him—

"I say, Fred, a glass of wine with you."

When suddenly the Duke of York, who was speaking to Lord ———, turned quickly around, and, taking the decanter in his hand, replied—

"With pleasure, O'Malley; what shall it be, my boy?"

I shall never forget the manly good humour in his look, as he sat waiting for my answer. He had taken my speech as addressed to himself, and concluding that, from fatigue, the novelty of the scene, &c., I was not over collected, vouchsafed in this kind way to receive it.

"So," said he, as I stammered out my explanation, "I was deceived; however, don't cheat me out of my glass of wine. Let us have it now."

With this little anecdote, whose truth I vouch for, I shall conclude. More than one now living was a witness to it, and my only regret, in the mention of it, is my inability to convey the readiness with which he seized the moment of apparent difficulty, to throw the protection of his kind and warm-hearted nature over the apparent folly of a boy.

It was late when the party broke up, and, as I took my leave of the prince, he once more expressed himself in gracious terms toward me, and gave me personally an invitation to breakfast at Hounslow, on the following Saturday.

---

## CHAPTER CVI.—The Bell at Bristol.

On the morning after my dinner at Carlton House, I found my breakfast-table covered with cards and invitations. The news of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo was published in all the morning papers, and my own humble name in letters three feet long was exhibited in placards throughout the city. Less to this circumstance, however, than to the kind and gracious notice of the Prince, was I indebted for the attentions which were shown me on all sides; and indeed so flattering was the reception I met with, and so overwhelming the civility showered on me from all sides, that it required no small effort on my part not to believe myself as much a hero as they would make me. An eternal round of dinners, balls, breakfasts, and entertainments filled up the entire week. I was included in every invitation to Carlton House, and never appeared without receiving from his Royal Highness the most striking marks of attention. Captivating as all this undoubtedly was, and fascinating as I felt in being the lion of London, the courted and sought after by the high, the titled, and the talented of the great city of the universe, yet

amid all the splendour and seduction of that new world, my heart instinctively turned from the glare and brilliancy of gorgeous saloons—from the soft looks and softer voices of beauty—from the words of praise, as they fell from the lips of those whose notice was fame itself, to my humble home amid the mountains of the west. Delighted and charmed as I felt by that tribute of flattery which associated my name with one of the most brilliant actions of my country, yet hitherto I had experienced no touch of home or fatherland. England was to me as the high and powerful head of my home, whose greatness and whose glory shed a halo far and near, from the proudest to the humblest of those that call themselves Britons; but Ireland was the land of my birth—the land of my earliest ties, my dearest associations—the kind mother whose breath had fanned my brow in infancy; and for her in my manhood my heart beat with every throb of filial affection. Need I say, then, how ardently I longed to turn homeward, for, independent of all else, I could not avoid some self-reproach on thinking what might be the condition of those I prized the most on earth, when, at that very moment I was engaging in all the voluptuous abandonment and all the fascinating excesses of a life of pleasure. I wrote several letters home, but received no answer; nor did I, in the whole round of London society, meet with a single person who could give me information of my family or my friends. The Easter recess had sent the different members of parliament to their homes; and thus, within a comparatively short distance of all I cared for, I could learn nothing of their fate.

The invitations of the Prince Regent, which were, of course, to be regarded as commands, still detained me in London; and I knew not in what manner to escape from the fresh engagements which each day heaped upon me. In my anxiety upon the subject, I communicated my wishes to a friend on the duke's staff, and the following morning as I presented myself at his levee, he called me toward him and addressed me—

"What leave have you got, Captain O'Malley?"

"Three months, your Royal Highness."

"Do you desire an unattached troop? for, if so, an opportunity occurs just at this moment?"

"I thank you most sincerely, sir, for your condescension in thinking of me; but my wish is, to join my regiment at the expiration of my leave."

"Why, I thought they told me you wanted to spend some time in Ireland?"

"Only sufficient to see my friends, your Royal Highness. That done, I'd rather join my regiment immediately."

"Ah! that alters the case; so then, probably, you'd like to leave us at once. I see how it is: you've been staying here against your will all this while. Then, don't say a word. I'll make your excuses at Carlton House; and, the better to cover your retreat, I'll employ you on service. Here, Gordon, let Captain O'Malley have the despatches for Sir Henry Howard at Cork." As he said this, he turned toward me with an air of affected sternness in his manner, and continued; "I expect, Captain O'Malley, that you will deliver the despatches entrusted to your care without a moment's loss of time. You will leave London within an hour. The instructions for your journey will be sent to your hotel. And now," said he, again changing his voice to its natural tone of kindness and courtesy, "and now, my boy, good-bye, and a safe journey to you. These letters will pay your expenses, and the occasion save you all the worry of leave-taking."

I stood confused and speechless, unable to utter a single word of gratitude for such unexpected kindness. The duke saw at once my difficulty, and, as he shook me warmly by the hand, added, in a laughing tone—

"Don't wait now. You mustn't forget that your despatches are pressing."

I bowed deeply, attempted a few words of acknowledgment, hesitated, blundered, and broke down; and at last got out of the room, heaven knows how! and found myself running toward Long's at the top of my speed. Within that same hour I was rattling along toward Bristol as fast as four posters could brave the pavement, thinking with ecstasy over the pleasures of my reception in England, but, far more than all, of the kindness evinced toward me by him who, in every feeling of his nature, and every feature of his deportment, was "every inch a prince."

However astonished I had been at the warmth by which I was treated in London, I was still less prepared for the enthusiasm which greeted me in every town through which I passed. There was not a village where we stopped to change horses whose inhabitants did not simultaneously pour forth to welcome me with every demonstration of delight. That the fact of four horses and a yellow chaise should have elicited such testimonies of satisfaction, was somewhat difficult to conceive; and, even had the important news that I was the bearer of despatches been telegraphed from London by successive postboys, still the extraordinary excitement was unaccountable. It was only on reaching Bristol that I learned to what circumstance my popularity was owing. My friend Mike, in humble imitation of election practices, had posted a large placard on the back of the chaise, announcing, in letters of portentous length, something like the following:

"Bloody news! Fall of Ciudad Rodrigo—five thousand prisoners two hundred pieces of cannon taken—account of the siege and the assault, with a letter from Captain O'Malley, who led the stormers!"

This veracious and satisfactory statement, aided by Mike's personal exertions, and an unwearied performance on the trumpet he had taken from the French dragoon, had roused the population of every hamlet, and made our journey from London to Bristol one scene of uproar, noise, and confusion. All my attempts to suppress Mike's oratory or music were perfectly unavailing. In fact, he had pledged my health so many times during the day—he had drunk so many toasts to the success of the British arms—so many to the English nation—so many in honour of Ireland—and so many in honour of Mickey Free himself, that all respect for my authority was lost in his enthusiasm for my greatness, and his shouts became wilder, and the blasts from the trumpet more fearful and incoherent; and finally, on the last stage of our journey, having exhausted as it were every tribute of his lungs, he seemed (if I were to judge by the evidence of my ears) to be performing something very like a hornpipe on the roof of the chaise.

Happily for me there is a limit to all human efforts, and even *his* powers at length succumbed; so that,

when we arrived at Bristol, I persuaded him to go to bed, and I once more was left to the enjoyment of some quiet. To fill up the few hours which intervened before bed-time, I strolled into the coffee-room. The English look of every one, and every thing around, had still its charm for me; and I was contemplating, with no small admiration, that air of neatness and propriety so observant from the bright-faced clock, that ticked unweariedly from the mantel-piece, to the trim waiter himself, with noiseless step, and that mixed look of vigilance and vacancy. The perfect stillness struck me, save when a deep voice called for "another brandy and water," and some more modestly-toned request would utter a desire for "more cream." The absorbed attention of each man, in the folds of his voluminous newspaper, scarcely deigning a glance at the new-comer who entered, were all in keeping; giving, in their solemnity and gravity, a character of almost religious seriousness, to what, in any other land, would be a scene of riotous noise and discordant tumult. I was watching all these with a more than common interest, when the door opened, and the waiter entered with a large placard. He was followed by another with a ladder, by whose assistance he succeeded in attaching the large square of paper to the wall, above the fire-place. Every one about rose up, curious to ascertain what was going forward; and I, myself, joined in the crowd around the fire. The first glance of the announcement showed me what it meant: and it was with a strange mixture of shame and confusion I read:

"Fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; with a full and detailed account of the storming of the great breach—capture of the enemy's cannon, &c.—by Michael Free, Fourteenth Light Dragoons."

Leaving the many around me busied in conjecturing who the aforesaid Mr. Free might be, and what peculiar opportunities he might have enjoyed for his report, I hurried from the room and called the waiter.

"What's the meaning of the announcement you've just put up in the coffee-room! where did it come from?"

"Most important news, sir; exclusively in the columns of the *Bristol Telegraph*: the gentleman has just arrived——"

"Who, pray? what gentleman?"

"Mr. Free, sir, No. 13—large bed room—blue damask—supper for one—oyters—a devil—brandy and water—mulled port."

"What the devil do you mean? is the fellow at supper?"

Somewhat shocked at the tone I ventured to assume toward the illustrious narrator, the waiter merely bowed his reply.

"Show me to his room," said I; "I should like to see him."

"Follow me, if you please, sir—this way—what name shall I say, sir?"

"You need not mind announcing me—I'm an old acquaintance—just show me the room."

"I beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Meekins, the editor of the *Telegraph*, is engaged with him at present; and positive orders are given not to suffer any interruption."

"No matter: do as I bid you. Is that it? Oh! I hear his voice. There, that will do. You may go down stairs, I'll introduce myself."

So saying, and slipping a crown into the waiter's hand, I proceeded cautiously toward the door, and opened it stealthily. My caution was, however, needless; for a large screen was drawn across this part of the room, completely concealing the door; closing which behind me, I took my place beneath the shelter of this ambuscade, determined on no account to be perceived by the parties.

Seated in a large arm-chair, a smoking tumbler of mulled port before him, sat my friend Mike, dressed in my full regimentals, even to the helmet, which, unfortunately however, for the effect, he had put on back foremost; a short "dudeen" graced his lip, and the trumpet, so frequently alluded to, lay near him.

Opposite him sat a short, puny, round-faced little gentleman, with rolling eyes and a turned-up nose. Numerous sheets of paper, pens, &c., lay scattered about; and he evinced, by his air and gesture, the most marked and eager attention to Mr. Free's narrative, whose frequent interruptions, caused by the drink and oysters, were viewed with no small impatience by the anxious editor.

"You must remember, captain, time's passing; the placards are all out; must be at press before one o'clock to-night, the morning edition is every thing with us. You were at the first parallel, I think."

"Devil a one o' me knows. Just ring that bell near you; them's elegant oysters; and you're not taking your drop of liquor; here's a toast for you—'May——' whoop—raal Carlingford's, upon my conscience. See now, if I won't hit the little black chap up there, the first shot."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a little painted bust of Shakspeare fell in fragments on the floor as an oyster-shell laid him low.

A faint effort at a laugh at the eccentricities of his friend, was all the poor editor could accomplish, while Mike's triumph knew no bounds.

"Didn't I tell you?" But come now, are you ready! give the pen a drink, if you won't take one yourself."

"I'm ready, quite ready," responded the editor.

"Faith, and it's more nor I am. See now, here it is: The night was murthering dark: you could not see a stim."

"Not see a—a what?"

"A stim, bad luck to you; don't you know English? Hand me the hot water. Have you that down yet?"

"Yes. Pray proceed."

"The fifth division was orthered up, bekase they were fighting chaps; the eighty-eighth was among them; the Rangers—oh! upon my soul, we must drink the Rangers. Here, devil a one o' me will go on till we give them all the honours—hip—begin."

"Hip," sighed the luckless editor, as he rose from his chair, obedient to the command.

"Hurra—hurra—hurra! Well done! there's stuff in you yet, ould foolscap! the little bottle's empty—ring again, if you plase."

"Oh, Father Magan,
Was a beautiful man,
But a bit of a rogue, a bit of a rogue.
He was just six feet high,
Had a cast in his eye,
And an illigint brogue, an illigint brogue.

"He was born in Killarney,
And reared up in Blarney"—

"Arrah, don't be looking miserable and dissolate, that way. Sure I'm only screwing myself up for you; besides, you can print the song as you like: its a sweet tune—'Teddy you Gander.'"

"Really, Mr. Free, I see no prospect of our ever getting done."

"The saints in heaven forbid," interrupted Mike, piously; "the evening's young, and drink plenty; here now, make ready!"

The editor once more made a gesture of preparation.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed Mike, "it was pitch dark when the columns moved up, and a cold raw night with a little thin rain falling. Have you that down?"

"Yes. Pray go on."

"Well, just as it might be here at the corner of the trench I met Doctor Quill. 'They're waiting for you, Misther Free,' says he, 'down there. Picton's asking for you.' 'Faith and you must wait,' says I, 'for I'm terrible dry.' With that he pulled out his canteen and mixed me a little brandy and water. 'Are you taking it without a toast?' says Doctor Maurice. 'Never fear,' says I. 'Here's Mary Brady'"—

"But my dear sir," interposed Mr. Meekins, "pray *do* remember this is somewhat irrelevant. In fifteen minutes it will be twelve o'clock."

"I know it, ould boy, I know it. I see what you're at. You were going to observe how much better we'd be for a broiled bone."

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you. For heaven's sake no more eating and drinking."

"No more eating nor drinking! Why not? You've a nice notion of a convivial evening. Faith we'll have the broiled bone sure enough, and, what's more, a half gallon of the strongest punch they can make us; an' I hope that, grave as you are, you'll favour the company with a song."

"Really, Mr. Free"—

"Arrah! none of your blarney. Don't be misthering me. Call me Mickey, or Mickey Free, if you like better."

"I protest," said the editor, with dismay, "that here we are two hours at work, and we haven't got to the foot of the great breach."

"And wasn't the army three months and a half in just getting that far, with a battering train, and mortars, and the finest troops ever were seen? and there you sit, a little fat creature, with your pen in your hand, grumbling that you can't do more than the whole British army. Take care you don't provoke me to beat you; for I am quiet till I'm roused. But, by the Rock o' Cashel"—

Here he grasped a bass trumpet with an energy that made the editor spring from his chair.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Free"—

"Well, I won't; but sit down there, and don't be bothering me about sieges, and battles, and things you know nothing about."

"I protest," rejoined Mr. Meekins, "that, had you not sent to my office intimating your wish to communicate an account of the siege, I never should have thought of intruding myself upon you. And now, since you appear indisposed to afford the information in question, if you will permit me, I wish you a very good night."

"Faith, and so you shall, and help me to pass one too; for not a step out o' that chair shall you take till morning. Do ye think I am going to be left here by myself, all alone?"

"I must observe," said Mr. Meekins—

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mickey; "I see what you mean. You're not the best of company, it's true; but at a pinch like this— There now, take your liquor."

"Once for all, sir," said the editor, "I would beg you to recollect that, on the faith of your message to me, I have announced an account of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo for our morning edition. Are you prepared, may I ask, for the consequences of my disappointing ten thousand readers?"

"It's little I care for one of them. I never knew much of reading myself."

"If you think to make a jest of me," interposed Mr. Meekins, reddening with passion—

"A jest of you! Troth it's little fun I can get out of you; you're as tiresome a creature as ever I spent an evening with. See now, I told you before not to provoke me: we'll have a little more drink; ring the bell: who knows which will turn out better by-and-by?"

As Mike rose at these words to summon the waiter, Mr. Meekins seized the opportunity to make his escape. Scarcely had he reached the door, however, when he was perceived by Mickey, who hurled the trumpet at him with all his force, when he uttered a shout that nearly left the poor editor lifeless with terror. This time, happily, Mr. Free's aim failed him, and, before he could arrest the progress of his victim, he had gained the corridor, and, with one bound, cleared the first flight of the staircase, his pace increasing every moment as Mike's denunciations grew louder and louder, till at last, as he reached the street, Mr. Free's delight overcame his indignation, and he threw himself upon a chair and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, may I never! if I didn't frighten the editor. The little spalpeen couldn't eat his oysters and take his punch like a man. But sure if he didn't, there's more left for his betters." So saying, he filled himself a goblet and drank it off. "Mr. Free, we won't say much for your inclinations, for maybe they are not the best; but here's bad luck to the fellow that doesn't think you good company; and here," added he, again filling his glass, "and here's may the devil take editors and authors, and compositors, that won't let us alone, but must be taking our lives, and our songs, and our little devilments, that belongs to one's own family, and tell them all over the world. A lazy set of thieves you are, every one of you; spending your time inventing lies, devil a more nor less; and here"—this time he filled again—"and here's a hot corner and Kilkenny coals, that's half sulphur, to the villain"—

For what particular class of offenders Mike's penal code was now devised, I was not destined to learn; for, overcome by punch and indignation, he gave one loud whoop, and measured his length upon the floor. Having committed him to the care of the waiters, from whom I learned more fully the particulars of his acquaintance with Mr. Meekins, I enjoined them, strictly, not to mention that I knew any thing of the matter; and betook myself to my bed, sincerely rejoicing that in a few hours more Mike would be again in that land where even his eccentricities and

excesses would be viewed with a favourable and forgiving eye.

---

## CHAPTER CVIII.—Ireland.

"You'd better call your master up," said the skipper to Mickey Free, on the second evening after our departure from Bristol; "he said he'd like to have a look at the coast."

The words were overheard by me, as I lay between sleeping and waking in the cabin of the packet, and, without waiting for a second invitation, I rushed upon deck. The sun was setting, and one vast surface of yellow golden light played upon the water, as it rippled beneath a gentle gale. The white foam curled at our prow, and the rushing sound told the speed we were going at. The little craft was staggering under every sheet of her canvass, and her spars creaked as her white sails bent before the breeze. Before us, but to my landsman's eyes scarcely perceptible, was the ill-defined outlines of cloudy darkness they called land, and which I continued to gaze at with a strange sense of interest, while I heard the names of certain well-known headlands assigned to apparently mere masses of fog-bank and vapour.

He who has never been separated in early years, while yet the budding affections of his heart are tender shoots, from the land of his birth and of his home, knows nothing of the throng of sensations that crowd upon him as he nears the shore of his country. The names, familiar as household words, come with a train of long buried thoughts; the feeling of attachment to all we call our own—that patriotism of the heart—stirs strongly within him, as the mingled thrills of hope and fear alternately move him to joy or sadness.

Hard as are the worldly struggles between the daily cares of him who carves out his own career and fortune, yet he has never experienced the darkest poverty of fate who has not felt what it is to be a wanderer, without a country to lay claim to. Of all the desolations that visit us, this is the gloomiest and the worst. The outcast from the land of his fathers, whose voice must never be heard within the walls where his infancy was nurtured, nor his step be free upon the mountains where he gambolled in his youth, this is indeed wretchedness. The instinct of country grows and strengthens with our years; the joys of early life are linked with it; the hopes of age point toward it; and he who knows not the thrill of ecstasy some well-remembered, long-lost-sight-of place can bring to his heart when returning after years of absence, is ignorant of one of the purest sources of happiness of our nature.

With what a yearning of the heart, then, did I look upon the dim and misty cliffs, that mighty framework of my island home, their stern sides lashed by the blue waters of the ocean, and their summits lost within the clouds. With what an easy and natural transition did my mind turn from the wild mountains and the green valleys to their hardy sons, who toiled beneath the burning sun of the Peninsula! and how, as some twinkling light of the distant shore would catch my eye, did I wonder within myself whether beside that hearth and board there might not sit some, whose thoughts were wandering over the sea beside the bold steps of El Rodon, or the death-strown plain of Talavera! their memories calling upon some trait of him who was the idol of his home; whose closing lids some fond mother has watched over; above whose peaceful slumber her prayers have fallen; but whose narrow bed was now beneath the breach of Badajos, and his sleep the sleep that knows not waking.

I know not if in my sad and sorrowing spirit I did not envy him who thus had met a soldier's fate—for what of promise had my own!

My hopes of being in any way instrumental to my poor uncle's happiness grew hourly less. His prejudices were deeply rooted and of long standing; to have asked him to surrender any of what he looked upon as the prerogatives of his house and name, would be to risk the loss of his esteem. What then remained for me? Was I to watch, day by day and hour by hour, the falling ruin of our fortunes? Was I to involve myself in the petty warfare of unavailing resistance to the law? and could I stand aloof from my best, my truest, my earliest friend, and see him, alone and unaided, oppose his weak and final struggle to the unrelenting career of persecution? Between these two alternatives the former could be my only choice; and what a choice!

Oh, how I thought over the wild heroism of the battle-field, the reckless fury of the charge, the crash, the death-cry, and the sad picture of the morrow, when all was past, and a soldier's glory alone remained to shed its high halo over the faults and the follies of the dead.

As night fell, the twinkling of the distant light-houses—some throwing a column of light from the very verge of the horizon, others shining brightly, like stars, from some lofty promontory—marked the different outlines of the coast, and conveyed to me the memory of that broken and wild mountain tract that forms the bulwark of the green isle against the waves of the Atlantic. Alone and silently I trod the deck, now turning to look toward the shore, where I thought I could detect the position of some well-known headland, now straining my eyes seaward to watch some bright and flitting star, as it rose from or emerged beneath the foaming water, denoting the track of the swift pilot-boat, or the hardy lugger of the fisherman; while the shrill whistle of the floating sea-gull was the only sound, save the rushing waves that broke in spray upon our quarter.

What is it that so inevitably inspires sad and impressive thoughts, as we walk the deck of some little craft, in the silence of the night's dark hours? No sense of danger near, we hold on our course swiftly and steadily, cleaving the dark waves, and bending gracefully beneath the freshening breeze. Yet still the motion which, in the bright sunshine of the noonday tells of joy and gladness, brings now no touch of pleasure to our hearts. The dark and frowning sky, the boundless expanse of gloomy water, spread like some gigantic pall around us, and our thoughts either turn back upon the saddest features of the past, or look forward to the future with a sickly hope that all may not be as we fear it.

Mine were indeed the gloomiest, and the selfishness alone of the thought prevented me from wishing that, like many another, I had fallen by a soldier's death on the plains of the Peninsula!

As the night wore on, I wrapped myself in my cloak and lay down beneath the bulwark. The whole of my past life came in review before me, and I thought over my first meeting with Lucy Dashwood; the thrill of boyish admiration gliding into love; the hopes, the fears, that stirred my heart; the firm resolve to merit her affection, which made me a soldier. Alas! how little thought she of him to whose whole life she had been a guide-star and a beacon! And, as I thought over the hard-fought fields, the long, fatiguing marches, the nights around the watch-fires, and felt how, in the whirl and enthusiasm of a soldier's life, the cares and sorrows of every-day existence are forgotten, I shuddered to reflect upon the career that might now open before me. To abandon, perhaps for ever, the glorious path I had been pursuing, for a life of indolence and weariness, and my name, that had already, by the chance of some fortunate circumstances, began to be mentioned with a testimony of approval, should be lost in oblivion, or remembered but as that of one whose early promise was not borne out by deeds of his manhood.

As day broke, overcome by watching, I slept; but was soon awoke by the stir and bustle around me. The breeze had freshened, and we were running under a reefed mainsail and foresail; and, as the little craft was bounded above the blue water, the white foam crested above her prow, and ran in boiling rivulets along toward the after-deck. The tramp of the seamen, the hoarse voice of the captain, the shrill cry of the sea birds, betokened, however, nothing of dread or danger; and listlessly I leant upon my elbow, and asked what was going forward.

"Nothing, sir, only making ready to drop our anchor."

"Are we so near shore, then?" said I.

"You've only to round that point, to windward, and give a clear run into Cork harbor."

I sprang at once to my legs: the land-fog prevented my seeing any thing whatever; but I thought that in the breeze, fresh and balmy as it blew, I could feel the wind of shore.

"At last," said I, "at last!" as I stepped into the little wherry which shot alongside of us, and we glided into the still basin of Cove. How I remember every white-walled cottage, and the beetling cliffs, and that bold headland beside which the valley opens, with its dark green woods; and then Spike island; and what a stir is yonder, early as it is; the men-of-war tenders seem alive with people, while still the little village is sunk in slumbers, not a smoke-wreath rising from its silent hearths: every plash of the oars in the calm water, as I neared the land, every chance word of the bronzed and hardy fisherman told upon my heart. I felt it was my home.

"Isn't it beautiful, sir; isn't it elegant?" said a voice behind me, which there could be little doubt in my detecting, although I had not seen the individual since I left England.

"Is not what beautiful?" replied I, rather harshly in the interruption of my own thoughts.

"Ireland, to be sure; and long life to her!" cried he, with a cheer, that soon found its responsive echoes in the hearts of our sailors, who seconded the sentiment with all their energy.

"How am I to get up to Cork, lads?" said I; "I am pressed for time, and must get forward.

"We'll row your honour the whole way, av it's plazing to you."

"Why, thank you, I'd rather find some quicker mode of proceeding."

"Maybe you'd have a chaise; there's an elegant one at M'Cassidy's."

"Sure the blind mare's in foal," said the bow oar; "the devil a step she can go out of a walk; so, your honor, take Tim Riley's car, and you'll get up cheap. Not that you care for money; but he's going up at eight o'clock with two young ladies."

"Oh! begorra," said the other, "and so he is; and faix ye might do worse—they're nice craytures."

"Well," said I, "your advice seems good; but perhaps they might object to my company."

"I've no fear; they're always with the officers. Sure the Miss Dalrymple's——"

"The Miss Dalrymple's! push ahead, boys; it must be later than I thought; we must get the chaise; I can't wait."

Ten minutes more brought us to land.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

My arrangements were soon made, and as my impatience to press forward became greater the nearer I drew to my destination, I lost not a moment.

The yellow chaise—sole glory of Cove—was brought forth at my request; and by good fortune, four posters who had been down the preceding evening from Cork to some gentleman's seat near, were about to return. These were also pressed into my service; and just as the first early riser of the little village was drawing his curtain to take a half-closed-eye glance upon the breaking morning, I rattled forth upon my journey at a pace which, could I only have secured its continuance must soon have terminated my weary way.

Beautiful as the whole line of the country is, I was totally unconscious of it; and even Mike's conversational powers, divided as they were between myself and the two postilions, were fruitless in arousing me from the deep pre-occupation of my mind by thoughts of home.

It was, then, with some astonishment I heard the boy upon the wheeler ask whither he should drive me to.

"Tell his honour to wake up; we're in Cork now."

"In Cork! impossible already."

"Faith, may be so; but it's Cork sure enough."

"Drive to the 'George;' it's not far from the commander-in-chief's quarters."

"'Tis five minutes' walk sir; you'll be there before they're put to again."

"Horses for Fermoy!" shouted out the postilions, as we tore up to the door in a gallop. I sprang out, and by the assistance of the waiter, discovered Sir Henry Moreton's quarters, to whom my despatches were addressed. Having delivered them into the hands of an aid-de-camp, who sat bolt upright in his bed, rubbing his eyes to appear awake, I again hurried down stairs, and, throwing myself into the chaise, continued my journey.

"Them's beautiful streets, any how!" said Mike, "av they wasn't kept so dirty, and the houses so dark, and the pavement bad. That's Mr. Beamish, that fine house there, with the brass rapper and the green lamp beside it; and there's the hospital—faix

and there's the place we beat the police, when I was here before; and the house with the sign of the highlander's thrown down; and what's the big building there, with the stone posts at the door?"

"The bank, sir," said the postilion with a most deferential air, as Mike addressed him.

"What bank, acushla?"

"Not a one of me knows, sir; but they call it the bank, tho' it's only an empty house."

"Cary and Moore's bank, perhaps," said I; having heard that in days long past some such names had failed in Cork for a large amount.

"So it is; your honour's right," cried the postilion; while Mike, standing up on the box, and menacing the house with his clenched fist, shouted out at the very top of his voice:

"Oh, bad luck to your cobwebbed windows and iron railings! sure it's my father's son ought to hate the sight of you."

"I hope, Mike, your father never trusted his property in such hands?"

"I don't suspect he did, your honour; he never put much belief in the banks; but the house cost him dear enough without that."

As I could not help feeling some curiosity in this matter, I pressed Mickey for an explanation.

"But maybe it's not Cary and Moore's, after all; and I'm, maybe, cursing decent people."

Having re-assured his mind, by telling him that the reservation he made by the doubt would tell in their favour should he prove mistaken, he afforded me the following information:

"When my father—the heavens be his bed—was in the 'Cork' they put him one night on guard at that same big house you just passed—av it was the same; but if it wasn't that it was another; and it was a beautiful fine night in August, and the moon up, and plenty of people walking about, and all kinds of fun and devilment going on—drinking and dancing, and every thing.

"Well, my father was stuck up there, with his musket, to walk up and down, and not say, 'God save you kindly,' or the time of day, or any thing but just march as if he was in the barrack-yard; and by reason of his being the man he was he didn't like it half, but kept cursing and swearing to himself like mad when he saw pleasant fellows and pretty girls going by, laughing and joking.

"'Good evening, Mickey,' says one; 'fine sport ye have all to yourself, with your long feather in your cap.'

"'Arrah look how proud he is,' says another, 'with his head up as if he didn't see a body.'

"'Shoulder too!' cried a drunken chap, with a shovel in his hand: they all began laughing away at my father.

"'Let the decent man alone,' said an old fellow in a wig; 'isn't he guarding the bank, wid all the money in it?'

"'Faix he isn't,' says another; 'for there's none left.'

"'What's that you're saying?' says my father.

"'Just that the bank's broke, devil a more,' says he.

"'And there's no goold in it?' says my father.

"'Devil a guinea.'

"'Nor silver?'

"'No, nor silver, nor as much as sixpence, either.'

"'Didn't ye hear, that all day yesterday, when people was coming in with their notes, the chaps there were heating the guineas in a frying-pan, pretending they were making them as fast as they could; and sure, when they had a batch red-hot they spread them out to cool; and what betune the hating and cooling, and the burning the fingers counting them, they kept the bank open to three o'clock, and then they ran away.'

"'Is it truth yer telling?' says my father.

"'Sorra word o'lie in it! myself had two and fourpence of their notes.'

"'And so they're broke,' says my father; 'and nothing left.'

"'Not a brass farthen.'

"'And what am I staying here for, I wonder, if there's nothing to guard?'"

## THE SETTLER ON THE FRONTIER.

"That portion of the monied aristocracy of Europe, who in sumptuous drawing-rooms and spacious halls indulge in the luxury of ostentatious sympathy for all races but their own, do not appreciate the character and situation of the Anglo-American, who has made his home in solitudes unbroken by any human sound, save the whoop of an invisible foe. Accustomed to hear him denounced as a man-slayer and a land-robber, they take no thought of the spirit which has impelled him onward, the qualities he is constrained to display, and the social ameliorations of which he is the pioneer. He loves the wilderness for the independence it confers—for the sovereignty which it enables him to wield by dint of his personal energies. The forest is subject to his axe—its inhabitants to his rifle. Had the same man drawn his first breath in the land of his forefathers, he might have been a stunted and starving hand-loom weaver, or, at the best, a labourer, faring sumptuously, with a wife and six children, on an uncertain weekly stipend of eight British shillings. In the grand old woods where rises the smoke of his log-house, he is lord of an untrammelled mind and iron frame. The roof that shelters his little ones is the work of his own hands; the venison that smokes upon the board, and the deer-skin that furnishes his hunting gear, are the spoil of his practised eye and untiring step. Alone he ventures on the Indian's hunting-ground, and, in defiance of the law of the Red Man, bears away a share of the prey. Perhaps the chase absorbs too much of his time—perhaps he falls a victim to the jealousy of the savage—still his career has not been in vain;—he has made a lodgment in the waste, he has opened a track for the van-guard of civilisation, the ranks of which will expand for the reception of his posterity. In a few years, where the short, sharp crack of the out-settler's rifle startled the silence of the pine forest, the voice of Christian worship is heard in the language of Old England; institutions kindred to our own predominate; industry, in its varied branches, prospers; and a fresh accession is made to the extending empire of morality and knowledge."—*Kennedy's Texas.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## MARQUINEZ AND LA COLLEGIALA.

### A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE small town of Ayllon in Old Castile is picturesquely situated at the foot of a ridge of mountains of the same name, and at about half-a-dozen leagues to the left of the *camino real* from Burgos to Madrid. Although dignified by the name of a *villa*, or town, and containing a population of five hundred *vecinos*,* at the period we are referring to, it bore more resemblance to an overgrown country village, both by the character of its houses and the occupations of their inhabitants. The former were rudely constructed of mis-shapen and irregularly sized blocks of stone, hewn from the adjacent mountains, the interstices being filled up with a coarse cement. They were for the most part covered with thatch, although here and there a roof formed of black and red tiles, arranged in alternate lines, varied the uniformity of the layers of straw, to which the weather and the smoke of the wood fires had imparted a dingy grayish hue. According to Spanish custom, every dwelling had a clumsy but solid and spacious balcony running round the upper windows. These balconies were sheltered from the rain either by a wooden roof or by a projection of the thatch and rafters, and in the summer and autumn were usually strewed with the golden pods of the Indian corn and the juicy scarlet fruit of the tomata, placed there to dry and to ripen in the sunbeams.

The inhabitants of Ayllon were principally peasants, who gained their living by the cultivation of the fields which surrounded the town; and in time of peace this resource was sufficient for the ample supply of their scanty wants and unambitious desires; but the war, which was so heavy a scourge for the Peninsula, did not spare this quiet corner of Castile. On the contrary, the position of the town rendered it a favourite resort of the guerillas, who from that point had the double facility of pouncing on whatever passed along the high-road, and of retreating to the mountains when troops were sent against them. Thus it not unfrequently happened that the unfortunate Ayllonese, after emptying their granaries and wine stores for the benefit of the Spanish troops, were visited, a few hours afterwards, by a column of French, who stripped them of what little they had reserved for their own support, accompanying their extortions by the ample measure of ill treatment they considered themselves justified in bestowing on those who had so recently sheltered their foes. Between friends and enemies the peasants were impoverished, their houses dismantled and pillaged, their fields trampled and laid waste.

It was on an autumn morning of the year 181–, that a large number of cavalry soldiers were grooming their horses in the streets of Ayllon. Some ill-clothed but hardy-looking infantry men were grouped about the doors of the houses, busily engaged in furbishing their arms, whilst here and there, at the corners of the streets, or in open spaces between the houses, a few greasy-looking individuals were superintending the preparations of the *rancho*,* a strong smelling anomalous sort of mess, contained in large iron kettles suspended over smoky fires of green wood. Cavalry, infantry, and cooks were laughing, joking, singing, and talking with the gayety characteristic of the Spanish soldier, and which scarcely ever abandons him even in the most difficult and unfavourable circumstances.

The horses had been cleaned and returned to their stables; the muskets burnished till they shone again; the rations cooked and eaten. It was past noon, and the rays of an October sun, which in Castile is often hotter than a July sun in our more temperate climate, had driven the soldiery to seek shade and coolness where best it might be found. Some were sharing the litter of their horses, others were stretched under trees and hedges in the outskirts of the town, whilst the most weary or the least difficult lay wrapped in their cloaks on either side of the street. A deep silence had succeeded to the previous noise. It was the hour of the siesta.

Two o'clock had chimed from the church tower of Ayllon, and had been repeated by the clocks of the neighbouring convents and villages, when a battalion of infantry entered the principal street, and advanced at a rapid pace towards the open square in the centre of the town, where it halted and formed up. A body of cavalry which followed separated into small parties, and dispersed in various directions. More infantry arrived, and proceeded by detachments to occupy the stables and houses in which the troops were quartered, and from which they ejected the original occupants. On the first arrival of the new comers, the guerillas, who were lying sleeping about the streets, had started up in alarm; but on recognising the gray uniforms and painted shakoes of the regiment of Arlanza, and the blue pelisses of the hussars, under the orders of the Cura Merino, they for the most part resumed their recumbent position, with all the nonchalance of those Neapolitan lazzaroni for whom the *dolce far niente* is the sum and substance of human happiness. The less indolent remained staring at the troops as they marched by; and even when they saw them entering the stables and barracks they manifested no surprise, unsuspicious of any hostile intention on the part of men fighting for the same cause as themselves, and with whom they were accustomed to fraternise. Those who were sleeping in the houses and stables, were scarcely well awaked before they

* The Spaniards have a somewhat loose manner of calculating the population of their town and villages by *vecinos*, or heads of families, literally, *neighbours*. They multiply the number of vecinos by four and a half, and that is supposed to give the number of inhabitants.

* The *rancho*, or mess of the Spanish soldiery, is generally composed of fat pork, garlic, and rice or dry beans, according as the one or the other may have been issued for rations: the whole being plentifully seasoned with red pepper, and boiled so as to form a sort of thick pottage. The manner in which this is eaten is somewhat original. Each company is divided into messes of twenty or thirty men, and each mess forms a circle round the vessel in which their dinner has been cooked, every man with his bread and a large wooden spoon in his hand. They tell off by fours, and a non-commissioned officer calls out "El uno," No. 1. The five or six men who have told off No. 1 take a pace to the front, dip their spoon in the kettle and resume their place in the circle. "El dos," No. 2, is next called, and performs the same manœuvre. After No. 4, the turn of No. 1 comes again, and so on till the pot is emptied and the bellies of the soldiers more or less filled.

were thrust into the street. The whole proceeding was so rapid on the part of the Cura's soldiers, and so unlooked for by those quartered in the town, that in less than ten minutes fifteen hundred men found themselves unarmed and defenceless, whilst their horses, weapons, and accoutrements were in possession of Merino's followers. So complete was the surprise, and so trifling the resistance offered, that not a life was lost, scarcely a man wounded, on either side.

Whilst the astonished guerillas were asking one another what could be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of Merino, that chief himself appeared, surrounded by several officers, and followed by a strong escort of cavalry. He galloped through the main street, and, halting in the plaza, received the reports of the officers who had been entrusted with the execution of the *coup-de-main* that had just been accomplished; then, turning to a group of the disarmed who were standing by, he enquired for Colonel Principe. Before he had received a reply, a man rushed, bareheaded, and with a drawn sabre in his hand, from the door of a neighbouring house. He stopped when he found himself face to face with the Cura, and, in a voice almost inarticulate from passion, demanded by what authority the latter had disarmed his men and taken possession of their quarters.

"By my own authority, Tomas Principe," coolly replied Merino. "Your band is one of those which do more harm to the peasant than the enemy. When they march, their progress is marked by rapine and violence; and, if they now and then distinguish themselves by their gallantry in the field, they take care to counterbalance its merit by daily robberies and unlawful acts. Your horses and arms I have taken for my soldiers, and by this time your men are informed that they are disbanded and may return to their homes."

Merino had scarcely finished his sentence when Principe, who literally foamed at the mouth with rage, made a dash at the imperturbable priest, and dealt him a blow which would probably have brought the career of that celebrated member of the church militant to a premature termination, had it not been intercepted by the swords of some of the Cura's officers. Several of the escort pressed forward, and the unlucky guerilla was overpowered and deprived of his sabre. The scuffle was scarcely over when Marquinez, the friend and lieutenant of Principe, appeared, followed by some officers and a few men of his corps. He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, in the prime of life, with a highly intelligent countenance; and, instead of showing the same excitement and headlong fury as his commandant, he saluted Merino with urbanity, and addressed him in a somewhat ironical tone. The Cura repeated what he had already said to Principe as to his reasons for disarming the partida.

"I am well aware, Senor Cura," said Marquinez, "that some of your followers, weary of lurking in mountain caverns, have preferred leaders under whom they were sure to meet with opportunities of displaying their courage in the plain, and of revenging themselves on the invaders of their country. It is probably to prevent further defection, and to remount your cavalry, that you have thus treacherously surprised and disarmed men, who, had they been aware of your intention, would have given ample occupation to you and the whole of your forces. You have, for the moment, deprived your country of two thousand defenders, the least worthy of whom is a better man than ever crossed your saddle. We shall not attempt a resistance which now would be absurd, but you will have to answer to the Junta of Cadiz for your treason."

The Cura smiled scornfully, but made no reply. Marquinez, after gazing steadfastly at him for a moment, turned upon his heel; and leading, or rather dragging along, Principe by the arm, left the plaza. The same day Merino marched out of Ayllon, taking with them nearly a thousand horses, and a large number of muskets, sabres, and other arms.

Marquinez and Principe had been Serjeants in the Spanish regiment of Bourbon. They were of humble extraction, and Marquinez had, in his youth, been a barber at Madrid. Both men of great intrepidity, and of some military talent, whose qualifications availed them little at a period when wealth and family interest were the surest, if not the only stepping stones to advancement in the Spanish army, and our two *sargentos instruidos* left the service with the humble *chevrons* which their merits had procured them soon after their arrival under the colours, but which they had no hope of exchanging for the epaulette of a commissioned officer. At the commencement of the Peninsular war, they joined a party of guerillas, of which they soon became the leaders, and Principe, although inferior in talent and education to his brother serjeant, was the first in command. At the period that Merino disarmed them in the manner we have described, the *partida* had acquired considerable celebrity, and although not so well disciplined as the troops of the Cura, had committed no excesses to justify the step taken by the latter. Merino was jealous of their success, and annoyed at the desertion of his men, many of whom had recently left his standard to joined that of Principe. As Marquinez had predicted, however, the Regency was excessively angry at the unauthorised and unwarrantable conduct of the guerilla priest, in which it was evident that he had consulted his own interest more than that of the service, or of the country. A severe reprimand was addressed to him; but the war was raging in all its fury, the Junta had its hands full, and Merino was too valuable a partizan to be dispensed with, or even disgusted. Moreover, the mischief done was soon repaired, in great part, by the activity of Marquinez. After the guerilla corps was disbanded by the Cura, the two adventurers who had headed it found themselves with a mere handful of followers, the remainder either having been sent to their villages, or having joined Merino. Principe and Marquinez agreed to separate, and to reorganise two bands, instead of the one which they had hitherto commanded. Principe was only moderately successful; the free corps which he raised never amounted to above six or eight hundred men; but Marquinez, putting out all his energy, before long found himself at the head of a strong body of cavalry, well mounted and equipped; and he took the field with renewed confidence, and this time with the sole command.

In one of the first expeditions which he undertook, after this resurrection of his *partida*, he encountered three hundred Westphalian cavalry in the French

service, whom he totally defeated, after fighting for a whole morning, and losing a large number of men and horses. The Westphalians were returning from a reconnoissance, in which they had made several prisoners, and amongst others, a lady of a good family of Sahagun, and wife of a captain in the Spanish army. This woman, during the few days which the insecurity of the roads compelled her to pass in the society of Marquinez, became violently enamoured of that officer, and finally abandoned her husband and children to follow him in his adventurous course of life. Endowed with masculine courage, strong minded, and possessed of greater physical strength than is usual in her sex, she did not hesitate to assume the costume of a hussar, and to fight by the side of the dashing guerilla to whom she had attached herself. She soon became well known in the district which was the scene of operations of Marquinez's troops, by the appellation of *La Collegiala*, a name given to her from the circumstance of her youth having been spent in a college, which exists at Valladolid, for the education of the female children of noble families. She had already been engaged in several skirmishes, and had displayed a degree of courage which had gained for her the rank of an officer, and the respect and admiration of the hardy soldiers amongst whom she lived, when an opportunity occurred of proving her devotion and attachment to the man for whom she had sacrificed her fair fame and her domestic ties.

It was in the early part of the month of March. A succession of heavy rains had nearly suspended all military operations in the plains of Valladolid and Palencia. Marquinez's hussars, at this time nearly two thousand in number, were in cantoments in some small villages a few leagues to the right of the high-road from Burgos to Valladolid, and were awaiting the return of fine weather to recommence the campaign. The activity and intrepidity of their leader had caused him to become a formidable opponent to the French generals, who were anxious to rid themselves of nearly the only chief who ventured to attack them on equal terms in the plain, and frequently came off the conqueror. For Marquinez, disdaining the more cautious system of mountain warfare adopted by other guerilla leaders, had not raised any infantry, but kept the open country with his light cavalry. Several of the French moveable columns had been roughly handled by him, and their dragoons sabred and put to the route by vigorous charges headed by the intrepid guerilla.

During the few weeks that Marquinez was compelled to remain inactive, the French caused his position to be reconnoitred by their spies, and devised a plan for seizing his person. The villages and hamlets in which the cavalry were quartered were spread over a considerable extent of country. So large a number of horses would hardly have found sufficient forage or stabling had they been all concentrated on one point; and as the roads were cut up and the fields sodden by the rain, there was no apprehension entertained of any rapid march or surprise on the part of the French, who had their advanced posts in the neighbourhood of Valladolid. Two of the numerous villages occupied by the hussars were nearly a league in advance of the others, and placed on either skirt of a large oak wood. The road from one to the other of these cantonments described a curve round the front of the wood, and at a central point was crossed by a track which, in one direction, led in amongst the trees, and in the other joined at a distance of a mile or two a country road leading to Valladolid. It was at this spot that it was proposed to surprise Marquinez, who, with the Collegiala and a hundred horse, had taken up his quarters in the village on the right of the wood.

About dusk, on a stormy evening, Marquinez, attended by an aide-de-camp, was returning to his quarters, after having visited several of the cantonments. On arriving at the part of the road described above he found his further progress impeded by a tree which had fallen across the narrow way in such a manner that its branches, covered with dead leaves, and matted with ivy, formed a sort of hedge too high for the horses to leap, and too strong for them to break through. The two horsemen dismounted, and began to open themselves a passage by lopping the boughs with their sabres, when their arms were suddenly seized from behind, and before they could turn their heads they were surrounded by a dozen dismounted dragoons, whose numbers quickly overcoming all resistance, the Spaniards were thrown down and pinioned. A troop of French cavalry emerged from the wood, the men who had effected the capture remounted, and Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, being bound to their saddles and placed between four dragoons, with their carbines unslung and ready for action, the whole party started off at a sharp trot in the direction of Valladolid. The only witness of the affair was a peasant belonging to the village in which Marquinez had his quarters, and who was about a hundred yards behind that chief at the moment he dismounted. His first movement, when he saw the French, was to throw himself on the ground behind some bushes, and as soon as the last of the troopers had disappeared, he left his place of concealment, and hastened to give the alarm.

To support the troop of dragoons that had been sent on this hazardous expedition, two battalions and a squadron of French had advanced seven or eight leagues from their own lines, and had taken up a position in a hamlet at about the same distance from Marquinez's cantonments. It was an hour before midnight when the party which had formed the ambuscade joined the main body, after a rapid march over detestable roads and a heavy country. The horses were knocked up, and unable to proceed without a few hours' repose. Their captain having reported this to the commanding officer, at the same time that he announced to him the successful issue of the enterprise, received orders to refresh his men and horses, and to hold himself in readiness to march an hour before daybreak. Meantime the prisoners were placed in a room on the ground floor of the house in which the French colonel was lodged. The door of their temporary prison opened on a large corridor, then used as a guard-room, and the small unglazed aperture which gave light to the apartment, was traversed by three massive iron bars, placed parallel to each other, and firmly rivetted into the stone wall. For additional security, and to preclude all possibility of escape, a sentry was placed in a sort of garden on which the window looked out.

The young officer who had been taken at the same time as Marquinez, weary with the day's exertions, soon fell asleep in one of the three or four rickety

chairs which composed nearly the whole furniture of the room. His chief did not seem inclined to follow his example, but paced up and down, apparently wrapt in thought. His monotonous promenade had lasted nearly an hour, when he thought he heard his name pronounced. He started and listened, but no sound reached his ears save the measured step of the sentinel under his window, and the burden of an old French *chanson a boire*, which one of the men on guard was trolling out, with a voice more remarkable for power than melody. Marquinez threw himself into a chair, and attributing to an excited imagination the words which he had fancied he heard, appeared disposed to imitate his aide-de-camp, who was forgetting in sleep the dangers of his position, and the probable death that awaited him. The eyes of the captive guerilla were beginning to close, and his head to sink upon his breast, when the same voice as before broke the silence. "Marquinez!" was repeated in a loud whisper. The word was accompanied by a noise such as is produced by a slight blow of iron against iron. This time it was no delusion of a heated brain. Marquinez rushed to the window, and looked out as well as the grating would permit. All was still. The night was raw and wintry, and it was only at rare intervals that the watery rays of the moon obtained a passage through some break in the heavy mantle of clouds which covered the sky. The infantry soldier on sentry had reached the limit of his walk, and was turning to retrace his steps. When he arrived under the window, he allowed the bayonet on the end of his musket to fall lightly against the bars through which Marquinez was looking, and in a voice which seemed familiar to the ears of the latter, he asked, in Spanish,

"*Estas solo?* Are you alone."

"Villaverde is with me, and asleep," was the reply.

"My bayonet is unfixed. Take it, and force the grating."

Marquinez seized the proffered weapon, which was only stuck on the end of the ramrod, and using the greatest possible care to avoid noise, he began to pick out the cement and the small iron wedges by which the bars were fastened into the walls. It was necessary to take out all the three bars, for otherwise the opening would be too small to allow the body of a man to pass; and with no better tool than a bayonet, the task was not an easy one. At the end of half an hour, however, two of the bars had given way, and the prisoner had begun to work at the third, when the sentry, who, during this time had continued his walk without appearing to pay any attention to what was going on in the prison, rapidly approached the window, and, in the low hurried tone in which he had before spoken, exclaimed—

"The relief is at hand; hasten, or all is lost!" At the same moment Marquinez heard in the distance the *qui vive* of a French soldier challenging the guard which was relieving the various sentries placed round the temporary quarters of the troops.

It is no disparagement to the often proved courage of Marquinez, to say, that in this agitating moment his heart beat with unusual quickness, whilst big drops of perspiration covered his forehead. His hand, however, lost none of its steadiness, and he plied his bayonet with redoubled vigour, but with less caution than before. Fragments of stone flew from the wall as he struck and delved with desperate violence. He fixed the sharp end of his weapon under the bar, and prizing as with a lever, endeavoured to force it out, when the bayonet, already bent by the unusual purpose to which it was applied, broke off short, and the point remained in the wall. At the same instant Villaverde, awakened by the noise, which had fortunately not reached the ears of the soldiers in the guard-room, stood by the side of his chief, and in an instant comprehended their position. Our two guerillas seized the iron bar, which was all that intervened between them and liberty—between an untimely death and a life of freedom and enjoyment. They tugged and wrenched at the fatal obstacle, which shook but would not give way; the heavy tread of the Frenchmen had become audible, when, by an almost superhuman effort, the iron was torn from its place, and with the violence of the shock the two men reeled back into the centre of the room. Instantly recovering themselves, they darted through the window, and stood before their deliverer, who threw down his musket, and tossing off his shako, a profusion of dark ringlets fell upon his shoulders, and Marquinez recognised with astonishment the handsome features of La Collegiala. She was pale as death, but had lost none of her presence of mind. "*Por aqui!*" cried she, and as the relief turned the angle of the house, and entered the garden, the three fugitives bounded over a low fence, and disappeared in the obscurity. A moment afterwards, the guard, surprised at not being challenged by the man whom they were approaching to relieve, halted under the window, expecting to find that sleep had overtaken the negligent sentry. No sentry was there, but at a few paces distant, a dead soldier, stripped of his greatcoat and shako, was lying with his face against the ground. The long rank grass on which he was extended was wet with blood. He had received a stab in the back which had pierced through to his heart.

In less than an hour after Marquinez was carried off by the French, La Collegiala had set out with a squadron in order to rescue him. This force, which included every man in the cantonment, was deemed sufficient, the peasant having reported the captors as not exceeding fifty in number. La Collegiala made sure of overtaking them before they reached Valladolid, to which city, from the road they had taken, she had no doubt they would proceed. After four or five hours' hard riding, the Spaniards had gained considerably on those they were in pursuit of, when they met with some muleteers, who informed them that they were not above ten minutes in rear of the French, but that the latter must have already joined the main body, whose advanced posts were about a mile off. This was a crushing blow to the hopes of La Collegiala. A moment's reflection, however, was sufficient for her to take her resolution. She struck off the road, and after a few minutes' march across the country, halted, and formed up the squadron in a ploughed field. Then, stripping off her richly-furred pelisse and embroidered forage cap, she replaced them by a coarse woollen jacket and felt hat, which she had procured from one of the muleteers. Favoured by the darkness of the night, she passed unobserved through the French pickets, and attracted by the lights in the windows of the guard room and of the colonel's quarters, she directed her

steps to the very garden on which Marquinez's prison looked out. Concealed amongst some shrubs, she heard the orders given the sentry; and convinced that the prisoner whom he was directed to guard could be no other than Marquinez himself, she immediately formed a plan for his rescue, the partial success of which we have already seen.

The fugitives were not fifty yards from the village when they heard the French drums beat to arms. The troops turned out in an instant; a body of cavalry was sent to patrol the road, whilst parties of infantry hastened in all directions to endeavour to intercept the flight of the prisoners. Amidst the din and confusion, the voice of the French colonel might be heard, exciting his men by the promise of large rewards for the recapture of the notable partizan who had thus eluded his vigilance. Meantime, Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, guided by La Collegiala, laboured through the heavy ground; now falling into ditches, now stumbling over stumps of trees and other objects which their haste and the darkness prevented them from seeing. They fortunately passed the pickets before the intelligence of their escape had reached those advanced posts, the officers in command of which, hearing the drums beat to arms, and not knowing the nature of the alarm, kept their men together, instead of extending them right and left, which would probably have insured the taking of the three Spaniards. At length, covered with mud and panting for breath, Marquinez and his companion reached the squadron, which was still formed up in the field where La Collegiala had left it. Two men dismounted; Marquinez and Villaverde sprang into their saddles, and the little party of hussars moved off across the country in good order, and as fast as the heavy ground would permit. At the same instant they heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs of the French dragoons as they galloped along the road, which ran about half musket-shot to the left of their own line of march. This, however, caused no uneasiness to Marquinez, who knew that the enemy's cavalry, unacquainted with the country, would not venture to leave the road, and he was sure of being able to keep well ahead of the infantry, who, in their turn, could not prudently advance too far from the main body. He reckoned, therefore, of being soon out of the reach of the enemy, when the march of the Spaniards was suddenly arrested by a broad and deep water-course, with high and perpendicular banks. In vain did they ride up and down, and lose some minutes in endeavouring to find a place at which to pass this new obstacle to their progress. The French infantry were approaching; the torches which they carried showing like so many crimson spots through the thick mist arising from the wet and marshy ground. Already the officers might be heard directing the search, and giving orders to their men. The only remaining chance was to return to the high road before they were perceived by the infantry, and trust to a bold charge to break through the dragoons, which were in their front. The road was soon gained, and the hussars crossed the wooden bridge which was there thrown over the water-course, which gave out a hollow sound under their horses' feet. The infantry heard the noise, but paid no attention to it, taking the Spaniards for another patrol sent out from the village. The same mistake was made by the dragoons, whom Marquinez overtook a few hundred yards further, in a wide part of the road. The officer in command had slackened his pace when he heard other cavalry approaching, thinking it might probably bring some order; but not for a moment supposing that an enemy had got between him and the head quarters he had so recently left. He was awakened from his security by the voice of Marquinez. "*A ellos!*" shouted the guerilla, and his men rushed sabre in hand upon the French, who, taken by surprise, were thrown one upon the other, and a dozen of them cut off their horses before they had made the slightest resistance. A panic seized the remainder, who, being prevented by the darkness from distinguishing the number of their opponents, imagined themselves betrayed, and surrounded by a very superior force. The greater part leaped their horses over the hedges and low stone walls on either side of the road, and fled in every direction. Some few threw down their arms, and begged for quarter; but the guerillas were not in a merciful mood, and prisoners would have been an incumbrance on the long march they had before them. The pursued became in their turn the pursuers, and Marquinez had to exert his authority to prevent his soldiers from dispersing in chase of the runaways, a chase that would probably have led some of them into the middle of the French infantry.

Marquinez reached his cantonment at daybreak, and at the same hour the French commenced their march back to Valladolid, not a little crest fallen at the events of the night.

A few days after the incident we have related, the approach of spring enabled Marquinez to take the field. After one of the first skirmishes shared in by his troops, two or three men deserted to him from the French, and by their own desire were incorporated into a squadron of hussars. One of these men, a German, made himself particularly remarked by smart and soldierly bearing, and by his hatred of the French, whom he constantly execrated, declaring that his sincerest wish was to revenge on them some part of the ill treatment he had received at their hands. Effectively, in one or two affairs, he displayed so much courage and blood-thirstiness that he attracted the notice of Marquinez, who attached him to his person as an orderly. The zeal of the deserter redoubled, and he exhibited that boundless devotion to his general so naturally felt by every brave soldier for an indulgent master and gallant chief.

It was some months later that the hussars of Marquinez, being in the neighbourhood of Palencia, their leader had occasion to visit that town, and he set out, attended only by his German orderly. At a certain distance from the above named place, and when the road, running between two hills, is shaded by a row of large beech trees, the travellers came to one of those ancient fountains, not uncommon in Spain, and which seem to have been erected with the double object of administering to the thirst of the wayfarer, and of inviting him to solicit, by prayer, a blessing on his journey. On the upper part of a mossy and time-worn slab of gray stone, placed perpendicularly against the rocky bank which bordered the road, was rudely sculptured in *relievo* a representation of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms. From a broken wooden spout, which protruded from the same stone at the height of a man from the ground, gushed forth a stream of water of

crystal clearness, which fell bubbling and sparkling into a granite trough below, while the vicinity of the fountain had encouraged the growth of a profusion of hedge flowers, which decked the banks and sides of the road, and perfumed the air with their wild and delicious fragrance.

At this cool and pleasant spot, a sort of oasis on the hot sandy road along which he had been riding—Marquinez drew rein, and loosening his horse's breastplate, allowed the animal to plunge his mouth and nostrils in the trough. Whilst his charger was drinking—an operation rendered somewhat difficult by his large and severe bit—the orderly continued to move forward, until he had greatly diminished the distance usually kept between an officer and his attendant. When he arrived within a couple of paces of the fountain, he silently drew a pistol from his holster, took a deliberate aim at the head of Marquinez, and pulled the trigger. The bullet split the skull of the unfortunate Spaniard, who first fell forward on his horse's neck, and then rolled to the ground, striking in his fall against the stone basin, which was sprinkled with his blood. The assassin sprang from his saddle, and stood over his victim with a sharp short dagger in his hand. He had no occasion to use it. The teeth of the gucrilla chieftain were set firmly against each other, and a slight froth stood upon his lips. The independence of Spain had lost one of its most gallant defenders.

When the news of this cowardly deed reached Marquinez's comrades, the latter did not hesitate to attribute it to the French general Boyer, from whose column the German had deserted. It would be unjust, however, to lay the instigation of so foul a murder at the door of a brave officer without some better proof than mere suspicions. One thing is certain—that when the murderer, after some hairbreadth escapes, succeeded in rejoining the French, he received an officer's commission, as a reward for having rid them of so troublesome and active an enemy.

Shortly after Marquinez's death, La Collegiala, with thirty or forty men, deserted to Valladolid, then held by the French. Those who knew her best, were unable to discover or imagine any possible reason for so extraordinary an act. Some few, indeed, supposed that she had taken this step as the only means by which she could hope to find an opportunity of revenging the death of her lover; and they predicted that many days would not elapse ere La Collegiala would return to the Spanish lines with the blood of Marquinez's assassin on her knife blade. If this supposition was the correct one, if such was the motive which induced her to abandon the cause of her country, she was unable to accomplish her design; for, a few days after her desertion, the order came from Napoleon to send back to France all the foreign troops in the French service, for the purpose of their being disbanded. Italians, Poles and Germans, were all sent across the frontier, and with them marched the murderer of Marquinez.

La Collegiala continued with the French, and commanded, with the rank of captain, a band of about a hundred irregular cavalry, composed of the men who had deserted with her, and of others who subsequently came over. On the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, which occurred soon afterwards, she accompanied them, and remained in France till an amnesty was published, of which she took advantage, and returned to her own country. Bidding adieu to her masculine dress and habits, she became exceedingly devout, and gave up the whole of her time to religious exercises and the education of her children—a more praiseworthy than poetical termination to the career of the adventurous amazon who had shared the hardships and perils of Marquinez the guerilla.

---

## FURZE.

When first the stranger* saw thy golden bloom
O'er sandy hill and barren plain extending,
Filling the air with faintly rich perfume,
With breath of thyme and heathbell sweetly blending,
He knelt; and, in the fulness of delight,
Bless'd God that earth could show so fair a sight.

And thou art lovely when the sun-light pure
Rests on thy yellow wreaths; which, closely twining,
Shed such a glory on the lonely moor,
That barren else, yet with their lustre shining,
It seems no more a stormy wilderness,
But some loved garden in its summer dress.

Oh! if earth's fading charms have power to raise
The heart in thrills of grateful joy to Heaven,
How shall resound unceasing songs of praise
From those to whose enraptured sight is given
That glorious world, where rays without a shade
Tint flow'rs of living gold that cannot fade!

*Fraser's Magazine.*

---

* Linnæus.

## SONNET,

INSCRIBED TO JOHN MILTON.

An organ pealing forth an anthem grand,
Whose tone can ravish at the simplest motion
Of its high master: or measureless ocean
Whose surges lave the shore of farthest land:
An old magician, at whose mystic wand
Upriseth visions from the fathomless caves
Of dim cloud-land: or a High Priest who paves
The way to heaven with a dear father's hand:—
Such was thy song, great Milton!—Yet soft as lute
Wind-waft at midnight o'er Venitian seas:
Sweet as the choir that hymneth in the breeze,
At whose blest harmony the soul is mute:—
But for fit simile might mankind pine—
Save princely Raphael, he who drew with pen like thine!

*Tait's Magazine.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE SPANISH GIPSIES.

*The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies of Spain; with an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a Copious Dictionary of their Language.* By George Borrow, *late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. *Murray.*

——"It would appear as though gipsies, both men and women, came into the world for no other end or purpose than to be thieves: their parents before them are thieves, they grow up among thieves, the art of thieving is their study, and they finish with being thieves, rogues, and robbers in every sense of the word; and the love and practice of theft are in their case a sort of inseparable accidents, ceasing only with death." Such is the sweeping judgment passed upon the *Gitanos* or gipsies of Spain by Cervantes, at the opening of his beautiful tale the *Gitanilla*. This censure, it is true, is not borne out in the progress of the story by the conduct of the fascinating heroine Preciosa, even though her fictitious grandmother is said to have instructed her "in all her gipsy tricks and devices for fraud and robbery:" but the graces and virtues of that all-accomplished fair one can hardly be alleged in their exculpation, since the *denouement* discovers her to be (like Victor Hugo's Esmeralda, of whom she is the prototype,) no true daughter of Egypt, but the stolen child of a Spanish grandee. Severe, however, as is the denunciation of Cervantes, it falls far short of the list of enormities attributed to the Gitános in the present work, by one who has enjoyed such opportunities of observing the manners, and scrutinising the feelings of that wild and singular race, as have rarely, if ever before, fallen to the lot of a *Busno** or stranger, and whose devotion to *Gitanismo* could only be accounted for on the supposition of the gipsies themselves, by his soul having, in some previous state of beings, inhabited the corporeal tenement of one of their *errate* or blood. For twenty years, as he informs us, he has been in constant habits of familiar intercourse with the *Roma*,† "who are certainly," (as he naively observes,) "a very mysterious people, come from some distant land, no mortal knows why; and who made their first appearance in Europe at a dark period, when events were not so accurately recorded as at the present time."

This *vexata quæstio* of the origin of the gipsies, and the causes which prompted their migration into Europe, has been left by Mr. Borrow almost untouched; and the few allusions he has made to it do not throw much light on the subject.‡ At the present day, the Spaniards in general consider the Gitános as descendants of the Moriscos, apparently for no other reason than their dark complexion, their disregard of Christianity, and their having a peculiar language among themselves, unintelligible to the other natives of Spain. But the close affinity of all "the seven jargons or dialects of this language, however disguised or corrupted by that of other nations, to the Sanscrit stock, points out India as their veritable father-land; while the large proportion of Selavonian words incorporated with it shows that they halted in the eastern regions of Europe, (where they are still most numerous,) for some years before they continued their progress towards the west: and this is nearly the sum of what is certainly known of their earlier history. Some have imagined them to have been natives of Moultan and Guzerat, driven from their native land by the sword of Timour: but this hypothesis cannot well be reconciled with the date of their appearance in Europe, which coincides so nearly with the conquests of that scourge of Asia, as scarcely to afford due time for the performance of their long pilgrimage. It may also be urged as improbable, that they should have directed their flight through Persia, then immediately subject to the Tartar conqueror, instead of choosing the safer route towards the Dekkan, where his destroying arms never penetrated. The *Zincali* themselves, as might be expected from a degraded race without writings or records, "are unable to give any rational account of themselves, and preserve no recollection of the places where their forefathers wandered." In default of traditions of their own, they have even adopted the fables current among the hated *Busne*, from which they have concocted the following wild legend of their expatriation from *Chal* or Egypt—in allusion to the popular belief which attributes to them an Egyptian descent:—

"There was a great king in Egypt, and his name was Pharaoh.* He had numerous armies, with which he made war on all countries, and conquered them all. And when he had conquered the entire world, he became sad and sorrowful; for as he delighted in war, he no longer knew on what to employ himself. At last he bethought him of making war on God; so he sent a defiance to God, daring him to descend from the sky with his angels, and contend with Pharaoh and his armies; but God said, I will not measure my strength with that of a man. But God was incensed against Pharaoh, and resolved to punish him; and he opened a hole in the side of an enormous mountain, and he raised a raging wind, and drove before it Pharaoh and his armies to that hole, and the abyss received them, and the mountain

* The word used in the Spanish *Romany*, or gipsy-tongue, to indicate all who are not gipsies—in the English dialect the phrase is *Tororo*.

† *Rom*, pl. *Roma*, "the husbands or married men," is the *national* designation of the gipsies in all parts of the world, though they bear other local names in different countries. May not the vulgar English phrase *rum*, be originally identical with this word—a *rum*-looking man, implying one with the features of a gipsy?

‡ A quotation is given at vol. i. p. 30, from the life of Timour by Arabshah, as demonstrating the existence of gipsies at Samarkand at that period, and their extirpation by Timour. The word *Zingar*, however, on which this inference rests, is found only in a single known MS., and is dismissed as erroneous by the editor Manger: and even if we admit it, its more obvious signification would be "men from *Zungaria*," or western Mogulistan. In fact, notwithstanding the author's high attainments as an Oriental *linguist*, his acquaintance with eastern *history* does not appear to be very accurate. At vol. ii. p. 113, note, we are told that Timour, who was a bigoted Moslem from his cradle, "abandoned the old religion of the *steppes*, a kind of fetish or sorcery, and became a Mahometan, to obtain popularity among these soldiery," (Turcomans and Persians!)

* This tradition appears to be current also in Hungary, as one name for the *Czigany* there is *Pharaoh nepek*, "Pharaoh's people."

closed upon them; but whosoever goes to that mountain on the night of St. John, can hear Pharaoh and his armies singing and yelling therein. And it came to pass, that when Pharaoh and his armies had disappeared, all the kings and the nations which had become subject to Egypt, revolted against Egypt, which, having lost their king and her armies, was left utterly without defence; and they made war against her, and prevailed against her, and took her people and drove them forth, dispersing them over all the world." So that now, say the *Chai*, (Egyptians or people of Chal,) "*Apilyela gras Chai la panee Lucalee*—Our horses drink the waters of the Guadiana."

"Our horses should drink of no river but one;
It sparkles through Chal, 'neath the smile of the sun;
But they taste of all streams save that only, and see
Apilyela gras Chai la panee Lucalee."*

Though the present volumes are devoted almost wholly to those of the gipsy race inhabiting the Peninsula, we find from the notices scattered through the work, that the personal researches of the author have equally extended to those of Great Britain,† Russia, Hungary, and, in fact, every country where they are found; and we regret that he has not more frequently enabled us to judge, by references to their comparative condition in these various remote lands, how far the odious colours, in which he paints the crimes and dark malignity of the *Zincalo* of Spain, are mitigated in their brethren of the more northern climes. The demoralised state of society in Spain, the notorious corruption of justice, and the open opposition to the law in which many classes of the lower orders live, would scarcely have a favourable effect on a race, whose natural tendency was to prey on those around them; it was not from the example of the *manolo*, the *contrabandista*, or the *bragante*, that the Gitáno would learn honesty or the love of good order. But the Russian gipsies or *Zigany* are principally remarkable for their skill in music, and the matchless melody of their voices; and Mr. Borrow records the spontaneous tribute paid by Catalani herself, to the powers of a *cantatrice* of this race, who sung in her presence at Moscow. Those of Hungary are equally eminent in this respect; and many of our readers must be familiar with Mr. Paget's amusing account of the gipsy band at Füred, and its youthful leader, who had received instructions on the violin from Strauss himself, and had furthermore learned, "what Strauss certainly had not intended to teach, a most perfect imitation of those extraordinary movements by which the body of the great waltz-player seems convulsed during his performance, and which our little *Czigany* took off so admirably, as to keep his audience in a roar of laughter." The Hungarian gipsies, indeed, seem to have become rather favourites with Mr. Paget,* in spite of their dirt and their vagabondism; and we should be unwilling to believe that the pretty gipsy girl Lila, by whose good-humour and alacrity the party were extricated from their perplexities at Hunyad, was all the while pouring forth *sotto voce*, a string of muttered curses on the *Busna* like the hag encountered by Mr. Borrow in the inn at Tarifa.

But none of these redeeming points appear to relieve the gloomy traits of the gipsy outcasts of Spain, who are here portrayed, in truth, as deceivers, robbers, and not seldom murderers, from the day of their sojourn south of the Pyrenees. Their first appearance there was early in the fifteenth century, and the rapidity with which they overspread the land, is reasonably explained by the influx of fugitives from the fierce proscription directed against "those accursed Bohemian sorcerers" (as they were styled) in the neighbouring kingdom of France. But the sunny provinces of the south, Valencia, Murcia, and especially Andalusia, soon became, as they are to this day, the head-quarters of the Zincali; and attempts have even been made to show, from this circumstance, that they originally reached Spain by the route of Northern Africa and the Straits of Gibraltar; but this hypothesis is shown by Mr. Borrow to be irreconcilable with known facts, and indeed rests on no better ground than the vicinity of their present haunts to the shores of Morocco. There is, indeed, a race somewhat numerous in Barbary, who are called by the Moors, "those of the *Dar-Bushi-Ful*, (a word equivalent to prophesying or fortune-telling,)" and to whom many gipsy peculiarities are ascribed, such as their pretended practice of sorcery, their speaking a language different from either Shilhuh or Arabic, and known to none but themselves, &c. But whether these people are *Roma*, or a distinct tribe, is a still undecided point.

The numbers of the gipsy community in Spain, and the frequently unsettled state of the country, made them more formidable disturbers of the public peace than they have shown themselves where the arm of the law is stronger and more universal. In companies or gangs, headed each by its own chief or count, they roamed through the south of Spain, encamping in remote and thinly peopled districts, where, free from the prying serveillance of alcalde or alguazil, they might carry on their traffic in horses and mules, and exercise the various trades of jockeys, smiths, and fortune-tellers, which constitute their principal avocations in every region to which they have penetrated. This life was diversified by the occasional robbery or murder of a traveller on the highway; but their depredations were sometimes carried on on a more extended scale. Congregated in troops of several hundreds, they sacked the villages and small towns, committing atrocious excesses, and retreating, when hard pressed by troops

* Though the biblical origin of this strange fiction is sufficiently evident, it is not without some points of resemblance to those mythological tales of India, in which Bali and other mortals, intoxicated by the possession of universal rule on earth, are overthrown in a vain attempt to rival or subdue the heavenly powers.

† On the British gipsies, we will only quote the following passage, as it serves to illustrate a well-known and delightful work:—"The name Curraple is a favourite one among the gipsies. It excited the curiosity of the amiable White of Selborne, who conceived it to be partly Greek, from the termination *aple* or *ople*, which put him in mind of πωλος. Curraple, however, means *a smith*—a name very appropriate to a gipsy. The root is *curaw*, to strike, hammer," &c.

* The same agreeable traveller records, however, a remarkable instance of the aversion with which the peasants regard them:—"As I was travelling after my return from Turkey, my servant turned round, as we met a gang of gipsies, and exclaimed, 'After all sir, *our negroes* are not so ugly as those in Turkey!'"

sent against them, into the friendly shelter of the *sierras*, or mountain ranges, which intersect Spain in every conceivable direction. One of their most memorable outbreaks of this sort was in 1618, when a band of more than eight hundred scoured the country between Castile and Aragon, and were with difficulty dispersed by the soldiers despatched for the purpose. But the darkest of their crimes in these early and lawless periods would be, if we admit the deductions of our author, the death of the ill-fated and beautiful Maria de Padilla, the heroine of Toledo, which she long defended against the forces of Charles the Fifth during the rebellion of the Castilian *Comuneros* in 1522, after her husband and all his leading associates had perished either on the scaffold or in the fatal field of Villalar. One stormy night, however, she escaped in disguise, leading her son by the hand, from the city, which immediately surrendered; and from that moment nothing is certainly know of her fate. But Guevara and other historians of the time, make mention of "a tawny and frantic slave, who was a great sorceress, by whose predictions the Padilla was much swayed, and who is believed to have been the companion of her flight to the hills above Toledo, then, as now, a favourite haunt of the gipsies. There can be little doubt that this tawny slave, with her lying prophesies, was a genuine Gitána; and it was quite in character for this being to assist her mistress, or rather her victim, in making her escape—not from love, not from fidelity! She had no pity for the Busné or her fair boy! She and her gang among the hills thought only of the jewels which the Padilla might bring with her; so that the poor unfortunate Padilla, trusting to make her escape by means of them and her *frantic slave*, perished with her young son by *hokkano baro*."* Such is the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Borrow; and though the proofs may appear somewhat insufficient, it is certainly singular that, though the Gitános are almost wholly without traditions of former days, the name of Maria de Padilla is still popularly remembered among them, and even occurs in the magic rhymes which they chant on particular occasions.

Though the main body long remained faithful to the tents and the wandering life of their forefathers, many were found who relinquished, at least for a time, this rude independence, and became dwellers of towns and cities, where the *Gitanerias*, or gipsy quarters, soon became known as public nuisances, the nurseries of every species of crime and fraud, where robbers and their booty were securely harboured, and whence issued the sibyls who told the *baji* or *buenaventura* to credulous females of all ranks, and practised that sort of *hokkano baro* by which the plundered victims were led to expect the infinite multiplication of their gold or silver, if duly concealed and left under the directions of the fortune-tellers. But "the Gitánerias at evening fall were frequently resorted to by individuals widely differing in station from the inmates of these places—the young and dissolute nobility and hidalgos of Spain. . . . . The gipsy women and girls were the principal attraction to these visitors: wild and singular as these females are in their appearance, there can be no doubt that they are capable of exciting the most ardent passion, particularly in the bosoms of those not of their race, which passion of course becomes the more violent when the almost utter impossibility of gratifying it is known. Such visitors, however, were always encouraged to a certain point, and by this and various other means, the Gitános acquired connexions which stood them in good stead in the hour of need."

But all these misdoings were not suffered to pass without vehement reclamations from the orderly part of the community. "*Los Gitanos son muy malos*,—the gipsies are very bad people,—was the cry of both town and country; and in addition to the well-authenticated crimes of being thieves, robbers, cheats, and pretended sorcerers, other charges, less clearly substantiated, were brought against them, the principal of which was cannibalism! This last accusation, however, was never fully brought home, though divers credible witnesses asseverated it, and a zealous judge in Estremadura, Don Martin Fajardo by name, extracted confessions from various Gitános, by a judicious application of the rack, of multiplied instances of their atrocity, even to the extent of their having killed and eaten a Franciscan friar! whereupon they were released from the rack and executed." But the other grave offences specified above, were sufficiently notorious to afford abundant cause for the frequent royal edicts launched against them; the first of which bears date as early as 1499, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. By these they were forbidden, under the severest penalties, to continue the use of their peculiar language, to wander over the country, or to practise their usual callings as horse-dealers, tinkers, or smiths; and were commanded to establish themselves in towns as fixed residents, and to conform in all points to ordinary usages. The zeal of the monarchs was stimulated by various learned doctors, who urged in recondite treatises the duty and necessity of wholly thrusting forth this lawless and heathen race from the boundaries of Spain, as the Moriscoes had already been expelled: but strange to say, neither their supposed sorceries, nor their avowed hatred of Christianity, ever drew down on them the vengeance of the Inquisition. A *ci-devant* inquisitor at Cordova, in answer to a question from Mr. Borrow, assured him "that he was not aware of one case of a Gitáno having been tried or punished by the Inquisition:" adding, "that the Inquisition always looked upon them with too much contempt to give itself the slightest trouble concerning them; for as no danger to the state, or the Church of Rome, could proceed from the Gitános, it was a matter of perfect indifference to the holy office whether they lived without religion or not." The gipsies were therefore, by the successors of Torquemada, "resigned to the secular arm," in a more literal and humane sense than when the same phrase was employed to denote the delivery of the victims of the holy office to the *san benito*, the stake, and the scaffold.

The secular arm, indeed, was by no means idle; but in spite of edicts, judges, and doctors, little was effected towards the suppression of the nuisance.—This arose partly from the covert protection afforded to the Gitánas by those to whose vices they pandered; partly from the venality of the executive, but more than all, from the desperate tenacity with which the gipsies themselves clung to their original mode

* Gipsie-craft (literally, *the great trick*) the root of our words *hoax*, *hocus*, &c.

of life, and evaded obedience to any law, except their own *liri*, or custom—the *lex non scripta* which regulated this nation of outlaws. The greatest crimes, according to the gipsy code, were a quarrelsome disposition, and revealing the secrets of the brotherhood. They were forbidden to eat, drink, or sleep in the house of a Busno, or to marry out of their own sect; they were likewise not to teach the language of Roma to any but those who, by birth or inauguration, belonged to that sect. They were enjoined to relieve their brethren in distress, at any expense or peril. They were to use a peculiar dress, which is frequently alluded to by Spanish laws, but the particulars of which are not stated;* and they were to cultivate the gift of speech to the utmost possible extent, and never to lose any thing which might be obtained by a loose and deceiving tongue—to encourage which they had many excellent proverbs.—For example—"The poor fool who closeth his mouth never winneth a dollar,"—"The river which runneth with sound beareth along with it stones and water." The persecution directed against them had thus (as usual) no other effect than that of drawing the bonds of Gitánismo closer; but under Charles III. a more enlightened policy was adopted towards these refractory subjects. The penal laws against the gipsies were revoked by an edict promulgated in 1783, which, though reciting and confirming the former prohibitions against vagrancy and the practice of unlawful arts, placed them, in all respects, on the same footing with other Spanish subjects. Since these humane enactments, the spirit of Gitánismo has been on the decline. "Since the law no longer compels them to stand back to back for mutual defence, they are no longer the people that they were;" and the fierce spirits who regret the turbulence of past times, complain that "*el krallis ha nicobado la liri*,"—"the king has destroyed the ancient law, which was a bond of union among their people." The more wealthy among them now affect the manners and society of the Spaniards, neglecting to aid those of their brethren who are in poverty or in prison, and striving to obliterate the remembrance of their own gipsy descent. There are still a few *barbales*, or rich men who are not ashamed of the *errate*, or blood; and these exercise over the others almost as great influence as the rabbins do over the Jews—"their bidding is considered law; and the other gipsies are at their devotion," while the renegades from Gitánismo are viewed with equal abhorrence, and held up to general execration. "There was a time," (said a gipsy at Badajoz to the author, whom he took for a brother Gitáno,) "when the house of every Zincalo, however rich, was open to his brother, though he came to him naked; and it was then the custom to boast of the *errate*. It is no longer so now. Those who are rich keep aloof from the rest, will not speak in Calo, and will have no dealings but with the Busné. Is there not a false brother in this *foros*, (town;) the only rich man among us, the swine, the *balichow* (hog!)—he is married to a Busnee, and would fain appear as a Busno! Tell me one thing, brother; has he been to see you? The white blood, I know he has not! Who have come to see you, brother? Have they not been such as Paco and his wife—wretches without a house." A similar feeling pervades their rhymes and ballads—

"The gipsy fiend of Magna mead,
Who never gave a straw,
He would destroy, for very greed,
The good Egyptian law.

Within his dwelling sits at ease
Each wealthy gipsy churl;
While all the needy ones they seize,
And into prison hurl."

This Paco, (diminutive for Francisco,) and his father-in-law Antonio, the speaker quoted above, cut rather a conspicuous figure in the author's adventures at Badajoz; and the portrait of the former, at his first introduction, is too *bizarre* and characteristic a sketch to be omitted. "He could be scarcely thirty; and his figure, which was about the middle height, was of herculean proportions; shaggy black hair, like that of a wild beast, covered the greatest part of his immense head; his face was frightfully seamed with the small-pox, and his eyes, which glared like those of ferrets, peered from beneath bushy eyebrows; he wore immense mustaches, and his wide mouth was garnished with teeth exceedingly large and white. There was one peculiarity about him which must not be forgotten—his right arm was withered, and hung down from his shoulder a dry sapless stick, which contrasted strangely with the huge brawn of the left. A figure, so perfectly wild and uncouth, I had scarcely ever before seen." The other, Antonio, "exhibited in his appearance a goodly compound of gipsy and bandit; his complexion was dark as pepper, and his eyes full of sullen fire." . . . . . "I am," said he, "Zincalo, by the four sides. I love our blood, and I hate that of the Busné. Had I my will, I would wash my face every day in the blood of the Busné; for they are made only to be robbed and to be slaughtered!" This amiable personage had joined the armies of the *Londone*, or English, in the Peninsular war, against the *Gabine* (French) invaders; and one of the passages of his military career, as related by himself, is a remarkable instance of the *freemasonry* still existing between the Romany of remote lands. Many Hungarian gipsies* had entered Spain with the legions of Napoleon, and greatly astonished their Peninsular brethren, whom they sought out whenever opportunity offered, by their superior attainments in all sorts of Romany lore. In a battle near the frontier of France, Antonio was on the point of falling before the bayonet of a *Mayoro* (Magyar or Hungarian) in the French ranks; when, as the knee of his foeman was on his breast, "I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met; and I gave a loud shriek, and cried Zincalo! Zincalo! and I felt him shudder; and he relaxed his grasp and

* At the present day, the usual dress of the *Gitanos* is a sort of compound of the *chalan*, or jockey, and the Andalusian *majo;* the women are distinguished from Spanish females, principally by never wearing the mantilla. Ladies in Madrid often wear as a sort of fancy dress the short many-flounced *saya* or petticoat, which they call dressing *a la Gitana;* but the costume is Andalusian, not gipsy.

* We have known instances of even the English gipsies entering the army and serving as soldiers, but it appears to be more common in Hungary than elsewhere; and Mr. Paget, who notices this, says that they are reported to make pretty good soldiers.

started up, and he smote his forehead and wept, and then he came and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead; and he took my hand and called me brother and Zincalo; and he produced his flask, and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived; and he raised me up and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and he said, 'Let the dogs fight and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed —what matters it to the Zincalo? they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?'" The recognition in this case was apparently effected by the "gipsy glance," which is elsewhere said to differ in its peculiar and indescribable expression from that of any other human being:—but the profound erudition displayed by his new friend, in their subsequent conversation, seems to have made even a deeper impression on Antonio than the boon of his life. "He told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zincalo: but as for him, he knew the whole *cuenta* (reckoning or craft:) the *Bengui-Lango* (lame devil, Asmodeus,) himself could have told him nothing but what he knew!"

But it was not always in this humble capacity that the Gitános took part in the struggle for Spanish independence. Chaléco of Valdepeñas, a gipsy of the half-blood, who intruded himself on Mr. Borrow's acquaintance at Madrid, had been a distinguished leader of *bragantes* or guerilla horse at that stirring period, and subsequently received the rank of captain of infantry in the regular army, with an *unproductive* claim for half-pay. Though the pretext on which he introduced himself was an enquiry relative to a *Gabicote* or gospel in the Romany tongue, his conversation with his unwilling host was a mingled tissue of blasphemies and narratives of the atrocities which he had committed when a *bragante* in La Mancha; where he and his comrades used to tie their prisoners to the olive trees, and putting their horses to full speed, tilt at them with their spears! Mr. Borrow seems to have considered this mode of punishment as owing its origin to the inventive ingenuity of his friend: but it was in fact nothing more than a revival of an ancient national pastime, much in vogue in the good old times of Ferdinand and Isabella; the persons then usually destined to be *acanavareados* (the term applied to this sort of tournament by Abacca and other early writers) being the renegade Christians found in the Moorish towns when taken. We should be glad to ascertain whether this worthy was the same guerilla Chaléco, whom we have elsewhere heard or read of, and who, in a memorial of his services which he presented to the government, boasted of having way-laid single-handed in a ravine, a patrol of French cavalry, nine of whom he killed or wounded by the discharge of a *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, loaded nearly to the muzzle, his own collar bone being at the same time broken by the recoil! and who at another time sent as a present to Villafranca a quantity of ears, cut from prisoners whom he had slaughtered for the occasion! The intercourse between this estimable character and our author terminated at length not very amicably; and the speedy fulfilment of the ill-boding prediction launched by Chaléco, on his departure, against Mr. Borrow's Basque servant, Francisco, is one of the most curious instances on record of the accomplishment of gipsy *baji* or fortune-telling.

At the present day, the modification of the gipsy character introduced by the wise law of Charles III., has led to the relinquishment, by the great majority, of that wandering mode of life which the former penal laws ineffectually strove to suppress. Few, and those the lowest of the race, are now destitute of fixed habitations; and though in their way to fairs and other public gatherings, (of which they are as assiduous attendants as their brethren among the English,) they are frequently found bivouacking in large numbers among the heaths and woodlands, these accidental encampments must not be confounded with the systematic vagabondage of former days. Their head-quarters are usually in the cities and large towns of the southern provinces, where their habitations are distinguished by filth and uncleanliness of all sorts* from those of the poorer Spaniards. Here they ply the various arts by which their subsistence is earned. The men are frequently *chalanes*, or jockeys, selling and exchanging horses and mules, often stolen and altered in colour and appearance to prevent recognition; and they engross throughout Spain the trade of the *esquilador*, whose province is to clip and trim the tails, fetlocks, &c., of these animals—an operation to the due performance of which great importance is attached by the Spanish grooms, and for which are required various descriptions and sizes of *cachas*, or shears.† Another of their favourite occupations is the working in iron—a trade which, for some reason, was strictly forbidden them by the ancient laws—but which is now again extensively practised, particularly by those of Granada, where the Gitános are very numerous, and, like the Spanish inhabitants of that once proud and glorious city, mostly sunk in abject poverty and misery. The rocky sides of the Alpuxarras are perforated in every direction by deep and winding caverns, in the inmost recesses of which, (according to popular belief,) Boabdil and his Moorish chivalry lie bound in magic slumbers till the day predestined for the recovery of Spain by the true believers: while the entrances re-echo from the frequent strokes of the hammers of the Zincali, many of whom have taken up their abode in these excavations. "Gathered round the forge,‡ their bronzed and naked bodies, illuminated by the flame, appear at night like figures of demons; while the cave, with its flinty sides and uneven roof, blackened by the charcoal vapours which hover about it in festoons, seems to offer no inadequate representation of fabled purgatory." Another of their favourite haunts is the Triana, a suburb of Seville, noted as early as the days of Cervantes as the resort of contrabandistas, robbers, and bad characters of all sorts; and here is the grand focus of the trade in English goods, smuggled over the lines

* Mr Paget gives a similar account of the *Czigany varos*, or gipsy towns, in Hungary: it seems, indeed, to be a gipsy characteristic all over the world.

† The larger *cachas* are frequently used also as weapons. "I once snipped off with them the nose of a Busno, and opened the greater part of his cheek, in an affray near Trujillo," said Paco of Badajoz.

‡ The following Gitano metaphor, descriptive of the *sparks* spreading from the anvil, bears great resemblance to the mystic *concetti* which fill the works of Jelal-ed-deen Roomi, and the other *Sufi* poets of the east:—"More than a hundred lovely daughters I see produced at one time, fiery as roses; in one moment they expire, gracefully circumvolving!"

from Gibraltar, in which many of the Gitános are principal agents.

But the gipsy men in Spain, as in England and other lands, are but "vulgar and mechanical knaves," when compared with the *callees* or women, the tales of whose subtlety and adroitness in despoiling the Busné, fill many a page in the present work. "I have known a Gitána," (said Paco, above mentioned,) "gain twenty ounces of gold by means of the *hokkano baro* in a few hours; while the silly gipsy, her husband, would be toiling with his shears for a fortnight, trimming the horses of the Busné, and yet not be a dollar richer at the end of the time." To them is committed the task of beguiling, by soft speeches, and insidious flattery, the wives and daughters of the Busné, and of practising on their credulity by the lying predictions of chiromancy. The *baji* or good fortune promised on these occasions differs little in its main ingredients from that told by the roadside wanderers of England: lovers and husbands for young maidens, and for wives perhaps not seldom a second brilliant marriage after the death of a detested partner. Another glittering boon with which the eyes of the dupes are occasionally dazzled, is the hope of discovering some of those hidden treasures which are popularly believed to have been concealed all over Spain, under the guardianship of occult talismans, by the departing Moors. This last sort of mystification comes more properly, however, under the head of the *hokkano baro* noticed above, and is usually performed (as we now and then hear of it in this country) by prevailing on the victim to deposit money or articles of value in a retired spot, with certain forms of cabalistic ceremony, on the assurance that after a given period the offering will be found doubled or indefinitely augmented by the spirits of the earth, compelled by the potency of the gipsy charm to resign the hoards committed to their custody. The execution of this "great trick" is of course somewhat hazardous, requiring dexterous management of the defrauded party, and a favourable concurrence of external circumstances; but the self-possession and ingenuity of a clever *callee* are almost infinite, and the plundered Busnee is often soothed into a belief that her own impatience and want of faith are the true causes of the disappearance of her dollars and gold ounces, which have been *spirited away* by the Gitána. Numerous are the minor sources of revenue known to this industrious sisterhood: one of the most productive is *ustilar a pastesas*, (a Romany phrase implying the purloining change from a shop-counter:) and in this useful accomplishment an amiable acquaintance of the author, Aurora by name, was so distinguished a proficient as to have often, while receiving change for a gold ounce, stolen the whole value, amounting to sixteen dollars. The sale of philtres, charms, and noxious drugs, constitutes another branch of their profits; but all these pursuits are subordinate to the grand trade of fortune-telling, in which the Gitánas stand alone and unrivalled. It is on this pretext that they gain the entrée of the palace of the grandee and the humble dwelling of the artizan, scrutinizing the localities, and laying plans for future depredations—and rarely is a door inexorably shut against them. It is the boast, indeed, of the skilful *callees*, that there is no house, however exalted the inmates, into which they cannot contrive to make their way: and one of the anecdotes recorded by our author proves, that even the abode and presence of royalty is not always free from the intrusion of these swarthy sibyls. The performers on this occasion were Pepita and La Chicharona, two notorious Gitánas of Madrid; and the son of the former, (who was La Chicharona's husband,) having got *into trouble* about a horse, and been condemned to ten years' imprisonment and hard labour at Malaga, they determined, if possible, to obtain an interview with the queen-regent, Christina, and gain a remission of the sentence by their gipsy palaver, "knowing well" (as they themselves said) "what to say!" For a month they haunted the environs of the palace without success—but the conclusion must be given in their own words.

"One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. 'We have seen Christina, my son,' said Pepita to me.—'Within the palace?' I enquired.—'Within the palace, O child of my *garlochin*,' (heart,) answered the sibyl; 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her *baji*, and Chicharona danced the *Romalis* (gipsy dance) before her!'—'What did you tell her!'—'I told her many things,' said the hag, 'many things which I need not tell you; know, however, that amongst other things, I told her that the *chaiori* (little queen) would die, and then she would be Queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and it was her *baji* to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much, and hated much.'—'And did you not dread her anger, when you told her these things!'—'Dread her, the Busne!' screamed Pepita; 'no, my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away she gave me this *baria* of gold, and Chicharona this other, so at all events we have *hokkano'ed* the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee!'" The land of her present sojourn may yet give Christina cause to remember part of this prediction, though the appointed time for its fulfilment is already past, as the interview took place in 1837.

Chicharona and Pepita, with the two daughters of the latter, (known by the engaging sobriquets of *La Tuerta* "the one-eyed," and *La Casdami*, "the scorpion,") fill a considerable space in the sketches of Gitáno manners and conversation, and appear to have been very highly finished specimens of the race. La Tuerta had even carried her zeal for the spoliation of the Busné so far as to assume the dress and arms of a man, and rob on the road as a *salteador* or highwayman, relating with infinite *gusto* the atrocities she had assisted in this capacity to commit. None of the male Gitános appear, indeed, to have carried out the principles and practice of Gitánismo to the same extent as this accomplished damsel, who verily is represented as having been, like the amiable mother of the Caliph Vathek, "as wicked and unscrupulous as a woman could be; which is not saying a little; for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition." But if the female among the Gitános are pre-eminent in that malignity and almost fiendish hatred of all human beings not belonging to their own blood, which might almost be supposed to indicate a closer affinity to the *ghouls*

and evil genii of eastern fiction, than to the great family of the children of Adam—in that sex is also most conspicuous that one redeeming virtue of chastity and conjugal fidelity, which stands them instead both of law and religion, and to which they adhere more pertinaciously than any other race on the face of the globe.* From this sacred pledge is derived their national appellation of *Roma*, or husbands and wives; and so strictly is its inviolability instilled from infancy into their minds, that a *faux pas* with a Busno is almost unknown in the traditions of Gitánismo; and the few instances on record were invariably followed by the disappearance of the culprit, who atoned for the loss of her *lacha*,† or honour, by death from the knives or *cachas* of her tribe.

If the *fiancee* be pronounced unblemished in the ordeal, the nuptials are suffered to proceed; and the whole property of the bridegroom is not unfrequently consumed in the three days of mad revel with which the event is celebrated, and during which both Zincali and Busné are welcomed with equal and indiscriminate hospitality. Infidelity in after life on the part of the women is almost unknown, even with those of their own tribe, or when their husbands have been separated from them, (as not unfrequently happens,) by banishment to the *presidios* or penal garrisons in Africa; and when placed in isolated situations, apart from the surveillance of their tribe, they display not less firmness in repelling the advances made them. Yet these same women, paragons of chastity as they are in their own persons, make no scruple of aiding (for hire) the intrigues of the Busné, as procuresses and go-betweens; and their songs and dances, both in their own festivals and in their exhibitions before Spanish spectators, are as licentious as those of the most abandoned of the Egyptian dancing-girls. Whence, then, arises this extraordinary care, (contrary to what too frequently prevails in civilised communities,) to preserve the *substance* of virtue, when they are utterly careless about its *appearance*? Mr. Borrow does not attempt to unravel this enigma; but we cannot help suspecting that it is in some way connected with their eastern origin, and may be traced, however remotely, to the observances of *caste*, and the prohibitions of the Hindoo law against the intermixture of races.‡ We throw this out, however, merely as a hint, leaving it to be worked out by abler Orientalists than ourselves.

But if this veneration for the *lacha* be in truth a relic of the faith held by the *Roma* in past times, and in their eastern fatherland, it must be admitted, that with the exception of the indistinct and shadowy ideas of the metempsychosis, to which we have previously alluded, it is the only vestige they have retained of either that religious creed or any other. No tribe or nation on the face of the earth, seems to be so utterly destitute of even the outward form or profession of any kind of worship or belief; the very superstitions, by means of which they impose on their dupes, they do not themselves place credence in; and a sort of mysterious reverence for the magical properties which they hold to be inherent in the *Bar-Lachi*, or loadstone, is almost the only indication of any faith in supernatural influences. Some, indeed, pay external respect to the symbols of Christianity; but *La Tuerta*, whom we regard as the *beau-ideal* of a Gitána, openly professed to the author her disbelief in a Supreme Being. "If I go to church," said she, "it is but to spit at the images. I spat at the *bulto* (statue) of Maria this morning, and I love the *Corojai* (Moors) and the *Londone* (English,) because they are not baptised"——It may be asked, whether the author, whose mission to Spain was directly connected with the distribution of the Scriptures, made no efforts for the conversion or improvement of his adopted brethren? Zeal on his part was certainly not wanting: he succeeded in translating a considerable part of the New Testament into their tongue, and now and then in procuring the assistance of some of them in improving his version; but their only motive seems to have been surprise at finding that the language could be written and read; and the printed copies were valued only as charms, which, like the Bar-Lachi, would preserve them from danger on their thieving expeditions! The attempt at addressing a Gitáno congregation by personal exhortations, was even more ludicrously unsuccessful, and reminds the reader of the well-meant efforts of Dr. Primrose in the jail:—"When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint: not an individual present but squinted—the genteel Pepa, the good-humoured Chicharona, the Casdami, &c. &c.,—all squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the *burla*, (trick,) squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies!"

With this native account of his promising penitents, we must take leave of Mr. Borrow and his entertaining pages, recommending to the attention of philologists, the extensive collection of gipsy rhymes, and the copious vocabulary of their language, which occupies the greater part of the second volume. If the details of gipsy life here depicted, present, as he candidly admits, "little that is edifying in a moral or Christian point of view," they are certainly more novel and interesting than three-fourths of the books of travels which crowd our libraries; and have afforded the Busné a better insight than they have ever yet enjoyed, into the feelings and customs of a remarkable people, the previous information respecting whom might have been pretty nearly summed up in the report made by an honest East-India captain, on the savage inhabitants of a group of islands he had been sent to survey:—*Religion*—Apparently none. *Manners*—None. *Customs*—Not fit to be described.

* This is not peculiar to the Spanish Gitanas, but is the universal law of the race, wherever the people of *Roma* have wandered. A writer on the English gipsies says,—"The mutual attachment subsisting between the nominal husband and wife is so sincere, that instances of infidelity on either side occur but seldom; and, when otherwise, the parties are deemed very wicked by the gipsies themselves."

† We give this important word as spelled by Mr. Borrow—by the English and Russian gipsies it is sounded *ladja*.

‡ Their care to preserve the purity of their race, might in itself have confuted the unfounded charge so often brought against them, of stealing children, and bringing them up as gipsies. It is indeed *prima facie* absurd, that a needy wandering race should burden themselves with such a useless incumbrance.

From the Athenæum.

*Eleventh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Plymouth, July 29th and 30th.* Rev. Prof. Lloyd in the chair.

[The following are extracts from papers and reports presented on the occasion.]

On taking the chair, the president observed that it might be convenient to state briefly, for the information of those members who had not hitherto taken part in the proceedings, the nature of the communications which were about to come before them, and the manner in which it was usual to deal with them. These communications were of two distinct classes, namely,—first, those which were called for by the Association itself; and, secondly, the uninvited, though welcome contributions, of individual members. The former of these classes includes Reports on the actual condition and future progress of some particular department of science, made by an individual member who is conversant with that department; as well as the Reports of Committees which have been appointed to consider the means of advancing some definite object of scientific research. These reports are to be considered the peculiar property of the Association; they are made upon its demand, and the researches to which they relate are, in many cases, promoted by the aid of its funds.—They will, consequently, be read at full length at your meetings, and will be printed at length in the Transactions. In the second class of communications, on the other hand, the Association claims no property whatever; and though the subjects to which they relate may receive their first announcement at its Sectional Meetings, yet their full development must be reserved for the halls of other societies. It is desirable, therefore, that such communications should be presented in verbal outline; and that the time which may thus be saved should be reserved for those important oral discussions which have hitherto characterised our meetings, and which have often thrown a valuable light upon the questions at issue, and brought back the unguided wanderer in the unexplored regions of science into the true road of discovery.

### BALLOONS.

Report of the committee appointed to report how far the desiderata in our knowledge of the condition of the upper strata of the Atmosphere may be supplied by means of ascents in Balloons or otherwise, to ascertain the probable expense of such experiments, and to draw up directions for observers in such circumstances.

Although much valuable information might be obtained by means of aërostatic observation, the pecuniary outlay which would be required for this purpose is so considerable, that the committee do not at present recommend any application of the funds for this object, much less any attempt to induce Her Majesty's Government to incur the expense, until the plan has been more fully matured. * * * * But experience derived from ascents made under ordinary circumstances, as opportunity may offer, would be desirable, both as regards the kind of instruments, the mode of using them, the special points to be attended to, the degree of concordance to be expected in results obtained at different times, places, and states of the atmosphere. The principal objects required are, to determine the progression of temperature, and the law of the distribution of vapour, in ascending from the surface of the earth to the upper regions of the atmosphere. There can be no doubt that, in a perfectly dry and undisturbed atmosphere of air, the temperature would be found to decrease as we ascend, as the density decreases; and that this must be its normal state to which, amongst all its fluctuations, it must tend. The decrease of density, however, is liable to the action of various disturbing causes, the principal of which are the evolution of heat by the local condensation of vapour, and its absorption by the evaporation of clouds. The law of the decrease would most probably be elicited from the mean results of a great number of careful observations, in which a compensation of such disturbances would take place; but it cannot be expected that it should be apparent in such a limited series as can be comprised in a single ascent. It is probable that the temperature observed at short intervals, instead of presenting a regularly decreasing progression, would exhibit great irregularities: as, for instance, that it would be found in a calm to decrease to a certain point, then become steady for a time, or possibly rise, especially upon passing through a cloud, or upon entering a current flowing in a different direction from that upon the surface: or, if the condensation of vapour were taking place from the action of a cold wind flowing into, and mingling with, a saturated atmosphere, instead of arising from the regular decrease of temperature due to the decreased density, a sudden and great depression would be found. The observer's attention should be particularly directed to the influence of clouds or changes of currents upon the thermometer. Mr. Green has found that the isothermal planes are parallel, or nearly so, to the earth's surface, so that the aëronaut knows generally, even although the earth may be intercepted by a cloud, when he is crossing a chain of hills; or at least the upper surface of the clouds generally follows in a great measure the configuration of the earth. "The upper surface of the clouds, upon occasions when they overspread the earth at a moderate elevation, seems to accommodate itself to all the variations of form in the subjacent soil." Mr. Green has also found that it is usual to ascend to a greater elevation to experience the same reduction of temperature when the earth is overspread with clouds than in a cloudless sky. According to Mr. Monck Mason, a singular relation is found to exist between the formation or precipitation of rain, and the condition of the sky above the clouds which contain it. "Whenever from a sky completely overcast with clouds rain is falling, a similar range of clouds invariably exists in a certain elevation above, whereby the rays of the sun are intercepted from the layer below; and on the contrary, whenever with the same apparent condition of the sky below, rain is altogether or generally absent, a clear expanse of firmament, with a sun unobstructed by clouds, is the prevailing character of the space immediately above; thus leaving it a determinate fact, that when rain is pouring from clouds overspreading the earth, the rays of the sun are not operating upon the clouds in question; while on the

other hand, rain does not fall from such clouds when the rays of the sun are unobstructedly falling upon the upper surface." According to the same authority, and in conformity with the opinion of Mr. Green, it appears that in this country, whatever may be the direction of the wind below, in the higher regions, that is, generally within 10,000 feet above the surface of the earth, the direction of the wind is invariably from some point between the north and west. It appears from Mr. Green's observations that "the variation experienced in the course of the wind during the progress of the ascent was accompanied by a corresponding alteration in the intensity of its rate, the current which at the commencement was gentle, becoming strong as it took another direction, and *vice versa*." These important facts in Meteorology could not have been ascertained by any observations made at the surface of the earth, and afford strong evidence of the advantages which might result to science from well-planned aëronautic expeditions.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PREPARATION.

"On the influence of the Ferro-Cyanate of Potash on the Iodide of Silver, producing a highly sensitive Photographic Preparation," by Mr. R. Hunt.

The author being engaged in experiments on that variety of photographic drawing which is formed by the action of the hydriodic salts on the darkened chloride of silver, with a view to the removal of the iodide, formed by the process, from the paper, was led to observe some peculiar changes produced by the combined influences of light and the ferro-cyanate of potash. He found that the ordinary photographic paper, if allowed to darken in sunshine, and then slightly acted on by any hydriodic salt, and washed, when dry, with a solution of the ferro-cyanate of potash, became extremely sensitive to light, changing from a light brown to a full black by a moment's exposure to sunshine. Following out this result, it was discovered that perfectly pure iodide of silver was acted on with even greater rapidity, and thus it became easy to form an exquisitely sensitive photographic paper. The method recommended is the following:—highly glazed letter paper is washed over with a solution of one drachm of nitrate of silver to an ounce of distilled water; it is quickly dried, and a second time washed with the same solution. It is then, when dry, placed for a minute in a solution of one drachm of the hydriodate of potash in six ounces of water; and, being placed on a smooth board, gently washed by allowing pure water to flow over it, and dried in the dark at common temperatures. Paper thus prepared may be kept for any length of time, and are at any moment rendered far more sensitive than any known photographic preparation, excepting the Calotype, which it quite equals, by simply washing it over with a solution formed of one drachm of the ferro-cyanate of potash to an ounce of water. These papers may be washed with the ferro-cyanate, and dried in the dark: in this dry state they are absolutely insensible, but they may at any moment be rendered sensitive by merely washing them with a little cold water. The paper is rendered quite insensible by being washed over with the above hydriodic solution, and from the photograph thus fixed many copies may be taken. The author then described the action of the spectrum on this preparation, and pointed out that the greatest effect was produced by the least refrangible rays; but that all the rays, excepting the *extreme red*, acted with considerable energy. The impressed spectrum was, in all cases, distinctly coloured from end to end; and it was found that the colours of superposed media left a corresponding tint upon the paper, but unfortunately, as the paper dried, the colours faded. These results bring nearer the probability of being enabled to produce eventually photographic pictures in their native colours. The spectra formed on these papers were all surrounded by a marked space, which was protected from the influence of the dispersed light, exhibiting another proof of the fact noticed before by Sir John Herschel and the author, that a class of rays having peculiar negative properties emanate from the edges of the sun. Some spectra and numerous specimens of these drawings were exhibited.

RECORDING SHOCKS OF EARTHQUAKES.

"Report of the Committee appointed at Glasgow, for obtaining instruments and registers, to record shocks of Earthquakes in Scotland and Ireland." Communicated by Mr. Milne.

The committee state, that no correspondence had been maintained with their associates in Ireland, with respect to the instruments used in making observations, or the localities where they should be placed. After several meetings held by the committee in Scotland, at the beginning of the winter, to consider the instruments most fitted to register the shocks, two new forms were adopted, those previously constructed and fixed at Comrie, in Perthshire, not having been found sufficiently sensitive. 1. *Common Pendulum Seismometer.*—The pendulum is thirty-nine inches in length from its point of suspension to its lower extremity, where there is a piece of soft chalk, in the form of a pencil, which, as the pendulum vibrates, marks on a concave piece of wood painted black, and forming the segment of a sphere with a radius of 39 inches. This segment has white circular lines painted on it, parallel with its circumference, one inch apart from each other: also the cardinal points of the compass marked on it. Near the lower end of the pendulum there is a leaden ball of about 4 or 5 lb. weight, which is perforated through the middle, so as to admit the pendulum through it. The chalk pencil presses on the wooden board by a small leaden weight resting on its upper end, inside a metal tube containing the pencil.—Three wooden rods fixed to the spherical segment, and uniting above, form a point from which the pendulum is suspended, and the instrument is fixed by three feet to the floor of a room. The chalk is brought to the centre of the concave segment by adjusting screws; and the circles marked 1, 2, 3, &c., indicate the number of inches to which the lower extremity of the pendulum is thrown from the centre; the cardinal points show the direction in which the shock has proceeded. 2. *Inverted Pendulum Seismometer.*—Two of these instruments have been used: the smallest has a pendulum 39 inches long, and is fixed into a brass socket at its lower end. The connexion between the pendulum and socket is a strong elastic wire, which can be raised or depressed by a pinching screw, so as to increase or diminish the

length and sensibility of the pendulum. There is a leaden ball near the top of the pendulum, from 3 to 4 lb. in weight: a hole through its centre allows the pendulum rod to pass freely through it, and it can be fixed at any part of the rod by means of a pinching screw. At the upper extremity of the pendulum is a soft lead pencil, which rests on an elastic wire contained in a brass tube: it is thus pressed against a white surface of paper, forming the segment of a sphere having a radius of 39 inches. The paper is pasted on a piece of copper, beaten into the proper shape, and supported by four upright rods fixed to the base, which consists of four flat iron bars, which cross in the middle, and support the socket before described. On the white segment are concentric lines and cardinal points, as in the other instrument. The other instrument constructed on this principle has a pendulum 10 feet 8 inches in length; the spherical segment on which its vibrations are marked, is suspended over it by a strong holdfast of iron, fixed in the wall. These instruments were sent to Comrie, on account of the frequency of shocks felt there during the last fifty years; and the earthquake of 1839 was felt more strongly there than in any other part of Scotland. They were given in charge to Mr. Peter Macfarlane, Port-master. The largest, on the inverted pendulum principle, was fixed inside the steeple of the parish church; the other, on the same principle, is at Comrie House, a quarter of a mile north of Comrie, under the care of Col. Simpson, who resides there. The remaining instrument is at Garriechrow, in Cluan Hill, two miles west of Comrie, and is under the immediate charge of Sir David Dundas, Bart. These instruments were erected a few days before the 1st January, 1841, since which they have been affected only twice, viz., on the 10th and 22d March, 1841. On the first occasion, both the inverted pendulums were thrown half an inch to the west; on the second occasion also to the west, but scarcely half an inch. The simple pendulum at Garriechrow has not been affected, and is thought not sufficiently sensitive.—From the motion of the two instruments, a sudden horizontal movement of the ground towards the east seems to have taken place, amounting, on the first occasion, to half an inch; on the second, less than half an inch. Those who experienced the shocks also considered the first to have been most severe, but not half so severe as that of October, 1839.—Mr. Macfarlane states, that on both occasions a vertical movement was also felt, which could not be indicated by these instruments, but was by one of his own. It is therefore proposed to adopt new instruments calculated for vertical movements, which may sometimes occur without any horizontal displacement; and also instruments for horizontal movements more sensitive than those now in use, as Mr. Macfarlane reports that in the interval between January 1st and July 1st, during which the instruments had recorded only two shocks, he had felt twenty-seven distinctly. The Comrie shocks have been supposed to emanate from a particular spot, whose precise locality is not yet ascertained. By many persons they are supposed to be connected with the state of the atmosphere and electrical agencies; and it is thought desirable to obtain some meteorological instruments, to be also placed at Comrie, and their indications registered. Reference is made to a similar register of earthquake shocks kept at St. Jean de Maurienne, from 19th December, 1838, to April, 1840, published in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Turin.

The Marquis of Northampton urged the importance of communicating with the committees in Ireland and elsewhere, to secure the adoption at each place of the best instruments.—Professor Sedgwick was of opinion, that instruments to record the more minute shocks were of essential importance; the sensations of individuals would be a very bad test, as one person's nerves might be much more sensitive than another's. He considered the pendulum the best instrument to measure horizontal movements, and for the vertical he suggested the introduction of some new instrument, such as a nicely balanced column: also the importance of attaching the apparatus to clockwork, in such a way as to secure the registry of the periods of movement.—Dr. Buckland described the geological situation of Comrie as in a trough parallel to the Grampians: the rocks are of old red sandstone, and walls of trap burst through them in many places; one large dyke is situated close to the town of Comrie. He referred to the much greater frequency of shocks in Great Britain than generally supposed, especially along great lines of fault, as at Chichester, where their occurrence is very frequent. A watchmaker in Comrie had noticed, that when the shocks occurred, those pendulums which were vibrating in the direction taken by the shocks, were thrown forward; and those placed transversely to the direction of the shock, received a force in the direction perpendicular to their vibration. To indicate shocks which occurred during the night, some persons in Comrie kept a basin with treacle, which, when thrown forward by the shock, indicated by its rise the direction in which it passed. Watchmakers in town make the finest part of their work at night, because the vibration caused by carriages is then least felt; and they make use of a ball attached to a watchspring, set upwards, which will indicate the slightest vibration.—Mr. De la Beche stated, that the indication of shocks by a vessel containing treacle, had been originally suggested by Mr. Babbage, and was frequently used in Jamaica, where earthquake shocks were of constant occurrence; and the test of treacle had showed they possessed a common direction, but it gave no indication of the intensity of the shock. The relative severity of earthquakes at contiguous places, depends upon the continuity of the rocks, and on their structure and position. Sometimes they had been experienced severely upon hard rocks, which served to transmit the vibrations powerfully, whilst on gravel and similar deposits they were much less intense.—Professor Sedgwick also adduced instances, as in the case of Calabria, when the lower beds were much more affected than the upper; and other occasions, when the upper beds were affected, and the lower untouched: he considered an account ought to be made of the influence of subsoil, wherever registers of shocks were kept.

### WHEAT MIDGE.

Professor Henslow invited the co-operation of members in his attempts at perfecting the natural history of the wheat midge (*Cecidomyia tritici.*) He stated, that he had not been able to breed a single fly from many hundred larvæ which he had procured

from the barns in his neighbourhood, during the winter months, by sifting the chaff immediately after the corn had been dressed. Mr. Curtis had been equally unsuccessful. The enquiry to which he was anxious to direct the attention of naturalists, was, whether the flies which appear in myriads during the first week of June, and then deposit their eggs in the ears of wheat, have proceeded from larvæ which had entered the ground, and had there assumed the pupa state, or from larvæ which are housed in great profusion with the corn, and lie concealed in the ears. He considered it of importance to determine this point correctly, as the possibility of checking the pest probably depended upon the result. The professor then exhibited specimens of *Puccinia graminis* (mildew) in connexion with *Uredo rubigo*, *Aregma rosæ* in connexion with *Uredo rosæ*, and *Phragmidium obtusum* in connexion with *Uredo potentillæ*, for the purpose of illustrating and confirming an opinion he had advanced in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, that rust and mildew were produced by the same fungus; and also of showing generally that all the species referred to the genus Uredo were probably only imperfect states of certain fungi belonging to Puccinia and other allied genera.

Mr. R. Taylor stated that the American Philosophical Society had published a paper on this subject, written by a lady, and was at present prosecuting further enquiries.—Professor Henslow said, that the American insect was the Hessian fly. It belonged to the genus Cecidomyia, but was a different species from the wheat midge.—Mr. Webb Hall wished to know if Professor Henslow thought the wheat midge an effect of a disordered state in the plant, or a cause of it?—Professor Henslow replied, that he had always considered the insect as the entire cause. Mr. Roberts enquired what was the opinion as to the barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*) being the cause.—Dr. Richardson said, the barberry was subject to a fungus similar to that producing the disease of wheat, and it might be thus communicated.—Mr. Gray believed the Uredo of the barberry to be distinct from that of the corn.—Mr. Webb Hall observed, that this question had two sources of interest; first, that of the history of the fungus, and second, its relation to agriculture. He thought that in all cases in which rust appeared, the plants were previously unhealthy, and that this state might be guarded against by proper precautions. The state of the plant which predisposed it to the attacks of fungi, he believed to be one of plethora. If land was too highly manured, plants became diseased. He had seen whole fields saved from disease by the appearance of fine weather. He did not think the barberry produced the disease: the fact was, that what produced rust in one would produce it in the other. In Shropshire an opinion prevailed that a want of air produced unhealthiness in plants, and, consequently, they were cutting down their hedges for the purpose of affording more air.—Professor Henslow observed, that corn had often been sown around barberries, and no mildew had ever been the result; but, at the same time, the evidence on the other side was very strong, and he could not give a positive opinion.

### VITAL STATISTICS.

The next paper was a report "On the Vital Statistics of Sheffield," prepared by a local committee, and forwarded to the section by Dr. Holland. It was exceedingly minute and elaborate, and was only partially read. It began by describing the position of the town, showing how favourably it was circumstanced in respect to ventilation, drainage, and supply of water. It had advanced very rapidly both in population and wealth; but though no data existed for determining the latter, it was believed that wealth had advanced in the greater ratio. Sheffield did not possess many large capitalists; the nature of the trades followed in the town did not require any expensive outlay in stock and machinery. The best proof of its advancement was, that in the middle of the last century there was only one commercial traveller employed in the town; there is now scarcely an establishment that does not employ one or more. The following table shows the increase of population:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In 1736 - - - - | 16,000 | |
| 1801 - - - - | 31,000, an increase of | 2 per cent. per ann. |
| 1811 - - - - | 53,000 —— | 1½ per cent. |
| 1821 - - - - | 65,000 —— | 2 per cent. |
| 1831 - - - - | 91,000 —— | 3⅖ per cent. |
| 1841 - - - - | 117,000 —— | 2¼ per cent |

The value of property in Sheffield had been greatly diminished by the cessation of foreign demand; and this had principally affected the cutlers, who depend on the export trade, but had not seriously injured the silversmiths and platers, who look to the home-market. In no place perhaps have the poor-rates exhibited such extraordinary variations. In 1801 they were £7,200; but in 1820 they rose to £23,000, out of a rental which, it is supposed, did not exceed £46,000. In 1825 they were reduced to £6,000; in 1836, to £5,000; and in 1837, to £4,000. The present amount is £6,500; and the distress at the present moment is believed to be greater than it has ever been before. Trades in which combinations and associations exist, are found to become claimants on charity less frequently than those which are uncombined. This is attributed by the author of the report to the habits of foresight and prudence which arise from trade societies for a common object. One branch of trade, within the last four years, paid to unemployed workmen in the same line not less than £2,000. The author of the report then entered into a comparison of the condition of the operatives in Sheffield with those of Liverpool, Leeds, and Manchester, for the purpose of showing that enormous capitals are not favourable to the happiness of the general body; and that the greatest misery must be expected in the vicinity of the greatest wealth. He dwelt particularly on the fact, that the operatives of Sheffield usually have a house to themselves; and that there is nothing in that town similar to the cellars of Liverpool, or the lodgings of Manchester. The danger to life involved in the manufactures at Sheffield, was illustrated by a comparison of the numbers who die beyond the age of 70 in that town and in other districts.

Out of every 1,000 deaths, the average above 70 is
145 for England and Wales.
210 for the Northern and Western Ridings of Yorkshire.
104 for London.
66 for Sheffield.
63 for Liverpool and Manchester.

The mortality of infants under 7 years of age, in every 1,000—

270 for the mining districts of Staffordshire.
180 in the agricultural counties.
242 in Sheffield.

In comparing the mortalities of different trades, the two classes of occupation most unfavourable to human life, are found to be those which require frequent transitions from heat to cold, and which generate metallic dust. In what is called "dry grinding," the mortality is said to be "truly appalling;" but the rate was not stated, save that "a dry grinder" is considered an old man at 35. Early marriages in Sheffield are more common among the underpaid than among the higher classes of workmen; and the ratio of children to a marriage is also higher in the more distressed class. But Sheffield exhibits a less ratio of marriage than most other manufacturing towns. In Sheffield (1839-40) the proportion of marriages to a thousand inhabitants was 9¾, while in Leeds it was 17.

MANURES AS STIMULANTS.

"On Manures, considered as Stimulants to Vegetation," by Professor Daubeny.

In this paper the author discussed the question as to the sense in which manures can be considered to act as stimulants to plants. It is evident, that if the term stimulus be understood in an acceptation similar to that in which it is employed with reference to the animal economy, it ought to be confined to bodies which, by their presence, assist in promoting the secretion and assimilation of the nutritious materials present, and ought not to include such as themselves afford materials for secretion. Thus, salt and other condiments do not themselves nourish the animal, but, by their presence, induce its secreting surfaces to assimilate more readily the substances presented to them. Now it becomes a fit subject for enquiry, whether manures operate in the former manner or in the latter; and likewise whether the fact, that certain of them act less beneficially at subsequent periods of their application than they did at first, admits of being explained on the recognised principle "that stimuli lose their full effect upon living matter when frequently repeated." Dr. Daubeny adduced several facts, which led to the inference that the nitrates of soda and of potash operate favourably upon certain crops by communicating to them nitrogen; and that the reason why these salts sometimes have appeared to leave the land in a worse condition than before their use, is not owing to their being stimuli, and therefore amenable to the law above quoted, but is because the free supply of nitrogen afforded by the decomposition of the nitrates, had caused the plant to absorb a larger portion of those other ingredients, such as phosphate of lime, silicate of potash, &c., which are present only in a limited quantity in the soil, thus tending to exhaust it of these materials, and causing thereby an inferior crop to be produced on the following year. Now, though it may be true that the nitrates in this manner indirectly stimulate the vital energies of the plant, yet it was conceived that the term stimulus had better be abandoned with reference to such cases, as its adoption might lead to an erroneous impression in the mind of the farmer with respect to the proper mode of restoring to the land its original fertility. If the theory suggested by the author be the true one, it will follow, that the proper remedy would be, not to discontinue the use of the nitrates, but by the application of bone manure, &c., at intermediate periods, to restore to the land those other ingredients which had been abstracted from it in too large a quantity. To determine what materials are wanting, and in what proportions they ought to be applied (independently of the empirical plan of ascertaining, by repeated trials, the substances which, by their addition, succeed best in remedying the deficiency) two methods present themselves. The first, a difficult one, is to learn, by a minute analysis of the soil, whether the ingredients which the crop requires are actually present, and to add of these a quantity equal to that which the intended crop is calculated to contain. The second—a more practical scheme—is to estimate in the first place how much of these substances exists in the crop taken off the ground, and then to add to it at least an equivalent quantity in the shape of manure. The professor suggested, that a kind of book-keeping should be undertaken in farming establishments on this principle, a debtor and creditor account being made out of the quantity of nitrogen, of earthy phosphates, of alkali, &c., abstracted in the form of crop, and restored in that of manure each year, and concluded by specifying certain points relative to this subject which require further investigation. 1st. To confirm or disprove his theory, with respect to the operation of the nitrates, by determining whether they actually diminish in quantity, and finally disappear after several successive crops have been grown upon land impregnated with these salts. 2ndly. Whether the same applies to common salt and other mineral manures as to the nitrates, or whether any of them act directly as stimuli. 3rdly. More extended and exact data relative to the amount of alkaline and earthy salts, and of nitrogen present in the various crops cultivated by the farmer, as well as in the manures he employs.

HABITS OF THE EEL.

"On the Habits of the Eel, and on the Freshwater Fish of Austria," by Captain Widdington, R. N.

The author stated that his attention was drawn to the subject, by a remark of Mr. Yarrell in his work on British Fishes, in which he ascribes the deficiency of eels in the Danube, to the excessive susceptibility of the eel to cold. The author had seen eels at Wurzburg on the Main, where the average degree of cold is quite as great as that of the Danube. They also exist in the Elbe, above Vienna, which would also be colder than the Danube. They exist undoubtedly in the higher branches of the Danube, but not in the Delta. The reason of this, the author thinks may be ascribed to the nature of many of the waters which fall into the Danube, which being alpine in their character, possess little nutriment fit for the nourishment of the fish. Most alpine streams are composed of melted snow or rain water, and possess few constituents that will afford nutriment to fish, more especially the eel, and thus their absence may be easily accounted for. The same remarks apply to the Rhine, which is completely alpine in its character, till it reaches the Moselle. The author

announced that Prof. Hechel was about to publish a work on the fresh water fishes of Austria, which would contain some new genera and a large number of new species.

Mr. Couch said he had studied very particularly the habits of the eel. Captain Widdington's explanation might be correct. The eel was remarkable for its tenacity of life, and existed almost every where, where other fish are found. The eel does not bury its spawn. He described the process of development of the eel. Directly the young are born, they ascend the rivers and get into almost every possible position. This takes place in March; after that month, migration ceases. If it could be accomplished, they would all go back to the sea after this period; but circumstances render this frequently impossible. To effect this object, they frequently pass over dry ground, ascend the sides of rocks, and overcome incredible difficulties. This is also the case with the opossum shrimps when ascending a river. The tail of the eel is prehensile; it can get out of boats by its action, for if it once gets it on to the edge of the boat, it is sure to get into the water. This is why fishermen always bruise these fishes on the tail, in preference to any other part, when they catch them. They hear better than many fishes, and this may account for their being disturbed during thunder or any great noise, when other fishes were quiet.—Mr. Jerdan related the instance of the young of the eel being found in a stream near Maidstone in the month of August. With regard to the food of eels, he had seen them feeding on weeds that were floating on the surface of a pond.—A Member stated that in Jamaica the eel was a poisonous fish, and never eaten.—Mr. Couch thought that their food might, in some instances, render fishes poisonous. He thought eels were double-brooded, producing spawn in winter and summer. This would account for Mr. Jerdan having seen the young so late in the summer. Many fishes were double-brooded, as the shark, trout, &c. A phenomenon called *foul water* in the sea arose from the spawn of fish. It was deposited, then floated to the surface and formed a kind of mucous layer for many miles on the sea. When it began to decompose, it was called foul water.

The subject of the diseases of fish having been alluded to, several instances were related by members, in which particular species of fishes were attacked in ponds and rivers, and died off in great numbers. The causes of these phenomena were not satisfactorily made out.

### PLANTS DESTROYED BY ANIMAL EXHALATION.

The following instance of animal exhalation affecting plants, was related by Mr. Ball.

Having obtained a very young porpoise (*Delphinus phocæna,*) a few hours after it was killed, I became anxious to get the immature bones of its skull, without the trouble of dissection or the time of maceration. Accordingly, I placed the head in an earthen crock, and put upon it nearly a quart of large maggots (larvæ of *Musca vomitoria,*) in order that they might eat away the soft parts. I then placed the crock in a fern house (that is to say, a miniature greenhouse,) of about thirty cubic feet in dimensions, with the view of devoting the maggots (when they were transformed into large blue flesh flies, as food for some toads (*Bufo vulgaris*) and natter jacks (*Bufo rubeta,*) which were confined in the fern house. I then left them, and on returning six hours afterwards I was astonished at the change which had come on in the verdures of my plants. The flowering fern (*Osmunda regalis*) was turned red brown; the maiden-hair (*Adiantum capillus veneris*) was lying quite flaccid; several species of Aspidium, and other ferns, were as if they had been plunged into boiling water, as was also a bramble, (*Rubus corylifolius,*) while a wood gourd (*Oxalis acetosella,*) was turned yellow, and its leaflets dropped on the slightest touch: in fact, no vegetable in the case escaped destruction of its leaves or fronds. The odour exhaled was not that of putridity, but of that peculiar heavy kind so characteristic of the marine mammalia. I do not pretend to speculate on the cause. There did not appear to be any smell of ammonia.

Dr. Lankester thought that the injury done to the plants in this case must arise from some gas formed during the decomposition. Very small quantities of injurious gases affected plants, as the experiments of Drs. Turner and Christison had proved how small quantities of inorganic gases would poison plants exposed to their influence.

### POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

A paper, on the Polytechnic School of Paris, prepared under the direction of J. Heywood, Esq., was read. It gave the history of the several changes in the constitution of the school from its first establishment, in 1794, to its last modification, in 1840, when M. Thiers suppressed the professorship of the English language! Students enter the school between the ages of sixteen and twenty; before their admission they are subjected to a strict examination in arithmetic and the elementary parts of mathematics. The price of their board, &c., is 1,000 francs per annum. They are governed by military discipline, but no provision is made for their moral or religious instruction. The course of study extends only to two years, and is conducted by repeated examinations, or, as they are called, interrogations. The subjects of study and the estimate formed by the rulers of their relative importance is shown in the following table:—

| *Junior Division.* | | *Senior Division.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Courses. | No. of Lectures. | Courses. | No. of Lectures. |
| Analysis and Geometry | 48 | Geometry of Probabilities | 41 |
| Statistics and Dynamics | 28 | Mechanics | 35 |
| Descriptive Geometry | 66 | Machinery | 28 |
| Analytic ditto. | 14 | Geodesy | 34 |
| Physics. | 30 | Physics | 30 |
| Chemistry | 36 | Chemistry | 36 |
| French Composition | 3 | Architecture | 34 |
| Topographic Drawing | 29 | German | 30 |
| Drawing Figures, &c. | 51 | Drawing in all its branches | 98 |
| Water-colour Drawing | 18 | | |

The examination determines the order of the pupils' admission into the public service. They are usually appointed to one or other of the following departments:—artillery, engineers, navy, army, civil engineers and hydrographers; staff and corps of guides; bridges, roads, and mines; gunpowder and salt-petre works; tobacco manufacture. Some years ago the students were zealous politicians, but now politics are strictly prohibited.

Dr. Bowring explained the position which the school occupies with respect to the French govern-

ment, for the purpose of showing that no similar institution could be established in England. Roads, bridges, and other public works which in our country are superintended by local boards, are under the direct authority of the government.—Lord Ebrington asked, whether any bursaries or scholarships were attached to the school, and under what limitations they were held?—Dr. Bowring replied, that bursaries were attached to most of the public schools in France, but that they were only tenable for the purpose of completing education.—Sir C. Lemon stated, that there were bursaries in the Polytechnic School similar to the travelling fellowships in the English universities.

FLOATING BREAKWATER.

"On a Floating Breakwater," by Capt. Taylor, R.N.

The breakwaters hitherto constructed have generally consisted of solid masonry, thus presenting an unyielding obstacle to the waves, and permitting accumulations of mud and sand behind them, and not affording the security to shipping and life which is required, and may be afforded by other means. The floating breakwater consists of floating sections framed of timber, moored to piles; these sections yield to the shocks of the sea, and admit the wave to pass under, over, and through them, and by thus dividing the waves, reduce them to an open and harmless state. The forms of these sections vary according to the situations in which they are employed. The sea in the most tempestuous weather is said to be tranquil at the depth of sixteen or eighteen feet below the surface; a breakwater, therefore, immerged to that depth, and presenting six or eight feet above the surface, is sufficient to form a safe harbour on the most boisterous coast. The angle of inclination which the section presents to the wave is that pointed out by nature in the Mew-stone, viz. 35 degrees. Stone breakwaters check the ground tides, and cause accumulations of mud and deposits which otherwise would go seaward, and are peculiarly subject to the action of the teredo, constantly at work below the dove-tailed stone; and cavities being formed, large portions are occasionally blown up. The destruction by the teredo may be obviated or arrested in the floating breakwater by tarring the wood with a preservative mixture, or by restoring from time to time such portions as are injured. The distinction between waves and breakers is very important, the former being an undulation, the latter being accompanied with a translation of the mass, and capable therefore of exerting extraordinary forces on the masses opposed to them.

---

## AMERICAN REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

As the denouement of a piece approaches, the action becomes more vivid, and, in obedience to the well-known law of dramatic plots, Mr. O'Connell is preparing for the catastrophe of his play by threats of foreign interference, and—oh! for the joke—of supplies of money from that country which has made this her United States' Bank to the tune of millions. The expiring demagogue has had an interesting episode furnished him by the transmission of £200 sterling as a contribution towards his rebellious doings by the Philadelphia Repeal Association, and has been prating in bombastic language, "horribly stuffed with epithets of war," of the advantages of steam, and of America's being able to send assistance to Ireland in ten days. "But"—he follows up this bounceable announcement by saying—"the people of Ireland will not rebel."

We know it; but no thanks to him. The people of Ireland will not rebel, because no cause of rebellion will be given them. The affairs of that permitted-to-be distracted country, will be administered with a firmness, an equity, and at the same time an honest, a fervent, and a wise desire to conciliate, which will deprive even faction of a pretext for discontent. The worthless and outrageous will be awed by determination, the calumniated and threatened Protestant will be protected from violence, the loyal Roman Catholic oppressed by Priest and goaded by traitor, will be placed under the safeguard of the Ægis of the law, and wild beasts like Mr. O'Connell may be suffered to roam through the wood and the wild, even the wild of Connemara, but their teeth will be drawn and their claws will be pared.

A proof, and a stronger cannot be cited, of the tranquillising effect which a firm yet paternal Government is calculated to produce in Ireland, is to be found in the fact that sales of large estates there are now advertised, and are likely to be brought advantageously into the market, which were intended to be disposed of some years ago, but which were held back on account of the hopelessness of realising any thing like their value, whilst a domestic tyranny prevailed over the wholesome rule of government, whilst life was insecure from the assassin's attack, and property exposed to agrarian ruffianism. Now that there is the assurance held out of the establishment of order and quiet, the English capitalist prepares to invest his money in Irish soil, and the riches of fertile Ireland will yield to the reign of peace the genial return which has been wantonly checked and rendered abortive by the reign of terror.

The threats of American assistance in ten days, only show the unsettled state of the poor raver's wits. Napoleon assembled an armanent within five hours' sail of England—there is to be some Tom-foolery connected with the bravado at Boulogne next week—but not a Frenchman set his foot on English ground. And if the powers of steam be objected to us, we ask whether Fulton monopolised all its influences for America, and whether we have not our share of them here? Steam can be met by steam, we apprehend.

*John Bull.*

From the Spectator.

## D'ISRAELI'S AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

*Amenities of Literature; consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature.* By I. D'Israeli, D. C. L., F. S. A. In three volumes.

About half a century has elapsed since Mr. D'Israeli began his labours in a walk of literature then less trodden than at present, and supplied a public want by learned or learned-looking gossip on the Curiosities of Literature. At that time there were no quarterly reviews, no weekly literary journals, very little literature in the few newspapers; and the monthly reviews, whatever might be their critical and analytical merits, did not supply such superseding samples of books as may now be obtained from two or three periodicals. Whatever was gotten must be from the books themselves; which were comparatively few in number, displayed a gravity and formality resembling the manners of the age, and acted up to the general notion of what a mind ought to be which presumed to write a book.—Anecdote, gossip, and rhetorical twaddle, but treating about learned matters and wearing an air of learning, were welcome to an age when reading had become the fashion among a class which wanted time, energy, and industry to study. But things have changed since then. The curious parts of literary history have been examined with more acuteness, knowledge, and research, than Mr. D'Israeli has ever possessed; sometimes with as much popular treatment as he displays; and where the nature of the subject or the disposition of the author threw antiquarian heaviness over the whole, periodical writers were at hand to extract from the book its more interesting matter and give it to the reading public. The advantages of D'Israeli consisted in his being first in the field, as well as in his greater range of subjects, and in the more complete and systematic form with which he treated them. To write a more learned and a more logical book than the *Curiosities of Literature* would not be difficult; but it would not now be received with the same favour, even if it were equally amusing.

A deterioration will not be borne, we apprehend, from the same author, even with the advantage of a name in his favour; and the *Amenities of Literature* exhibits a very considerable falling off. The publication originated in the idea of a "history of our vernacular literature." "It was my design," says Mr. D'Israeli, somewhat pompously, "not to furnish an arid narrative of books or of authors, but, following the steps of the human mind through the wide track of time, to trace from their beginnings the rise, the progress, and the decline of public opinions, and to illustrate, as the objects presented themselves, the great incidents in our national annals." This design was arrested by a heavy affliction—the loss of sight; but, probably, the injury to the public from the interruption of the work has not been great. Mr. D'Israeli is quite unequal to the task he chalked out, from a want of comprehension of mind and justness of perception, and, as persons more competent to decide than we are maintain, his deficiency in original learning.

The *Amenities of Literature* contains a "portion of the projected history," and form a collection of papers on all and sundry subjects, from the Origin of the Druids to the True Intellectual System of the Universe. They resemble a series of articles in a review or magazine, except that in a severely conducted periodical many of them would not be admitted, as telling nothing which was not known already; and several of them would be considered unworkmanlike, as not conveying a sufficient account of the book or subject of which the paper professed to treat. Putting aside the correctness of the statements or the truth of the conclusions, the fault of the work is, that we have not gossipy *facts*, but the turgid *views* of a gossip. The first chapter, for example, is on the Druidical Institution; of which it gives no more positive information than can be learned from almost any school history of England; the rest consisting of notions or conjectures, expressed in high-sounding words—often set forth in such a manner as to appear like statements, and of course to deceive the ignorant, who will be unable to distinguish between facts derived from evidence, and conclusions resting upon no higher authority than Mr. D'Israeli's inferences. The next section, on Britain and the Britons, is more defective than the first; being mere rhetorical rigmarole. The only exceptions to this censure are such recondite matters as the etymology of the name of Britain, and the explanation of the word "triad." The truth seems to be, that Mr. D'Israeli is a whole generation behindhand. He appears to have fancied that the world has stood still ever since he began his studies; and tells, with the all-confident air of a man announcing a discovery little short of a revelation, the mere superficials of antiquity; things quite as curious, and much profounder, being to be found in the late works of several ladies, and the publications in *Lardner's Cyclopædia* presenting a much better and more satisfactory view of the rise and progress of English language and literature.

To give an account of the sixty or seventy papers which these volumes contain, would be uselessly tedious. They may, however, be reduced to three classes or epochs. The first volume, commencing, as we have said, with the Druidical Institution, goes through the Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Anglo-Norman, and old English periods, and closes with Henry the Seventh. The second volume treats chiefly of the age of the Tudors prior to the origin of the Elizabethan drama and the appearance of Shakspeare. The third volume embraces Shakspeare and some of his dramatic contemporaries, with Bacon, Raleigh, Dr. Dee, and a variety of miscellaneous topics connected with the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The general mode of treating each epoch is much the same: the author endeavouring to illustrate it by a character or an intellectual production, or both combined—as Chaucer; or by a general subject—as the Origin of the English Language; or some topic, which in his idea should embody the influential classes of the age, and enable him to depict their modes of life—as "the Page, the Baron, and the Minstrel." Some of these papers are not much better than vain imaginings; others afford little information beyond what is every where accessible; a few suggest a shadowy picture of the past, from the mode in which the subject is, as it were, massed, though the facts may be inaccurate,

and the statements not specific. And this quality of *suggesting* is about the chief utility of D'Israeli.

The minute and pains-taking trackings of Mr. Belton Corney into the correctness of many of the statements in the *Curiosities of Literature*, and his crushing exposure of the author's blunders, have doubtless raised many strong distrusts as to the accuracy of D'Israeli. The distrust will not be dissipated in the mind of the attentive and informed reader by the *Amenities of Literature*; where questionable statements will continually be met. Some of these may be owing to ignorance, but others originate in deeper defects, since they relate to matters on which it is impossible to suppose any body can be ignorant. The cause of these blunders seems to be, first, a logical deficiency—a mind incapable of apprehending the exact truth, and which naturally falls into looseness of statement either with or without a motive; second, a love of paradox—a wish to startle or surprise, and as Mr. D'Israeli cannot attain his object by justness of remark he is driven to strangeness of assertion; third, a love of rhetoric, which induces him to rank accuracy of statement and justness of conclusion as very subordinate to big words and euphonous periods. A full and minute exhibition of his failings from these causes we must leave to the learning and leisure of Mr. Corney; but we will give a few instances of a looseness which renders M. D'Israeli a questionable authority to follow, at the least, although Byron and Bulwer have pinned their faith to him.

Speaking of the Saxon Chronicle, he says—

"This precious relic has come down to us—the Saxon Chronicle; but which in fact is a collection of chronicles made by different persons. These Saxon annalists had been eye-witnesses of the transactions they recorded; and this singular detail of incidents as they occurred, without comment, is a phenomenon in the history of mankind, like that of the history of the Jews contained in the Old Testament, and, like that, as its learned editor has ably observed, 'a regular and chronological panorama of a people described in rapid succession by different writers through many ages, in their own vernacular language.' The mutations in the language of this ancient Chronicle are as remarkable as the fortunes of the nation in its progress from rudeness to refinement; nor less observable are the entries in this great political register from the year 1 of Christ till 1154, when it abruptly terminates. The meagreness of the earlier recorders contrasts with the more impressive detail of later enlarged and thoughtful minds. When we come to William of Normandy, we have a character of that monarch by one who knew him personally, having lived at his court: it is not only a masterly delineation, but a skilful and steady dissection. The earlier Saxon chronicler has recorded a defeat and retreat which Cæsar suffered in his first invasion, which would be difficult to discover in the Commentaries of Cæsar."

That Cæsar received a check in Britain is very probable; but if Mr. D'Israeli means to set up the Saxon Chronicle as *evidence* of the fact, let us remind him that the Saxons did not arrive in England till about five hundred years after this alleged fact, of which his naked text would make them "eye-witnesses." During those five hundred years the country was frequently invaded and finally subdued by the Romans, who destroyed the religion and literature of the Britons, and established their own customs and civilisation: when they were compelled to abandon the country after ruling it for some four centuries, the land was first devastated by the barbarous Picts, and then by the Saxons themselves, who ended by driving part of the surviving inhabitants into Wales and reducing the rest to submission.

Take another example on another topic—the Origin of the Vernacular Languages of Europe. Every body is aware that Latin, during the dark and middle ages, was the language of the learned: and the reasons seem obvious enough. Upon the establishment of the barbarians on the ruins of the Empire, and for many years afterwards, Latin was the only language which possessed a literature, and was of necessity resorted to as the sole medium of book-learning: until the vernacular tongues assumed some form and copiousness, ideas ever so little removed from the common could not probably be expresed in the common speech. These causes, of absolute necessity, were fostered by others, of prejudice, interest, and convenience. Latin was the language of religion, containing the only Scriptures then known to Western Europe, together with the forms of prayer: it was of great importance to the heads of the Romish Church to unite their clergy by as many ties as possible, and a common language was a very considerable bond: the use of Latin had also its conveniences, giving a writer (and it was only the learned in those days who either wrote or read) a public in every nation, whereas had he written in his native language, supposing that language adapted to his subject, his readers would have been greatly limited. As soon as an advancing society, introducing new objects and more complex relations, had given greater copiousness to language, and the same circumstances had enlarged the minds and stimulated the curiosity of the people, they were addressed in their mother tongue; the nature of the subjects gradually advancing with the advancing knowledge of the people. But this is too simple and yet too complex a view for the author of the *Curiosities of Literature*.

"The predominant prejudice of writing in Latin," says he, "was first checked in Germany, France, and England, by the leaders of that great revolution which opposed the dynasty of the tiara. It was one of the great results of the reformation that it taught the learned to address the people. The versions of the Scriptures seemed to consecrate the vernacular idiom of every nation in Europe. Peter Waldo began to use the vernacular language in his version, however coarse, of the Bible for the Vaudois, those earliest reformers of the church; and though the volume was suppressed and prohibited, a modern French literary historian deduces the taste for writing in the maternal tongue to this rude but great attempt to attract the attention of the people. The same incident occurred in our own annals; and it was the English Bible of Edward the Sixth which opened the sealed treasures of our native language to the multitude."

It should be observed, that between the translation of Peter Waldo (how does Mr. D'Israeli *know* it was "coarse?") and that of Edward the Sixth there is the slight interval of *four centuries*. But passing

this, let us test the assertion by reference to fact. In Italy the people were never publicly addressed on the subject of the reformation, at least for any time; but in Italy, Petrach, Dante, and Boccacio, the three great classics of the language, and all learned men, had addressed their works to their countrymen, and the last of them had died (1375) more than a century before Luther was born (1483). In England, a person called Chaucer had written some popular poems; and another named Gower had composed a book in the vernacular, it is said at the bidding of his king, some hundred and fifty years before the translation of the Bible under Edward; not to mention the "precious relic" the Saxon Chronicle, which was completed before any reformation was even thought of. It would be quite as logical, if not more so, to argue that the Bible was translated because the people were qualified to be addressed in the "vernacular idiom."

But this is not all of D'Israeli on the vernacular.

"The genius of Verulam, whose prescient views often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, appears never to have contemplated the future miracles of his maternal tongue.—Lord Bacon did not foresee that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country, at length, would possess a national literature, and exult in models of its own. So little did Lord Bacon esteem the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and what he had written in English he was anxious to have preserved, as he expresses himself, in 'that universal language which may last as long as books last.'"

What does the man mean by the "*future* miracles of his maternal tongue," and that the "English would *one day* be capable of embalming all that poetry can invent"—that our country "would one day have a national literature of its own?" Many years before Bacon's death, Hooker had shown what English could do in prose; Spenser and Shakspeare had invented some miracles in poetry, which we had fancied not yet equalled; and Shakspeare's contemporaries were supposed to have done something in the literary way. Bacon himself, in certain essays, had also shown some little knowledge of his mother tongue. That he had a prejudice in favour of Latin, or rather, that his love of being read as widely as possible might induce him to prefer it as a "universal" medium, may be true; but if any one take the trouble to examine Bacon's works, it will be found that he varied his language according to his subject, upon the principle of convenience we have already spoken of. When he wrote essays, history, &c.—where he had the prospect of a wide and popular audience—where he came home to men's "business and bosoms"—he wrote English; when he wrote philosophy, &c.—where he addressed the learned world—he wrote in a learned language.

These things, loose as they are, evidently arise from the innate logical deficiency, and the equally innate love for inflated rhetoric, which we have noted as characteristic of this writer; since it is quite impossible that Mr. D'Israeli should be ignorant of the true facts on which he founds his false conclusions. These qualities are equally visible in his account of Shakspeare, but combined with an ignorance of the commonest facts in literary history, or the strangest disregard of them to be found amid all the "Curiosities of Literature." And as this gross and glaring misstatement is made in the teeth of general opinion, and of facts accessible to all if not known to all; as the writer's popularity is considerable, and his merit vouched for by men who influence the public—by Scott, Byron, Southey, Crocker, Bulwer, &c.; it seems desirable to expose in detail such a daring misrepresentation, if only to put people on their guard: for if Mr. D'Israeli is thus lax where the evidence to convict him is at hand, we may infer his looseness in obscurer subjects. Thus lucubrates

### D'ISRAELI ON SHAKSPEARE.

"The vicissitudes of the celebrity of Shakspeare may form a chapter in the philosophy of literature and the history of national opinions. Shakspeare was destined to have his dramatic faculty contested by many successful rivals; to fall into neglect; to be rarely acted and less read; to appear barbarous and unintelligible; to be even discarded from the glorious file of dramatists by the anathemas of hostile criticism; and finally, in the resurrection of genius (a rare occurrence!) to emerge into universal celebrity. This literary history of Shakspeare is an incident in the history of the human mind singular as the genius which it relates to. The philosopher now contemplates the phenomenon of a poet who in his peculiar excellence is more poetical than the poets of every other people. We have to track the course of this prodigy, and if possible to comprehend the evolutions of this solitary luminary. * * * *

"The universal celebrity of Shakspeare is comparatively of recent origin: received, rejected, and revived, we must ascertain the alternate periods, and we must look for the causes of the neglect as well as the popularity of the poet. We may congratulate ourselves on the numerous escapes of our national bard from the oblivion of his dramatic brothers.—The history and the works of Shakspeare, and perhaps the singularity of the poet's character in respect to his own writings, are some of the most startling paradoxes in literary history."

"Startling," no doubt, if there were a shadow of truth in all this; but the "paradoxes" exist only in the writer's mind. We would wish the reader to reperuse the extract, and thoroughly to possess himself with the assertions, that he may follow our disproof. We will take the dictum of the *facile princeps* in letters of each succeeding age to Shakspeare's, and give from the highest authority a theatrical and popular opinion of Shakspeare for the best part of a century. The poet and the player, the classic and the hero of the *Dunciad*, shall be produced in court against this pretender to erudition, whose high-sounding assertions have imposed upon the laziness of the "mob of gentlemen" from Byron to Bulwer: and we begin with Shakspeare's own age.

On his death, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare's former rival—a man notorious for "learning" in a learned age, and, with the exception of Aristotle, one of the most critical minds that nature has produced—wrote some verses to his memory. We take the more germane passages.

BEN JONSON ON SHAKSPEARE.

———"I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage.———
———Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!"

This was written in the reign of James the First. If the world were asked to select the loftiest name in letters both for the age of Charles the First and of the commonwealth, it would point to Milton; and though his praises of Shakspeare are known to all, we adduce them to complete the chain of evidence: the first passage has a further interest, as it indicates that the dramas of the two greatest poets were performed till the theatres were closed by the commonwealth.

MILTON ON SHAKSPEARE.

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned busk be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."—*L'Allegro.*

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What needest thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Has built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marvel with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."
*Epitaph.*

We come to the restoration, and to a totally different state of society—that of Charles the Second, and his immediate successors. For this period, Dryden is unquestionably the most striking name in poetry and criticism; and thus writes he, though prone to depreciate every brother dramatist.

DRYDEN ON SHAKSPEARE.

"Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike: were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of the poets,

'Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.'"

Half a century passed: the Stuarts were expelled; Dryden died; and what has been called the Augustan age of English literature succeeded, under Anne and the earlier Brunswicks. Of this Augustan age Pope is undoubtedly the first polite author, both in the estimation of his own time and of posterity. See his opinion of Shakspeare, in the preface to an edition which he undertook to edite, in six volumes quarto, of this "neglected bard" who "*so narrowly escaped oblivion;*" the poet Rowe having fifteen years earlier (1709-10) published an edition of seven volumes octavo, which had to be reprinted in 1714.

POPE ON SHAKSPEARE.

"If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature: it proceeded through Egyptian streams and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning or some cast of the models of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him. His *characters* are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies from her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of characters we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very name of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

"The power of an author over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or dis-

played in such different instances; yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them, no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead towards it; but the heart swells, and the tears burst out just at the proper places. * *

"With respect to our author's want of learning it may be necessary to say something more. There is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste for natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology. We find him very knowing in the customs, rules, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit but manners of the Romans are exactly known; and still a nicer distinction is drawn between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages; and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in the *Catiline* of Ben Jonson. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c., are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever objects of nature or branch of science he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject: where he treats of ethics or politics, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus* and *Cressida*."

George the Third succeeded to the throne sixteen years after the death of Pope; and for this period, till we suppose even Mr. D'Israeli will admit Shakspeare was in no apparent danger of "oblivion," Dr. Johnson may be rated not so much as the principal writer, but as dictator of public opinion—"the Great Cham of Literature;" and what says he? The preface to his edition—for *he* too undertook to edite this "neglected bard"—is so easily accessible, and would involve so much selection to bring out the force of the praise, that we will be content with referring to it, and only quote a few lines from his Prologue.

DR. JOHNSON ON SHAKSPEARE.

"Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast."

The reader now has before him the decisions in each succeeding age of the leading mind of that age—of men whose opinions influenced their contemporaries, whose works are held to advance the honour of their country, and whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words. If it be said that Shakspeare might be admired by the few, but not popular, this excuse can hardly avail Mr. D'Israeli; but we will answer it. A casual couplet of Pope shows the estimation of the "neglected, rarely acted, and less read" Shakspeare, in the minds of Manager Bunns of the earlier part of the last century—

"Shakspeare (whom you and *every playhouse-bill*
Style the *divine*, the *matchless*, *what you will*)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight," &c.

And another passage indicates the almost superstitious estimation with which he was regarded by the former age—

"On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow—
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names)—
How will *our fathers rise up in a rage*
*And swear all shame is lost in George's age!*"

A note upon a man of the name of Ralph, who figured in the *Dunciad*, and subsequently cut some figure as a political journalist, also shows the high estimation of Shakspeare; for it is that estimation which gives the story its sting—

"James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his entitled *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals; and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's accounts of English Poets, printed in a London journal, 17th September, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, 'Shakspeare writ without rules.'"

Turn now to the theatre—to players and playgoers. *The Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* contains his own dramatic career for fifty years; and he introduces his narrative by an account of the stage for the preceding thirty years. The review is derived from a personal experience of fifty years as actor and manager, and such opportunities of acquiring information as a man like Cibber would possess for the first thirty. This account consists of a brief and rapid précis of the history of the stage, and critically-descriptive sketches of the actors. Whether his criticisms or conclusions are correct, is not the issue. Cibber may have been unable to estimate Shakspeare, or he may have exaggerated the merits of the veteran actors under whom he served in his youth: we adduce him to show that for eighty years—from the re-opening of the theatres on the restoration in 1660, till the publication of the *Apology* in 1739, when its author was approaching seventy—Shakspeare was in his opinion the undisputed sovereign of the drama, and the fact was so generally admitted that he does

not deem it necessary formally to affirm the point. He constantly mentions Shakspeare as he might be mentioned now—as the first of dramatists, the touchstone of an actor's capabilities, the author in whose characters the greatest actors were ambitious of excelling, and to whose delineations close and searching criticisms were applied. He begins by assigning three reasons for the first success of the theatres on the restoration,—their novelty; the introduction of women on the stage; and the regulation of the two companies, with the good understanding between them; Shakspeare being instanced in each reason.

COLLEY CIBBER ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.

The one [advantage] was their immediate opening after the so long interdiction of plays during the civil war, and the anarchy that followed it. What eager appetites from so long a fast must the guests of those times have had to that high and fresh variety of entertainments which Shakspeare had left prepared for them! Never was a stage so provided.—A hundred years are wasted, and another silent century well advanced, and yet what unborn age shall say Shakspeare has his equal? How many shining actors have the warm scenes of his genius given to posterity, without being himself in his action equal to his writing: a strong proof that actors, like poets, must be born such. Eloquence and elocution are quite different talents. Shakspeare could write *Hamlet*; but tradition tells us that the ghost in the same play was one of his best performances as an actor; nor is it within the reach of rule or precept to complete either of them. * * * *

"The other advantage I was speaking of is, that before the restoration no actresses had ever been seen upon the English stage. The characters of women on former theatres were performed by boys, or young men of the most effeminate aspect; and what grace or master-strokes of action can we conceive such ungain hoydens to have been capable of? This defect was so well considered by Shakspeare, that in few of his plays he has any greater dependence upon the ladies than in the innocence and simplicity of a Desdemona, an Ophelia, or in the short specimen of a fond and virtuous Portia. The additional objects then of real, beautiful women, could not but draw a proportion of new admirers to the theatre.

* * * * *

"Besides these peculiar advantages, they had a private rule or agreement which both houses were happily tied down to, which was, that no play acted at one house should ever be attempted at the other. All the capital plays, therefore, of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, were divided between them, by the approbation of the Court, and their own alternate choice. So that when Hart was famous for Othello, Betterton had no less a reputation for Hamlet."

Now for the actors in this "rarely acted" dramatist. For although a particular actor, excelling in one particular character, is no proof of the general estimation of a dramatist, yet in the case before us we have the leading actors of the period excelling in various characters, many other actors attempting those characters with various success, and all evidently aiming at representing the *national dramatist*, as the highest achievement of the histrionic art. It may be added that Betterton, the Roscius of his day, entertained such veneration for the memory of Shakspeare as to make a journey into Warwickshire in order to collect what particulars were yet preserved of him, which information Rowe subsequently inserted in the life prefixed to his edition.

BETTERTON IN SHAKSPEARE'S CHARACTERS.

"Betterton was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors—formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius. How Shakspeare wrote, all men who have a taste for nature may read and know; but with what higher rapture would he still be read could they conceive how Betterton played him! Then might they know the one was born alone to speak what the other only knew to write. Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them, or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators. Could *how* Betterton spoke be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might you see the muse of Shakspeare in her triumph, with all her beauties in their best array, rising into real life and charming her beholders. But alas! since all this is so far out of the reach of description, how shall I show you Betterton? Should I therefore tell you that all the Othellos, Hamlets, Hotspurs, Macbeths, and Brutuses, whom you may have seen since his time have fallen far short of him, this still would give no idea of his particular excellence. Let us see then what a particular comparison may do; whether that may yet draw him nearer to you.

"You may have seen a Hamlet perhaps, who on the first appearance of his father's spirit has thrown himself into all the straining vociferation requisite to express rage and fury; and the house has thundered with applause, though the misguided actor was all the while (as Shakspeare terms it) tearing a passion into rags. I am the more bold to offer you this particular instance, because the late Mr. Addison, while I sat by him to see this scene acted, made the same observation, asking me with some surprise if I thought Hamlet should be in so violent a passion with the ghost, which, though it might have astonished, had not provoked him! For you may observe that in this beautiful speech the passion never rises beyond an almost breathless astonishment, or an impatience limited by filial reverence, to enquire into the suspected wrongs that may have raised him from his peaceful tomb, and a desire to know what a spirit so seemingly distressed might wish or enjoin a sorrowful son to execute towards his future quiet in the grave. This was the light into which Betterton threw this scene; which he opened with a pause of mute amazement, then rising slowly to a solemn, trembling voice, he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself; and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency, manly but not braving—his voice never rising into that seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered. * * * *

"A further excellence in Betterton was, that he

could vary his spirit to the different characters he acted. Those wild impatient starts, that fierce and flashing fire, which he threw into Hotspur, never came from the unruffled temper of his Brutus, (for I have more than once seen a Brutus as warm as Hotspur); when the Betterton Brutus was provoked, in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to. Thus, with a settled dignity of contempt, like an unheeding rock, he repelled upon himself the foam of Cassius. Perhaps the very words of Shakspeare will better let you into the meaning—

'Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?'

And a little after—

'There is no terror, Cassius, in your looks, (threats,') &c.

Not but in some part of this scene, where he reproaches Cassius, his temper is not under this suppression, but opens into that warmth which becomes a man of virtue; yet this is that hasty spark of anger which Brutus himself endeavours to excuse."

Here is another of Shakspeare's good actors.

KYNASTON IN SHAKSPEARE.

"Above this tyrannical tumid superiority of character, [Morat, in Dryden's *Aurengzebe*,] there is a grave and rational majesty in Shakspeare's *Henry the Fourth*, which, though not so glaring to the vulgar eye, requires thrice the skill and grace to become and support. Of this real majesty Kynaston was entirely master: here every sentiment came from him as if it had been his own, as if he had himself that instant conceived it, as if he had lost the player and were the real king he personated; a perfection so rarely found, that very often in actors of good repute a certain vacancy of look, inanity of voice, or superfluous gesture, shall unmask the man to the judicious spectator, who from the least of those errors plainly sees the whole but a lesson given him, to be got by heart, from some great author whose sense is deeper than the repeater's understanding. This true majesty Kynaston had so entire a command of, that when he whispered the following plain line to Hotspur,

'Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it,'

he conveyed a more terrible menace in it than the loudest intemperance of voice could swell to. But let the bold imitator beware; for, without the look and just elocution that waited on it, an attempt of the same nature may fall to nothing.

"But the dignity of this character appeared in Kynaston still more shining in the private scene between the King and the Prince his son. There you saw majesty in that sort of grief which only majesty could feel; there the paternal concern for the errors of the son made the monarch more revered and dreaded; his reproaches so just, yet so unmixed with anger, (and therefore the more piercing,) opening as it were the arms of nature, with a secret wish that filial duty and penitence awakened might fall into them with grace and honour. In this affecting scene I thought Kynaston showed his most masterly strokes of nature; expressing all the various motions of the heart with the same force, dignity, and feeling, they are written; adding to the whole that peculiar and becoming grace which the best writer cannot inspire into any actor that is not born with it. What made the merit of this actor and that of Betterton more surprising was, that though they both observed the rules of truth and nature, they were each as different in their manner of acting as in their personal form and features."

MRS. BETTERTON IN SHAKSPEARE.

"Mrs. Betterton, though far advanced in years, was so great a mistress of nature, that even Mrs. Barry, who acted the Lady Macbeth after her, could not in that part, with all her superior strength and melody of voice, throw out those quick and careless strokes of terror from the disorder of a guilty mind, which the other gave us with a facility in her manner that rendered them at once tremendous and delightful. Time could not impair her skill, though he had brought her person to decay. She was to the last the admiration of all true judges of nature and lovers of Shakspeare, in whose plays she chiefly excelled, and without a rival. When she quitted the stage, several good actresses were the better for her instruction."

These remarks relate to the period between the restoration in 1660 and the beginning of the eighteenth century; for Betterton died in 1700, Mrs. Betterton soon after, and Kynaston had appeared among the first actors on the re-opening of the theatres. We could add to these quotations, but perhaps our readers will now think that dramas played and studied in this manner were neither "neglected" nor in danger of "oblivion."

We intended to have offered some reply to the few things Mr. D'Israeli puts forward instead of arguments—such as the objections of pedantic critics, the alterations that have been made in some of Shakspeare's dramas, or the music and spectacle that have been added. There are some other strange things we also intended to have noted; but we must leave the *Amenities of Literature* to those who have more learing, more leisure, and more space.

---

## THE NEW OPERA HOUSE AT PARIS.

We are assured by one of the journals that the new Grand Opera House is to be built at the Rue Vivienne end of the Palais Royal. This would be a great improvement to the neighbourhood, as it would remove a low street, now filled with houses of ill-fame and wine shops; but the scheme evidently had another origin. The truth is, that the business of the Palais Royal has so fallen off that Louis Phillippe, who owns nearly two-thirds of it, has been compelled to reduce the rents; and if something be not done to revive it as a place of public resort, he must reduce still more, or have one-half of his shops empty. The building of the Opera House being a government affair, the ground required for it would be purchased at any price that the royal owner should be pleased to fix, and means would be found to convert the lower part of the theatre into shops which would let advantageously. The rents would probably go to the owners of the ground; and all the other part of the Palais Royal would be benefited by the proximity of the great national theatre. —*Paris Paper.*

From the Spectator.

## STURMER, A TALE OF MESMERISM.

The writer was originally sceptical upon the subject of Animal Magnetism, but having "submitted herself to a series of experiments" under the direction of Dr. C—— of Vienna (why leave the name in blank?) the result was, that

"Deep sleep and insensibility to pain, and what is technically called *lucidity*, were successively produced in her; and although she has no recollection of any thing that occurred during those experiments, except her own energetic struggles to resist the sleep that was stealing over her and at last locked all her senses in oblivion, the notes that were taken of all that occurred on these occasions by a friend who was present, were a startling evidence to her of not merely the existence of the magnetic principle, but of its wonderful and mysterious influence upon mind as well as matter. The results in her case fell far short of those she has since witnessed in others; but they were sufficient to set her previous doubts at rest for ever, and to awaken in her mind a train of conflicting reflections as to the incalculable benefits that may be derived from animal magnetism when properly and conscientiously exercised, and the dreadful abuses to which it is liable from the extraordinary moral ascendancy obtained by the magnetizer over the magnetized; an ascendancy which, in the hands of a corrupt and unprincipled person, may be, and has been, turned to the most dishonourable purposes. The trust should, therefore, never be lightly confided, and the character and habits of magnetizers should be thoroughly ascertained before they are invested with the awful responsibility which attaches to their functions."

To point the moral indicated in the closing sentences is one object of *Sturmur*; and perhaps, to seize upon the "phænomena" of magnetism for the purposes of fiction whilst they are tolerably fresh, may be another.

In effecting this latter purpose, it is very probable the writer conceives she has made a hit; for there is not only the love of Dr. Wolfang Sturmur for his patient Lolette, the wife of a professor of Arabic, but Lolette is presented to us in two capacities—in a natural condition, and in the state of clairvoyance. Thus, in her waking moments, Lolette is at first the contented wife of a bookish professor, and then struggling with an unlawful passion. But in her ecstatic condition she does many odd things; prescribes for herself according to "the established facts" of magnetism; avows her love for the doctor when in *rapport*, as the scientific phrase has it; walks about in her somnambulist state; writes and reads letters; plays extempore on the piano, in a way to surpass the well-known Devil's Sonata; and is suddenly reduced to quiescence by a pass—magnetism performing the office of the gods and goddesses of mythology. See.

"There was no time to be lost in arresting her progress: her hand was already upon the lock of the door, and in another moment she would have been wandering through the house to the imminent risk of discovering herself to some of the servants; but Sturmur well knew, that to have awakened her might have been fatal to her reason and he therefore interposed the authority of magnetism to calm her delirium. Advancing gently behind her, he stretched forth his hand, and held it over her head for a second: the transition effected by that simple gesture was instantaneous: her countenance, which but a moment before had presented all the frenzy and exaltation of a Pythoness, suddenly became fixed and motionless as that of a statue; her eyes which had been dilated to their utmost extent, closed; her hands fell powerless by her side; and she would have sunk to the ground had not Sturmer received her in his arms. He bore her to the chair she had just quitted, and, placing his hand upon her forehead, 'determined' by that magic touch the magnetic trance to the utmost limit of its profoundness and lucidity."

All this, and many other things of a similar kind, are ingenious, but not new. Mr. Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, nearly two centuries ago, hit upon some *surprises* quite as startling, and more agreeable for purposes of effect; as when he brought to the door an "army in *disguise*," and, besides stopping a battle by means of an eclipse, introduced the astronomical phænomena on the stage—

"*Bayes.* But—a—Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise, your eclipse of the sun is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun.

"*Smith.* I have heard some such thing, indeed.

"*Bayes.* Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage and dance the hey; hum. And of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and the sun; and there you have both your eclipses, by demonstration.

"*Johnson.* That must needs be very fine, truly.

"*Bayes.* Yes, it has *fancy* in't."

Of a fiction founded upon conditions of existence which, if they take place at all, the majority of mankind believe to be the results of disease or some unaccountable idiosyncracy, it is not for criticism to speak. It strikes us, however, that the alleged laws of magnetism should be adhered to, and that though Lolette may forget in her waking state what occurs during somnambulism, her consciousness should last from one ecstatic state to another; in which point of view, the Baron and his wife would have discovered what Dr. Sturmer and Miss Romer reserve for the convenience of the catastrophe. As regards the mundane parts, the book is written with some knowledge of foreign usages, and in that fluent style which seems not difficult of attainment when a *tete montee* pours forth its own views of things without regard to nature or probability. The character of Sturmer, the unmitigated *foreign* rascal, with all kinds of virtuous *sentiments* on his tongue and a total want of principle in his heart, which renders him ready to commit any crime from which he may derive gratification, is not badly conceived or developed, even down to his melodramatic death-scene. With regard to the effects of the fiction itself, we imagine the interest it will excite must be limited to "the faithful." A tale founded upon a state of things opposed to the general conditions of life and nature, and which is believed

by the bulk of mankind to arise from fraud or a distempered nervous system, can have no reality and inspire no sympathy. The thing which prevents *Sturmer* from being quite unreadable, is a sort of undercurrent of absurdity, which produces the effect of grave burlesque or extravaganza.

But the "tale of mesmerism" calls for graver censure than any that need be passed upon a bad novel, or upon a mistaken attempt to impart the interest of fiction to a subject which does not possess any; although the story is such that it is difficult to enter upon the subject. We may say, however, that besides the spectacle of an adulterous passion in the breasts of two persons, one painted as a paragon of virtue, the other as the victim of circumstances, the catastrophe arises through Sturmer's having taken advantage of Lolette's state of "*lucidity*" to gratify his passion,—a deed surpassing in revolting turpitude the crimes which certain ancient poets have introduced into their dramas, but whose perpetrator is thus spoken of by Miss Romer, through one of her characters—"You see, my dear Sir," said Anton, "that my poor friend was neither an unprincipled libertine nor a calculating seducer; there was *nothing base or dishonourable* in his nature; his admiration of the *Good** and the Beautiful* amounted almost *to a worship*; and his *loathing of Vice*,* *even in its blandest form, was equally intense*."—Vol. II. page 65.

There are other tales besides Sturmer in these volumes; the principal of which are *The Mother and Daughter*—a divorced mother forming the peculiar point of the story; and *The Grisette*—a Parisian tale of seduction, intrigue, and suicide. This last tale is well written, and the narrative and characters have an air of life; though it may be wished that a female had chosen subjects more feminine according to British ideas.

We have spoken of this book as if it were really what it purports to be, written by a female. It is possible, however, that all its representations may be fictitious, from the name in the title page to Dr. C—— of Vienna, or the date of Constantinople affixed to the tale of *Hadgee Egoob*. And instead of a votary of mesmerism, the writer of the book may be some littérateur who has thought to turn the "science" to account, but who, though not devoid of cleverness, has mistaken its capabilities.

---

From the Spectator.

## MR. COLQUHOUN ON HIGHLAND SPORTS.

About a year ago we noticed Mr. Colquhoun's book, with approbation, for the practical knowledge of field-sports which it displayed, and the life-like sketches of scenery and sporting incidents by which its pages were varied and relieved, as well as for the racy information it conveyed respecting the habits and instincts of animals—if indeed a species of reason is not the proper phrase applied to the exercise of sagacity on matters quite foreign to a state of nature. The second edition of *The Moor and the Loch* contains so many additions of various kinds, that it may claim more than a line of chronicle; especially as it appears at a time when all, save luckless Senators, are preparing for the field, or are already in it.

The principal additions to the present volume are—a chapter on deer-stalking; a paper containing a suggestion for breeding goats to stalk, where the extent of the estate will not admit of keeping deer, (though we think some mountain-animals might be imported with more likelihood of success,) and articles on burn and river fishing. But, besides these additional subjects, the whole work has been revised and augmented; many new anecdotes both of man and beast being inserted, and some from the author's last winter's experience. Here is an instance of

### THE WARINESS OF THE GOLDEN-EYE.

Last winter I had a good opportunity of contrasting the artful and suspicious nature of the golden-eye with that of the more confiding morillon. When shooting wild-fowl on the banks of the Teith, I discovered with my glass, a golden-eye feeding at the top of a long creek, and a couple of morillons at the bottom where it joined the river. As they were at some distance from each other, it was impossible to keep an eye upon both. So, knowing that if the golden-eye got a glimpse of me, he would not stay to take another, I was obliged to trust to the simplicity of the more social morillons. I got within a fair distance for my last run; when the morillons, who had caught a transient glance at my manœuvres, paid the compliment of giving me their undivided attention; but, as they did not leave the ground, nor show any other sign of alarm, I was congratulating myself that all was safe. The moment, however, that the golden-eye came up from the dive, he perceived that the morillons were resting on their oars, and instantly was on his guard. It was most curious to see the cunning and tact of the creature, which I had every advantage for observing, as I was well concealed. He kept cruising about, with outstretched neck, peering first on one side of the creek, then on the other, always selecting the best points of sight to halt and make his observations. Nor would he recommence his repast until the morillons had set him the example. And had I not known his usual precaution of making the first dive or two, after being scared, very short, he might even then have escaped.

Although Burn and River-shooting will have their charms for anglers, the most generally attractive portion of the book will be the chapter on Deer-Stalking; because it tantalizes most sportsmen with an unattainable object. The stag bears a high name, and the art can rarely be practised, as it requires a forest to harbour the game and extensive wastes to pursue the sport effectively; one or more foresters must attend to discover the deer, and, in one branch of it, followers be ready to drive them. Its practice also requires great skill with the rifle, a Red-Indian-like craft in concealing one-self whilst approaching the game, and cool self-possession when the animal is within range to take advantage of the opportunity; most novices being so flurried at the first sight of the stag as to be deprived of the power of hitting him. But, either from the sport being deficient in variety, or because Mr. Colquhoun is animated by a charitable feeling towards his Southern readers, he seems to consider deer-stalking, after all, a not-to-be-envied pursuit. He dwells upon the helplessness of the sportsman, who is entirely in the hands of his at-

* The capitals in the original.

tendants; they as well as he are altogether dependent upon the weather; a false move or the mistaking of a signal mars every thing. It appears to us, too, that there is something "Indian Emperor" like in having the game found and driven about by other bipeds, as well as something skulking in lying perdue. The sportsman who by his own unassisted sagacity steals upon wild-fowl in despite of their wariness, may derive gratification from his own skill; but there seems no balm to self-love in walking, crawling, or hiding at the bidding of another; and if the big deer is missed after all, the feeling of failure is greater than with a flying or diving bird. The greater value of the game would be a strong point, if, like the backwoodsman or the Red Indian, you really procured it yourself: but the majority of gentlemen deer-stalkers seem to be mere implements for pulling a trigger. The foresters are the men who display the sagacity.

"In every other kind of shooting, the sportsman ought to trust to his own resources and foresight; but in deer-stalking, unless he has passed his life in the forest, and is thoroughly acquainted with every corrie, crag, and knoll, he had much better trust to those who are. Without this knowledge it is impossible for any one to tell how the wind will blow upon a given point: sometimes it may be north on one side of a hollow and south on the other; and I have seen the mist moving slowly in one direction along the hill-side, and half an hour afterwards the very reverse, without any change in the wind. To account for this on the spur of the moment, would often puzzle the scientific; but the unlettered hill-man, who has only been taught by the rough experience of the crag and the blast, though unable to talk theoretically on the subject, yet, from constant and acute observation, will confidently predict the result, and, taking advantage of every shifting change, bring you within fair rifle-distance of the unsuspecting herd." * * *

"In corries and hollows it is quite impossible to know how the wind will blow upon a particular point, unless you have marked every change of wind upon every point of the corrie."

See again, for example, what a helpless body the new deer-stalker is—

"The quick sight of a skilful forester in first discovering deer will appear miraculous to a stranger to the sport; and, unless quite bewildered, he cannot fail to admire the generalship which follows. The whole ground is as perfectly known to his guide as his own pleasure-grounds to himself. Every hollow, every knoll, is taken advantage of; every shifting turn of the wind, up the one or round the other, is surely predicted, until, to his own utter amazement, the panting Sassenach or Lowlander is told that he is within fair rifle-distance of a bevy of noble harts."

Deer-driving, on a large scale, seems to be little more than another kind of battue, though doubtless a more manly one, with some chance, it would appear, of being hit yourself. In a small way, driving requires some wind and muscle, and more than all, the motive power of *enthusiasm*.

"There is no sport which more calls into play the sportsman's pluck and endurance of fatigue. He first climbs to the ridge of the hill, where he is at once seen by the hawk-eyed driver, who has taken his station near the foot, or on the opposite brow, and marked with his glass every herd at feed or rest on the face below. As soon as he has selected one, he attempts to drive it up the hill towards the sportsman, either by hallooing or showing himself; at the same time giving warning by the manner of his halloo which way they are likely to take. The sportsman must be thoroughly acquainted with all the passes, or have some person with him who is; and, running from one "snib" to another, in obedience to the signal below, catch sight of the horns of the herd, as with serpentine ascent they wind their wary way. From the zigzag manner in which they often come up, it is very difficult to make sure which pass will be the favoured one; and I have been within a few hundred yards of the antlers when the prolonged shout from below has warned me that I had an almost perpendicular shoulder of the hill to breast at my utmost speed before I could hope to obtain the much-desired shot. If the wind is at all high, so determined are the deer to face it, that, unless there are a great number of drivers, one herd after another may take the wrong direction; but if the day is favourable, with only a light breeze, a knowing driver or two will generally manage to send them up to the rifle. When the deer have selected their pass, should you be within fair distance, with both barrels cocked, beware of making the slightest motion, especially of the head, until you mean to fire. Even when perfectly in view, if you lie flat and do not move, the herd are almost sure to pass. One or two hinds generally take the lead. The fine old harts, if there are any in the herd, often come next; but sometimes, if very fat and lazy, they lag in the rear. When the first few hinds have fairly passed, the rest are sure to follow, until their line is broken and their motions quickened by a double volley from the rifle.

"When stalking last September, in Glenartney forest, by the kind permission of the noble owner, I had as fine a chance as man could wish spoiled by the scarcely-audible whimper of a dog. I was placed in a most advantageous spot, within near distance of the pass. Presently an old hind came picking her stately steps, like a lady of the old school ushering her company to the dining-room. Next her came a careless two-year old hart, looking very anxious to get forward, and perfectly regardless of danger. All was now safe—I felt sure of my shot; when, horror of horrors! a slight whimper was heard. The old hind listened, halted, and then turned short round upon the young hart, who instantly followed her example, and the whole herd ran helter-skelter down the hill. The unfortunate sound proceeded from one of the forester's two colleys, the only dogs Lord Willoughby allows in the forest: they are kept for the purpose of bringing to bay any deer badly wounded, and are never slipped upon other occasions. The marplot above alluded to is an old dog, and very good for the purpose: he had winded without seeing the deer—hence his mistake."

*Enthusiasm*, necessary to enable the deer-stalker to undergo fatigue and use exertion, is indeed the grand requisite of a sportsman; and who knows how much of this quality is daily exhibited in pursuit of some valueless bird or beast, which only required to be displayed in a higher sphere to be immortalized by poets or historians! The exploit of Cæsar in regarding his papers, when he had to take to the

water in a warm climate, is universally panegyrised; but what was that to the winter exploit of Master Colquhoun to obtain a golden-eye?

"My first attempts at shooting were in pursuit of wild-fowl, when quite a boy; and I still consider it superior to any other sport. In these early days, however, I had no idea to what perfection a retriever might be trained: if the dog took the water well, and was close mouthed, I expected no more. As I was always obliged to lead him by my side, he often spoiled my best chances, either by showing himself, or hampering me when crawling over difficult ground. I was at last so disgusted with these incumbrances, that I generally dispensed with their services, and trusted to my own resources to recover the killed and wounded. The consequence was, that the greater proportion of the latter always escaped; and unless the wind was favourable, not a few of the former were drifted away. On one occasion I was foolish enough to swim a hundred yards into the loch, in the middle of winter, after a golden-eye, and had some difficulty in regaining the land. I had watched it for some time, and at last succeeded in getting to the nearest point on the shore. The golden-eye, however, was diving a long shot off, as these shy birds not unfrequently do: without once considering that the wind was blowing strong from the shore, I fired, and the bird dropped dead. To my great chagrin, it was blown rapidly out into the rough water. What was to be done? Had it been able to make the slightest effort to escape, I could have allowed it; but there it lay, still as a stone. So, throwing off my shooting-jacket, and shoes, I plunged in, waded up to the neck, and struck out for my prey. By the time I reached the bird, it had floated fully a hundred yards; but getting its legs between my teeth, I wheeled about for the land. My difficulties now began, for the waves were very high, and dashed right into my face. Several times during my slow progress I determined to leave the golden-eye to its fate; and as often braced myself up again, unwilling to have so cold a bath for nothing. At last I neared the shore, got into calm water, and, after sounding once or twice, struck ground, and reached terra firma with my prize, the leg of which I had nearly bitten through during my exertions. It was an intensely cold day about the end of December, with frequent snow-showers; and had the golden-eye not been the most valued of the diving race, I should never have made such a fool of myself. I arrived at home quite benumbed, determining no more to act the part of a retriever."

---

## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

NEW VERSION.

*(To be said or sung at all Conservative Dinners.)*

I'll sing you a new ballad, and I'll warrant it first-rate,
Of the days of that old gentleman who had that old estate;
When they spent the public money at a bountiful old rate
On ev'ry mistress, pimp, and scamp, at ev'ry noble gate,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old laws were garnished well with gibbets, whips, and chains,
With fine old English penalties, and fine old English pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood once hot in rebel veins;
For all these things were requisite to guard the rich old gains
Of the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

This brave old code, like Argus, had a hundred watchful eyes,
And ev'ry English peasant had his good old English spies,
To tempt his starving discontent with fine old English lies,
Then call the good old Yeomanry to stop his peevish cries,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old times for cutting throats that cried out in their need,
The good old times for hunting men who held their fathers' creed,
The good old times when William Pitt, as all good men agreed,
Came down direct from Paradise at more than rail-road speed. . . .
Oh the fine old English Tory times;
When will they come again!

In those rare days, the press was seldom known to snarl or bark,
But sweetly sang of men in pow'r, like any tuneful lark;
Grave judges, too, to all their evil deeds were in the dark;
And not a man in twenty score knew how to make his mark.
Oh the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

Those were the days for taxes and for war's infernal din;
For scarcity of bread, that fine old dowagers might win;
For shutting men of letters up through iron bars to grin,
Because they didn't think the Prince was altogether thin,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

But Tolerance, though slow in flight, is strong-wing'd in the main;
That night must come on these fine days, in course of time was plain;
The pure old spirit struggled, but its struggles were in vain;
A nation's grip was on it, and it died in choking pain,
With the fine old English Tory days,
All of the olden time.

The bright old day now dawns again; the cry runs through the land,
In England there shall be dear bread—in Ireland, sword and brand;
And poverty, and ignorance, shall swell the rich and grand—
So, rally round the rulers with the gentle iron hand,
Of the fine old English Tory days;
Hail to the coming time!

*Examiner—Whig.*

From the Britannia.

## THE GREAT CONTINENTAL SWINDLING COMPANY.

[Abridged from the *Times*.]

If we are desirous that attention should be directed to the case of "Bogle v. Lawson," which was tried at Croydon, before Lord Chief Justice Tindal, on Monday last, it is not from any disposition to obtrude upon public notice matters in which we are ourselves personally concerned. The occasion would call for remark, even if we were not so immediately interested in it as we are. It is seldom that proceedings have taken place in a court of justice better calculated to illustrate, on the one hand, the national benefits of an independent press; and, on the other, the risks, difficulties, harassing expenses, and formidable responsibilities which those who conduct the public press must be prepared to encounter, if they are determined fearlessly and impartially to discharge their duty.

It is now fifteen months since we received from a correspondent at Brussels, on whom we had reason to place implicit reliance, copies of a judicial examination which had then lately taken place in Belgium, and of certain letters which had been intercepted by the police of that country. These documents furnished us with the particulars of a most singular and extensive conspiracy for fraudulent purposes, in which various persons of name and influence, Englishmen as well as foreigners, appeared to be implicated. The papers left no doubt upon our minds as to the guilty participation in the scheme of eleven individuals, two only of whom were then in the hands of justice.

That our readers may understand fully the importance to the commercial world of a complete and searching exposure of this infamous affair, we will here mention a few of the prominent facts which were proved or admitted upon the recent trial. Of the conspirators, one was a French Marquis, most respectably connected by marriage in this country. Another was a Baron, the son of a most distinguished General of the Empire and Peer of France. The third was a Count. The fourth was a Scotch gentleman, most highly connected, who for many years had represented the county of Stirling in Parliament; and the fifth was his son. The principal partner of a banking-house, in high credit at Florence, was asserted to be a sixth; and besides these, there were numerous other inferior agents and accomplices, both male and female. Such were the circumstances and position in society of the parties; and it must be admitted that a more formidable banditti, or one against which it would be more difficult for men of business to be upon their guard, never was organised.

These parties, having settled their plan of operations, resolved to attack the commercial world in the tenderest point. Every one knows what wonderful facilities have been given of late years to travellers upon the Continent, through the medium of circular letters of credit from the principal bankers of London. Such is the reputation of British commerce in every part of the world, so universally known and appreciated are the stability and punctuality in business of the great London houses, that a letter of credit from Messrs. Coutts and Co., or Messrs. Glyn and Co., is as readily recognised and as unhesitatingly honoured in Alexandria or Smyrna as if it were presented in Lombard-street or the Strand. But the very circumstances which make this letter-of-credit system so great an accommodation to the traveller, make it also peculiarly open to the machinations of fraud, it being almost impossible that every one of the thirty or forty firms in different cities to whom every circular letter of credit is addressed (and to the great majority of whom no one letter is likely to be presented,) should in every case be advised of the fact that such a letter has been issued by the London house. Money, therefore, is unavoidably advanced upon these letters, in the ordinary course of business, without advice; and for this reason the Marquis de Bourbel and his companions determined to carry on their fraud by means of forged letters of credit. We need hardly remark, that in proportion as the present facilities of travelling are valuable to the public, and in proportion also to the difficulty of guarding against this description of fraud, it was important that a conspiracy which threatened (if carried much further) to discredit circular letters of credit altogether, should be unsparingly exposed.

The conspirators having selected Messrs. Glyn, Hallifax, Mills, and Co., as the firm whose name they should use (no British banking firm having a more extensive mercantile connexion,) succeeded in possessing themselves of one of their genuine letters of credit, and in producing so perfect an imitation, both of the body of the letter and of the signature, that one of the partners in that house, when placed in the witness-box on Monday last, was at first unable to distinguish between the forgery and a genuine letter. With this instrument, multiplied by numerous copies, they carried on their schemes of depredation with surprising rapidity, and had they not been wholly deficient in caution, might have escaped detection for a much longer period than they did. The depositions put in at the trial proved that, within the space of a few days, they succeeded in obtaining upon these forged letters of credit upwards of £10,000.

It cannot be necessary for us to go into any further details to show that, as journalists enjoying an extensive circulation in this great commercial country, we should have been greatly wanting to our duty if we had neglected to give publicity to the facts relative to so unprecedented a conspiracy, as soon as they came to us in an authentic form, and more especially *to the names of the guilty parties*. Least of all should we have been justified in suppressing the name of a person situated like Bogle (the plaintiff in the late action,) at the head of a banking establishment of credit and connexion in the mercantile world, after satisfying ourselves of his guilt upon evidence sufficient to produce moral conviction in any unprejudiced mind. We did so satisfy ourselves, and we published his name accordingly—whether upon insufficient grounds we leave to be inferred from the verdict of the jury, which has estimated Mr. Bogle's character at the value of one farthing.

We feel that, under these circumstances, we may fairly take to ourselves the praise of having done some service to the public, by the disclosures which involved us in the recent vexatious and costly proceedings. If so, we are entitled to ask if it is not

unjust and unreasonable that a journalist, who does no more than his duty in a case of this sort, should be put to the alternative of either deceiving the public and promoting the designs of thieves by recanting statements in which all the mercantile world is interested, which he has published upon clear evidence, and which he knows to be true, or else of being forced at his own expense, to trace out and collect the legal proofs of a mass of transactions distributed all over the continent of Europe, in the face of unparalleled difficulties of every kind! For more than a year have we been engaged in making preparations for this trial; and law has done its worst to bully us into submission. Let our solicitor tell his own tale:—"Mr. Dobie was examined by Sir W. Follett—is the acting attorney for the defendant in this case. He went abroad on the 10th of August, 1840, for the purpose of collecting evidence. Visited for that purpose Paris, Brussels, Ostend, Genoa, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Parma, Cologne, Liege, Ghent, Antwerp, and Coblentz. He visited all the principal towns on the continent where forgeries had been committed and bankers had been robbed. He made frequent attempts to procure the original letters. Applied several times to the Garde des Sceaux, but did not at first obtain any answer from him. The Procureur du Roi said it was impossible to have the use of the original letters."

The greatest hardship of all consists in this, that after all the trouble and expense to which we have been put, and after obtaining what every man, woman, and child knows to be virtually a verdict in our favour, we are still debarred, in the present state of the English law, from that common measure of justice which gives a defendant harassed by groundless litigation a claim upon his adversary for his costs of suit. We do not complain of the nominal verdict for the plaintiff; it was the necessary result of the rule of law which compelled the jury (as instructed by the learned judge) to exclude from their consideration those letters of the conspirators, Bourbel and Graham, in which Bogle's name was mentioned, and upon which our own conviction of Bogle's guilt was originally grounded. We do not allege that there was direct evidence sufficiently clear to have convicted Bogle, had he been then placed on his trial for a criminal offence; but we do insist, that in a case where the jury decide that the plaintiff's character has sustained no injury, the defendant is morally and equitably entitled to his costs, whatever may be the formal verdict; and if the Legislature does not wish to throw impediments in the way of the discharge of the most useful functions of the press, we are entitled to demand and expect protection for the future against such unreasonable liabilities as those to which the recent action has shown us to be exposed.

### HISTORY OF THE CASE.

We doubt much that either in the *State Trials* or in the *Causes Celebres* a case can be found possessing a greater interest, more ingeniously contrived, more dramatic in the details, more daring in the conception, or, with some slight exceptions, more felicitous in execution, than the one the history of which we are now about to present to our readers.

Previously, however, to entering into any summary of this deeply ramified conspiracy, it may not be unnecessary to state, that the plot had for its object the plunder of the principal of the European bankers; and that the purpose and intent of the conspirators were to rob these gentlemen of about £1,000,000 sterling, and having achieved their daring purpose, the robbers were then by different routes to effect their escape to America, India, Algiers, or Egypt, as might be agreed on. The enquiry will at once present itself, how was this gigantic fraud to be accomplished? and to any one who has resided for a long time on the continent, we need scarcely answer—by the forgery of what are ordinarily termed "circular letters of credit." To the uninitiated it may be necessary to state, that an increased intercourse of our countrymen with the continent suggested, about sixty years ago, to Mr., afterwards Colonel, Herries (father of the Right Hon. Thomas Herries) the invention of these "*billets*." Tens of thousands of these circular letters are issued yearly by the different bankers, both in the city and the west end, for sums varying from £100 to £10,000. They are all engraved in blank, leaving spaces for the number of the letter, for the name of the bearer of it or payee, for the amount of the credit, and for the signature of the bankers.

The particular banking-house in London whose name was forged in the present foul transaction was the firm of Glyn, Hallifax, Mills, and Co. The letters of credit of this firm are engraved very much in the usual fashion. Affixed to the letters, or rather stamped on them, are the initials of the firm. Beneath this is a blank space for the payments, which are marked off as they are made on the continent, until the letter of credit is entirely exhausted. Annexed to, and forming a part of, the letter, are the names of the principal towns in Europe, beginning with Abbeville and ending with Zante. Opposite these names of localities are placed the names of the correspondents of Glyn and Co.

We are not in a condition to state when the first idea of this well-contrived fraud primarily entered into the mind of the chief conspirator; that it had been long conceived and deeply conned over is very probable; but all that is known for certain is, that two, or perhaps three, individuals at Florence must have talked of the feasibility of the plan either about the middle or towards the close of the year 1839.

It is not to be supposed that in the neighbourhood of a gay and brilliant city, such as the capital of Tuscany, there are not at all times many persons resident of more than equivocal character, and the year 1839 formed in this respect no exception to the ten previous years; but among all the characters resident within the dominions of the Grand Duke there were none so remarkable as the Marquis de Bourbel, and Cunningham Graham of Gartmore. Of the family of De Bourbel little is with certainty known. He has said himself that it was like the family of Barras, "old as the rocks of Provence." Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that M. de Bourbel entered life with no ordinary advantages; and while yet young became attached to the embassy of that excellent man M. Hyde de Neuville, then Ambassador of France to his most faithful Majesty the King of Portugal. He was afterwards, we believe, attached to the French embassy at Copenhagen, but left the capital of Denmark previous to his duel with M. Haidé, a gentleman of Greek extraction, in which the latter unfortunately fell. On the progress of M.

de Bourbel, whether in London or Paris, we do not care to dwell.

Subsequent to his fatal encounter with M. Haidé, he was looked upon as a gambler, duellist, and *roue*; and it is known ultimately became a member of the Secret French Police, of which he was likely to have been, not only from his specious and insinuating manners, but from his knowledge of languages, of the world, and of the principal European characters, a most effective member. To a person not unpleasing, and manners at once agreeable and polished, M. de Bourbel joined many and varied accomplishments. He spoke four of the European languages with fluency and facility, had travelled much, and possessed in no mean degree the talent of an agreeable *raconteur*. His taste in objects of art and *vertu* was matured by study and observation. He was himself no mean draughtsman, and painted in oils with some taste, to which he joined in perfection the more dangerous talent of a perfect caricaturist. In the masculine exercises he pre-eminently excelled. He rode, danced, fenced, and wielded the broadsword with uncommon dexterity; and, we have already seen, had with too fatal aim deprived an opponent of life. Somewhere about the year 1832 Bourbel married an English lady of considerable fortune. As at and after this period Paris became rather too hot to hold him, and as his reputation even in that laxest of European capitals was altogether gone, it is believed he spent a considerable portion of the years 1833 and 1834 in England. In the end of 1833 or the beginning of 1834 he proceeded with his wife, who had then become the mother of two or three children, to Florence, and remained in that capital till the spring of 1838, when he removed to a villa near to Leghorn.

Early in 1838 he eloped from Florence with an opera dancer, leaving his wife in the last month of her pregnancy. The repeated infidelities of De Bourbel, his altogether disreputable career, the general disesteem into which he had fallen, preyed on the spirits of Madame de Bourbel, and, joined to this last crowning act of infamy, of which she heard at the moment of her confinement, produced a shock from which she never recovered. She died in childbirth in the spring of 1838. De Bourbel now retired to the Villa Micali, a country house near to Leghorn, on the Florence-road. While here he did not remain in perfect seclusion. His solitude was occasionally interrupted by the visits of a remarkable man, one Cunningham Graham, formerly of Gartmore, in Scotland, but then, as now, an exile from his home and country.

Of ancient family and good estate, Graham had not only tarnished the fame of his ancestors, but had improvidently squandered the large inheritance which had descended to him. He left Scotland to avoid his creditors some time in the year 1828, and proceeded to Brussels. In 1832 or 1833 he removed to Florence, and there settled with his wife the mother of Mr. Bogle, whom he had married in her widowhood, two daughters, and a son named Alexander.—Graham was a man of considerable accomplishments, but withal cool, crafty, designing, and thoroughly unprincipled. He had a refined taste in the fine arts, had read much, and improved a memory naturally tenacious by use and exercise. It was, however, in the imitative and mechanical arts that he pre-eminently excelled. An excellent turner and mechanician, he formed and fashioned the tools which he afterwards used with surpassing ingenuity; and was thus enabled to trace not only copies of the rarest engravings of Rafael Morghen, but the choicest *chef-d'œuvres* of Domenichino and Guido Reni. If in the exercise of his ingenuity this had been the extent of his proceedings, all had been well; but it will be apparent by the sequel, that this machine of Graham's contrivance was not only formed to trace engravings and paintings, but the signatures of bankers. We have stated that Graham arrived in Florence in 1832 or 1833, and De Bourbel in 1833 or 1834. When or how they first became acquainted is not accurately known, but it is presumed it was not very long after De Bourbel's arrival in Florence. Graham had not sojourned for any considerable time in Florence when he was joined by his step-son, Allan George Bogle, the plaintiff in the action. The plaintiff is a native of Glasgow. His father, a West India merchant of some eminence, died several years ago, leaving plaintiff's mother (then Mrs. Bogle) surviving, who has since changed her name by becoming the wife of Mr. Cunningham Graham. Mr. Allan George Bogle entered early in life the Royal Navy, in which service he rose to the rank of Lieutenant. He is now, and has been some years, on half-pay. About the year 1834 he became the clerk of Mr. Johnstone, a banker at Florence, and shortly after, on his employer's failure, entered into business for himself, in the month of October, 1837. In November of the same year he entered into a partnership with Messrs. Kerrich and M'Carthy, which partnership was afterwards dissolved on the 11th of May, 1840.

During the whole of the year 1838, and so long in 1839 as De Bourbel remained in Florence, his intimacy with Graham continued to increase. They were bound together by a common need; their pursuits, principles, and tastes were nearly similar; and they resolved to better themselves by a bold and desperate stroke at the expense of the public. The absence of Graham in society, and his pre-occupied air when in company, began to engage the attention and excite the remarks of the society in Florence, in the end of 1838 and the beginning of 1839. It was then well known, though it does not appear in evidence, that he lived much with Bourbel; that they passed a great deal of time together in a workshop or turning room of Graham's, in which the latter had, at considerable expense, fabricated a machine, whose ostensible use was to trace pictures, but the real object of which was to enable the possessor to trace and imitate the signatures of bankers with unerring accuracy and verisimilitude.

All this time it must be borne in mind that the step-son of Graham was in the bank of Bogle, Kerrich & Co., one of the partners of which had commercial connexions of the very highest credit and respectability, by means of which the infant establishment was fast rising into profitable business.—Up to the month of November, 1837, there was no imputation on the character of Mr. Bogle. He lived quietly and respectably at Florence; and though it was known that his step-father was a person who left Scotland under discreditable circumstances, and that his son, Alexander Graham (who afterwards played a part in the conspiracy) was a debauched and dissolute young man, yet there was no imputation against the fair fame or repute of Mr. Bogle.—

In the spring of 1838 one of the partners of Mr. Bogle made a journey to England on matters connected with the firm. That partner was then informed that Mr. Bogle was addicted to gambling, a circumstance which gave him great uneasiness, in consequence of the nature of his business connexion with him. On his return to Florence, Mr. Kerrich took the earliest opportunity of mentioning to Mr. Bogle what he had heard, and received explanations which were considered satisfactory.

In March, 1839, De Bourbel was first introduced to the house of Bogle, Kerrich & Co., by Bogle himself. None of the other persons had more than a bowing acquaintance with the person so introduced. Early in December, 1839, elated with a hopeful consciousness of complete success, Bourbel started for England. Before leaving Leghorn, he addressed one Freppa, a kind of gambling banker and agent of his, a letter, wherein he, among other things, states that if he succeeded in certain speculations in which he was then about to embark, he would remit him (Freppa) 50,000 fr. to use for his advantage.

Arrived in London, De Bourbel soon discovered an old friend in the person of the Baron d'Arjuzon, a person respectably connected, but well known as uncontrollably addicted to gambling.*

There was little difficulty in securing the hearty co-operation of a man accustomed to the ordinary vicissitudes of a gambler's life, and d'Arjuzon entered into the scheme with readiness, if not with alacrity. The first object to be achieved was to gain a sufficient supply of such paper as is used by Glyn and Co. for their circulars—a species of paper which cannot be obtained on the continent. Application was made to a well known manufacturer, who at first refused; but when it was stated that the paper was needed for pictorial editions of certain works, he at once sold Bourbel a sufficient quantity for his purpose. The next object was to procure the printed portions of the letter of credit to be engraved—an operation which could only be successfully, and without chance of detection, performed in London. To accomplish this it became necessary to procure a letter of credit of Glyn & Co. Accordingly, on the 7th of January, 1840, de Bourbel handed to his friend d'Arjuzon £150, with which he went to Glyn & Co., and obtained one of their letters of credit, and which was signed by Mr. Hallifax, jr. Having thus obtained both an original letter and a sufficient supply of the paper on which it was to be engraved, Bourbel employed one Gullem, an engraver, residing in Windmill-street, Haymarket, to make the copperplates; while one Palmer received directions from him to make the seal. Perry, *alias* Ireland, whose deposition was read, and who was then a poor engraver without the means of support, was next employed by him to throw off a great many copies. This was effected at De Bourbel's lodgings in the Quadrant, Regent street. These copies were forwarded carefully to old Graham, who, aided in all likelihood by others in the plot, traced on them by means of his copying machine, the signature of Glyn, Hallifax, Mills & Co.

All was now in active preparation for the emission of these forged letters; but there yet wanted instruments to present them simultaneously in the principal cities of the continent. With a view to this purpose, the following parties were taken into the plot, independently of the original conspirators:—

1. D'Arjuzon, who was to travel under the name of De Castel.

2. Marie Rosalie Desjardins, the mistress of D'Arjuzon, who was to travel under the name of Countess of Vandec.

3. A person of the name of Frederick Pipe, who was to travel under the name of Dr. Coulson. It is by some said that this Pipe had been a footman to a respectable gentleman of the name of Coulson, but the better opinion seems to be that he was a son of a veterinary surgeon, and has practised as such.—When he became known to Bourbel he was connected with some of the gambling houses of the Quadrant.

4. Charlotte Anne Pipe, said to be the wife of the last mentioned person, and who was to travel under the name of Lenoy. This woman had some time previously gained an unenviable notoriety as a Mrs. Pow, having been tried at the Central Criminal Court for the poisoning of her husband.

5. Alexander Graham (the son of Cunningham Graham, who was to travel under the name of Robert Nicholson, whose letter of credit, (we mean of the real, not the fictitious Nicholson) it will be borne in mind the plaintiff Bogle handed to Graham the elder, in order to trace the signature.

6. Charles Gerard de Paindry, calling himself Count de Paindry, whose title we have in vain sought in the dictionary of French noble houses.

7. Thomas W. Perry, *alias* Ireland, who did not speak French, who was therefofe paired with the woman Pipe, who spoke it fluently, being a native of Jersey, and having been at school for two years at a French boarding school at Bologne.

All being in a state of readiness, at the end of March, De Bourbel, Perry, and the woman Pipe, started from London for Calais, and arrived in the latter city on the 28th of March, 1840. They immediately left Calais for Ostend, where they arrived on the 29th. At Ostend they met with D'Arjuzon (*alias* De Castel) and his mistress Desjardins (*alias* Countess de Vandec,) together with a little girl and Frederick Pipe (*alias* Dr. Coulson), the husband of Charlotte Ann Pipe.

On the 1st of April, the whole of this party, (excepting De Bourbel and Pipe, *alias* Dr. Coulson) proceeded, accompanied by two servants, to Aix-la-Chapelle, where Alexander Graham was in waiting for them under the assumed name of Robert Nicholson. They all took up their abode at the Hotel Bellevue, where they remained, living in good style, till the 19th of April, a day or two before the operations were arranged to commence simultaneously in Belgium, on the Rhine, and in Italy.

It was, it appears, no part of the original compact that the three principal conspirators should present themselves with the forged letters. The chief conspirators limited their operations to the finding of

* This Baron d'Arjuzon is the son of Count d'Arjuzon who was made a peer of France by Bonaparte in May, 1815. In 1806 he was named President of the College of the Electoral Department of the Eure, and was subsequently appointed First Chamberlain of the Queen Hortense, wife of Louis Bonaparte. He enjoyed extreme favour while in the service of Hortense, and had sufficient interest with her to cause his wife, the Countess, to be appointed her *dame de compagnie*.

fitting instruments. Bourbel, having accordingly placed the subordinate actors under the command of D'Arjuzon (*alias* De Castel), proceeded with Pipe (*alias* Dr. Coulson) to Paris, on their way to Italy, in order to be there in time for the commencement of simultaneous operations in that country on the 21st, the day agreed on. At Nice they met old Graham by appointment, who, it appears from the intercepted correspondence seized by a Judge d'Instruction in France, "declared the letters to be perfection, and that it would be impossible to refuse them." It was at Nice, too, that, on the 14th, Bourbel, after an interview with old Graham, wrote to Graham the younger to be of good courage; to act vigorously; that all was right, "and a proof of all is right is, that Bogle lets him come and embark in the affair. Bogle and your papa are convinced that all will turn out well, and that the letters of credit must be paid." By the very same post, *i. e.* the 14th of April, Bourbel wrote to D'Arjuzon pretty much in the same strain, with the addition of the following remarkable words:—"The banker of Florence says he is certain all will go on perfectly." The day following, namely, the 15th of April, Bourbel left Nice for Florence, where it is believed he arrived about the 18th. On Monday the 20th of April, the day previous to the grand simultaneous movement of the subordinate agents, Bourbel drew a check on the bank of Bogle, Kerrich & Co., for 100 dollars, which was initiated in a very tremulous hand by Mr. Bogle, the plaintiff. How Bourbel received the money is not known, for he was not the bearer of the check himself, nor did any one come with it on his behalf. This is a matter which Mr. Bogle has left unexplained. On the day following, the 21st, Bourbel, however, did appear, and was closely closeted with the plaintiff Bogle in a private room, to which strangers and the public had no ingress, for upwards of two hours. Twice did Mr. Kerrich go to the door of this room, and on each occasion he found it locked, a circumstance which excited his astonishment. The place where these two worthies were secluded was the strong room too, forbidden to strangers, where cash and securities were lying about in all directions, yet there lurked the Marquis de Bourbel for two mortal hours and upwards, sitting behind the desk with Allan George Bogle. Let us, however, remember that the 21st was the grand day of operations—that on that day De Pindray was to present his maiden letter of credit—that the result of the general operations in Italy mainly depended on this De Pindray's success in Florence—that two of the persons most interested in this success were, according to Perry's disposition, Bogle and Bourbel—let us remember this, we say, and then a key is found to decipher this otherwise inexplicable and enigmatical conduct.

Shortly after De Bourbel had left the bank, the Count de Pindray entered Mr. Bogle's room, presenting to him a circular letter of Messrs. Glyn & Co. This person was quite a stranger to Messrs. Kerrich and M'Carthy; whether he was unknown to Bogle does not appear. Bogle handed over the letter so presented to his partner, Mr. Kerrich, who, on looking at it, found it to be a letter for £2000, in favour of the bearer, De Pindray. £200 was then demanded on this letter, and paid to De Pindray in gold.

On the following day, Wednesday, the 22d, on Mr. Kerrich's arrival at the bank, at a quarter past ten, he found the Count in earnest conversation with Messrs. M'Carthy and Bogle. The Count had come to return the gold. After leaving the bank the day before he had gone to a shopkeeper's, named Phillipson, to take up more money on the letter, and having left it in the possession of this person, he returned it to De Pindray in the evening, expressing some doubt of its genuineness. "At first," said the much-injured Count, "I determined to pass this over, but on reflection it is a matter which touches my honour."

The indignant persistency of the Count; his defiant tone and manner, the air of ingenuousness and truth which he assumed, wrought upon Messrs. Kerrich and M'Carthy; the bills which the Count had given on Glyn and Co. were destroyed, and the entry on the circular letter was underwritten in the next line—"The above payment cancelled by desire of the bearer—Bogle, Kerrich, and Co."

After enacting the solemn farce of Wednesday, the 22d of April, and putting his tongue in his cheek as he laughed at the credulity of mankind, De Pindray proceeded on his way to Bologna and Venice. On the 23d we find him presenting his letter of credit to Landi and Roncadelli, and obtaining £347 odd; and on the 25th £40 from the brothers Dubois, of Venice.

At Venice this accomplished sharper took the steamer for Trieste, where, on the 29th, he received £1,612 6s. from Mr. Richard Routh. Mr. Routh was so struck with his pleasing manners that he invited him to his opera-box on this evening, and he afterwards supped at his house. Reciprocating Mr. Routh's good offices, he left his carriage with that gentleman to dispose of, after which Mr. Routh was to remit him the proceeds to Greece or Egypt.

Pass we now from Florence, and from the consideration of Bogle, Bourbel, and De Pindray to what was doing in other parts of Europe by the subordinate conspirators on this said 21st of April. At Genoa Frederick Pipe (otherwise Dr. Coulson) presented to Gibbs and Co., one of the letters of credit for £2,000, requesting to be paid £1,500 in gold, for the purpose, as he stated, of purchasing works of art. Gibbs paid the money, and Coulson signed the usual bills on Glyn and Co., for the amount. Graham the elder accompanied Coulson, and as Perry (*alias* Ireland) was in the like manner in his operations accompanied by D'Arjuzon, it is presumed these individuals took charge of the money. On the following day Coulson presented another letter of credit to Nigra and Son at Turin, and obtained thereon £600 sterling; on the 23d Coulson and Graham were at Milan, where the former obtained from Pasteur Girod and Co. £800 on another letter of credit. On the 24th £800 was obtained from Louis Laurent and Co. From Parma, Coulson and Graham went by steamer to Rome, necessarily taking Leghorn in their way. At the villa Micali they had an interview with Bourbel with a view to report progress. It is also certain that they transferred to him his share of the booty, for on the 28th of April it appears by the police-books that De Bourbel came into Florence, and Freppa, his banker, admits that on that day he received from him 1,700 Napoleons in gold. These parties next proceeded to Rome. We find them in the "eternal city" on the 28th of April, where Coulson presented himself to M. Le Mesurier, and having asked for £200, was paid it.

He returned and requested £1,300 more, which caused M. Le Mesurier to hesitate, as this was the first time he had honoured any letter of Glyn and Co. Coulson became enraged at this hesitation, saying his father had sent him out to execute a commission he had received to purchase pictures, and that if the money was not paid he should repay the £200, return to England, and his father should bring an action against Glyn and Co. for the expenses of the journey, as well as damages for being thus disabled by the act of their own agent from fulfilling his engagement. On a full consideration of the circumstances, and after consulting the English consul and another gentleman, Le Mesurier and Co. paid the money.

Let us now view the proceedings of the conspirators on the Rhine. After leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, the Countess Vandec (D'Arjuzon's mistress) proceeded to Cologne, where she presented, on the 22d of April, a letter of credit for £800 to S. Oppenheim, jun., and Co., on which she received £500. No suspicion was excited, as she travelled in her private carriage with a courier and the little girl before mentioned.

After leaving Cologne she proceeded to Coblentz, and on the 23d of April presented a fresh letter of credit to Messrs. Deinhard and Jordan, on which she requested and was paid £500, after every possible enquiry had been made.

On the 24th Madame Vandec presented herself to Gogel, Kock, and Co., with a letter of credit for £800, and obtained thereon £520.

At Mentz she obtained a further sum of £500 from Human and Mappes Fils on another letter of credit, and after these dexterous feats proceeded to Paris.

On the 20th of April (on which day the forged letters of credit had arrived from Nice—for De Bourbel, with Graham and Coulson, was there on the 14th) D'Arjuzon (*alias* De Castel) with Perry (*alias* Ireland) left Aix-la-Chapelle, where they had resided from the 1st of April without doing any effective business, and proceeded to Liege. In the street inhabited by the bankers Nagelmackers and Cerfontaine the Baron handed to Perry a letter of credit for £800, which the latter presented to these bankers, and asked £550, which was refused, because his passport was not regular. He, however, returned next day, and received £100, of which De Castel took £80, giving Ireland £20 for his trouble. From this they proceeded to Brussels, on the 21st or 22d of April, when they presented to Engler and Co. a fresh letter of credit for £1,490, and received thereon £750. Of this sum Perry (*alias* Ireland) received £250, the Baron D'Arjuzon (*alias* De Castel) taking the balance. Ghent was visited by the same parties on the 23d, when Perry presented to De Meulemeester and Son the same letter of credit on which he had previously received £100 at Liege, but he here met with a refusal, De Meulemeester and Co. stating that they had no letter of advice from Glyn and Co.

Later on the same day, the 23d, Perry (*alias* Ireland) proceeded to Antwerp, and presented to M. Agie the same letter of credit presented to Engler and Co.; but M. Agie thinking it extraordinary that a man of Ireland's appearance should require a further advance beyond the £750 which he had so recently obtained from Engler and Co. (the applicant being, as he admitted, about to embark for England,) refused, because of the want of advice. The real motive of M. Agie was, that he suspected a fraud, and communicating his suspicions to M. Engler, that gentleman sent instructions to have Perry (*alias* Ireland) arrested. He was accordingly arrested on Saturday morning, the 25th of April, together with the woman Pipe, on board the Ostend steamer bound for London, and safely placed in the custody of the Belgian authorities. On the day previous to this arrest—namely, the 24th, Alexander Graham (*alias* Robert Nicholson) had obtained £150 from the bankers of Aix-la-Chapelle on another forged letter of credit.

These were the different robberies effected on the continent, making a grand total of £10,700.

This extraordinary conspiracy having thus become known by the arrest of two of the subordinate actors, it was immediately noticed in one of the Brussels papers, and afterwards by Galignani's newspaper in Paris. Before, therefore, any effectual steps could be taken to arrest the other conspirators, they had notice of the discovery of the plot, and made their escape to different parts of the world.

We have now brought down the history of this extraordinary conspiracy to the period of its discovery. The leaders of the conspiracy appear, by the intercepted letters, to have provided for the possibility of detection, by directing the acting agents to make good their retreat to Algiers, India, Egypt, and America.

As to De Bourbel, we know (though it did not appear in evidence) that this "*Ladraccio*," after handing over to Freppa the 1,700 Napoleons on the 28th of April, returned to his residence at the Villa Micali, near Leghorn, on the 29th, and nothing more is heard of him, till his friend Freppa received a letter from him, dated Empoli near Florence, the 10th of May. In this communication, he expresses great anxiety that Freppa should obtain a passport for him in Freppa's own name. The next communication from this scamp was by a letter dated Valencia, in Spain, the 31st of May, 1840. In this he requests Freppa to remit to him the balance of cash in his hands. It is believed that, at the present moment, this dexterous villain is in London, and that he has aided the plaintiff not only with his councils and cash, but with some portion of that cunning and craft, of which he possesses so abundant a store.

As to Coulson and Graham, they reached Naples about the 1st of May. Graham found his way to Via Reggia, in Corsica, while Coulson proceeded to Algiers, and thence by Marseilles, to England. Graham the elder afterwards returned to Leghorn on his way to Florence, with a view, doubtless, to destroy the machine in Mr. Kerrich's possession; but, being seized by the police, he was conducted by them to the limits of the Duchy of Tuscany at Lucca, and ordered never to return again to the Grand Ducal dominions. The seal with which the stamp on the forged letters of credit was made was found on his person, but most unaccountably returned to him.

The Count de Pindray was overtaken at Jassy, in Moldavia, and, on returning some thousand francs to those who pursued him, was set at liberty. He was afterwards put under the surveillance of the police at Constantinople, by order of the French Consul, transferred to Genoa, and subsequently to Aix,

where the Court declared its incompetency to take cognizance of the affair. We shall have more to say on this subject on a subsequent occasion.

As to Alexander Graham, he was so completely worn out in constitution by an infectious disease, that he was unable to travel. This may account for the small share he had in these nefarious transactions. He recently died under an assumed name in a *Maison de Sante* near Paris, in great want and misery.

D'Arjuzon and his mistress narrowly escaped the pursuit of the Rhenish bankers. It is not known where they now are, but it is believed they passed through Bologna on their way to France in the month of November of the past year. The foregoing is a summary of the information obtained by the defendant's attorney in Italy, Germany, and Belgium.

In the trial that has taken place, we have not shrunk from our responsibility, nor yielded a pin's point in the cause. At an expense of some thousands of pounds we have stood by our Correspondent, because we believe it to be right so to do. We have performed the duty we owed to our correspondent, to ourselves, to the bankers of Europe, and to the community at large, and we have every reason to be contented with the result.

Bogle v. Lawson.—This was an action for libel brought by the plaintiff, Allan George Bogle, against the defendant John Joseph Lawson, as the representative of the *Times* newspaper. The defendant had pleaded, first, that he was not guilty; secondly and thirdly, a justification as to the whole of the alleged libel; and, fourthly, a justification as to a part of the alleged libel. The case was tried at Croydon, on Monday, before Chief Justice Tindal and a special jury. During the hearing, which excited great interest from the extraordinary nature of the circumstances, the court was much crowded. A large number of elegantly dressed ladies occupied the galleries.

Mr. Thesiger appeared for the plaintiff, who was himself present during nearly the whole of the trial; and Sir W. Follett for the defendant.

As a full statement of the extraordinary circumstances connected with the trial appears in another part of this day's Britannia, we shall here confine ourselves to that portion of the evidence which tended specially to the elucidation of the main point at issue; namely, whether Mr. Bogle was or was not concerned in the daring conspiracy formed to obtain immense sums of money from continental bankers by means of forged letters of credit.

In making public this extensive scheme of swindling, in May, 1840, the *Times* published, from its Brussels correspondent, the whole of the circumstances which could at that time be ascertained, giving the confession of Perry, one of the principal conspirators, who had been apprehended in Belgium, and letters which had been found, illustrative of the plot. In the confession and letters the name of Mr. A. G. Bogle, the plaintiff in the present action, appeared as one of the members of the gang, and he instituted proceedings against the *Times* newspaper, for having published statements which, if true, must prove destructive to his character, and utterly ruin him in the estimation of the world.

For the plaintiff, Mr. Thesiger eloquently contended that there was no evidence to prove that Mr. Bogle was a member of the conspiracy; that his previously unblemished character was strong presumptive proof in his favour; that his position in society, as the chief partner in a prosperous banking-house, placed him above all temptation to join in so desperate a scheme, and rendered it all but certain that, whether the plot succeeded or failed, his part in it must ultimately be discovered, and that discovery prove his ruin; and that as to the mention of his name by the conspirators, it might easily be accounted for by his connexion with Graham, which might have led the other members of the gang into error, or by the wish of some of the leading villains to involve an innocent man in their guilt. The learned counsel contended that Bogle's private interview, on the 21st of April, 1840, with Bourbel, who was well known in Florence, was not at all irreconcilable with the supposition of his perfect innocence, and that his whole conduct, in demanding a full and public investigation of this case, showed that he had nothing to dread from a rigid enquiry into his conduct.

Sir Wm. Follett on the other hand, for the defence, relied principally on the confession of Perry, the letters of the conspirators, and the evidence of Mr. Kerrich, the partner of Mr. Bogle. Perry, on his examination before the magistrates of Brussels, said:—

"In a conversation between Graham and Bourbel I heard them say that Bogle would gain his share of the plunder easily, as he would have very little to do in the business. My passport was in the name of 'Field.'"

In letters written by different members of the conspiracy, before they commenced their operations, passages occurred implicating Bogle. In a letter written by Bourbel to D'Arjuzon, and dated "Nice, April 15," there is this passage:—

"Dear Louis,—All goes on well. Graham, the elder, is here. He performs his duty. He is convinced that all will go on admirably. The *banker at Florence* has received from London (from ——) a very friendly letter upon indifferent matters, and he (the banker at Florence) says he is certain that all will go on perfectly well."

"FROM CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM TO HIS SON.

"Nice, April 14.

"My dear Alexander,—I have just met B. I see that you had received and opened the letter that I had written to him, and which arrived after his departure. You have, therefore, seen all that concerned you, and all that I advised you. If all goes on well, I will aid you willingly, but you cannot expect that I can sacrifice all for you. You must therefore judge for yourself how you ought to act, and if you do so act, you must pay the greatest attention to the orders which are given to you, and to the suggestions which I have given; especially avoid drink during business time, or you are sure to spoil all, for I am convinced that unless you are under the influence of wine you will act suitably in all this affair. Do not seek to deceive your friends. Act honourably towards B., otherwise you would bring disaster in the midst of all those whom it concerns.

"Your journey to Norway would be preferable.

"Your devoted."

"FROM BOURBEL TO ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

"My dear Alexander,—I have met your father. The old man is not wanting in courage, and gives himself up entirely to this business; and a proof that all goes on well is, that Bogle suffers him to come and take a part in this affair.

"Bogle and your father are convinced that all will go on well, and that the papers (letters of credit) must be paid. Your father leaves you to decide upon acting according to your own will, and certainly for your good, and that of your family, you must commence operations."

Mr. Bogle left Florence by the express orders of the Government of that country on the 28th of May, 1840. On the 8th of June a packet arrived directed to Messrs. Bogle Kerrich, and Co., Florence; bearing on the cover, "Algiers, May, 30th 1840, *via* Netza." Upon being opened, there was inside, "Private.—A. G. Bogle, Esq." Another packet precisely similar, arrived on the 17th of June. Mr. Kerrich at that time did not feel himself justified in opening the papers or examing the covers, but a communication was made immediately to the English Chargé d'Affaires at Florence respecting them, Mr. Kerrich kept them till the 29th of June, or sometime thereabout, when a M. Le Mesurier, a banker at Rome, who had been defrauded by Pipe to a great amount, was at Florence, and in the course of the investigation, and under the conviction of Bogle's guilt, which was gradually forcing itself on his mind, Mr. Kerrich produced the papers; M. Le Mesurier immediately on seeing them said, "That paper is in the handwriting of the man that swindled me." Upon this the English Ambassador directed that they should be opened in his presence. In the first packet were the following letters in the handwriting of Pipe:—

"Algiers, Afrique, May 27, 1840.

"My dear B.,—After 10 days dreadful passage I arrived at Bona, being driven upon Galatia Island; 4 days at Malta. There was no steamer to Algiers, so I was obliged to take the first thing that started, which was a Maltese Bombarde; at Bona I had to wait 4 days for steamer, and arrived here on the 26th; here is no steamer for either place you mention—so I have taken my place for Toulon, and start upon Saturday—where I shall go from immediately I can get a place to Marsellas, and from thence to Paris, and then you know where I will write to you everything (where you may always find me from, you know)—I am truly sorry that things turned out so badly, but what could you expect from P.? I am willing to be a share towards windmill street to assist you, so as it should not all fall upon you and I think the others ought to do the same. I received two letters from you—enclosing one from my wife and one from G. All right—don't be funky keep up your spirits. I have altered P—t to *Hautson*. Don't you think that will do.

"I am much more recovered, having heard from my wife will you write to her and tell her I shall be at the place about the 17th, and for her to be there I wrote a letter from Malta to you, and I expected to have received one from you in answer but none arrived G. says P. has split upon you; I hope not—I—*t* him—*shoot* him—but he is no good—write to me—Mr. Samont General Post-Office, London, so as I get it about 20th.

"I merely write this to let you know as yet I am safe and to tell you—what quarter I am making for. So good by and God bless you.

"To the Marquis de Bourbel."

"May 27th.

"My dear Sir,—I wrote to you at Malta and requested you would answer my letter but no answer arrived here. Write to my wife, and tell her to be at the place she stated on or before the 17th of June. I calculate being there by that time. I received one letter from you yesterday when I arrived. I reached here 26th May, start for Toulon 29th.

"You say nothing about yourself or any one, except P. If any thing to say, write to me General Post-office, London. I shall be there on 20th, if Please god all well.

"So good by god bless you.

"To C. Smith, Esq."

In the second packet were these letters:—

"Lazarata, Toulon, June 4th, 1840.

"My dear B.,—I deem it proper to write a few lines to you from here, requesting you to write immediately to my wife, acquainting her that I am on my route for England, and also you write to me immediately you receive this telling me where I can see you and when make your own appointment, and depend upon my being there at the time, if you think a letter will reach me in time to Paris write there—if not General Post-office London. I shall have ended my quarantine upon Tuesday the 9th, at 6 in the morn shall be at Marsellas upon that day, and I think in Paris the 13, or 14. I have obtained another Passport without any description of person—the name you already know as I wrote to you from algeirs, at Bona I introduced myself to the English Consul and invited him to dine with me which he did, and he introduced me to a Mr. Billon the Governor and I dine with him—he gave me letters of introduction to Algiers, at Algiers I made friends with the Consul and dined with him, and he gave me a new Passport, it appears by G—— and the Papers that P was stopt or some one in Holland. You told me no one did Holland. You write me false, I shall find all out with an English Lady, if any letters have arrived to you from my wife, which I suppose have for me, forward them immediately to me with every information you know—if you are at Constantinople as G wrote, write to me immediately when I can see you and where. I tremble at entering Toulon and Marsellas, but God is my protector and I am not funky.

"I am, my dear Sir, your truly

"I forgot to tell you that I also got my old Passport from the English Consul so they have no signature of mine.

"Marquis de Bourbel, Poste Restante, Leghorn, Tuscana."

Lazarata, Toulon, June 4, 1840.

"My dear Sir,—I deem it proper to write to you from here requesting you to write to me Alexanders address in London, and also if you have any letters from my wife to forward them immediately to me, General Post-office London, and also to beg of you to write Per Post to her acquainting her that I am on

my route for Joining her in England as she requested —if you think a letter will reach me in time in Paris write. I shall leave upon the 9th in the morn, and shall be at Marsellas on that day and in Paris upon the 13 or 14, so do calculate the time. I have obtained another Passport without any signature or description of Person, I made friends with the Consul of Cona, and dined with him, who introduced me to the Governor of that Town of whom I also dined and got from him letters of introduction to Algiers and at Algiers I made friends with the English consul, and also dined and from him obtained another Passport, and also have got my old one and tore it up, and put it into the sea so they have no signature of mine—when you write tell me all the news, it appears that some person did Holland, and was stopt. The M. wrote to me and told me dam lies I dont like it much but I trust I shall see all of you soon, when all grievances will be settled I suppose amicably.

"I am, dear Sir, yours Truly.

"Charles Smith, Esq., Post Restante, Florence, Tuscana."

Sir W. Follett contended it was quite clear that as no one knew a person of the name of Charles Smith at Florence, not even Mr. Kerrich, and as Bogle, to whom these letters were addressed under cover, refused to explain who he was, this Mr. Smith could be no other than Mr. Bogle himself.

The evidence of Mr. Kerrich was also important.

Mr. Thomas Kerrich stated that he had resided at Florence for some years, and formerly carried on the business of a banker, in conjunction with Mr. Bogle and Mr. M'Carthy. The partnership commenced in 1837. First became acquainted with Bogle in 1835, when he first went to reside at Florence. He afterwards was clerk in the house of a Mr. Johnson. Mr. Cunningham Graham became acquainted with him in 1835, but did not know his son Alexander Graham. After he commenced business he was in the habit of seeing Graham from time to time at the banking-house. Their house was one of the correspondents of Glyn and Co. Knew Mr. Robert Nicholson, who brought him a letter of credit from Messrs. Glyn and Co. Several advances were made upon it, the first was in November, 1839, and the second in January, 1840. When the first payment was made Mr. Nicholson left the letter of credit with him, and he put it into a tin box, which he kept on his desk at his office. It was not usual to leave letters of credit with bankers. Mr. Bogle was aware that he had the letter. About the end of December, 1839, Bogle asked him for the letter, but did not say what he wanted it for. He (witness) asked him whether Nicholson was about drawing again, and he said he did not know. Witness gave him the letter, and he kept it about three hours, and then returned it. Mr. Nicholson had not drawn upon it when it was returned. Knew a person who called himself the Marquis de Bourbel. Was introduced to him by Bogle, in March, 1839. The marquis opened an account with them. He then resided sometimes at Florence, and sometimes at Leghorn. The marquis left for England in January, 1840, and did not return till April, 1840. Bogle's room was where the cash was kept and paid, and is divided by a glass partition. On one occasion, early in January, he saw the marquis in Bogle's room; he then went outside the partition. Witness left the room, and on his return in about half an hour, he was inside the p ivate room with Bogle. Witness tried to get into tne room, but the door was fastened, and he went away. Could see through the glass door that the marquis and Bogle were in close conversation. They remained together two or three hours. A person who called himself the Count de Pindray, presented a letter of credit at the bank—(letter produced.) Bogle was in at the time, and he introduced him to witness. He examined the signature, and he believed it to be the genuine signature of Glyn and Co. The count drew £200 upon it, and gave three bills of exchange for the amount. On the following day the count returned with the letter, and requested to have the bills back upon his returning the £200, and stated his reason for so doing that the authenticity of the letter had been doubted, and he appeared very indignant. Heard Mr. M'Carthy say that the count had endeavoured to obtain money upon it from a person of the name of Philipson, who had doubted its authenticity. Witness again examined it with other letters, and still believed it genuine. The £200 was returned, and he tore up the bills in the count's presence. Never saw him after that time. The first he heard of this conspiracy was from the English Consul on the 9th of May. He received some documents from him, and also from Messrs. Oppenheim and Co. respecting it. Finding that Bogle's name was mentioned in the transaction, witness went in search of him, it being after business hours, on a Saturday; found him at his own house; he then read the documents to him (the document which was a copy of the deposition of a person of the name of Ireland was read;) the particular portion alluded to was, that he (Ireland) had heard young Graham say that Bogle would easily earn his share, alluding to the conspiracy, as he had had but little to do in the business. When witness read the document to Bogle, his distress was very great, and it was painful to see him. He could not recollect precisely what he said, but he admitted that he was ruined. On the following day witness, accompanied by Mr. M'Carthy, called upon Bogle between eleven and twelve o'clock. He was then in bed. They had a long conversation, and he (Bogle) expressed his determination immediately to leave the concern, and declared that he would never enter the bank again. Witness begged of him to reflect before he took such a step, but he said he was determined, and desired him to take the keys of the bank which he had possession of. On the following day he saw him again, when a notice of dissolution of partnership was prepared. Mr. Bogle called at the bank once after that time; it was on the 23d May; and he then said that he had received an order from the police to leave the kingdom within five days, and requested him to intercede with the minister to get an extension of the time. He believed that Mr. M'Carthy made the application, but was not certain. Saw Mr. Bogle again after that time, and asked him why he did not go to his old place of resort, when he replied that he had not the spirits to do so. Bogle left the kingdom on the 28th of May, previous to which a parcel was received at the house addressed to the firm, bearing the Algiers post-mark. Upon opening it, it was found to contain only a letter, addressed to "A. Bogle, Esq. (private.)" After he left, two other

packets, similarly addressed, were received, and each containing enclosures as before (the letters and enclosures were produced.) Knew M. le Measurier, a banker, at Rome. Had a conversation with him on the subject of the forgeries, and showed him the letters he had received in consequence of some remarks he had made. They took the letters to the English Minister, by whom they were opened. Was aware that Mr. Graham's family left Florence on the 29th or 30th of May. Before they left they sent a quantity of articles to his premises to be taken care. Amongst them was a lathe and the machine now produced. He took no notice of those articles at the time, but subsequently, in consequence of a communication made by a person of the name of Roster, he was induced to examine the machine, and found it was an invention for tracing signatures. When Bogle left, he did not say where he was going.

In his charge to the jury, Lord Chief Justice Tindal said the jury were aware that no man could bring an action for the recovery of damages for an allegation of which he complained, unless he proved it to be not founded in fact. No man could make a market of a bad character, by complaining of charges being made against him which were substantially true. If, instead of pursuing a civil remedy, he complained that the peace of the kingdom was likely to be broken in consequence of the publication of this libel, that would have been a very different matter; but he was now to answer the charge against him, and it was for the jury to say whether they were satisfied that the plea that Mr. Bogle was a party to the conspiracy was made out. If they were of that opinion, they would give their verdict for the defendant; and if they were not, then they must enquire what, under all the circumstances, they thought a reasonable compensation in damages. Then as to the question of damages—that in all cases of this sort was peculiarly the province of the jury. It was right to observe, however, that there was no malicious motive on the part of the defendant in the publication of this paragraph. Something was sent to them from which they never ought to have drawn the inference that the plaintiff was guilty of the charge, unless they were prepared to make it out by proof. Still there were statements made to them, which very properly they gave to the public, though they drew a rash conclusion from them. The jury must not lose sight of this fact. Then, again, they must observe that it was not this publication in the *Times* which caused Mr. Bogle to lose his situation as a banker, and to leave Florence, for that took place at a much earlier period. On the arrival of the news at Florence Mr. Bogle himself took the resolution to secede from the partnership and never again to enter the bank; therefore, damages for the loss of that partnership it would be unjust to charge against the defendant. Still, however, if they found their verdict for the plaintiff, it was for them to say, under all the circumstances of the case, what was a fair and reasonable compensation to Mr. Bogle. He should conclude by saying, that if the verdict was to be for the plaintiff, then they must, under all the circumstances, give not any vindictive damages—for the law of England knew none such—but such just and reasonable compensation as men of sense would give. This was the whole case, and he would leave them to make up their minds upon it.

The jury then retired, and in half an hour returned into court, and delivered their verdict as follows:—"We find for the plaintiff, one farthing damages." A titter went through the court.

At the opening of the court on Tuesday morning Mr. Thesiger on the part of the plaintiff, applied to his lordship to grant his certificate, that the plaintiff might obtain his costs.

His lordship refused to grant the application.

The consequence of this decision of his lordship is, that the plaintiff obtains one farthing damages and pays his own costs.

---

## PHANTASY FROM MENTAL ASSOCIATION.

THAT destructive brainworm demonomania is often excited in the mind of a proselyte by designing religious fanatics. Let the life of the selected person be ever so virtuous and exemplary, she (for it is usually on the softer sex that these impostures are practised) becomes convinced of the influence of the demon over her, and she is thus criminally taught the necessity of conversion—is won over to the erroneous doctrine of capricious and unqualified election.

These miseries do not always spring from self-interested impostors. The parent and the nurse, in addition to the nursery-tales of fairies and of genii, too often inspire the minds of children with these diabolical phantoms. The effect is always detrimental—too often permanently destructive. I will quote one case from the fourth volume of the *Psychological Magazine* of Jena. "A young girl, about nine or ten years old, had spent her birth-day with several companions of her own age, in all the gayety of youthful amusement. Her parents were of a religious devout sect, and had filled the child's head with a number of strange and horrid notions about the devil, hell, and eternal damnation. In the evening, as she was retiring to rest, the devil appeared to her and threatened to devour her. She gave a loud shriek, fled to the apartment where her parents were, and fell down apparently dead at their feet. A physician was called in, and she began to recover herself in a few hours. She then related what had happened, adding that she was sure she was to be damned. This accident was immediately followed by a severe and tedious nervous complaint."

## THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, ESQ.

Before the grave has closed upon his remains, even were time allowed, it might be considered inexpedient to offer to the public an attempt at a detailed Memoir of the life of one of its departed ornaments, and especially of a gem so brilliant in the social circle as Theodore Hook. Still there is something within us that says we ought not to let a moment pass, after so great a loss, without paying a passing tribute to his genius. Imperfect as it must necessarily be, yet a few words are due, like the funeral knell, to mark the descent to the tomb of an individual whose rich natural endowments have rarely been surpassed, and whose works have for many years filled so large a space in the literature of his country.

Theodore Hook was born, as we have heard him say, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, September 22d, 1788, and seemed from his earliest youth destined to be a cultivator of the polite letters of his age and country. He was the son of James Hook, the popular composer, whose pleasing strains delighted the preceding generation, (when Vauxhall Gardens were a fashionable resort,) by his wife, formerly Miss Madden, a lady of singular accomplishments. She was the author of "The Double Disguise," published in 1784; and died at South Lambeth in 1805, just as her youngest son had begun to exhibit his precocious talents. His father, a short time before his decease, received the appointment of organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Their elder son, the Rev. James (afterwards Dean) Hook, twenty years older than their youngest, Theodore, was also an author, and discovered a predilection for the drama before the Church put forth its higher claims upon his zeal and talent. He wrote "Jack of Newbury," an opera, 1795; and "Diamond cut Diamond," in 1797; and has always been considered the author of two novels, very effective and celebrated in their day, "Pen Owen," and "Percy Mallory." We need scarcely add that Dean Hook was the father of the Rev. Dr. Walter Hook, one of her Majesty's Chaplains, and Vicar of Leeds.

Thus cradled and nursed in the home of varied talent, it is no wonder that Theodore, on leaving Harrow, and having passed a term or two at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford,—he never remained long enough to take a degree,—should have thrown himself into the arms of the Muse. His indications of genius were early and remarkable. At the premature age of seventeen he produced his first drama, "The Soldier's Return," a comic opera, which was acted in 1805, and for which we have seen the amount he received in the shape of a cheque for £50. This was his first reward, and with the prospect of an exhaustless treasure before him—the gold to be coined from his own mind—he rushed with the ardour of that juvenile period of life, into the pleasures to which society in London courted the debutant who had so early distinguished himself in the great arena of dramatic competition.

Handsome, witty, and happy, Hook entered upon his gay career with every advantage. The associations of the stage, with all their attractions, were open to him on his father's account and his own; and he speedily formed intimacies with many of the pleasantest of pleasant men and women, who at that time were the soul of society in London. Their tricks, and jokes, and masqueradings, for the next few years, replete, as they were, with frolic and drollery, would fill a volume of whim, such, indeed, as he has sometimes introduced into his later novels. But, though playing in the bright stream of enjoyment, he did not allow luxury or idleness to interfere with graver pursuits. He continued to write with prolific industry, and with increasing popularity.

In 1806, he produced "Catch him who can," a farce; "The Invisible Girl," a drama, or monologue, written to exhibit the peculiar talent of his friend Jack Bannister; and "Tekeli," a melodrame, which was excellently acted, and caused a great sensation in the dramatic world. "The Fortress," another melodrame, followed in 1807; "Music Mad;" "The Siege of St. Quintin;" "Killing no Murder;" "Safe and Sound;" "Ass-ass-ination," and "The Will and the Widow." The last was produced in 1810, making in all not fewer than eleven dramatic compositions in three years.

Of these, "Killing no Murder" created the most sensation, the license being denied to it by Mr. Larpent, then Deputy Licenser, in consequence of his alleging that it turned a Methodist parson into ridicule. Hook defended his production, and flagellated the Licenser in a clever preface, which created much amusement, and ultimately obtained the victory for wit and satire over dulness and dogmatism. In representation, however, the character was of necessity transmogrified into that of a dancing-master, (Apollo Belvi,) so inimitably given by his friend Liston.

Soon after this Mr. Hook was appointed to an office of considerable value and responsibility in the Mauritius, whither he proceeded, with every prospect of fortune before him. But, alas! poets, dramatists, and literati, are in general but ill adapted to become accurate accountants-general, or clear plodding treasurers. It is no impeachment of intellect or honour to confess that the concerns of business, the cares and pains-taking, the constant attention to details, and a thorough knowledge of figures, (as applied not to verse but to money,) are seldom consistent with the devotion of the mind to the cultivation of letters. The realities of the one consort but ill with the imagination of the other; and from the perplexities of the former, men are but too apt to seek a dreamy and delightful refuge in the castle-building world of the latter. Mr. Hook held the place of treasurer of the Mauritius from the 9th of October, 1813, to the 28th of February, 1818, when the confused state of accounts intrusted to his charge, and by him too readily left to the management of others, led to his being sent home by the Governor under a charge of defalcation. The extreme hostility and severity of this measure were strongly animadverted upon at the time, and have been assigned to other than public reasons, but we know nothing of the intrigues or the amours of the Mauritius.

Conscious of integrity, though legally answerable for his trust, Mr. Hook made the best of his position, brought on, as he said, "by a disorder in his chest." His friends rallied round him in his adversity, and perhaps no place ever rung with louder bursts of laughter as the jest, and pun, and witticism followed in quick succession, among the merry souls who came to solace him, than did the abode in which he was temporarily confined.

Liberated, at length, he began again to write. Ever a stanch Tory in principle, the establishment of the John Bull newspaper formed a very important event in his life. He was selected to be its editor; and, besides holding a share in the property, he was allowed, as we have heard, a handsome weekly salary for this duty. It is not for us to enter into a discussion either upon the politics or personalities which marked the opening of this party battery; but we may truly say that the *eclat* given to its early numbers by his lavish talent raised the publication at once into a high degree of popularity and profit. Like the "Anti-Jacobin" of a preceding period, there were numerous poems, essays, and *jeux d'esprit* in the Bull from his pen, which will no doubt be collected, as they deserve to be, and published in a separate form.*

Mr. Hook's writings cover a space of twenty years, charming the public in many a way, whilst their gifted author was enjoying all the pleasures of the best society in the metropolis, all its gayeties and humours,—himself the most gay and humorous of its merry sons. His company was sought by the luxurious and by the intelligent; by the mirthful and by the wise; by the fair and by the learned. Wherever he came he was a welcome guest; and his arrival was the signal for hilarity and festivity. The dining-room and the drawing-room were alike his theatres: the former was enlivened by the jest and song, the latter by music and improvisation, of which he was master beyond any man that perhaps England ever beheld.

Our untractable language was to him as easy as the facile Italian, and whether seated at the genial board, with a few choice companions, or at the pianoforte, surrounded by admiring beauty, his performances in this way were the delight and admiration of all who heard them. They were, indeed, very extraordinary. Some of them might have been printed as finished ballads; and others, though not so perfect in parts as metrical compositions, were so studded with bright conceits, and often so touched with exquisite sentiment and pathos, that their effect upon the audience was evinced by shouts of laughter, or starting tears.

We remember one beautiful example of the latter. It was an early hour of morning, and the sun was rising on the banks of the Thames—another extempore song had been begged by a bevy of lovely dames, and granted to their request—and the subject given was "Good Night." Hook had proceeded through a few verses, and at length uttered a happy thought, which excited a hearty laugh in a beautiful boy standing by him; on which he turned to the child, and apostrophising the mounting orb of day, alluded in plaintive lines to his elders, to whom he was obliged to say "Good night," then striking a gayer strain, he wished *him* a brightened morning and a prosperous day. It is not easy to describe such things; but stern as well as soft hearts there were deeply affected by the touching appeal.

Of Mr. Hook's works of fiction, biography, &c., we cannot undertake to supply any correct list. His "Sayings and Doings," his "Gilbert Gurney," and "Love and Pride," his "Parson's Daughter," his "Maxwell," his "Jack Brag," his "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," have all been pre-eminently successful. His "Memoirs of Kelly," and his more important "Biography of Sir David Baird," have also been highly esteemed among contemporary works of a similar nature. In addition to a handsome sum paid for writing the latter, a magnificent diamond snuff-box was presented to him by Lady Baird, in token of her approbation of the manner in which he had executed the task. This box, which had been given by the Pasha of Egypt to Sir David Baird, Mr. Hook was justly proud of. We have also before us a prospectus of a contemplated History of the House of Hanover, which he had undertaken, but never lived to complete.

His last—alas! his last—work is a novel, called "Peregrine Bunce; or, Settled at Last," the MS. of which is in the possession of Mr. Bentley.

Of his character in private life we may be excused for borrowing a brief glance from a friend of thirty-six years' standing, who, in his Literary Gazette of the 28th ult. has said,—

"We have lost a social companion and friend of more than five-and-thirty years: a brilliant light of talent, and wit, and humour, is extinguished, by the early death of Theodore E. Hook, which (hardly is it possible to think of aught melancholy in connexion with him—but he is no more,) melancholy event took place at his house in Fulham, on the night of Tuesday last. Mr. Hook had been severely indisposed for several weeks, and at length sank under a complication of disease, which no remedies could stay. It is too early a time to speak of this singularly gifted individual, except in the spontaneous and general terms of that sorrow which flows from the thought that we shall never listen to his voice again; never hear those sparkling sallies which used to 'set the table in a roar;' never dwell with unmingled admiration on those extemporaneous effusions, in which he had no equal, and which were the delight and wonder of all who knew him; never witness that unabating spirit and unflagging mirth, which made him the soul and centre of the convivial circle; never harken him on to new efforts and additional triumphs, after he had achieved more than would have been fame to twenty acknowledged wits; never again look upon that bright, dark, flashing eye, illuminated with mind; never more feel the force of that manly sense, acute observation, and accumulated intelligence, which rendered him as instructive when gravity prevailed, as he was unapproachable when festivity ruled the hour. Alas! dear Hook! there is now a void indeed where you filled an enviable place; a gloom where you so gloriously shone.

"His skill and readiness in music was almost equal to his powers in extempore poetical composition. He could invent and execute an opera on the spur of the moment; as he could conceive and sing half a dozen humorous and pointed songs in an afternoon, upon any subjects proposed to him. His jest was always ready, and his repartee so prompt, and so surely a hit, slight if playful, but heavy if provoked, that all around him soon became aware that his fires were either innocuously glancing or scorching, as the circumstance inflamed or called them forth.

"But, whatever he was in his humour, he was

* These, we believe, were collected and arranged by Mr. Hook for publication, and placed in the hands of Mr. Bentley for that purpose.

warm in his friendships, liberal and generous in his character, charitable and humane in his nature. In many points he had no rival; and active as his path has been for many years, we believe he did not make a personal enemy. Sure we are that his memory will be hallowed by the esteem due to genius, and by the mournful regrets of those who were his associates in scenes, the indescribable charms of which, all elicited by him, they never can forget."

Mr. Hook had been ill nearly three weeks, but it was only a few days before his death his medical attendants ascertained that his constitution had completely given way, and no hope of his restoration remained. Violent relaxation of all the internal viscera hurried him at last rapidly to the grave; and he died conscious of the past and present, and looking with humble resignation to the future.

It is scarcely necessary to add that in the outset of this Miscellany, Mr. Hook was one of its earliest and most valued contributors.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

---

From the Athenæum.

*The Lowell Offering: a Repository of Original Articles written by Females employed in the Mills.* Nos 1. 2, 3. Lowell, Mass., Powers & Bagley.

WE have not forgotten Miss Martineau's interesting picture of the habits and manners of the factory-girls of New England;—how they "looked like well-dressed young ladies," and in place of the bandana handkerchief, the established Lancashire *coiffure*, wore "calashes, in going to and fro between their dwellings and the mill,"—how some had gathered together libraries—others "cleared off mortgages from their fathers' farms—others educated the hope of the family at college." Well might Miss Sedgwick, intimately acquainted with such a condition of plenty and civilisation, remark with sad surprise the care-worn faces of our operatives, and the discrepancy between the troops of beggars and the highly-dressed cottage gardens which English highways present! But yet more than by the pictures of the English, or the astonishment of the American authoress, is the wide discrepancy betwixt the new and the old country brought home to us, by this magazine, written, as we English should say, by "the factory-girls at Lowell," or, as its own title-page sets forth, by "Females employed in the Mills." The very manner of its issue is characteristic. The cover, in place of bookseller's puff, bears the recommendation of the Mayor and other worshipful inhabitants of the town. The prospectus of its conductor announces that it does not, and shall not, contain "a sentence of sectarianism and partyism" in any form; and on the yellow or blue wrapper of every number flaunts, by way of illustration, a course, but apparently faithful woodcut of one or other of the Lowell churches—St. Anne's Episcopal Church, the Baptist Church, the Methodist Church, &c. Nor do the contents wholly contradict the promise thus furnished of something in itself racy and noticeable besides being valuable as an exponent of a state of society, to which we have nothing analogous. Remembering the garb of fustian and tinsel in which the imagination of most literary aspirants, especially in the humbler classes, is apt to walk abroad, we were somewhat surprised to find how little the Tabithas and Lisettes of the Lowell mills indulged in rhapsody and sentiment. Romance enough there is in their compositions; but it takes a form of its own—a form wholly American, as we have a right to insist,—from a recollection of certain English periodicals written by women, and some experience of the poetry which English operative women have added to the shelf adorned by the works of Elliot and Millhouse and Ragg. A rich husband, and a handsome silk dress, figure, it is true, somewhat too largely in the visions of the Lowell nymphs, but then there is as much wide-awake talk of the intellectual and moral advantages they are able to earn for themselves by factory labour,—lessons in music, lessons in French, and the like. Again, in place of the whiskered heroes and the pink-and-white heroines of the Claras and the Clementines of our Ladies' Museums, the reader will find figures exclusively American,—the homely, thriving patriarch,—the "school ma'am," with her pedantic modes of demeanour and instruction,—and glimpses of Thanksgiving and Forefathers' Day, and of those other festivities and celebrations, in which, be their form even as bald and uninviting as that of a Quaker festivity, the poetry of the genial human heart will somehow or other disclose itself. Nor is the literary merit of these portraitures despicable. We shall take one, not becuse it is the best, but because in its tone and style it justifies and illustrates the tone of the foregoing remark:—

"THE FIRST WEDDING IN SALMAGUNDI.

"I have often heard this remark: 'If their friends can give them nothing else, they will surely give them a wedding.' As I have nothing else to present at this time, I hope my friends will not complain if I give them an account of the first wedding in our town. The ceremony of marriage being performed by His Excellency the Governor, it would not be amiss to introduce him first of all. Let me then introduce John Wentworth, (the last Governor of New Hampshire while the colonies were subject to the crown of Great Britain,) whose country-seat was in Salmagundi. The wedding which I am about to describe was celebrated on a romantic spot, by the side of Lake Winnipiseogee. All the neighbours within ten miles were invited, and it was understood that all who came were expected to bring with them some implements of husbandry, such as ploughs, harrows, yokes bows, wheelbarrows, hods, scythe-snaths, rakes, goads, hay-hooks, bar-pins, &c. These articles were for a fair, the product of which was to defray the expenses of the wedding, and also to fit out the bride with some household furniture. All these implements, and a thousand and one besides, being wanted on the farm of Wentworth, he was to employ persons to buy them for his own especial use. Johnny O'Lara, an old man, who used to chop wood at my father's door, related the particulars of the wedding one evening, while I sat on a block in the chimney-corner, (the usual place for the greatest rogue in the family,) plying my knitting needles, and every now and then, when the eyes of my step-mother were turned another way, playing slyly with the cat. And once, when we younkers went upon a whortleberry excursion, with O'Lara for our pilot, he showed us the spot where the wedding took place, and described it as it was at the time. On the right was a grove of

birches; on the left a grove of bushy pines, with recesses for the cows and sheep to retire from the noonday sun. The back ground was a forest of tall pines and hemlocks, and in front were the limpid waters of the 'Smile of the Great Spirit.' These encircled about three acres of level grass-land with here and there a scattering oak. 'Under yonder oak,' said O'Lara, 'the ceremony was performed: and here, on this flat rock, was the rude oven constructed, where the good wives baked the lamb; and there is the place where crotched stakes were driven to support a pole, upon which hung two huge iron kettles, in which they boiled their peas. And on this very ground,' said O'Lara, 'in days of yore, the elfs and fairies used to meet, and, far from mortal ken, have their midnight gambols.' The wedding was on a fine evening in the latter part of the month of July, at a time when the moon was above the horizon for the whole night. The company were all assembled, with the exception of the Governor and his retinue. To while away the time, just as the sun was sinking behind the opposite mountains, they commenced singing an ode to sunset. They had sung,

The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
And bright is the last look of Sol in the west;
And broad do the beams of his parting glance sweep,
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest—

when the blowing of a horn announced the approach of the Governor, whose barge was soon seen turning a point of land. The company gave a salute of nineteen guns, which was returned from the barge, gun for gun. The Governor and retinue soon landed, and the fair was quickly over. The company being seated on rude benches prepared for the occasion, the blowing of a horn announced that it was time for the ceremony to commence; and, being answered by a whistle, all eyes were turned towards the right, and issuing from the birchen grove were seen three musicians, with a bagpipe, fife, and a Scotch fiddle, upon which they were playing with more good nature than skill. They were followed by the bridegroom and groomsman, and in the rear were a number of young men in their holiday clothes. These having taken their places, soft music was heard from the left; and from a recess in the pines three maidens in white, with baskets of wild flowers on the left arm, came forth, strewing the flowers on the ground, and singing a song, of which I remember only the chorus:

Lead the bride to Hymen's bowers,
Strew her path with choicest flowers.

The bride and bridesmaid followed, and after them came several lasses in gala dresses. These having taken their places, the father of the bride arose, and taking his daughter's hand and placing it in that of Clifford, gave them his blessing. The Governor soon united them in the bonds of holy matrimony, and as he ended the ceremony with saying 'what God hath joined let no man put asunder,' he heartily saluted the bride. Clifford followed his example, and after him she was saluted by every gentleman in the company. As a compensation for this 'rifling of sweets,' Clifford had the privilege of kissing every lady present, and beginning with Madam Wentworth, he saluted them all, from the gray-headed matron to the infant in its mother's arms. The cake and wine were then passed round. Being a present from Madam Wentworth, they were no doubt excellent. After this refreshment, and while the good matrons were cooking their peas and making other preparations, the young folks spent the time in playing 'blind-man's-buff' and 'hide and go seek,' and in singing Jemmy and Nancy, Barbara Allen, The Friar of Orders Gray, The Lass of Richmond Hill, Gilderoy, and other songs which they thought were appropriate to the occasion. At length the ringing of a bell announced that dinner was ready. 'What, dinner at that time of night?' perhaps some will say. But let me tell you, good friend, (in Johnny O'Lara's words,) that 'the best time for a wedding dinner is when it is well cooked, and the guests are ready to eat it.' The company were soon arranged around the rude tables, which were rough boards, laid across poles, that were supported by crotched stakes driven into the ground. But it matters not what the tables were, as they were coverd with cloth, white as the driven snow, and well loaded with plum puddings, baked lamb, and green peas, with all necessary accompaniments for a well ordered dinner, which the guests complimented in the best possible manner, that is, by making a hearty meal. Dinner being ended, while the matrons were putting all things to rights, the young people made preparation for dancing, and a joyous time they had. The music and amusement continued until the 'blushing morn' reminded the good people that it was time to separate. The rising sun had gilded the sides of the opposite mountains, which were sending up their exhalations, before the company were all on their way to their respective homes. Long did they remember the first wedding in our town. Even after the frosts of seventy winters had whitened the heads of those who were then boys, they delighted to dwell on the merry scenes of that joyful night; and from that time to the present, weddings have been fashionable in Salmagundi, although they are not always celebrated in quite so romantic a manner."

Further to draw extracts from this miscellany is not necessary. The indication of its existence (our article amounts to little more) can hardly pass, without attracting the attention of those who concern themselves in the well doing and progress of our manufacturing classes.

---

## A "FIT."

At Baden Baden a maniac, named Rummers, had for twenty years been in the habit every six months of ordering a coffin, but always differed with the maker of it as to the "fit." He would have the coffin placed against the wall, and, getting into it, would complain, like a dandy to his tailor, that it was too large here or too small there; that it was too tight over the arms, or too loose over the body. At length, a coffin having been made to his mind, he swallowed poison, having previously summoned his friends and acquaintances to attend him. When they were assembled, he informed them at the point of death that he died happy, as he had at length succeeded in obtaining a proper garment for his appearance in the next world.—*Examiner.*

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

## EDUCATION IN ITALY.

1. *Guida dell' Educatore, e Letture per i fanciulli, foglio mensuale, compilato da* Raffaello Lambruschini. No. 1—60. Florence. 1836—1841.
2. *Letture Popolari, foglio settimanale, publicato a Torino.* 1837—1841.
3. *Saggio di Racconti, offerto ai giovanetti Italiani da* Pietro Thouar. Firenze. 1841.

"NOWHERE does *the plant man* grow so well as in Italy," was the quaint but pithy remark of Alfieri, who of all writers ought to be the least liable to the charge of patriotic partiality, if, at least, we are to believe that he was sincere in his assertion, "that Asti was his birth-place, but he looked on the whole world as his country."

That the soil and climate of the Italian peninsula is highly favourable to the growth and development of all physical, moral and intellectual faculties of the human race, as to every other kind of animal and vegetable life, it would be as idle and useless to attempt to demonstrate as it would be difficult and unjust to gainsay.

We need not go far back in the past and ascend to the happier eras of Roman and medieval greatness, when the high training of military discipline, or the spirit of commercial enterprise, called into action the energies of that gifted nation; we have only to visit the most obscure suburbs of the *Trastevere* at Rome, the *Molo* at Naples, and the *Porto-Franco* at Genoa, or otherwise to ramble along the whole range of the Apennines, or through the valleys of Brescia and Bergamo, to feel convinced that nature is still true to herself, and that individually *the plant man* springs from that genial ground as robust, sound and healthful, and is as susceptible of attaining the highest degree of mental and bodily perfection, as when fostered by the blessed air of liberty, and cheered and warmed by the sacred sunbeams of religion, glory and patriotism.

The comparative barrenness and deterioration of that privileged garden is consequently attributable only to one obvious reason—the want or the inopportunity of culture.

Education is all that constitutes the wide difference between a free citizen of the Roman commonwealth, and the ragged, priest-ridden, brutified Lazzarone, whose very worship is an abomination in the sight of God.

Hence the necessity of preparing the lowest classes for those political vicissitudes which may eventually rescue their country from its civil and religious thraldom, is universally felt among those Italian patriots who most earnestly labour at the promotion of their national cause. Every one feels that their people must be men ere they presume to be freemen: that education is the first, the surest, the most efficient and radical, as well as the only legitimate revolution. Hence this word—education—which has of late given rise to so many wild and vague speculations, on which honest men of all creeds, sects and parties seem equally to place implicit reliance, but to which all of them are apt to give such strange, such widely different interpretations, has made its way and created its wonted ferment even in Italy: and surely there is no country in the world so utterly in want of the redeeming influence of that most powerful social engine, or one in which its application is likely to be attended with more immediate and luminous results. The most fertile field can best reward the toils of the husbandman.

To doubt the influence of education would be to call in question the infinite perfectibility, and, therefore, the divine origin of the human mind. And we do not, for a moment, admit that any honest man will conscientiously oppose or discountenance the efforts of those who ardently and zealously, though sometimes rather too sanguinely and indiscriminately, labour at the propagation of popular instruction.

Education—that most irresistible of moral agents, whose ascendency can be equally extended over all created things, that Orpheus' lyre which dragged stones and trees after its charmed strains, that indefatigable virtue which

"—— homini docuit parere leones,"

which gave the English horse so decided a superiority even over the native Arabian breed, cannot lose its redeeming powers when turned to the improvement of that sovereign being, whose mortal part alone is liable to the imperfections and infirmities of this perishable world.

Man is essentially the most docile of beings; he is equal to any station to which he is properly trained; who doubts it? but these universally acknowledged and long hackneyed truisms which sound so fair and irrefutable in theory, cannot equally stand the test of practical experiment.

Education has hitherto been considered only in the abstract, as if the whole social order could be made subservient to its Utopian views; as if, according to the ideas of Lycurgus and St. Simon, the political edifice could be based on the fundamental discipline of the school.

But the main object of education should be to fit man for life. It ought to instil into the youth's mind that there is a society already in existence, in which he is to fill a place, in which he will have duties to perform, hardships and storms to endure. It ought to teach man to know himself, to resign and reconcile him to his lot; to recognise and adore the hand of Providence, even in those social arrangements which might strike him as unjust and arbitrary; to lift him above the petty miseries of life, not only by a firm but by an active belief in another and a better world.

Religion is the foundation of all education. But we know of no establishment, either in Italy or elsewhere, where instruction is based on such holy principles. We know of no school, however humble, in which the hope of worldly preferment is not held up as the reward of diligence and perseverance, in which study is not considered as the great leveller which is to raise the low-born and indigent on a par with the minion of fortune.

Hence the most immediate effect of education has been hitherto only to bring up a restless, anxious generation, tortured by the cravings of inordinate ambition, maddened by rare examples of individual, exceptional success; fretting, wrestling, elbowing each other with a wrathful emulation; most apt, no doubt, to give the whole social order a rapid onward impulse, but no less tending to drive contentment

from the face of the civilised world. This state of feverish activity, which allows no man to rest quietly under his father's roof, which causes all human felicity to consist in the ascent of a few steps in that scale which rises as we climb, can, however, be turned to more practical objects and prove less pernicious to the social order in those countries which by their peculiar situation afford a more ample sphere of action. In England and America, for instance, there is less want of elbow-room than in many of the continental countries. America has a continent, England a world to colonize. On the back-ground of civilisation there opens before the Briton and American a wide region of swamps and forests, of islands and peninsulas, a refuge for the outcasts of society. As long as Van Dieman's Land has coasts to settle on; as long as the valley of the Mississippi has marshes to drain and woodlands to clear, a rich soil and a blessed climate to rebuild broken fortunes and soothe disappointment, these two countries will proceed with uninterrupted prosperity; as long as they are in possession of such extensive and immediate means of getting rid of all corrupting elements, corruption cannot strike deep roots. Civil and religious passions may ruffle the surface, but the waters are too shallow to be much troubled by storms.

The continental nations, with the exception perhaps of heroic Greece and medieval Italy, have never well understood this system of colonization, on which, however, more than on any constitutional providence, lies the secret source of social security. They never learnt, as the Britons, to carry their country along with them, to bid their homes a lasting farewell without looking back or repining. The Briton is the true cosmopolite. He is, as it has been cleverly observed, proud of his country, as of something that belongs to him, that is part of him, and that follows him from pole to pole. His rights, his inalienable franchises are his country: and wherever there be liberty, he can feel equally at home. Before the second generation he considers himself as separate from the father-land he sprang from. He forgets it, abjures it, throws off its allegiance and wars against it, whenever its claims interfere with his own interests. At home and abroad the Briton is the reasonable being par excellence. Patriotism with him is never mingled with the alloy of local predilections. The dread of penury is stronger in him than home-sickness. With him "Patria est ubicumque est bene." Disappointed in one branch of industry, he calmly turns to another; crossed by fortune at home, he resignedly migrates to new climates. The sun shines elsewhere as well—ay, and somewhat better too, than in dear old England.

But fancy for a moment these islands deprived of their safety-valve of periodical emigration. Suppose that, out of natural but narrow-minded fondness, the thousands of pilgrims that embark every year for the Canadas or New South Wales, should obstinately cling to the soil and claim their rights, to drag on their life of abjectness on the step-mother land which gave them birth, and refuses them sustenance—that all the surplus population should be turned loose and hang on society!

Such is, however, the case all over the continent. Southern people especially never well understood, nor can be made to understand, the blessings of emigration. The Spaniards laid waste a whole world and exhausted themselves in a work of destruction. The French are undergoing the severest sacrifices to subdue a colony which they will never be able to turn to any profitable account. But Italy has not even an African colony, wherein to dispose of its hundreds of thousands of adventurers every year. The Italians are too fatally in love with their country to be induced, even by utter distress, to emigrate. They are the least migratory, therefore it must be feared the most stationary race in Europe. Expatriation is for them always exile; and this word is still in that country associated with all the horrors it had under the Roman empire, when the outcast had to choose between the steppes of Scythia and the deserts of Lybia.

Hence, of all civilised countries, Italy is under the most urgent necessity of relying on its own resources. These are indeed inexhaustible; and it is difficult to understand why two-and-twenty millions of people cannot live at their ease in a country where in happier ages a population three times larger has been known to thrive.

Were we even to admit that home-sickness is for an Italian an incurable complaint, that education and opportune provisions could not wean from that fascinating country a few of its spoiled children, that they might make room for "their betters," as it is done in happy old England; or were it even to be taken for granted that such a measure would be no more advisable than it is practicable, what else then should be inculcated among the first principles of education into the mind of the Italian people, but that theirs is the true land flowing with milk and honey; that it never did, never could, prove ungrateful to the cares bestowed upon it by its cultivators; that penury and distress can only arise from their indolence and unthriftiness; that the apparent barrenness of some of its districts is only owing to neglect or mismanagement, but that their own rich, luxurious, bountiful land, will always be sufficient to them and to all that may spring from them; that theirs is the home-field in which, according to that dying father's golden advice, they are to dig and dig incessantly, sure that their treasures lies buried therein?

Education in Italy should, then, have an essentially agricultural tendency.

Now nowhere is that first and noblest of arts, agriculture, held in more utter contempt than in the country of Fabricius and Cincinnatus—those dictator-husbandmen. The non-residence of landed proprietors on their estates, the imperfect state of the roads, the unfrequency and slowness of commercial communications, contribute to keep the Italian peasant in a state of nearly absolute isolation. Like the oaks and elms of his field, he is rooted to the spot where he grew. He is generally honest, and guileless, because he is trained up in what is there called the "holy fear of God,"—because his parish priest, different from the pampered prelate in town, is himself too artless and primitive to have any power, and too undesigning or unambitious to have any interest to deceive him. He is sober and frugal, thanks to his poverty, to the enfeebling influence of climate; he is, at least in Lombardy and Tuscany, laborious and diligent, in consequence of the reward that, owing to the liberal system of *mezzadria*, is sure to attend his work; but he is ignorant beyond all human conception. He is a creature of habit; a ploughing,

reaping, threshing machine, and as such jealous and mistrustful of every mechanical innovation, which, by endeavouring to alleviate, might, he apprehends, supersede the necessity of his incessant material exertions: he opposes his force of inertia to all personal or technical improvement; he clings with a superstitious pertinacity to the picturesque, perhaps, but clumsy and unwieldy instruments, and to the old fashioned systems of husbandry illustrated by Columella and Virgil. A being, in short, not many degrees above the dumb and tardy brute, the sharer of his toil.

That such a degraded race and their humble employment should be looked upon with no better feeling than commiseration we can easily understand, and we may also readily believe that the humanity of generous souls may have been prompted to raise so large, so useful and important a class from their helpless state of actual serfage and helotism.

But the education of the labourer must be effected by a universal revolution in the ideas of mankind. His humble calling must be revered and honoured; he must be made proud and fond of the share he has in the public welfare; he must feel that although there may be higher and prouder stations in life, his own is not only far from being despised or abject, but is, on the contrary, the one that is most conducive to health, contentment and innocence, as well as one of paramount, of vital importance. The first object of education, in Italy at least, should be to make every man satisfied with his lot. But with the exception of a few private institutions, such as the agricultural school at Meleto, and the so-called technical schools of Lombardy, the object of all philanthropic establishments directed to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the peasantry and of all the labouring classes, seems rather to subtract a few individuals from the common share of misery and ignorance of their fellow labourers than to attempt a general reform of the whole cast.

"Study, my son"—says the aged husbandman, who has begun to taste of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and who judges of things according to the estimate of worldly wisdom. "Work and endure. Yet one year or two of fagging and perseverance and thou wilt fling sickle and spade for ever from thee, thou wilt throw off this coarse jacket from thy shoulders and don a doctor's gown or a clergyman's surplice. Look about thee, my son, who was our curate but a farmer's boy? I saw him with my own eyes a poor cripple, crawling after his father's pigs. What was our prætor? why, a coachman's lad whom his master through charity sent to a law school at Pisa, and now, thou seest, he keeps coach and coachmen himself, and fares like a lord. Study, my son; thou art a smart and clever lad, as your schoolmaster said when I brought him the fat goose at Christmas. While thy father lives, were it to cost me my last mouthful of bread, thou shalt lack nothing in the world. Perhaps I shall not live to see it, but the thought of having withdrawn thee from the hardships of this wretched life will follow me to my grave and lighten the earth on my bones." It is thus that the dawn of civilisation breaks on the peaceful slave of the soil. It is thus that to the idea of mental emancipation he always associates a vain aspiration after worldly advancement. Selfishness assumes the sacred character of paternal tenderness, and affection lends its sanction to the most deplorable illusion.

From the lowest to the highest ranks of society, this fatal restlessness conspires against the peace and serenity of men's minds, and its influence is the more universally and irresistibly felt, the greater the result of that fictitious state of mental improvement, which is universally mistaken for education. Thus the poor, ignorant husbandman may perhaps covet for his son no higher preferment than a humble place among the pampered menials of his landlord's household, and the footman or butler perhaps aspires no higher than to have his son apprenticed to a woollen draper's shop, but the shop-keeper's clerk is sure to send his son to the university; so that after two or three generations, at the most, by a regular gradation, if not by a sudden transition, the good farmer's most sanguine hopes are sure to be realized, and he may rest at peace in his grave under conviction of having spoiled a good farmer to make an indifferent doctor.

It is true that such a state of rebellion against the dispensations of providence is as ancient as man himself; as ancient at least as the "qui fit, Mecænas" of Horace. It is true that it is more general and more active in those countries which boast a higher degree of social improvement, that nowhere are so many strange metamorphoses to be seen as in America, where the same individual is by turns a farmer, a merchant, a physician, a clergyman, a professor of a university, and a member of congress: but besides the peculiar circumstances in which that country, as we have said, is happily situated, the American is almost as ready for a downfall as for a rise; and it is not uncommon in that country, during one of those commercial crises that go by the name of "hard times," to see hundreds of Boston or Philadelphia merchants, accustomed to all the splendour and luxuries of life in their Atlantic cities, repair to their western backwoods with holy resignation, and betake themselves to that hard but wholesome planter life from which themselves perhaps, or at least their fathers, have sprung.

But in our old countries there is no unexplored region to fall back upon. Once fallen, our speculator has nothing to do but to sit down in despondency, bemoan his losses and increase the list of hangers-on and malecontents. Italy has no navy or army, no houses of parliament, and scarcely any but the most passive commerce and trade. There is no career open to juvenile ambition but the university. Whoever is too lazy to be a farmer or tradesman or too proud to be a shopkeeper; whoever has no voice to be a singer or no courage to starve as an artist, must necessarily set up for what is there emphatically called "a professional gentleman."

Thanks to the liberal endowments of the numerous academical institutions, nothing can be easier in Italy than to become a doctor. Almost every town of any consequence boasts its university, besides a number of colleges, lyceums, gymnasiums, seminaries and other preparatory schools. Every thing seems calculated to smooth the path to that happy goal which appears to the many the *ne plus ultra* of sublunary felicity. Not only is instruction afforded utterly free of expense, but not a few poor young men of "promising genius" are maintained out of the funds of the establishments. Their directors seem to pride themselves above all things in seeing their halls

swarming with crowds of expectant students from every class, and setting every year new batches of hungry M. A.'s, D. D.'s, LL. D.'s and M. D.'s loose upon society.

This may seem in the abstract, and will be considered by many, as the greatest of blessings for the country; and yet, however it may sound paradoxical, we do not hesitate to affirm that education in Italy ought to begin by a suppression, or at least a reform and rigorous exclusiveness, of no less than two-thirds of its noble and ancient universities.

We may appreciate the generous and philanthropic spirit that presided over the foundation of these truly republican institutions. They arose in dark ages, when the mind first engaged in its glorious struggle against brutal strength. Its champions were few and weak, and, feeling the necessity of numerous allies and coadjutors, they left nothing unattempted to enlist new proselytes in their cause. But now the battle has been fought and won. Now the motto of the doctors of Bologna, "Cedant arma togæ," has become the order of the day, and all civilised nations are ruled by, what was the bug-bear of Napoleon and his fellow-campaigners, the *avocats*. Now scholarship has become a profession, a trade, more neat and decent, may be, but not more useful or respectable, than a great many others. Modern science no longer requires men of extraordinary genius any more than modern religion has need of prophets and martyrs. A man endowed with very common understanding can make an excellent surgeon or solicitor. Diligence and assiduity are more important requisites for a "professional gentleman" than the brightest imaginative faculties.

Why then should we be so anxious to throw open the academical halls to throngs of famished candidates who would otherwise find more suitable and profitable employment in a humble but safer walk of life! Why should we stand in such a dread lest we should fail in securing to the learned professions the highest capacities—lest forsooth

"Full many a gem," &c. &c.?

We repeat there is need of a universal reaction, of a general revolution in the notions of mankind. It is necessary that men should fall back from those professional pursuits, which they have so improvidently invaded and overflowed, to those more tame and homely, but more sure and practical undertakings, which may admit of an indefinite number of applicants without jarring and jostling, without snarling and wrangling for that sole, meagre bone of contention—the doctoral laurel. It is necessary that by a rational retrogression they should be driven back to the field which they have so unwittingly and ungenerously deserted.

All this is to be effected by a sound and truly moral system of education. Were the world to proceed on the same footing in the long continuation of these blessed, piping times of peace;—were the zeal of the promoters of popular instruction to be crowned with complete success, and the threshold of the university to be made accessible to all, as it is already a great deal too much to many:—and this without a previous temperament and modification of the ambitious tendencies of the human mind—without a general submission to the decrees of Providence, such as result from the established order of things—without feeling that all men may have an equal share in Adam's sad inheritance, even though all be not doomed to "eat their bread in the sweat of their brow;" that happiness and contentment are doled out with wise and paternal impartiality to all the members of the human family, however wide their differences of ranks and social condition, and that our efforts should be directed not to overstep the barriers that divide us from the upper classes, but to fill with credit and dignity our own station in life—without, in short, adopting as the universal social device the precept of the poet:

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies;"—

the institution of primary and preparatory schools would have no better effects than to create a general rush of the whole rising generation to those learned professions which are considered as the most direct path leading to power and wealth and worldly distinctions; and the first intellectual enfranchisement of the labouring classes would be attended either with an agrarian distribution of property, or, if men were too wise and moderate for an open violation of laws, to a mutinous secession to the *Mount Sacer*, from which the limbs might not be as easily brought back to minister to the wants of the vital organ as in the days of Menenius Agrippa.

Hitherto man has only been kept to his work through want, ignorance or compulsion. Be it the boast of education to penetrate him with a sense of his duty and persuade him to work through reflection.

We have been assured, though the fact appears too beautiful and unprecedented for us to vouch for its authenticity, that there lives among the swamps and morasses of the island of Sardinia, a rude, primitive population of goatherds and woodmen, among whom knowledge is pursued for its mere sake, and without any secondary views of personal ambition. The young herdsman comes down rough and uncouth from his forests and hires himself as a servant to some of the rich burghers in Cagliari or Sassari, stipulating for some leisure to attend lectures at college, and after "eating his terms" in want and humiliation, and going through all the academical degrees, he repairs to his home in the mountains, hangs his laurel on his father's hut and walks out—a shepherd doctor after his father's flocks, with as much philosophical dignity and stateliness as Abdalonimus, the shepherd-king.

Strange that one of the most uncivilised spots in Christendom should offer so luminous a specimen of what society ought to be in its highest degree of rational improvement!

Yet until the universality of men are like the Sardinian shepherds, induced to cultivate learning merely for the soothing, cheering, humanising influence that it is apt to exercise over the mind and heart—until they study principally, if not exclusively, in order better to understand their mission on earth, better to enable themselves to fulfil their duties and to vindicate their true rights—until they derive from their knowledge the means of ennobling their nature, and approaching, as near as can be obtained by mortal means, that future state of perfection to which divine clemency entitled them to aspire—until, in fine, education is essentially moral and religious, we have no hesitation in denouncing the university and all its

accessory establishments as so many active instruments of evil.

This evil, then, has attained in Italy to the most alarming extent in consequence of political misfortunes. The ancient divisions of the territory, in so many small states and republics, naturally tended to multiply universities with indiscriminating profusion. In proportion as the different towns began to be incorporated into larger states, it would have been necessary likewise to reduce the number of their academical institutions. But as it has always been the policy of those vile governments to cultivate and foment all that remained of old emulous municipalism, they never dared or never cared to interfere with those superannuated establishments, which, useless or dangerous as they had become through the general degeneration of public spirit and activity, still flattered the vanity of the deluded Italians as monuments of their forefathers' munificence.

Thus we understand, for instance, that Charlemagne in 800, or Theodosius in 425, or whoever else it was that did it, conferred a great blessing on the human race by the installation of the university of Bologna; and we conceive also that Boniface VIII. was right, when, in 1300, Bologna not acknowledging the papal rule, he felt the necessity of a similar establishment in the metropolis of Christendom, and we equally applaud the generous intentions of Nicholas III. of Este, who, placed at the head of a rich and flourishing state, bestowed large sums for the foundation of the university of Ferrara; but now that both the republic of Bologna and the Duchy of Ferrara, with many more illustrious states, have been brought under the sway of the pope, and that, thanks to the priestly improvidence of its rulers, the aggregate has been plunged into the utmost squalor and beggary, is it not absurd to hear that the ecclesiastical state boasts, besides its two ruling universities of Rome and Bologna, six other institutions of secondary rank, at Ferrara, Perugia, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo and Urbino, all of which, bad of course as they may be expected to be, are equally entitled to fit young starvelings for the doctoral gown? But there is worse. The evil is not every where, as in the Roman states, hereditary. In the terra firma of the Sardinian monarchy there were before 1820 only two universities, one at Turin, the other at Genoa, and they were numbered among the most flourishing in the country. But the active part that the ardent Piedmontese youth took in the insurrection of 1821, called forth the wrath of their despots, who wreaked their vengeance against those obnoxious seminaries of learning. The two leading universities were dissolved, and dismembered into eight secondary gymnasiums, situated in almost all the petty towns of the kingdom, and, for a better security, placed under the paternal direction of the Jesuits. Pavia and Padua, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, suffered severely from the political commotions of 1821. Bologna and all the other universities of Romagna were closed for two years after the troubles of 1831, and the university of Parma was by order of Maria Louisa divided into two branches, situated at Parma and Placentia, the small compass of the duchess's territory happily admitting of no further subdivision.

In Tuscany alone some attempts have been made to give a simpler and more compact organisation to public instruction. Ever since the Florentines had established their sway over Pisa, they transported their university into that town, which their jealousy had dilapidated and deserted. Pisa increased and throve under the patronage of all the dukes of Tuscany, and almost entirely superseded every other rival institution. Sienna alone, which was united to the duchy only in 1555, and even then preserved some shade of its primeval municipal charters, continued, to our days, to have a university of its own. An attempt was made last year by the grand-duke to suppress it and transfer its funds to the further endowment of the academy of Pisa. But the prince was thwarted in his intentions by the remonstrances and petitions of the Siennese, and the project has been, we believe, entirely abandoned. The opposition of the citizens of Sienna was not, however, owing to a mean-spirited jealousy of their Pisan brothers, or to the municipal pride with which they looked on that last remnant of their republican greatness. It originated in that universal mistrust and indocility which, under absolute monarchies, keeps the subjects in a constant alarm against any measure of government; in the dread in which they stand of a power which enacts, without ever condescending to explain, administers without reckoning, without allowing them any better satisfaction than meekly to repeat, "He has given, he has taken away. Blessed be his name."

The Siennese could plainly see only thus far, that they were going to be stripped of the funds which their ancestors' liberality bestowed on their literary institutions. Whether those funds were to be employed to add new lustre to the Pisan academy, or to dry the Tuscan marshes, or to feed the pampered courtiers of his highness's household, they had no means to ascertain.

But if the grand-duke's intentions were as pure and sincere, as they were providential and plausible, why did he suffer himself to be deterred by supplications and entreaties? Is he not as absolutely free to do good, as he is omnipotent in doing evil? Could all the petitions of his two millions of subjects wrench from him a decree for the liberty of the press? Did he suffer himself to be moved by remonstrances when all Tuscany interceded in behalf of the ill-fated Antologia? Knows he not how to show himself restive, harsh and self-willed whenever the personal interests of his family are concerned?*

* It would seem, however, from the recent communications of our correspondents, as if the grand-duke were bent on carrying into execution his salutary measures, and had overcome all spirit of opposition. "Great reforms," we are told, "have, during these last few months, been introduced into the University of Pisa. New chairs have been added to the several faculties, such as the *Storia del Diritto, Filosofia del Diritto, Diritto Patrio e Commerciale, Economia Politica, Geografia Fisica, Meccanica Celeste, Filosofia Morale, Agraria, Pedagogia*, &c." This bids fair to raise the University of Pisa far above the common standard of all Italian universities. It seems rather strange to hear of the reinstalment of such institutions as a School of Political Economy, of Right of Nations, and other liberal studies, which were first introduced into Italy in the palmy age of Genovesi and Beccaria, and were afterwards suppressed either during the tumults of French invasions, or under the iron rule of the government of the Restoration. We accept it as an omen of a happy reaction towards a better order of things, for, hitherto, the Italian governments have been every

Some opposition, on the part of the deep-rooted prejudices and fond predilections of the people, is doubtless to be apprehended. The Italians are aware of the immediate advantages of a university within the walls of every one of their towns, and may perhaps require a little violence in order that the evil attendant on such a state of things may be permanently put a stop to. But if the absolute suppression of universities is either impossible or undesirable, nothing prevents the legislator from introducing into them the most salutary reforms. If the truly philosophical spirit of the Sardinian shepherds could be made to prevail in every part of Italy, there would be no reason to complain of the idle number of Italian universities. It is not that we object to the cobbler's son being as learned as a doctor, if he can afford means and leisure to attain equal knowledge, but it is because if every cobbler's son must needs become a doctor, and no doctor is willing to fill the cobbler's vacancy, we shall soon have a society of laureates, and the world can no more go on without cobblers than without doctors.

But, it is urged, necessity will soon bring the needy to reason, and, after a few ineffectual experiments, the tradesman, *volens, nolens*, will walk back to his shop. Perhaps so; but then you will have a population of fretting, murmuring labourers, cursing their fate, looking upon themselves as the victims of society, and glad to avail themselves of the first opportunity of political commotions, to avenge what they call their wrongs. Education, under similar circumstances, will lead to chartism! But education, well understood, far from conjuring up, will powerfully tend to avert these evils, if its prime object be the diffusion of sound moral and religious principles.

Now there is in Italy no public or private institution, in which, as in the London University College, or at the Jefferson University in Virginia, religion avowedly forms no part of education; yet it may be frankly asserted that religion is nowhere taught in Italy.

The observance of the practices of the Catholic Church is indeed more or less rigidly enforced in every academical institution. In Turin and Genoa especially, where the whole system, as we have said, is given into the hands of the Jesuits, the university is subjected to all the discipline of monastical rule.

Nothing that can be read in the history of the past equals the zeal and discernment of the monarch that presides over the destinies of those happy states. Charles Albert King of Sardinia, a prince evidently cast after the model of his noblest progenitors of Savoy, never distrusted that native instinct which, from his earliest years, prompted him to achieve great things. Atoning for that unfortunate lapse of juvenile levity—for that ill-defined vanity of precocious ambition that induced him to join the Piedmontese Carbonari in 1820—dazzled by that specious title of King of Italy which was made to gleam temptingly before his eyes—atoning for it, we say, by the laurels he afterwards reaped in 1823 at the head of a column of French grenadiers at the Trocadero against the Spanish patriots—he mounted his throne in 1831, restored to credit in the eyes of all the sovereigns of Europe. Hence, having come off conqueror of all political adversaries, and having stifled in blood all revolutionary attempts with what was then called hasty and summary—but what in the end proved to be efficient—justice, he was soon enabled to turn all his thoughts to the arts of peace. We should incline to think that it cannot be without considerable repugnance that he accommodates himself to the quiet and humble tendencies of the age, if we were to believe that, after the style of Alexander or Napoleon, he never sits at table more than ten minutes, and rides every day one of his horses to death. Yet, although a soldier, and a friend of his soldiers, whom he marches and countermarches to their utter exhaustion, it is evident that his heart and soul are with the priests; and those who have seen him at the head of his ten thousand gray, white and black-hooded friars, during the solemnities of the Corpus Domini, or who have witnessed the holy wrath that was kindled in him when his people refused to volunteer their oil for the general illumination that he ordered in honour of the handkerchief of Santa Veronica, will not hesitate to confer upon him those titles to which he seems so ardently to aspire—of the sceptered Loyola and of King of the Jesuits.

Under the half-chivalrous, half-ascetic discipline of that holy militia, the pious conduct of the rising generation at the university is attended to with a vigilance and solicitude that leaves nothing to desire to the anxiety of the fondest parent; an order and silence pervades those seminaries, as well as the whole of the Sardinian dominions, especially the capital, which strikes the traveller at his first arrival, and suggests to him the idea that he is entering a vast monastery or a prison.

"The scholars of the gymnasiums," says a recent traveller, "are not allowed to read any books which have not been either given or furnished by the prefect. They are forbidden to swim, to frequent theatres, balls, coffee or gaming-houses; to perform in private plays and the like; and it is the business of the police to see these prohibitions attended to.

"The students are not only under strict scientific superintendence, but also under the close *surveil-*

---

year curtailing school after school with unremitting diligence, until scarcely any but the most useless and idle branches of learning and literature were suffered to flourish. Thus, after having done away with all political and statistical sciences, the chairs of Eloquence, History, and even *Agraria*, or Agriculture, were considered as dangerous, and put under the interdict. Moral Philosophy had been most obstinately warred against. Two professors of that science received pensions from the University of Parma without being suffered to discharge their functions.

"We have already," our informant continues, "several illustrious names in science, such as Mussotti, formerly professor at Corfu and Matteucci. The Marquis Ridolfi, the philanthropic director of the 'Istituto Agrario Toscano,' an establishment which, as every one knows, owes its origin to that nobleman's unbounded liberality, will accept the Professorship of *Agraria*, if government will grant him permission for a similar institution in the vicinity of Pisa. It is yet doubtful, however, if government will accede to such terms. All these innovations, good and useful as they appear in themselves, even if carried into effect, far from being sufficient to cure, will only have the result of showing more glaringly the evils of our old social systems; nor can our princes think of opening so unlimited a field of scientific enquiry, if they do not at the same time reform those abuses in their administration, which an increase of knowledge must necessarily tend to expose."

*lance* of the police. No student is allowed to choose his dwelling or leave it without permission of the prefect, who appoints the place where he is to lodge and board.

"Whoever wishes to receive students into his house must undertake the responsibility for their observance of the laws which regulate their going to mass and confession, fasting, and even their clothing and their beards. Neglect of these rules is punished by exclusion from the examinations or from the university itself."

Against these paternal provisions the natural indocility of human nature may sometimes be expected to kick. But the magnanimous indignation of the pious monarch has been known to visit the refractory students so severely, that it is to be hoped by this time it has come off conqueror of all opposition.

The students are ordered to confess and communicate once a month at the chapel of the university, although the leniency of the Church of Rome only expects the faithful to perform such duties once in a year. This worthy and wholesome practice proves irksome and troublesome to those bolder and more rebellious youths whose presumptuous reason cannot rest satisfied with the tenets of the Romish Church. A young student of medicine, well known and beloved at Turin for his mental and moral qualities, was suspected to submit with repugnance to the performance of religious duties to which he could attach no heart-felt veneration. One morning he knelt with his fellow students at the communion-table, penetrated with the indignity of that sacrilegious, because compulsory, act of devotion. The officiating priest drew near, and the holy host was laid on the tip of the student's tongue. The priest's hands, he said, were unwashed—a circumstance which will not at all appear improbable considering the notorious slovenliness of the lower ranks of the Catholic priesthood; and the young Turinese, seized with a sudden nausea, turned abruptly, spat the still dry host on the floor, and hoping thus to conceal his rash deed, he laid his foot upon it. No one can describe the fury of Charles Albert when the atrocious profanation of the sacrament was made known to him. He ordered the criminal to be thrown, untried, into a dungeon of the citadel of Turin, where he has lain ever since, and where he perhaps lies still awaiting his majesty's good pleasure.

Certainly, in the eyes of a conscientious Romanist, who goes the whole length of believing what that Church teaches concerning the mystery of transubstantiation, nothing short of parricide can equal the enormity of that unhappy student's misdeeds. It was a crime—according to the letter of the law, but of a law which the pope himself would not dare to enforce—punishable with death. But even if we were not to admit the extenuating circumstance of momentary indisposition, the guilt was to be considered as a natural reaction against that rigid despotism that exacts a more implicit abnegation of reason than is compatible with the inquisitiveness of the human understanding. The prince ought to have reflected that what seemed to him an unheard-of sacrilege would be looked upon, even in its worst character, merely as a wanton profanation among Protestants, and would pass as an idle trick in a Unitarian congregation: that, in short, what shocked his jealous piety as the most dreadful of transgressions, is merely a matter of opinion—of that opinion on which neither cannons nor bayonets, nor kings nor Jesuits, can have any effectual control.

Another set of law-students, on the eve of receiving the highest degrees, were tempted to celebrate the happy close of their academical labours by a friendly banquet in the privacy of their lodgings. They were not over-scrupulous in the choice of their amusements, and some young ladies of rather ambiguous character were introduced among them to cheer with their presence the young candidates' convivial festivity. Midnight had long since struck, and Turin, as usual, unlike every other Italian town, was for more than an hour plunged into the death-like stillness of sleep, when a loud knocking at the house-door announced the unseasonable, but not at all extraordinary, visit of the prefect. The boarding-houses opened for the accommodation of students are liable to frequent interruptions by day and night, on the part of the officers of the university charged with the superintendence of the students' conduct at home. The landlord, who, according to the terms of his license, is obliged to perform the duties of a guardian and spy to his boarders, but who in the present instance, won by the kindness and liberality of the students, had winked at the riot that was going on within his walls, rose to admit his unwelcome visitor. The silence that reigned in the house, and the protestations of the conniving housekeeper, were not sufficient to reassure the suspicious Jesuit. He insisted on being led to the students' dormitories, and asked for immediate admittance. The affrighted rioters, pretending to be roused from their slumbers, acted their part as they could best, and pleaded their unwillingness to be seen in their bed-clothes; but as the priest continued to roar and storm at the door, the students' fear gave place to their indignation, and throwing the door ajar so as to admit only half of their impatient and incautious visitor, they shut it back upon him, and leaning against it with all their weight and might, they pressed him so rudely and savagely in their exasperation, that they nearly squeezed the soul from his body.

No sooner had the king risen from breakfast (a Jesuit is sure of admission at every hour of the day) than the inspector sued for an audience, and amazed his monarch with an envenomed exposal of the indignities he had been made to endure. The culprits were immediately put under arrest, and expelled from all the universities in the kingdom; so that the honest and brilliant career that the ceremony of the morrow was to open before them, was irreparably closed against them, in consequence of the unhallowed, but still not wholly unpardonable, frolics of the evening.

We could quote a great number of similar facts, collected during our residence in the happy and thriving metropolis of the Sardinian dominions, all equally tending to demonstrate with what consistency the observance of moral and religious discipline is enforced in the educational establishments of that country, and with what stubborn and restless spirits the provident legislator has to contend. The disciplinarian code is literally no less severe in other Italian states; but as it always happens in despotic countries that laws and ordinances are observed only in proportion to the personal energies and determination of the ruler and the zeal and watchfulness

of his administrators, so evasion and even violation of Christian duties is with more impunity practised in Tuscany, Lombardy and Parma, where public instruction is not essentially given up to the priests, and to those most indefatigable and inexorable of all priests—the Jesuits.

This body of clever, wary and sleepless beings are watching every opportunity of re-establishing their influence in those states whence the hasty and insolent demeanour of their predecessors in the last century had driven them. Already their operations have been crowned with success in Vicenza and other towns in the Austrian dominions; and though they met with repeated rebukes at Parma, still they pursue their tenebrous work with their wonted patience and exemplary resignation.

The universities of Pavia, Parma, Bologna, and Pisa, are, or were hitherto, governed with the mildest and most conciliatory measures; but as this apparent toleration is not only never sanctioned, but is, on the contrary, in flagrant opposition to the law, and is always the result of subterfuge and deceit, it has the pernicious effect of training the Italian youth to a school of hypocrisy and base fiction, which gradually takes hold of and becomes an integrant part of the national character.

Such is the kind of religious instruction uniformly administered at an Italian seminary, nor can it be expected that it should be better in other subordinate establishments. What the Jesuits are to the university, the *Scolopii*, or *Ignorantini* are to the primary schools. These last have all the ugliness without the sting and venom of the former. The ignorance from which they seem proud to take their name prevents them from exercising as mischievous an influence as their more aspiring brethern. They do not at least corrupt, if they do not edify the human souls entrusted to their care. They are the means of removing several hundreds of ragged urchins from the streets, and employing them in harmless, if unprofitable pursuits. Every traveller must have been struck, when visiting Piedmont or the South of France, by the appearance of those long processions of boys drawn up in two rows with their eyes cast upon the ground, their arms folded to the breast, marching in a profound silence, order and gravity, on their way to the "Benedizione," under the escort of two or more long-robed monks, very dark and very fat, with a marble, lustrous countenance, with a stern, glassy look, carrying a black greasy "ufficio" in their left hand and a birch rod in the right. These are the pupils and teachers of the *Scuole Pie* or *Ecoles Chretiennes*—in other words, the schools of Ignorance.

The above-quoted traveller gives the following account of the pious exercises connected with the little knowledge imparted to their pupils by these good Frati Ignorantini.

"Every morning: 1, a quarter of an hour religious reading, (i. e. 'Le sette allegrezze' and 'I sette dolori' of the Virgin Mary, ascetic effusions to the 'Sacro Cuore di Giesù,' and the like); 2, the hymn 'Veni Creator;' 3, according to the season the Ambrosian hymn, and other extracts from the *Ufficio della Beata Vergine* (all Latin but the title-page); 4, mass; 5, hymn or the litanies of the Holy Virgin; 6, spiritual instruction (that is, long commentaries on the mysteries of incarnation, transubstantiation, &c.); 7, the psalm 'Laudate pueri' and a prayer for the king. In the afternoon: 1, a quarter of an hour of religious reading; 2, hymn and prayer; 3, three quarters of an hour explanation of the catechism, (namely, dissertations on the importance of fasting, confessing, and otherwise observing the five commandments of the Church). The schools last three and a half hours in the forenoon, and two and a half hours in the afternoon, &c., &c."

In similar manner are the rising generation provided with moral and religious instruction in the gymnasiums. For the rest of the population, who have no leisure or inclination to attend those daily establishments, Sunday schools, under the name of "Dottrina Cristiana," are or ought to be opened throughout the country. But the little attention almost universally paid to the observance of the seventh day greatly interferes with a regular organization of this wholesome institution. Neither in the Jewish nor in the Mahometan, we could almost say in none of the living religious denominations, is this practice more disregarded than in Catholic countries, and in none of the Catholic countries more so than in Italy. Here, indeed, the evil cannot be imputed to negligence on the part of the Church. The houses of public worship remain open on Sundays, as on every day, from earliest dawn till late in the evening. Prayers and sacraments, high and low masses, vespers and rosaries are reiterated at every hour of the day. The festive bells, loud even to annoyance, announce the day of the Lord. The clergy of all classes waste admonitions and reprimands against irreverence and profanation. But the original cause of such a disorder is to be referred to the Church herself, and dates from the days of ignorance and barbarism, when, fearing lest the unthinking mass of the lowest classes of people should abandon themselves to excesses of vice and intemperance, she countenanced and authorized such plays and spectacles as could be innocently substituted for the more brutal games of wild beasts and gladiators, of which the memory was still dear to the sons of the Romans. The fault of the Catholic church in this, as in most of her institutions, is the consequence of decrepitude. Using an authority which they believed they held from heaven, the popes and the general councils adopted such modifications and restrictions as they judged consonant with the passions of the ages of darkness and violence through which Christianity has passed, and it would perhaps be difficult to bring any argument against the soundness and expediency of any of the Catholic laws and practices, if considered in relation to the ages and countries for which they were intended. But now that the progress of civilisation has removed the causes which seemed to call forth these institutions, to insist upon their sanctity and inviolability implies either a conviction, that our generation unites the barbarism of all past ages, or a design of driving the world back to barbarous ages again. The service of the Catholic Church, consisting in showy ceremonies principally directed to strike the senses, though it may, at times, effect powerful impressions, is not apt to excite a lasting interest or to afford any kind of intellectual entertainment. Hence, as soon as released from immediate attention to the spectacle exhibited before his eyes, the Catholic, with a mind unused to meditation and fond of excitement, turns

to pleasure the rest of that day that the Church has exempted from the toils of life.

It would be difficult to form an idea of the manner of observing the Sabbath in Catholic countries by what can be seen of the people of that denomination in the Protestant countries, where their priests are kept in awe by the immediate competition of other sects. The Italians, for instance, have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even then attendance on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the Church. Sermons, moreover, are only panegyrics of the life and miracles of some favourite saint, or gloomy descriptions of hell and paradise, after the poetic visions of Dante. Mass only is the order of the day, and, as priestly industry has contracted the duration of that sacrifice within the space of ten minutes, few Catholics ever think of infringing so condescending a law, except the haughty philosopher who does it as a demonstration of independence and out of spirit of contradiction. Accordingly, before day-break, before the opening of the church, a sleepy, hurrying crowd is besieging the door for the discharge of their duty. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise,—driver and his whip,—housekeeper and her basket,—sportsman and his hounds, supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre candles are lighted, a huge folio is opened, some buzzing prayers are muttered, and thus terminates what is called *Messa degli affrettati;* and then exit the crowd, sanctified for the rest of the day.

Towards noon all the ladies' toilets are over, all the new suits are donned; a large concourse of fine fashionable people assemble in their favourite church, generally a small insignificant building, but having the advantage of being secure from the intrusion of the vulgar. The ladies kneel at random in low pews, or are helped to chairs by the gentlemen. These last stand at the extremity of the aisle—a various, gaudy, ever-fluctuating group, talking and laughing, and from their eye-glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small chapel something is going on that nobody sees and hears, and nobody cares to see and hear. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience, and ranges itself in two long rows, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the ladies, who appear radiant, edified, glorified, ready for the promenade. This they call *La messa dei belli.*

Last of all, the tradesman, who, in order to supply the luxuries of the wealthy, has been at work behind the half-closed shutters of his shop, is hurried, by the last peals of the bell, to the parish church, where he arrives in time to get his two-thirds of what is called *La messa degli ostinati.*

In the afternoon all that the city possesses of proud horses and gilt chariots is prancing and glittering up and down the Corso, in the evening the cafés are dazzling with a thousand lamps, the theatres are trembling with the strains of intoxicating music, the private parlours are glowing with all the ardour and transport of an Italian soirée. This is the Sabbath in town.

In the country, in many a village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest Apennine, is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety as could have been in the times of the earliest Christianity. The manners of those people are stationary and know no progress either for better or worse. They are nothing to the rest of the world, the rest of the world is nothing to them. In their genealogical traditions they go back as far as the proudest nobility of the land. The cottage of the valley is often as old as the castle towering upon the hill. Be the multiplication of the species as active as it may please Providence, in those patriarchal dwellings there is room for all. Here the same roof covers the numerous branches of four generations; there the old stock withers in loneliness, which famine or pestilence has stripped of its foliage. Vice in no shape can find its way to these sacred recesses. Were it even brought there from abroad, it would perish, discountenanced by that instinctive innocence, as it is said, of those fortunate climates, where all reptiles are naturally innocuous, and even such as are imported from foreign shores lose their venomous properties at the very first landing. In his conception of the purity and singlemindedness of his Lucia, and the rectitude of mind of his Renzo, Manzoni has most immediately drawn from nature.

It will be easily supposed that the tenants of these privileged districts, a primitive race among whom the use of bars and bolts is scarcely known at all, must be much addicted to the practice of going to church. No distance, in fact, no hardship of weather or road, were ever known to deter the Lombard peasant from his devotional duties. Still before and after the fulfilment of these duties, in the intervals between the long services of his church, morning and evening, until late in the night, he gives himself up without a scruple or restraint to such enjoyment as his limited sphere can afford. In the morning they are the sports of the wood, in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening the whole village assemble, in winter in a large parlour, in summer on the threshing-floor by moonlight—and there with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and what with jigs, *tarantellas, furlanas* and a variety of dances and country-dances, they go on till they feel completely rested and refreshed for the toils of the morrow. In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete unless he is there to take his share. We must confess we have never seen an Italian minister dancing, though a Spanish *padre* we have; but we have seen more than one on the Apennines, rising very early with a gay company, on a fine Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun and hallooing after his hounds, shooting his hare with tolerable skill and remarkable good luck, and at the ringing of the bell hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands in the vestry, put on in great confusion his gown, his surplice, the hundred paraphernalia of his Levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable in the eyes of his flock and his fellow hunters, as holy and infallible as ever. Such is the Sabbath in the country; and as the people see no fault and mean no harm by it, while we grieve at such a state of things, we have but the sad consolation that it has always been so, and that, until education has brought about a total subversion of all ideas and manners, there is little hope that it may ever be otherwise.

With a people and clergy so lightly and carelessly disposed, it must be obvious that Sunday-schools,

established as they are pretended to be ever since San Carlo Borromeo, have done little towards the improvement of public morals. Religious instruction has indeed, no matter how long since, been regularly afforded in every parish church on Sundays, and parents have been warmly recommended and even obliged to send their children. But the example of the parents themselves, accustomed to look on the Sabbath rather as on a day of recreation than religious meditation, cannot fail to have the worst effect. Moreover the extreme ignorance, carelessness and indolence of the clerks on whom the office of teachers devolves, and the abstruseness and mysticism of the Catholic catechism, frustrates every hope of ever bringing that scanty and imperfect instruction to bear upon the pupil's understanding. Indeed not the slightest attempt is made towards it. Children are directed to repeat every chapter of the *Dottrina Cristiana* till they have got it materially by heart, when they are considered as fit to be admitted to the sacraments. On the anniversary of the solemnities of the *Corpus Domini*, the children of every parish are mustered up in a long procession, and promenaded about town dressed in fanciful costumes of lamb-skins, gay ribbons and flowers, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, preceded by the parish standard, and singing psalms and hymns; and he and she and they, who have recited the *Dottrina Cristiana* with the least hesitation and stammering, closing the rear clad in courtly robes as king, queen, knights and maids of honour, &c., which distinctions and insignia are intended to last for a whole week, during which the juvenile monarchs and their attendants are loaded with presents and caresses, and crammed with sweetmeats at every convent and nunnery in town.

All this may prove maternal tenderness and charity on the part of the Catholic Church, but cannot equally be brought forward as a proof of her discernment and judgment, and we must indeed have been hitherto stating facts and describing manners and customs to no purpose, if, from what we have said, it does not result, that, even were we unwilling to question the soundness and sanctity of the Catholic morals, were we not to doubt the holy influence of many of the tenets and rites of the Church of Rome, nothing whatever is done by the clergy, even after their own views, either in any manner addressing the understanding or intended to penetrate the heart. A religion of symbols and ceremonies, almost exclusively directed to impress the senses, almost entirely dealing in mysteries and asceticism, is not calculated to forward the interests of a liberal, rational, practical education. Without going the whole length of accusing the Catholic priests as teachers of immorality, we have no hesitation in denying their influence as instruments of moral instruction. For them the man is sufficiently educated that has been trained to place on them the most absolute, implicit reliance. The illiterate peasant, the idiot, are the best of Christians. The incompetence, or at least insufficiency, of their priesthood to administer to the wants of an active and intellectual age, is so forcibly felt, in Italy, even by the most conscientious Catholics, that the whole nation seems to have come to the determination of sharing at least with them, if not altogether taking education out of their hands. In the north of Italy, under the Austrian and Sardinian governments, the state has provided for the organization of infant and primary schools. In Tuscany, at Parma and a few other states, they have been left to the exertion of private beneficence; at Rome and Modena they have been interdicted with all the jealousy and violence of arbitrary governments. The south lies still in an almost total darkness of barbarism.

At Milan and Venice such institutions have been almost altogether placed under the rule of the laity. In Piedmont, as we have seen, Jesuits and Ignorantini have every thing under their control.

The traveller whom we have often quoted, M. Von Raumer, gives the most satisfactory account of the state of these incipient establishments in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. Where government takes public instruction under its immediate responsibility, little of course is left to the zeal of private individuals, besides a prompt and cheerful compliance with the law. There is no doubt but that the Austrian government, when proceeding to the organization of primary instruction, only acted in compliance with the urgent demands of the most enlightened part of the nation, and that the funds for the erection and maintenance of schools have been and are chiefly furnished by private donations and voluntary contributions.

"The outlay for elementary schools," says Von Raumer with his wonted statistical accuracy, "amounted to 507,000 florins. Of this 21,000 florins were derived from endowments, 423,000 were contributed by the communes, and 63,000 were defrayed by the state. In 1837, there were in Lombardy, with a population of 4,558,000 inhabitants, 4,531 schools, and only 66 communes remained without an elementary school for boys. The teachers, including 2,226 clergymen, directors and school authorities, amounted in number to 6,284. The infant schools are attended by 2,026 children and directed by 93 teachers; their yearly revenues amount to about 16,000 florins. In 1834 there were in the Venetian part of the kingdom alone, with a population of 2,094,000, 1438 schools with 81,372 pupils and 1676 male and female teachers. In the town of Venice there were four infant schools containing already 1000 children, and it is now in contemplation to establish a fifth, and to hire an entire palace for the purpose, at the yearly rent of 230 dollars."

All this may go far to prove that the natural good sense and intelligence of the Italian people needed no great compulsion to enter into the views of their legislators. Still but few of the lowest classes can be made to understand and value the blessings of education, and the rest must be guided to their own good by the argument of force. Now, "the law," says Von Raumer, "compels parents to send children to school between the ages of six and twelve, and a fine of half a *lira* per month is incurred by those who neglect to do so, but it is not enforced in Lombardy." It is much to be regretted that it should not be, and that the fear of causing some irritation among the lowest classes should deter the Austrian government from following up to the last their salutary regulation. What else indeed would be the use of despotism, if when sure of the vote of the wide majority, when intimately convinced of the sacredness of its undertaking, it should hesitate to bring to reason a few degraded beings whom their very brutality renders refractory and restive?

Have not parents been deprived by law of the right they enjoyed under the Romans of killing, selling, or disinheriting their children? Why should they not be equally deprived of their authority of killing their children's soul, by suffering them to wallow in all the wretchedness of ignorance and vice?

It is only with this object that the centralising omnipotence of a despotic government may more readily prevail against the natural sluggishness or stubbornness of a degraded population, that the Italian patriots have resigned education into the hands of their rulers. Were it otherwise, were it not because they felt that coercive measures would be necessary to induce a few unnatural parents to perform the most sacred of their duties, they needed not to lay their funds and their co-operation at the disposal of the state; since, under any other point of view, it was neither advisable nor desirable that the great mover of public education should be utterly and unconditionally placed under governmental control. In Tuscany, where the Grand Duke never encouraged but never at least interfered with the progress of popular instruction, voluntary associations and subscriptions have led to no less splendid results.

The imperial government could not of course be expected to give its Lombard subjects any but a thoroughly Austrian education. Thus we see, for instance, not without regret, that the rising generation in the gymnasiums are directed to study not the history of their own country, but that of the Austrian monarchy; that students are not allowed to read even such works as the "Conversations' Lexicon," &c. These jealous and narrow-minded restrictions are far from answering the hopes of the most liberal Italians, who have every reason to expect that the diffusion of useful knowledge would soon lead them, at least, to as much rational latitude and freedom of enquiry as is now enjoyed, under the same absolute rule, by the subjects of the Prussian monarchy.

Popular education in England, in America, in almost every other civilised country, may or should have no other object than to promote the greatest happiness of the lowest classes by improving their intellectual and moral condition. But in an enslaved, divided, distracted country like Italy, education is not considered as an end, but as a means. The work of regeneration must lead to a deed of emancipation. Popular instruction must be among the most active elements of nationality. The Italian people must be raised to the dignity of rational beings, that they may be fairly entitled to claim their rights as an independent race of freemen. Education, we have said it, must be the beginning of a fundamental revolution.

This, both the governments and the patriots are well aware of: hence the want is universally felt in Italy of withdrawing and emancipating, as far as can be practicable, popular education from civil as well as from ecclesiastical authority; hence also the alarm has been spread among the rulers of the land, who perceiving the hostile tendency of the age, either hope to counteract the revolutionary influence of education, by taking it under their own immediate patronage or submitting it to priestly rule, as it is done under the Austrian and Sardinian governments; or otherwise by waging a relentless war against its promoters and abettors, as the Pope, the Duke of Modena and others, have done.

"I beg of you," thus writes one of our own correspondents, whose words we quote, because they are most apt to give the reader an idea of the state of men's minds in that country—"I beg of you to seize the first opportunity to announce among our most praiseworthy Italian publications that of the 'Letture Popolari,' published at Turin, of which the programme for this (the fifth) year is to be found in the last number of the 'Guida dell' Educatore.' You will see by what high feelings its compilers are inspired. But behold, what I receive from one of its most active editors.

"'The hour of persecution has struck for my 'Letture Popolari' also, and Monsignor the Archbishop of Turin has given the first signal of the attack. In one of his pastoral homilies, in Lent, the right reverend prelate thundered with great vehemence against them, and in the same time against all our other schemes of popular instruction. After his lordship's example, as well might be expected, violent diatribes were uttered from all, or nearly all, the pulpits in his diocese, every minister of the Gospel zealously adding his commentaries and corollaries to the paternal admonition of their spiritual leader. The most alarming rumours are afloat, and we are waiting every moment for the decree that must condemn our 'Letture Popolari' to share the fate of the 'Subalpino' (a literary journal suppressed by the Sardinian government in 1839,) and nothing short of a miracle can avert the storm which priestly craft has conjured up against us. Here I subjoin a specimen of the archiepiscopal effusion:—

"'Oh! this indiscreet zeal of spreading among the people the desire of reading and thirst for instruction, far from being favourable to the cause of religion and morals, is even not unfrequently fatal to the public tranquillity. Because by teaching the lowest classes how to read, without previously strengthening their understanding with the first rudiments of Christian knowledge, they learn to pronounce their sentence on all religious and political matters; they become bolder and bolder in their censure of every government measure, till at length they lose every feeling of respect and allegiance towards their rulers and are ready for rebellion and anarchy.

"'Ignorance is bad: who doubts it? But there may be a kind of knowledge still worse: therefore, even in his own age the Apostle proclaimed: *Non plus sapere, quam oportet sapere** (Rom. xii. 3.) It is

* Λέγω γὰρ, διὰ τῆς χάριτος τῆς δοθείσης μοι, παντὶ τῷ ὄντι ἐν ὑμῖν, μὴ ὑπερφρονεῖν, παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν· ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν ἑκάστῳ ὡς ὁ Θεὸς ἐμέρισε μέτρον πίστεως. We subjoin the original text for the benefit of our readers, whose opinion may be easily formed on the profundity of the textuary who can give to ὑπερφρονεῖν the sense of PLUS SAPERE, or describe a state of ignorant pride of heart as a state of knowledge. True science is always accompanied with humility—ignorance with unseemly pride. The application of the text as an interdict on knowledge is perfectly absurd. When will that pregnant source of error, the Latin Vulgate, be extirpated from Romanist countries? The Apostle's argument is also wholly directed to particular offices, and his injunctions are to exercise a due humility in the wielding of even the miraculous powers, or any other gift or grace. It has nothing to do with the subject to which the archbishop has misapplied it. Where are the chances of a super-fetation of knowledge for Italy? When will even

true that these words are meant as an admonition to those who are too prone to think highly of themselves, but such will exactly be the result of these same popular journals, which by fictitious tales, purposely selected to pervert the people's minds, seem to insinuate that virtue only resides among the lowest orders; that equity, disinterestedness and magnanimity are the characteristics of the labourer and poor, whilst oppression, injustice and hardness of heart are the appanage of the higher classes.'"

"What say you," continues our correspondent, "to this archiepiscopal promulgator of the Gospel!" and then, as a contrast to the gloomy prospects of the war that the friends of education are likely to endure, he subjoins a few words from another of his associates on the state of the Tuscan *Moremma*, a wild district scarcely issuing from utmost desolation and barbarism.

"I have hardly yet visited one-third of the Tuscan marches, and have already organized five societies for the institution of infant asylums, numbering nine hundred members and contributing an annual revenue of 20,000 *lire*. Words cannot express how ardently my words have been received, and what a spirit of true charity and patriotism prevails among this population, so little known and so often abused. I have seen the townspeople meeting by hundreds to draw up the regulations for these charitable institutions on the most liberal plans, and bishops and parsons vieing with the laity in zealously promoting the interests of education, &c.

"We are," concludes our friend, "neither deterred by the episcopal threats at Turin, nor elated by the adhesion of priests and prelates in Tuscany; but since we are to fight on this ground, I am glad to perceive a division among our adversaries, which gives us fair chances of victory."

Certainly as long as government does not openly declare against them, the friends of education are sure of success, at least in Tuscany, where, were it only as charitable institutions, schools and asylums might always rely on the support and favour of that benevolent population. It must not be forgotten that the north of Italy, and especially Lombardy and Tuscany, have always taken the lead, and are even now unsurpassed in Europe for their true Christian charity and beneficence; and that nowhere are hospitals, poor houses, and orphan asylums, objects of a more assiduous and inexhaustible liberality.

As houses of charity, those educational establishments will be aided by the co-operation even of those who might be less sanguine as to the moral results attainable from a diffusion of knowledge among the lowest classes, and less disposed to lay too implicit a belief in the indefinite perfectibility of their fellow-beings. Whoever visited the infant asylums at Florence or Venice, and saw, as Von Raumer relates, "those Italian children, whom he was accustomed to behold in the streets, dirty, ragged and crawling with vermin, now clean in their persons and tidily attired in their airy and spacious school-houses," however sceptically inclined as to the future prospects of the rising Italian generation, will, at least, applaud the immediate, palpable advantages resulting from those truly maternal establishments.

We have ourselves witnessed the gratifying spectacle last year in Florence, and as we surveyed the little innocent creatures, the children of sin and misery, but recently rescued from the squalor and wretchedness of their parental roofs, still bearing on their haggard and emaciated features and on their ricketty limbs the prints of hereditary disease and deformity, we bethought ourselves of Alfieri, and wondered what curse of heaven could thus have nipped and blasted the "plant man" in that most genial soil; and offered our prayers to God that he would smile on the efforts of the new cultivators, and bear them up against the hatred and malignity of their opponents.

But what shall we say, when, foremost in the ranks of their adversaries, we meet the vicar of Christ, the servant of the servants of God, Pope Gregory XVI. himself, not only opposing reasons to arguments, sermons and homilies to pamphlets and journals, but, as a last resource, betaking himself to excommunications, and banishments, and throwing schoolmasters into dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo!

We have already expressed our belief that there may be precipitation and imprudence among the champions of popular instruction, and we may, to a certain extent, chime in with the opinions of the Archbishop of Turin, that there may be systems of education far from being conducive to the happiness and contentment of individuals, or favourable to the preservation of social order. But would it not be the duty of the pastors who are, at the same time, the legitimate instructors of their flocks, to counteract the evil tendencies of a premature culture by the peaceful insinuation of sound moral principles, rather than by unholy diatribes and insane persecutions? Is God's own truth so afraid of broad daylight as to have no chance to prevail but in the obscurity of a prison? Can the arrest of Enrico Mayer,*

her archbishops comply with the Catholic injunction "Give attention to reading," and get rid of their present deplorable ignorance, "understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." How different is the expression of Dante's ardent gratitude to Ser Brunetto compared to what the Italian child must feel to these darkeners of knowledge.

"In la mente m' e fitta ed or m' accora
La cara b uona imagine paterna
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora
M' insegnavate, come l' uoms' eterna."

* Though we have already alluded to the arrest of Signor Enrico Mayer in our article on "Copyright in Italy," (see FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No LII., p. 300,) yet we think that a few particulars of that event may serve to give an idea of the police regulations of the Italian states, and show how far the right of inviolability of person is respected in that country.

Early in the month of May, 1840, Signor Mayer applied for, and obtained from, his native Tuscan government, a passport for Naples and Sicily, the only part of Italy that the pedagogical traveller had never visited. In that epoch, it will be remembered, the differences between his Sicilian majesty and Great Britian had created an universal ferment in Italy; for such is the state of that unhappy country, that every prospect of hostilities, every anticipation of anxieties and difficulties, in which their governments may be involved, is hailed as an object of rejoicing, as a chance of resurrection on the part of the people. *Mors tua, vita mea* is there the mutual bond of union and love between the two opposite elements of social order, power and opinion. Consequently, the Neapolitan consul at Leghorn refused to sanction, by his sig-

or of any other individual, put a stop to the rapid progress of opinion, any more than all the scaffolds and burning-piles of Paul IV. and Pius V. prevailed against Protestanism! The school master in prison! out upon thee, Antichrist!

Meanwhile the promoters of education are not to be easily discouraged by these first outbursts of pontifical wrath. The books which we have placed at the head of this article, selecting them from among a vast number of penny magazines, cyclopædias, and other popular publications, edited in imitation of our English works in the same style, are sufficient to prove that public suffrage is openly in favour of the institutions which such works are intended to advocate, and that the weight of opinion is more than sufficient to frustrate the evil ascendency of power.

The oldest and most deserving of these periodical works is the "Guida dell' Educatore," conducted by the *Abate* Raffaello Lambruschini, an evangelical, as well as a Catholic, priest. The first manifesto of the journal was published in September, 1835, and the first number appeared in January of the following year. It has ever since continued to appear in monthly numbers, and is now in the highest plenitude of success and popularity. At first the editor had to struggle hard against the difficulties of his isolated situation; but he soon found valiant fellow-labourers in Florence and elsewhere, and now there is scarcely a literary man in Italy that does not take the most lively interest in the progress of his noble undertaking. Among the most distinguished writers we notice the names of Pietro Thouar, Niccolo Tommaseo, and Enrico Mayer, whose Fragments of a Pedagogical Journey are intended to give a very satisfactory account of the state of popular education in every country of Europe, particularly in Switzerland, Germany and Britain. These articles were the principal guilt that called upon the author's head the papal resentment, to which he owed his confinement at Rome, and which have rendered it either utterly impossible or unsafe for him to stir an inch beyond the confines of his native state of Tuscany.

The last of these valuable, though, to the Roman see, obnoxious papers, refers to the state of education in England, and ought to prove an object of uncommon attraction to our readers, as the extensive connexions and the long residence of M. Mayer in this country, and his indefatigable diligence and perseverance, enabled him to obtain the fairest insight into our political, religious and educational institutions.

It will be easily perceived that that essay is written in accordance with the democratic views warmly espoused by M. Mayer, and almost universally prevailing in his country, but which, owing to the political organization of our free and happy island, are yet, we think, far from having thrown deep roots among our people. Apart, however, from all party spirit, M. Mayer deserves the highest credit as an intelligent, fair, and conscientious observer.

To every number of the "Guida" are annexed a few pages of "Letture pei fanciulli," consisting of tales, dialogues, biographical or historical essays, &c., calculated to the capacity of a juvenile understanding: these, together with the "Letture Popolari" published at Turin, to which we have alluded above, and the "Racconti ad uso dei Giovanetti" by Pietro Thouar, will furnish every school-house in Italy with an useful and entertaining, economical library.

Meanwhile, as a proof of the universal encouragement that such works obtain from the Italian nation at large, we shall conclude this article by quoting the words of honest exultation with which the worthy Abate Lambruschini announces to his readers the reduction in the price of annual subscription, occasioned by a more extensive circulation and sale of his work.

"*La Ruche*, a French journal, edited by two excellent promoters of education, Mesdames Belloc and Mongolfier, has fallen in France. *L'Education pratique*, conducted by the clever M. Michel, also came to its end: whilst books and journals, tending either to amuse the readers with idle inanities, or to corrupt them with immoral and lubric works of fiction, are sold and republished with unabated success—while the "Guida dell' Educatore," after five years proceeds with redoubled vigour, thanks to the persevering indulgence of the readers, and the all-absorbing importance of its subject. Were any other than myself the editor, I think I might venture to say—SUCH IS ITALY!"

---

nature, the passport of M. Mayer. This gentleman was therefore compelled to undertake an unnecessary journey to Florence, where he obtained from the Neapolitan minister what he had in vain applied for to his Excellency's subaltern. Provided thus with a passport in due form, M. Mayer started, by land, towards the south, and by a direct road proceeded to Rome. Here another Neapolitan ambassador countermanded the order of his colleague at Florence, and M. Mayer was once more stopped short in his journey. He humbly and resignedly protested against this abuse of power, and prolonged his stay in Rome, hoping by his remonstrances to soften the unjust rigour of the ambassador. One morning as he, according to his wont, applied to the Post Office for his letters, he was attacked by the *sbirri* of his Holiness, and thrown into prison, while his domicile underwent the most severe and minute investigation. For more than four months he was kept in the closest confinement; he and his friends were left in a state of utter incertitude as to his fate. But the clamour raised by so arbitrary a measure, against so popular and irreprehensible a personage, was so very loud and incessant, that even the Pope's inflexibility was not proof against it. The dark and mysterious proceedings were broken short, and the prisoner was, at the request of the Grand Duke, sent back, under an armed escort, to the Tuscan confines; sentence of perpetual banishment from the ecclesiastical states was, however, issued against him, and enforced by threats of hard imprisonment and the galleys:—all this before he could receive the slightest information as to the crime he stood accused of. His guilt, however, it is well known, was only that of having by every effort promoted the institution of infant asylums, and other primary schools, against which the Pope has declared a most insane and relentless war, and having travelled through Switzerland, England and Germany, to inspect the state of popular instruction in those countries, and give an account of it in several numbers of the "*Guida dell' Educatore.*"

From the Britannia.

## TRANSLATORS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—Romans viii. v. 27.

But to mortal observation, the means that worketh good, is often hidden.

It would seem, however, that the wise and good men, who were appointed in the reign of King James I. to the translation of the Holy Bible, verified this sentence, for the congregated talent of our translators appears to have been directed solely to the great object proposed, with one pure spirit, no one member among the pious number having vain-gloriously assumed to himself for his part, any individual distinction.

The Great English Bible, which was in use until the reign of King James I. denominated the Bishops' Bible, from the circumstance of its being translated at the instance of Archbishop Parker, by the Bishops and other learned men, was printed in a large folio, by Richard Jugge, in 1568.

At the conference held at Hampton-court, anno 1603, many exceptions being made to the Bishops' Bible, it was, after due deliberation, recommended to have a new translation; when his Majesty King James issued an order to prepare one accordingly; "not" (not as expressed in the preface) "for a translation altogether new, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better, or of many good ones, one best."

By the King's letter to the Archbishop, dated 1604, it appears that fifty-four learned persons were appointed to this important work. The translation did not commence until 1607, and then the number appointed were reduced to forty-seven, either by death, or some other cause, not now known.

The work being accomplished, it was published in 1613, with a dedication to the King, and is the Bible now read by authority in all our Churches. It is denominated "King James's Bible."

The learned Selden, whom Grotius designates "The glory of the English nation," referring to the subject of his table-talk, says, "The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original the best, taking in for the original translation, the Bishops' Bible, as well as King James's. The translators in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible being given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue, (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downes,) and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, they read on."

Of Selden, whose opinion is here quoted, thus speaketh Lord Clarendon: "He was whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue."

The places and persons agreed upon for the Hebrew, with the particular books by them undertaken, were as follow:—

WESTMINSTER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Dean, of Westminster<br>Mr. Dean, of St. Paul's<br>Dr. Saravia<br>Dr. Clark<br>Dr. Seifield<br>Dr. Teigh<br>Mr. Burleigh<br>Mr. King<br>Mr. Tompson<br>Mr. Beadwell | Pentateuchon, and the story from Joshua to the first book of Chronicles exclusive. |

CAMBRIDGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Lively<br>Mr. Richardson<br>Mr. Chatterton<br>Mr. Dillingham<br>Mr. Harrison<br>Mr. Andrews<br>Mr. Spalding<br>Mr. Burge | From the first of Chronicles, and the rest of the story, and the Hagiographic; viz., Job, Psalms, Prov., Canticles, Ecclesiastes. |

OXFORD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Harding<br>Dr. Reynolds<br>Dr. Holland<br>Dr. Kylbie<br>Mr. Smith<br>Mr. Brett<br>Mr. Fairclough | The four or greater Prophets, with the Lamentations, and the twelve lesser prophets. |

CAMBRIDGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Dewport<br>Dr. Braithwait<br>Dr. Radcliffe<br>Mr. Ward (Eman.)<br>Mr. Downes<br>Mr. Boyes<br>Mr. Warde (Reg.) | The Prayer of Manasses, and the rest of the Apocrypha. |

The places and persons agreed upon for the Greek with the particular books by them undertaken:—

OXFORD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dean of Christ Church<br>Dean of Winchester<br>Dean of Worcester<br>Dean of Windsor<br>Mr. Saville<br>Dr. Perne<br>Dr. Ravens<br>Mr. Haviner | The four Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and Apocalypse. |

WESTMINSTER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dean of Chester<br>Dr. Hutchinson<br>Dr. Spencer<br>Mr. Fenton<br>Mr. Rabbet<br>Mr. Sanderson<br>Mr. Dakens | The Epistles of Paul.<br>The Canonical Epistles. |

The rules to be observed in translation of the Bible.

1. The ordinary Bible read in the Church, commonly called "the Bishops' Bible," to be followed, and as little altered as the truth of the original will permit.

2. The names of the prophets and the holy writers, with the other names of the text, to be retained as nigh as may be, according as they were vulgarly used.

3. The old ecclesiastical words to be kept; viz., the word "Church" not to be translated "Congregation," &c.

4. When a word hath divers significations, that to be kept which hath been most commonly used by the most of the ancient fathers, being agreeable to the propriety of the place, and analogy of the faith.

5. The division of the chapters to be altered, either not at all, or as little as may be, if necessity require.

6. No marginal notes at all to be affixed, but only for the explanation of the Hebrew or Greek words, which cannot without some circumlocution, so briefly and fitly be expressed in the text.

7. Such quotations of places to be marginally set down as shall serve for the reference of one scripture to another.

8. Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter, or chapters, and having translated or amended them severally by himself where he thinketh good, all to meet together, confer what they have done, and agree for their parts what shall stand.

9. As any one company hath despatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest to be considered of seriously and judiciously, for his Majesty is very careful in this point.

10. If any company, upon the review of the book so sent, doubt or differ upon any place, to send them word thereof, note the place, and withal send the reasons; to which, if they consent not, the difference to be compounded at the general meeting, which is to be of the chief persons of each company at the end of the work.

11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, letters to be directed, by authority, to send to any learned man in the land for the judgment of such a place.

12. Letters to be sent from every Bishop to the rest of the clergy, admonishing them of this translation in hand, and to move and charge, as many as being skilful in the tongues, and having taken pains in that kind, to send his particular observations to the company, either at Westminster, Cambridge, or Oxford.

13. The directors in each company to be the Deans of Westminster, and Chester for that place; and the King's professors in the Hebrew or Greek in either university.

14. These translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible; viz. Tindal's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch's, Geneva.

15. Besides the said directors before mentioned, three, or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the universities, not employed in translating, to be assigned by the Vice Chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the heads, to be overseers of the translations, as well Hebrew as Greek; for the better observation of the fourth rule above specified.

---

## THE BRUSH TURKEY.

From a recently read paper by Mr. Gould, on that most singular and anomalous bird, the Brush Turkey (*Tulegalla Lathami*) of New South Wales, the following notes are given:—The brush turkey does not hatch its own eggs but employs for that purpose similar means to those now in use for artificial incubation. For some weeks prior to the period of laying, it collects together an immense mass of vegetable matter, varying from two to four cart-loads, with which it forms a pyramidal heap; in this heap it plants its eggs, about eighteen inches deep, and from nine to twelve inches apart. The eggs, which are always placed with the large end upwards, being carefully covered, are then left to hatch by the heat engendered by the decomposition of the surrounding matter. The heaps are formed by the labours of several pairs of birds, and frequently contain as many eggs as would fill a bucket. The eggs are white, about three inches and three quarters long by two and a half in diameter; and having an excellent flavour, are eagerly sought after. A specimen of the brush turkey which Mr. Gould had an opportunity of observing in Mr. Macleay's garden at Sidney, had formed a heap in a shrubbery similar to that it would have made in its native woods. Around and over this heap the bird was seen to strut in the same way as the domestic cock, at the same time frequently uttering a clucking noise. The flesh is of a pale salmon colour, juicy and tender. After all he had seen of the bird in a state of nature, Mr. Gould had no hesitation in assigning it a place among the *Gallinaceæ*, among which it has a nearer alliance to *Cracidæ* than to any other group; at all events is in no way allied to the *Vulturidæ*, as Mr. Swainson would have it; and is equally distant from *Menura*, with which it has been classed by some writers.—*Lit. Gazette.*

---

## DISTRESS.

At Worship Street, on Monday, a number of poor people were charged with having been found sleeping under the arches of the Eastern Counties Railway, and with having obstructed the way of passengers by their begging importunities. On their examination it came out that the inhabitants of no less than fourteen houses in Hope Street, Spitalfields, nearly two hundred in number, were turned into the streets last Friday by a broker, on the ground of their rents being in arrears. These houses have lain a long time empty of regular tenants, owing to their ownership being a matter of dispute at law; and they have gradually become full of persons who retreated to them in hopes of living rent free for a time. On Friday, they were every one, without an instant's warning, driven out of their rooms; many who were absent from home losing their furniture and property in the confusion and scramble. They had removed in a body and encamped under the railway, and had put up boxes with inscriptions describing their misery, and begging charity. The Magistrate regretted that he was unable to do more than discharge them from custody. He offered, however, to grant warrants against the ejectors for breach of the peace. A Mr. Hunt, who attended for the poor people, resolved to act on that suggestion.—*Spectator.*

From the Britannia.

*On Heroes, Hero-worship, and The Heroic in History.* By Thomas Carlyle. One vol. *Fraser.*

Looking at the spirit which animates and has originated this book, it may be described as an eloquent protest of the true poet's heart and mind against the cold, sceptical, arrogant, self-satisfied tone of thinking which pervades the so-called philosophy of this mechanical age. Its perusal has afforded us very far more cause for admiration than for censure—indeed, almost every page teems with what is at least suggestive of deep and serious thought, if not with what immediately carries conviction to the mind. The subject, however, is too vast to be handled with any effect in the limits of a newspaper notice, and we shall therefore rather confine onrselves to giving something like a clear idea of what the book is, than attempt any critical or controversial analysis of its opinions.

A chief and characteristic virtue of those productions of Mr. Carlyle which may be classified with the present is, that, amid much that is censurable both in thought and style, they strongly stimulate the mind to the study of what may be called the Philosophy of History. Historians in this country are scarcely more than narrators of facts—the muse herself but seldom inspires them. Our estimate of the great men of either the past or more recent times is confused and incongruous, because we have no clue to guide us to the right understanding of their contradictory and unaccountable actions. In the present work Mr. Carlyle has attempted to grapple with this difficulty—to judge of a Mahomet, or a Cromwell, not by hastily denouncing them as fanatics, hypocrites, and madmen, because much of their conduct would fairly bear the imputation, but by endeavouring to discover the secret spring or motive which first induced them to push themselves forth from the ranks, and perpetually comparing that with its results in action. In doing this, however, he has felt as a poet, not merely thought as a philosopher; and he has produced a work partaking of the characteristics of both, which throws a new and in many respects a true light on some of the most inexplicable problems of the past. This is the practical effect of Mr. Carlyle's book. A still higher and more valuable quality is, that it recalls our minds from the petty thinking of the age, and reminds us of the vast tribute of duty and reverence which we owe to the great men that are gone, those Originators whose solitary souls working amidst darkness, wrought the moulds in which our own minds are cast. Thus does Mr. Carlyle, in his own peculiar style, lament the decline of what he quaintly terms "Hero-worship," and lay down the unquestionable truth that

"HISTORY IS THE BIOGRAPHY OF GREAT MEN."

I am well aware that in these days Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to enquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men Show our critics a great man, a Luther for example, they begin to what they call "account" for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him,—and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the "creature of the Time," they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did every thing, he nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, *calling* its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called. For if we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin could it have *found* a man great enough, a man wise and good enough: wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valour to lead it on the right road thither; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarassed circumstances, impotently crumbling down into ever worse distress towards final ruin; —all this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly: but as to calling him forth—!— Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry: "See, is it not the sticks that made the fire?" No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

The above extract must be borne in mind in order to comprehend the tendency of the work, which is obviously to revive, amidst the intellectual ruin caused by the modern doctrine of equality, that spirit of reverence for dead men of genius which the author looks upon as the great saving principle. "Hero-worship" he regards as the adamantine rock below the ruins, whereon the edifice may be rebuilt. The fundamental and animating quality of the "hero" in Mr. Carlyle's conception, is absolute sincerity—that, whether what he thinks or does be true or false, good or bad, still he shall really and religiously believe himself to be right. At almost the commencement of his work he says:

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative re-

gion of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others;) the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be mere scepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we enquire, therefore first of all, What religion they had? Was it Heathenism,—plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this Mystery of Life, and for chief recognized element therein Physical Force? Was it Christianism; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality: Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of Force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty and enquiry whether there was an Unseen World, any Mystery of Life except a mad one:—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts: it was the unseen spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual;—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them.

The same spirit pervades all Mr. Carlyle's enquiries, whether the subject of them be Odin, or Mahomet, or Luther, or Shakspeare, or Dante, or Cromwell: the first great question with him is, "Did this man *believe in the truth* of what he said, or wrote, or did? By that I regulate my idea of his real greatness." By this single principle, subjected to modifications, is he enabled to his own satisfaction, if not to ours, to apologise for Mahomet, for Cromwell, and even for Napoleon!

The work is a reprint of six lectures, each of which embraces a branch of the subject. Thus we have "The hero as divinity (Odin); as prophet (Mahomet); as poet (Dante, Shakspeare); as priest (Luther, Knox); as man of letters (Johnson, Rousseau, Burns); and as king (Cromwell, Napoleon)." Now, some of these distinctions are, at first sight, startling; but, as the object is to understand what Mr. Carlyle means, right or wrong, we must take his own explanations. For instance, in taking Odin as the type of the divinity or demi-god class of heroes, he is not, of course, to be understood for a moment as indicating the meaning which the words would literally convey. Let us take his own words for what he *does* mean:—

ODIN THE TYPE-TEUTON—GOD OF THE NORTHMEN.

We will fancy him to be the Type-Northman; the finest Teuton whom that race has yet produced. The rude Norse heart burst up into *boundless* admiration round him—into adoration. He is as a root of so many great things; the fruit of him is found growing, from deep thousands of years, over the whole field of Teutonic Life. Our own Wednesday, as I said, is it not still Odin's day? Wednesbury, Wansborough, Wanstead, Wandsworth: Odin grew into England, too—these are still leaves from that root. He was the Chief God to all the Teutonic Peoples! their Pattern Norseman, in such way did *they* admire their Pattern Northman, *that was the fortune he had in the world.*

Thus if the man Odin himself have vanished utterly, there is this huge Shadow of him which still projects itself over the whole History of his People. For this Odin once admitted to be God, we can understand well that the whole Scandinavian Scheme of Nature, or dim No-scheme, whatever it might have been, would now begin to develope itself altogether differently, and grow thenceforth in a new manner. What this Odin saw into, and taught with his runes and his rhymes, the whole Teutonic People laid to heart and carried forward. His way of thought became their way of thought:—such, under new conditions, is the history of every great thinker still.

* * * * * * * *

To me there is something very touching in this primeval figure of Heroism; in such artless, helpless, but hearty entire reception of a Hero by his fellow-men. Never so helpless in shape, it is the noblest of feelings, and a feeling in some shape or other perennial as man himself. If I could show in any measure, what I feel deeply for a long time now, that it is the vital element of manhood, the soul of man's history here in our world,—it would be the chief use of this discoursing at present. We do not now call our great men Gods, nor admire *without* limit; ah, no, *with* limit enough! But if we have no great men, or do not admire at all, that were a still worse case.

The reader will, by this time, have a glimpse of the manner in which Mr. Carlyle takes up his subject. Our limits compel us to pass over an eloquent and graphic sketch of the Scandinavian Mythology, and the views he takes of the effect of Odin's mind (if Odin, indeed, was) upon the English of to-day, and to take the next branch—"The Hero as Prophet." In selecting Mahomet for illustration, as the chief man among the originators of false religions, Mr. Carlyle seems to have been actuated partly by a sense of the vastness of the effects brought about by the genius of one man or the madness of many, and partly by a desire to rescue the memory of Mahomet from the imputation of deliberate fraud. It has been seen that Mr. Carlyle's great desideratum for his heroes is sincerity. He argues, that no man ever could or did produce vast results upon posterity, unless he were irresistibly borne along, as it were, by an active enthusiasm, in whatever shape of falsehood that enthusiasm might work out its objects. Thus it is that he will have it, *a fortiori*, that

"MAHOMET WAS NOT A SCHEMING IMPOSTOR."

Our current hypothesis about Mahomet that he was a scheming Imposter, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke enquired of Grotius, Where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an

angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and was sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of any thing in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an Age of Scepticism; indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men; more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why a false man cannot build a brick house! if he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall staightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all!

A very graphically-written sketch of Mahomet's early and domestic life, here follows in further elucidation of Mr. Carlyle's position, that although he was the promulgator of falsehood, he was not originally a false man. It is much too long for extract, but well worthy of perusal, as a very ingenius attempt to establish the position.

Mr. Carlyle's mode of treating the next division, that of the "Hero as Poet," is not marked by the same concentration of ability, as in the previous cases. Of Dante and Shakspeare he says little that is new; and the style is too rhapsodical. In the following extract lies the substance of his views as to the Hero as Poet:—

It is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one*: Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb monster hitherto. His canons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be.

On the influence which a mind like Shakspeare's will exercise on nations yet unborn, he has this passage. Though disfigured by affectation of style it embodies a truth:—

SHAKSPEARE A BOND OF INTELLECTUAL UNION.

England before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brother-like intercourse helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs: indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view, than any other means or appliance whatsoever! We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another; "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." The most common-sense politician too, if he pleases, may think of that.

On the division which treats of the "Hero as Priest," Mr. Carlyle has evidently bestowed great pains, and indeed it is less disfigured by affectation of style than any other. In the following passage, we have his

IDEAL OF A PRIEST.

The Priest, too, as I understand it, is a kind of Prophet; in him too, there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the Uniter of them with the Unseen Holy. He is the spiritual captain of the people, as the Prophet is their spiritual King with many captains; he guides them heavenward, by wise guidance through this Earth and its work. The ideal of him is, that he, too, be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven; interpreting, even as the Prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen Heaven,—"the open secret of the Universe," which so few have an eye for! He is the Prophet shorn of his more awful splendour; burning with mild equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life. This, I say, is the ideal of a Priest.

Mr. Carlyle's notion of sincerity pervades also his estimate of the character of what he calls the Priest. He looks upon Luther and Knox, and the class of men of whom he places them at the head, as earnest, sincere beings, gifted with his heroic attribute of stripping off the tinsel and seeing into the heart of things, whose vocation on earth was to recall the

mind of man from the corruptions of the external form of religion, and bring him back to the true and pure fountain of light. Idolatry in his mind is not confined to the mere worship of images of wood, or of brass: it extends to the bigoted belief in the efficacy of forms and ceremonies.

His sketches of the career of Luther and of Knox are eloquent and graphic in the extreme. He has the talent of seizing upon the one great feature in a character, or the one great incident in a life, which, in most men, pervades the whole tendency of the one or the other. But the reader must guard against a peculiarity which Mr. Carlyle has, in common with almost all strong and original thinkers—that of taking up a particular view of a subject, and making all facts and all obstacles bend to the one object of working out a complete and consistent theory. This is a fault—if, indeed, it be a fault—which Mr. Carlyle's germanizing studies have induced. The opposite habit, the Baconian, or inductive, method of reasoning from facts up to principles—not from principles down to facts—is the style of thinking that has been, and ever will be, the most consonant to the British mind. Mr. Carlyle's method is very seductive, but very dangerous. In the lecture on the "Hero as man of Letters," Mr. Carlyle is very successful. We extract a passage that shows a full power of sympathy with one of the most sincere and thoroughly British minds which this country has ever produced:—

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler!—On the whole, a man must not complain of his "element," of his "time," or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any of the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of the profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with a burning Nessus' shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus' shirt not to be stript off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner, *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of "fourpence half-penny a day." Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary!—Rude, stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man;—not a second-hand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost, and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, that the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new*. Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner, lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand; but in all formulas that he could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in for ever, wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man, too! How he harmonised his formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances; that is a thing worth seeing. A thing "to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe." That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

The last lecture is devoted to Cromwell and Napoleon. For the former he makes an eloquent and ingenious apology, while defending him from the charges of sordid ambition and wholesale hypocrisy Although those whose opinions as to the stubbornness of facts are greater than Mr. Carlyle's may dispute some of the conclusions he comes to, yet there can be no doubt that his views are worth attention. He finds one redeeming point in the character of Napoleon:—

### NAPOLEON'S FAITH IN THE PRACTICAL.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outward manœuvrings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blameable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of nature better

than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt, were one evening busily occupied in arguing that there could be no God.—They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon, looking up into the stars, answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs, but *who made* all that?" The Atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great fact stares him in the face—"Who made all that?" So, too, in practice; he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that.—When the steward of his Tuilleries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstration how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipped one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary; it was not gold, but tinsel! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain? above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *resultat* in it; it comes to nothing that one can do. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!" He speaks often so to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine, so far as it went? That this new enormous democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down: this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? "*La carriere ouverte aux talens*,—The implements to him who can handle them." This actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true democrat; and yet, by the nature of him, fostered, too, by his military trade, he knew that democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that twentieth of June (1792) Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority, that they do not restrain this rabble. On the tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian campaigns, onward to the peace of Lœben, one would say his inspiration is, "Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra, that pretend to call it a Simulacrum!" Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong authority is; how the revolution cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone; is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life—nay, what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march, "These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!" They went, and put him there; they and France at large. Chief Consulship, Emperorship, victory over Europe; till the poor Lieutenant of *La Fere*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his old faith in facts, took to believing in semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedoms,—with the old false feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false; considered that *he* would found "his Dynasty," and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was "given up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie;" a fearful, but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them—the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more.

Upon the whole, the perusal of this volume is calculated to elevate the mind, and stimulate it to strong and independent thought, upon the great subjects on which it treats. Though with many of the conclusions we should be disposed to quarrel, yet we value the book as provoking discussion. One peculiarity the reader will sometimes remark with surprise. In speaking of subjects of a semi-religious character, Mr. Carlyle often makes use of expressions which startle the unaccustomed ear. Several of such will be found scattered through the volume. But a slight consideration will show that even if somewhat objectionable from their freedom of manner, it is in manner only, and not in intent, that they are too bold. Mr. Carlyle's mind is essentially of a religious cast; but he has accustomed himself to a peculiar style of writing, which he no doubt thinks very fine, but which more often mars than helps his meaning, and in the course of his odd fantastic march, he certainly does occasionally indulge in antics a trifle too Saturnalian. But Mr. Carlyle is a man of a very high order of mind, and we are content to take the bad with the good. On an early occasion we propose to make some remarks on the style in question, which Mr. C. evidently desires shall supersede "the pure well of English undefiled."—He will find it a difficult task, though even now he has some few followers in periodical literature.—There is much of good about it, but also a vast deal of absurdity and extravagance.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MILMAN'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

*The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Prebendary of St. Peter's, &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1840. *Murray.*

THIS is rather a bulky appendix to Gibbon; and its ponderosity is, in that view, of itself a considerable disadvantage. Had the work assumed an independent character, and rested on its own foundation, three volumes could not have been thought a burden, in a matter of so much importance. But in style, in tone, in spirit, and in method, the work is stamped with the Gibbon mark: and it is impossible to read a single page without fancying you are in the midst of the *Decline and Fall*; or to proceed through a chapter, without feeling that never was there a more successful imitation. And thus the book necessarily appears in the light of an addition to Gibbon's narrative, and an addition which threatens, when carried to its proposed extent, to double the tale of the historian's volumes.

We were about to give a specimen of the most obvious feature of the imitation—the adoption of Gibbon's peculiar style; but on turning over the volumes, the difficulty was how to *select* from that which is continuous and all-pervading. Every page of the book rings with Gibbon's sounding periods. But this is no excellence. Hardly bearable in that writer's own volumes, in the imitation this artificial and turgid style becomes unspeakably fatiguing. A degree of admiring wonder, excited at first by the singular success of the parody, soon changes into tedium and disgust.

Worse, however—far worse than the mere style—is the adoption of Gibbon's spirit. The prebendary of Westminster thinks and feels with the deceased infidel. Their sympathies and partialities are the same, modified only by Mr. Milman's professional obligations, in the single point of external Christianity; such modification, however, being too slight to render his work even tolerable to the mind of a sincere believer in the word of God.

One of the most striking among a multitude of instances of this sympathy, is that of their mutual admiration of the Emperor Julian. This unrelenting foe of Christianity seems to possess peculiar attractions alike for Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Milman. The admiration expressed by the former writer is well known; we need, therefore, only quote the sketch of this emperor's character which is given by the prebendary of Westminster:

"Julian has perhaps, been somewhat unfairly branded with the ill-sounding name of Apostate." "During the two unfinished years of his sole government, Julian had re-united the whole Roman empire under his single sceptre; he had reformed the army, the court, the tribunals of justice; he had promulgated many useful laws, which maintained their place in the jurisprudence of the empire; he had established peace on all the frontiers; he had organised a large and well-disciplined force to chastise the Persians for their aggressions on the eastern border, and, by a formidable diversion within their own territories, to secure the Euphratic provinces against the most dangerous rival of the Roman power. During all these engrossing cares of empire, he devoted himself with the zeal and activity of a mere philosopher and man of letters to those more tranquil pursuits. The conqueror of the Franks and the antagonist of Sapor delivered lectures in the schools, and published works, which, whatever may be thought of their depth and truth, display no mean powers of composition: as a writer, Julian will compete with most of his age. Besides all this, his vast and restless spirit contemplated, and had already commenced, nothing less than a total change in the religion of the empire; not merely the restoration of Paganism to the legal supremacy which it possessed before the reign of Constantine, and the degradation of Christianity into a private sect, but the actual extirpation of the new religion from the minds of men by the reviving energies of a philosophic, and at the same time profoundly religious, Paganism.

"The genius of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece might appear to revive in amicable union in the soul of Julian. The unmeasured military ambition, which turned the defensive into a war of aggression on all the imperilled frontiers: the broad and vigorous legislation; the unity of administration; the severer tone of manners, which belonged to the better days of Rome; the fine cultivation; the perspicuous philosophy; the lofty conceptions of moral greatness and purity, which distinguished the old Athenian."—Vol. iii. pp. 49, 50.

Is this admiration rational? Does the last Pagan emperor stand forth so resplendently in the page of history as to demand of a candid historian this warmth of eulogy? Far from it. Julian was one of a very numerous class, the names of some thirty or forty of whom might be given on a moment's reflection,—the Alexanders, and Fredericks, and Napoleons of history. Men who with a considerable mental power have also possessed a large share of energy, and a position in society affording them abundant opportunities for active exertion. Scarcely any age of the world has been destitute of such men; but their real merit—if the term merit can be rightly applied to qualities which belong almost equally to a race-horse or a bull-dog—is of the lowest order. To be seated on a throne, or to be so near it as to exercise some share of regal influence, is surely not a circumstance demanding the admiration of a reasonable being. To have received at birth a constitution boiling over with animal life and vigour, such as renders it difficult to be for a moment passive,—is this so uncommon a gift among mankind as to call for our peculiar approbation? Surely not. But add to these two endowments the third, of an organisation of the skull which removes the individual out of the class of the "stupid," and places him among the "sensible" of mankind; and you have at once this third-rate hero, whom it is too much the fashion to idolise. We have not the slightest doubt, that any one possessed of Lavater's skill in discrimination might, if he were enabled thoroughly to examine the brainular organisation of the men, discover among the few thousand officers of our present army, some scores who want only the occasion and the needful scope for action to become

the equals of the Julians, and Marlboroughs, and Napoleons, of past times.

We had begun to hope that men were growing out of this foolish habit of idolising the third-rate heroes of the battle-field and the cabinet. Small, indeed, will be the benefit accruing from "the profound research and philosophical tone of thought" which Mr. Milman so magniloquently describes, if it leaves us, as slavishly as ever, the shouters at the chariot-wheels of the mere soldier or the worldly statesman.

But it is not in one point only, or in several, that Mr. Milman has imbibed the whole spirit and sentiment of Gibbon. The poison pervades the whole mass. As a second example, where hundreds offer themselves, we may refer to his portraiture of Athanasius, who is characterised very nearly as Gibbon would himself have estimated him:—

"During two reigns, Athanasius contested the authority of the emperor. He endured persecution, calumny, exile: his life was frequently endangered in defence of *one single tenet*; and that, it may be permitted to say, the most purely intellectual, and apparently the most remote from the ordinary passions of man: he confronted martyrdom, not for the broad and palpable distinction between Christianity and heathenism, but for *fine* and *subtle expressions* of the Christian creed."—Vol. ii. p. 450.

"It is impossible, indeed, not to admire the force of intellect which he centred on this *minute point* of theology, his intrepidity, his constancy; but had he not the power to allay the feud which his inexorable spirit tended to keep alive? Was the term 'Consubstantialism' absolutely essential to Christianity? If a somewhat wider creed had been accepted, would not the truth at least as soon and as generally have prevailed? Could not the commanding or persuasive voice of Christianity have awed or charmed the troubled waters to peace?"—Vol. iii. p. 8.

"Though nothing can contrast more strongly with the expansive and liberal spirit of primitive Christianity than the repulsive tone of this *exclusive theology*, yet this remarkable phases of Christianity seems to have been necessary, and not without advantage to the permanence of the religion."—Vol. iii. p. 39.

Here we have all the innate injustice which is natural to, and, in fact, inseparable from, the "philosophy" and "liberalism" of modern times. Athanasius is exposed to the odium of advancing some "fine and subtle" distinction, useless and immaterial in itself, but exalted by him into "an exclusive theology." The simple and indisputable fact is entirely passed over, that Athanasius and his friends were, throughout the whole contest, strictly on the defensive—that they proposed no new dogma, advanced no recently invented doctrine; but simply repelled the attempted inroad of a formidable heresy.

These "fine and subtle" distinctions were drawn, not by the defenders of the primitive creed, but by those who sought to lead the church off from the "faith once delivered to the saints." The church, until the time of Arius, was content with that belief which Mr. Milman himself calls "expansive and liberal."

The heresiarch it was who first essayed to invent a new sort of idol, and to worship, at the same time, *two* deities, not of the same substance, nature, or dignity. He it was who proposed to the church the adoration, besides God, of a minor or inferior deity,—a created God! The whole effort of Athanasius was to maintain the primitive faith. He was thus forced into controversy, and compelled, whether willing or unwilling, by "fine and subtle" distinctions, to guard against the deceitful evasions of the plausible misleader. An arduous and unthankful office this, at the best; and deserving a better reward than to have the whole odium of the controversy cast, as Mr. Milman essays to do, upon himself, the defender of the truth, rather than on those who forced him to stand on his own defence.

There is, however, amidst this constant imitation of the English infidel, a still worse ingredient often perceptible. We allude to the more recent and more imposing guise which scepticism has assumed in our own day, in the pseudo-theological productions of Germany. To these writers Mr. Milman openly declares his obligation. He says:—

"I have reserved entirely my reference to the work of Strauss for a separate appendix. In these animadversions, and in some scattered observations which I have here and there ventured to make in my notes, on foreign, chiefly German, writers, I shall not be accused of that narrow jealousy, and, in my opinion, unworthy and timid suspicion, with which the writers of that country are proscribed by many. I am under too much obligation to their profound research and philosophical tone of thought, not openly to express my gratitude to such works of German writers as I have been able to obtain, which have had any bearing on the subject of my enquiries.

"I could wish most unfeignedly that our modern literature were so rich in writings displaying the same unwearied industry, the same universal command of the literature of all ages and all countries, the same boldness, sagacity, and impartiality in historical criticism, as to enable us to dispense with such assistance. Though, in truth, with more or less of these high qualifications, German literature unites religious views of every shade and character, from the Christliche Mystik of Goerres, which would bring back the faith of Europe to the Golden Legend and the Hagiography of what we still venture to call the dark ages, down, in regular series, to Strauss; or, if there be any thing below Strauss, in the descending scale of Christian belief."—Vol. i. pp. viii. ix.

Now, what is the tenor of the most noted of the works of which Mr. Milman thus speaks? He thus himself describes it:—

"The hypothesis of Dr. Strauss is, that the whole history of our Lord, as related in the gospels, is mythic; that is to say, a kind of imaginative amplification of certain vague and slender traditions, the germ of which it is now impossible to trace. These myths are partly what he calls historical, partly philosophic, formed with the design of developing an ideal character of Jesus, and to harmonise that character with the Jewish notions of the Messiah. In order to prove this, the whole intermediate part of the work is a most elaborate, and, it would be uncandid not to say, a singularly skilful examination of the difficulties and discrepancies in the gospels;

and a perpetual endeavour to show in what manner, and with what design, each separate myth assumed its present form."—Vol. i. p. 116.

Thus, by Mr. Milman's own admission, Strauss is an *infidel*, a learned fool; who, not choosing to take the trouble to ascertain the *one grand point*, the truth and authenticity of the Bible as a Divine revelation, or being so blinded by "vain philosophy" as not to be able to discern and understand the proofs, sets himself to work to construct an ingenious hypothesis as to what this curious old book really is! How many thousands of poor and unlettered men does England contain, who, if contempt were allowable in a Christian's breast, might look down on this "profound research and philosophical tone of thought" with a scorn the most contemptuous! Cowper has already described such an one, in his Lace-maker:—

"She knows, and knows no more, her Bible true;
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a mansion in the skies.

O happy peasant! O happy bard!
His the mere tinsel! hers the rich reward!
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers;
She, safe in the simplicity of hers."

But a higher than Cowper has summed up the whole character of such as Strauss, in a single line:—"*Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.*"—Rom. i. 22.

Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Milman, he is of a different opinion. Instead of wondering pity, mixed with a just indignation—which ought to be the predominant feelings of his mind—he beholds Strauss and his compeers with undisguised admiration; and expresses his "gratitude" to them; and his "unfeigned wish that our own literature were rich" in similar writings!

Nothing, therefore, could be more natural than that he should constantly fall into their modes of thought and expression. Drawing his historical outlines from Gibbon, he still needed some writer or writers of less notorious infidelity, to furnish him with theological criticisms which might appropriately coalesce with Gibbon's sketches of men and events. In the German rationalist all this is found. Here are a few passages, which evince how apt a scholar Mr. Milman has proved himself in this new school of disguised infidelity:—

"Christ is as much beyond his own age as his own age is beyond the darkest barbarism. The time, though fitted to receive, could not by any combination of prevalent opinions, or by any conceivable course of moral improvement, have *produced* Christianity. The conception of the human character of Jesus, and the simple principles of the new religion, as they were in direct opposition to the predominant opinions and temper of his own countrymen, so they stand completely alone in the history of our race; and, as imaginary no less than as real, altogether transcend the powers of man's moral conception. Supposing the gospels purely fictitious, or that, like 'Cyropædia' of Xenophon, they embody on a groundwork of fact the highest moral and religious notions to which man had attained, and show the utmost ideal perfection of the divine and human nature, they can be accounted for, according to my judgment, on none of the ordinary principles of human nature. When we behold Christ standing in the midst of the wreck of old religious institutions, and building, or rather at one word commanding to arise, the simple and harmonious structure of the new faith, which seems equally adapted for all ages—a temple to which nations in the highest degree of civilisation may bring their offerings of pure hearts, virtuous dispositions, universal charity,—our natural emotion is the recognition of the Divine goodness in the promulgation of this beneficent code of religion, and adoration of that Being in whom that Divine goodness is thus embodied and made comprehensible to the faculties of man. In the language of the apostle, 'God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.'"—Vol. i. p. 51.

"Joseph had been betrothed to a virgin of his own race, named Mary; but according to Jewish usage, some time was to elapse between the betrothment and the espousals. In this interval took place the annunciation of the divine conception to the Virgin. In no part is the singular simplicity of the Gospel narrative more striking than in the relation of this incident; and I should be inclined, for this reason alone, to reject the notion that these chapters were of a later date.* So early does that remarkable characteristic of the evangelic writings develope itself; the manner in which they relate, in the same calm and equable tone, the most extraordinary and most trivial events; the apparent absence either of wonder in the writer, or the desire of producing a strong effect on the mind of the reader."—Vol. i. p. 95.

"The Christian scheme, however it may occasionally admit the current language of the time, as where Christ is called the 'Light of the World,' yet in its scope and purport stands clear and independent of all these physical notions: it is original, inasmuch as it is purely, essentially, and exclusively a moral revelation; its sole design to work a moral change; to establish a new relation between man and the Almighty Creator, and to bring to light the great secret of the immortality of man."†—Vol. i. p. 98.

"In the marvellous incidents which follow the visit of the Virgin Mother to her cousin Elizabeth, when the joy occasioned by the miraculous conception seemed to communicate itself to the child of which the latter was pregnant, and called forth her ardent expressions of homage: and in the Magnificat, or song of thanksgiving, into which, like Hannah in the older Scriptures, the Virgin broke forth, it is curious to observe how completely and exclusively consistent

---

* "I cannot discover any great force in the *critical* arguments adduced to disjoin these preliminary chapters from the rest of the narrative. There is a very remarkable evidence of their authenticity in the curious apocryphal book, the 'Ascensio Isaiæ,' (published from the Æthiopic by Archbishop Lawrence.) Compare Genesenius, Jesaias, Einleitung, p. 50. This writing marks its own date, the end of the reign of Nero, with unusual certainty, and contains distinct allusions to these facts, as forming integral parts of the life of Christ. The events were no doubt treasured in the memory of Mary, and might by her be communicated to the apostles."

† "M. Klaproth has somewhere said, that, 'next to the Christian, no religion has contributed more to ennoble the human race than the Buddha religion.' Compare, likewise, the very judicious observations of Wm. Humboldt, uber die Kawi Sprache, p. 95."

every expression appears with the state of belief at that period; all is purely Jewish, and accordant with the prevalent expectation of the national Messiah:* there is no word which seems to imply any acquaintance with the unworldly and purely moral nature of the redemption, which was subsequently developed."—Vol. i. p. 101.

"In the stable of the inn or caravansera was born THE CHILD, whose moral doctrines, if adopted throughout the world, would destroy more than half the misery by destroying all the vice and mutual hostility of men; and who has been for centuries considered the object of adoration, as the Divine Mediator between God and Man, by the most civilised and enlightened nations of the earth."—Vol. i. p. 108.

"Admit, as even the rationalist and mythic interpreters seem to do, though in vague and metaphysical terms, the divine interposition, or at least the prearrangement, and effective though remote agency of the Deity, in the introduction of Christianity into the world, these passages in general are not the vital and essential truths of Christianity, but the vehicle by which these truths were communicated; a kind of language by which opinions were conveyed, and sentiments infused, and the general belief in Christianity implanted, confirmed, and strengthened. As we cannot but suppose that the state of the world, as well during as subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, the comparative rebarbarisation of the human race, the long centuries in which mankind was governed by imagination, rather than by severe reason, were within the design, or at least the foreknowledge, of all-seeing Providence; so from the fact that this mode of communication with mankind was for so long a period so effective, we may not unreasonably infer its original adoption by Divine Wisdom. This language of poetic incident, and, if I may so speak, of imagery, interwoven as it was with the popular belief infused into the hymns, the services, the ceremonial of the church, embodied in material representation by painting or sculpture, was the vernacular tongue of Christianity, universally intelligible, and responded to by the human heart, throughout these many centuries. Revelation thus spoke the language, not merely of its own, but of succeeding times; because its design was the perpetuation as well as the first propagation of the Christian religion.

"Whether then these were actual appearances or impressions produced on the mind of those who witnessed them, is of slight importance. In either case they are real historical facts; they partake of poetry in their form, and, in a certain sense, in their groundwork; but they are imaginative, not fictitious; true, as relating that which appeared to the minds of the relators exactly as it did appear."—Vol. i. p. 131.

"The whole assembly was in a state of pleasing astonishment at the ease of his delivery, and the sweet copiousness of his language: they could scarcely believe that it was the youth whom they had so often seen, the son of a humble father, in their streets, and who had enjoyed no advantages of learned education."—Vol. i. p. 187.

* "Agreeing so far, as the fact, with Strauss, I should draw a directly opposite inference, the high improbability that this remarkable *keeping*, this pure Judaism, without the intervention of Christian notions, should have been maintained, if this passage had been invented or composed after the complete formation of the Christian scheme."

We have copied these passages with a disgust amounting almost to horror. The open blasphemies of our English infidels were less revolting than the patronising air, the "philosophical tone," with which the prebendary of Westminster describes HIM who is none else than "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." We declare that we find a difficulty even in alluding to the subject. An open blasphemer may be dealt with, but how are we to speak of one who praises Him "*who holdeth the stars in his right hand*," in just such language as might be applied to an Aristotle or a Plato?

That, as a natural corollary, the whole New Testament is reduced to a mere human history, often requiring allowance to be made for exaggeration, and *for the mistakes of the writers*, we might have expected to follow. The following is the style in which the Gospels are dealt with:—

"The place was called Beth-esda (the house of mercy,) and the pool was supposed to possess remarkable properties for healing diseases. At certain periods there was a strong commotion in the waters, which probably bubbled up from some chemical cause connected with their medicinal effects. *Popular belief* or rather, perhaps, *popular language*, attributed this agitation of the surface to the descent of an angel; for, of course, the regular descent of a celestial being, visible to the whole city, *cannot for an instant be supposed*."—Vol. i. p. 215.

"Yet concealment, or at least less frequent publicity, seems now to have been his object; for when some of those insane persons, the demoniacs as *they were called*, openly address him by the title of Son of God, Jesus enjoins their silence, as though he were yet unwilling openly to assume this title, which was fully equivalent to that of the Messiah; and which, no doubt, was already ascribed to him by the bolder and less prudent of his followers."—Vol. i. p. 223.

"There is one very strong reason, which I do not remember to have seen urged with sufficient force, but which may have contributed to induce Jesus to *adopt the current language* on this point. The disbelief in these spiritual influences was one of the characteristic tenets of the unpopular sect of the Sadducees. A departure from the common language, or the endeavour to correct this inveterate error, would have raised an immediate outcry against him from his watchful and malignant adversaries, as an unbelieving Sadducee."—Vol. i. p. 234.

"The moral difficulty of this transaction has always appeared to me greater than that of reconciling it with the more rational view of demoniacism. Both are much diminished, if not entirely removed, by *the theory of Kuinoel*, who attributes to the lunatics the whole of the conversation with Jesus; and supposes that their driving the herd of swine down the precipice was the last paroxysm in which *their insanity exhausted itself*."—Vol. i. p. 238.

"The next instant, however, the momentary weakness is subdued, and though the agony is so severe that the sweat falls *like* large drops of blood to the ground, resigns himself at once to the will of God. Nothing can heighten the terrors of the coming scene so much as its effect, in anticipation, on the mind of Jesus himself."—Vol. i. p. 332.

"The other, of milder disposition, yet in death, in-

clines to believe in Jesus, and when he returns to assume his kingdom, would hope to share in its blessings. To him Jesus, *speaking in the current language*, promises an immediate reward; he is to pass at once from life to happiness."—Vol. i. p. 361.

"Yet so little are the Evangelists studious of effect, that this incident of unrivalled moral sublimity, even in the whole life of Christ, is but briefly, we might almost say carelessly, noticed by St. Luke alone."—Vol. i. p. 363.

Nothing can be clearer than the drift of all these passages. They are totally irreconcilable with a belief that the Bible is a Divine Revelation. *Inspired* writers would not have deluded us by descriptions which were untrue; the HOLY SPIRIT, dictating plain and distinct accounts of actual transactions, would not have given us, as *facts*, what were merely *appearances*. Supposing only these few passages, which we have selected out of many, to be just and necessary corrections of the text of Scripture, it follows of necessity that to the poor man at least, who cannot avail himself of the "profound" lucubrations of Strauss and Kuinoel, the Bible is a book of scarcely any utility; since he can scarcely ever tell, when it asserts a fact, whether it does not really mean something quite different. The evangelist tells us, that "*The devils besought Jesus, saying: If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine; and behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters.*" (Matt. viii. 31, 32.) All which is to be interpreted, according to Kuinoel (with Mr. Milman's approval,) that there were no devils in the case, but that the men *said* to be possessed with devils were merely two lunatics, and the driving the herd of swine down the precipice merely "the last paroxysm in which their insanity exhausted itself!" But if this sort of interpretation is allowable at all, how are we to understand any one of the supernatural interpositions with which Holy Writ abounds, without a "theory" or an "hypothesis," to elucidate its actual meaning? And thus the Bible becomes, to the unlearned, no better than a book of Oriental figures and wonderful stories, wholly useless to him without a key. The simple and plain rejection of the whole, by the Humes and Gibbons, who at once tell us that they are resolved not to believe any thing which their senses have not actually experienced, is far preferable to this evasive and pedantic infidelity. If the Bible be not the very word of God, and entirely and absolutely true, then is it a matter of slight importance what its real place and meaning is. It must be either *inspired*, and therefore authoritative; or else a *fiction and a forgery*, and therefore to be rejected.

Mr. Milman's book, therefore, casting, as it does, a doubt on the first branch of the alternative, and refusing full credence to the word of God, is essentially an infidel production. His verdict is unhesitatingly given in favour of those German commentators of modern times, who treat the books of the Old and New Testament as they treat the works of Aristotle and Tacitus; and level every thing found in them to the standard of their own preconceived ideas. The idea of *submission*, the posture of teachable prostration before a speaking God, is never once thought of. The great fundamental question, whether these books are divine, and therefore infallible, or not, is never so much as seriously asked. The whole system is that of proud scepticism, of arrogant unbelief.

The public should have a clear understanding of this, before they take up Mr. Milman's book. They should read it as the production of a follower of Gibbon and of Strauss; and viewed in this light, as a rationalist, not a Christian production, they will have no reason to be disappointed with it. They will find a vast fund of information, much of which is almost unattainable in any other English production; and if there be no partiality exhibited towards the truth, there is at least no leaning to any particular heresy. The one and almost the only fault is, a "philosophical" indifference, which holds truth and falsehood in nearly equal esteem, and chiefly dislikes that clear and decided view of the doctrines of revelation, which it is the fashion to denominate "bigotry and intolerance."

As a good specimen of the powers of Mr. Milman in the description of a theory, we will adduce his curious recapitulation of the fancies of the Gnostics; a portraiture which, if the work of his own hands, must have cost him no little care and trouble:—

"Valentinus annihilated the complexity of pre-existing heavens, which, perhaps, connected the system of Basilides with that of ancient Egypt, and did not interpose the same infinite number of gradations between the primal Deity and the material world. He descended much more rapidly into the sphere of Christian images and Christian language: or, rather, he carried up many of the Christian notions and terms, and enshrined them in the Pleroma, the region of spiritual and inaccessible light. The fundamental tenet of Orientalism, the incomprehensibility of the Great Supreme, was the essential principle of his system, and was represented in terms pregnant with mysterious sublimity. The first Father was called Bythos, the Abyss, the Depth, the Unfathomable, who dwelt alone in inscrutable and ineffable height, with his own first Conception, his Ennoia, who bore the emphatic and awful name of Silence. The first developement or self-manifestation was Mind (Nous,) whose appropriate consort was Aletheia, or Truth. These formed the first great quaternion, the highest scale of being. From Mind and Truth proceeded the Word and Life (Logos and Zoe;) their manifestations were Man and the Church, Anthropos and Ecclesia, and so the first ogdoad was complete. From the Word and Life proceeded ten more Æons; but these seem, from their names, rather qualities of the Supreme,—at least the five masculine names; for the feminine appear to imply some departure from the pure elementary and unimpassioned nature of the primal parent. The males are—Buthios, profound, with his consort Mixis, conjunction; Ageratos, that grows not old, with Henosis, or union; Autophyes, self-subsistent, with Hedone, pleasure; Akinetos, motionless, with Synerasis, commixture; the Only Begotten and the Blessed. The offspring of Man and the Church were twelve, and in the females we seem to trace the shadowy prototypes of the Christian graces:—the Paraclete and Faith; the Paternal and Hope; the Maternal and Charity; the Ever-intelligent and Prudence; Ecclesiasticos (a term apparently expressive of church-union) and Blessedness; Will and Wisdom (Theletos and Sophia.)

"These thirty Æons dwelt alone within the sacred and inviolable circle of the Pleroma: they were all, in one sense, manifestations of the Deity, all purely intellectual, an universe apart. But the peace of this metaphysical hierarchy was disturbed; and here we are presented with a noble allegory, which, as it were, brings these abstract conceptions within the reach of human sympathy. The last of the dodecarchy which sprung from Man and the Church was Sophia, or Wisdom. Without intercourse with her consort Will, Wisdom was seized with an irresistible passion for that knowledge and intimate union with the primal Father, the unfathomable, which was the sole privilege of the first-born, Mind. She would comprehend the incomprehensible; love was the pretext, but temerity the motive. Pressing onward under this strong impulse, she would have reached the remote sanctuary, and would finally have been absorbed into the primal Essence, had she not encountered Horus (the impersonated boundary between knowledge and the Deity.) At the persuasion of this 'limitary cherub' (to borrow Milton's words,) she acknowledged the incomprehensibility of the Father, returned in humble acquiescence to her lowlier sphere, and allayed the passion begot of wonder. But the harmony of the intellectual world was destroyed; a redemption, a restoration, was necessary; and (for now Valentinus must incorporate the system into his own) from the first Æon, the Divine Mind, proceeded Christ and the Holy Ghost. Christ communicated to the the listening Æons the mystery of the imperishable nature of the Father, and their own procession from him; the delighted Æons commemorated the restoration of the holy peace, by each contributing his most splendid gift to form Jesus, encircled with his choir of angels.

"Valentinus did not descend immediately from his domain of metaphysical abstraction; he interposed an intermediate sphere between that and the material world. The desire or passion of Sophia, impersonated, became an inferior Wisdom; she was an outcast from the Pleroma, and lay floating in the dim and formless chaos without. The Christos in mercy gave her form and substance; she preserved, as it were, some fragrance of immortality. Her passion was still strong for higher things, for the light which she could not apprehend; and she incessantly attempted to enter the forbidden circle of the Pleroma, but was again arrested by Horus, who uttered the mystic name of Jao. Sadly she returned to the floating elements of inferior being; she was surrendered to Passion, and with his assistance produced the material world. The tears which she shed, at the thought of her outcast condition, formed the humid element; her smiles, when she thought of the region of glory, the light; her fears and her sorrows, the grosser elements. Christ descended no more to her assistance, but sent Jesus, the Paraclete, the Saviour, with his angels; and with his aid all substance was divided into material, animal, and spiritual. The spiritual, however, altogether emanated from the light of her divine assistant; the first formation of the animal (the Psychic) was the Demiurge, the Creator, the Saviour, the Father, the king of all that was consubstantial with himself, and finally, the material, of which he was only the Demiurge or Creator. Thus were formed the seven intermediate spheres, of which the Demiurge and his assistant angels (the seven again of the Persian system,) with herself, made up a second ogdoad,—the image and feeble reflection of the former; Wisdom representing the primal Parent; the Demiurge the divine Mind, though he was ignorant of his mother, more ignorant than Satan himself; the other sideral angels, the rest of the Æons. By the Demiurge the lower world was formed. Mankind consisted of three classes: the spiritual, who are enlightened with the divine ray from Jesus; the animal, or psychic, the offspring and kindred of the Demiurge; the material, the slaves and associates of Satan, the prince of the material world. They were represented, as it were, by Seth, Abel, and Cain. This organisation or distribution of mankind harmonised with tolerable facility with the Christian scheme. But by multiplying his spiritual beings, Valentinus embarrassed himself in the work of redemption or restoration of this lower and still degenerating world. With him, it was the Christos, or rather a faint image and reflection (for each of his intelligences multiplied themselves by this reflection of their being,) who passed through the material form of the Virgin, like water through a tube. It was Jesus who descended upon the Saviour at his baptism, in the shape of the dove; and Valentinus admitted the common fantastic theory, with regard to the death of Jesus. At the final consummation, the latent fire would burst out (here Valentinus admitted the common theory of Zoroastrianism and Christianity) and consume the very scoria of matter; the material men, with their prince, would utterly perish in the conflagration. Those of the animal, the psychic, purified by the divine ray imparted by the Redeemer, would, with their parent, the Demiurge, occupy the intermediate realm, there were the just men made perfect, while the great mother Sophia, would at length be admitted into the Pleroma, or intellectual sphere.

"Gnosticism was pure poetry, and Bardesanes was the poet of Gnosticism. For above two centuries, the hymns of this remarkable man, and those of his son Harmonius, enchanted the ears of the Syrian Christians, till they were expelled by the more orthodox raptures of Ephraem, the Syrian. Among the most remarkable circumstances relating to Bardesanes, who lived at the court of Abgar, king of Edessa, was his enquiry into the doctrines of the ancient Gymnosophists of India, which thus connected, as it were, the remotest East with the great family of religious speculatists: yet the theory of Bardesanes was more nearly allied to the Persian or the Chaldean; and the language of his poetry was in that fervent and amatory strain which borrows the warmest metaphors of human passion to kindle the soul to divine love.

"Bardesanes deserved the glory, though he did not suffer the pains, of martyrdom. Pressed by the philosopher Apollonius, in the name of his master, the Emperor Verus, to deny Christianity, he replied, 'I fear not death, which I shall not escape by yielding to the wishes of the emperor.' Bardesanes had opposed with vigorous hostility the system of Marcion; he afterwards appears to have seceded, or, outwardly conforming, to have aspired in private to become the head of another Gnostic sect, which, in contradistinction to those of Saturninus and Valentinus, may be called the Mesopotamian or Babylonian. With him, the primal Deity dwelt alone with his consort, his primary thought or conception. Their

first offsprings, Æons, or emanations, were Christ and the Holy Ghost, who in his system, was feminine, and nearly allied to the Sophia, or Wisdom, of other theories; the four elements—the dry earth, and the water, the fire, and the air—who make up the celestial ogdoad. The Son and his partner, the Spirit, or Wisdom, with the assistance of the elements, made the worlds, which they surrendered to the government of the seven planetary spirits and the sun and moon, the visible types of the primal union. Probably these, as in the other systems, made the second ogdoad; and these, with other astral influences, borrowed from the Tsabaism of the region, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the thirty-six Decani, as he called the rulers of the 360 days, governed the world of man. And here Bardesanes became implicated with the eternal dispute about destiny and free-will, on which he wrote a separate treatise, and which entered into and coloured all his speculations. But the Wisdom which was the consort of the Son was of an inferior nature to that which dwelt with the Father. She was the Sophia Achamoth, and, faithless to her spiritual partner, she had taken delight in assisting the Demiurge in the creation of the visible world: but, in all her wanderings and estrangement, she felt a constant and impassioned desire for perfect reunion with her first consort. He assisted her in her course of purification; revealed to her his more perfect light, on which she gazed with reanimating love; and the second wedding of these long-estranged powers, in the presence of the parent Deity, and all the Æons and angels, formed the subject of one of his most ardent and rapturous hymns. With her arose into the Pleroma those souls which partook of her celestial nature, and are rescued, by the descent of the Christ, according to the usual Gnostic theory, from their imprisonment in the world of matter."—Vol. ii. p. 119.

Another passage, more generally interesting, describes with great clearness and truth, the gradual deterioration of Christianity by the accession of power, and wealth, and popular influence. Superseding Paganism in the very seat of its authority, the church followed too closely the fatal example of the ancient Israelites in their conquest of Canaan. "*It came to pass, when Israel was strong, that they put the Canaanites to tribute, and did not utterly drive them out.*" "*So they became as thorns in their sides; and their gods became a snare unto them.*" (Judg. i. 28.) The earlier Christians were but too glad to receive the relenting Pagans, princes and people, into their community, and too ready to purchase such an accession of strength by adopting not only the converts themselves, but their former rites and customs also. Mr. Milman thus sketches the rise of the splendid ritual of the fifth and sixth centuries:—

"But among the more numerous and hereditary Christians of this period the temple and the solemn service were indispensable to enforce and maintain the devotion. Religion was not strong enough to disdain, and far too earnest to decline, any legitimate means of advancing her cause. The whole ceremonial was framed with the art which arises out of the intuitive perception of that which is effective towards its end; that which was felt to be awful was adopted to enforce awe; that which drew the people to the church, and affected their minds when there, became sanctified to the use of the church. The edifice itself arose more lofty with the triumph of the faith, and enlarged itself to receive the multiplying votaries. Christianity disdained that its God and its Redeemer should be less magnificently honoured than the demons of Paganism. In the service it delighted to transfer and to breathe, as it were, a sublimer sense into the common appellations of the Pagan worship, whether from the ordinary ceremonial, or the more secret mysteries. The church became a temple; the table of the communion, an altar; the celebration of the eucharist, the appalling or the unbloody sacrifice. The ministering functionaries multiplied with the variety of the ceremonial; each was consecrated to his office by a lower kind of ordination; but a host of subordinate attendants by degrees swelled the officiating train. The incense, the garlands, the lamps, all were gradually adopted by zealous rivalry, or seized as the lawful spoils of vanquished Paganism, and consecrated to the service of Christ."—Vol. iii. p. 418.

"At Easter, and at Pentecost, and in some places at the Epiphany, the rite of baptism was administered publicly (that is, in the presence of the faithful) to all the converts of the year, excepting those few instances in which it had been expedient to perform the ceremony without delay, or where the timid Christian put it off till the close of life; a practice for a long time condemned in vain by the clergy. But the fact of the delay shows how deeply the importance and efficacy of the rite were rooted in the Christian mind. It was a complete lustration of the soul. The Neophyte emerged from the waters of Baptism in a state of perfect innocence. The Dove (the Holy Spirit) was constantly hovering over the font, and sanctifying the waters to the mysterious ablution of all the sins of the passed life. If the soul suffered no subsequent taint, it passed at once to the realms of purity and bliss; the heart was purified; the understanding illuminated; the spirit was clothed with immortality. Robed in white, emblematical of spotless purity, the candidate approached the baptistery, in the larger churches a separate building. There he uttered the solemn vows which pledged him to his religion. The symbolising genius of the East added some significant ceremonies. The Catechumen turned to the West, the realm of Satan, and thrice renounced his power; he turned to the East to adore the Sun of Righteousness, and to proclaim his compact with the Lord of Life. The mystic trinal number prevailed throughout; the vow was threefold, and thrice pronounced. The baptism was usually by immersion; the stripping off the clothes was emblematic of 'putting off the old man;' but baptism by sprinkling was allowed, according to the exigency of the case. The water itself became, in the vivid language of the Church, the blood of Christ: it was compared, by a fanciful analogy, to the Red Sea: the daring metaphors of some of the Fathers might seem to assert a transmutation of its colour.

"The sacrament of the Lord's Supper imperceptibly acquired the solemnity, the appellation, of a sacrifice. The poetry of devotional language kindled into the most vivid and realising expressions of awe and adoration. No imagery could be too bold, no words too glowing, to impress the soul more profoundly with the sufferings, the divinity, the inti-

mate union of the Redeemer with his disciples. The invisible presence of the Lord, which the devout felt within the whole church, but more particularly in its more holy and secluded part, was gradually concentrated, as it were, upon the altar. The mysterious identification of the Redeemer with the concentrated elements was first felt by the mind, till, at a later period, a material and corporeal transmutation began to be asserted; that which the earlier Fathers, in the boldest figure, called a bloodless sacrifice, became an actual oblation of the body and blood of Christ. But all these fine and subtle distinctions belong to a later theology. In the dim vagueness, in the ineffable and inexplicable mystery, consisted much of its impressiveness on the believer, the awe and dread of the uninitiate."—Vol. iii. p. 427.

The style and tone of thought of Gibbon are strikingly visible in the following brief sketch of some of the more eminent fathers. Probably the infidel might have ventured upon some more cutting taunt; but the worldliness of the whole could hardly be exceeded.

"Each province seemed to have produced some individual adapted to the particular period and circumstances of the time, who devoted himself to the establishment of *the Athanasian opinions*. The intractable Egypt, more particularly turbulent Alexandria, was ruled by the strong arm of the bold and unprincipled Theophilus. The dreamy mysticism of Syria found a congenial representative in Ephrem. A more intellectual, yet still somewhat imaginative, Orientalism animates the writings of St. Basil; in a less degree, those of Gregory of Nazianzum; still less, those of Gregory of Nyssa. The more powerful and Grecian eloquence of Chrysostom swayed the popular mind in Constantinople. Jerom, a link, as it were, between the East and the West, transplanted the monastic spirit and opinions of Syria into Rome; and brought into the East much of the severer thought, and more prosaic reasoning, of the Latin world. In Gaul, where Hilary of Poitiers had long maintained the cause of Trinitarianism, on the borders of civilization, St. Martin of Tours acted the part of a bold and enterprising missionary; while in Milan, the court capital of the West, the strong practical character of Ambrose, his sternly conscientious moral energy, though *hardening at times into rigid intolerance*, with the masculine strength of his style, confirmed the Latin church in that creed, to which Rome had adhered with almost unshaken fidelity.

"In some respects, Chrysostom's character wanted the peculiar, and perhaps inconsistent qualifications requisite for his position. He was the preacher, but not the man of the world. *A great capital is apt to demand that magnificence in its prelate at which it murmurs.* It will not respect less than splendid state and the show of authority, while at the same time it would have the severest austerity and the strongest display of humility—*the pomp of the pontiff* with the poverty and lowliness of the apostle."—Vol. iii. p. 219.

But probably the best passage in the whole three volumes is the following, in which Mr. Milman, casting off the trammels of a servile following of Gibbon, gives us, in the following specimen of his own nervous style, probably as satisfactory and as lucid a view of a very perplexed and perplexing question as exists in the whole compass of our literature. One is grieved to see the pen that is capable of a diction so far superior to that of Gibbon, frequently stooping to the most servile imitation of a style bad in itself, but quite insufferable when offered at second hand:—

"It is easy to imagine, in the clergy, a high and serene indifference to the political tumults of society. This is perpetually demanded by those who find the sacerdotal influence adverse to their own views; but, to the calm inquirer, this simple question becomes the most difficult and intricate problem in religious history. If religion consisted solely in the intercourse between man and his Creator; if the Christian minister were merely the officiating functionary in the ceremonial of the church,—the human mediator between the devotion of man and the providence of God,—the voice which expresses the common adoration,—the herald who announces the general message of revelation to mankind,—nothing could be more clear than the line which might exclude him from all political, or even all worldly affairs. But Christianity is likewise a moral power; and as that moral power or guide, religion, and the minister of religion, cannot refrain from interposing in all questions of human conduct; as the interpreter of the divine law to the perplexed and doubting conscience, it cannot but spread its dominion over the whole field of human action. In this character, religion embraced the whole life of man, public as well as private. How was the minister of that religion to pause and discriminate as to the extent of his powers, particularly since the public acts of the most eminent in station possessed such unlimited influence over the happiness of society, and even the eternal welfare of the whole community? What public misconduct was not at the same time an unchristian act? Were the clergy, by connivance, to become accomplices in vices which they did not endeavour to counteract? Christianity on the throne, as in the cottage, was equally bound to submit on every point in which religious motive or principle ought to operate, in every act, therefore, of life, to the admitted restraints of the gospel; and the general feeling of Christianity at this period had invested the clergy with the right, or rather the duty, of enforcing the precepts of the Gospel on every professed believer. How, then, were the clergy to distinguish between the individual and political capacity of the man; to respect the prince, yet to advise the Christian; to look with indifference on one set of actions as secular, to admonish on the danger of another as affairs of conscience?

"Nor at this early period of its still aggressive, still consciously beneficial influence, could the hierarchy be expected to anticipate with coldly prophetic prudence the fatal consequence of some of its own encroachments upon worldly authority. The bishop of a great capital was the conductor, the representative, of the moral power of the Gospel, which was perpetually striving to obtain the ascendancy over brute force, violence, and vice; and of necessity, perhaps, was not always cautious or discreet in the means to which it resorted. It became contaminated in the incessant strife, and forgot its end, or rather sought for the mastery as its end, rather than as the legitimate means of promoting its beneficial objects. Under the full, and no doubt, at first, warrantable persuasion, that it was advancing the happiness and

virtue of mankind, where should it arrest its own course, or set limits to its own humanizing and improving interpositions? Thus, under the constant temptation of assuming, as far as possible, the management of affairs which were notoriously mismanaged through the vices of public men, the administration even of public matters by the clergy, might seem, to them at least, to insure justice, disinterestedness, and clemency: till tried by the possession of power, they would be the last to discern the danger of being invested in that power."—Vol. iii. p. 220.

Mr. Milman's work, then, may claim such merit as is unanimously awarded to the histories of Hume and of Gibbon; while we wish, in his case as in theirs, that it had never been written. As far as the world is concerned, it will contribute both to its amusement and information; while the author will derive a degree of literary fame, and perhaps some amount of profit; but, with all this, should Mr. Milman ever be brought to a right judgment and appreciation of divine things, he will bitterly lament that ever he gave it to the press. It is one of the leaves, not of the tree of life, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Our readers will probably remember, that somewhat more than a twelvemonth since we gave them warning of a new and subtle form of evil which had lately shewn itself in the University of Oxford; and which was perverting many from the doctrines of the Reformation, and instilling a preference for the more refined parts of Romanism. Now as evils often spring out of their opposites, we here detect in Mr. Milman's volumes, not a *consequence* of the new Oxford perversion, but one of its chief *causes*. Not, of course, that we would adduce a book first published in 1840, as a producing cause of other books published in 1836 or 1838; but that Mr. Milman brings up before us the remembrance of the researches of Dr. Pusey many years since; and shews us, in the pit of darkness into which Dr. P. then looked, some cause, and some excuse, for the excessive revulsion which then, and since, has shewn itself in his mind and actions.

Dr. Pusey, a dozen years back, searched deeply into the state and character of German theology, and was so horrified with what he found, that, rashly connecting this production of the bottomless pit with Protestantism, he has since shewn a very natural, though mistaken, disposition, to get as far from Protestantism as possible. Mr. Milman has explored the same den; but we lament to say that the mephitic vapours of that avenue of hell seem to have turned his brain, and he returns to us a lamentable instance of the power of evil principles, even in dispossessing truth.

It is a question which, even if bootless, many will naturally ask themselves, Which of these two mischiefs is the greatest? Which threatens the more fearful peril to the church,—the rationalism of Germany, or its opposite result and counterpart,—that return, in heart and affections, to Rome, which many, revolted by what they erroneously call "*ultra Protestantism*," but which is no Protestantism at all, are now bent on effecting? The question is not an easy one; nor, as far we can see, is it necessary to be answered. Practically, it is nearly the same which was once put, in the vicinity of Oxford, to the favourite of one of our British Kings,—whether she choose the dagger or the poisoned cup? Life is in neither. The truth is far from each; and only in the truth is there safety.

Yet, assuredly, if a choice must be made, or rather, if the inquiry merely be, which of the two mischiefs is the most deadly, we must decide that the "cold aconite and deadly hellebore" of rationalism leaves less possibility of recovery than the fevered draught of Rome's intoxicating cup. Unquestionably, rather would we that any friend of ours should lose himself for a time in the mists and mazes of tradition, the worship of the sacraments, and the semi-adoration of the saints, than that he should sink into the hopeless quicksands of universal scepticism.

And hence it is that among our chief reasons for regretting the appearance of the present work is the fresh impetus it will give to the growth of the new Oxford Popery. In itself, Mr. Milman's book will do little harm. It is opposed to the spirit of the times, in England at least; and its approvers and supporters will be found not among the Christians of England, but among the Bulwer's and Macaulays of the literary world. Its most mischievous result will not be in a direct but in a reflex operation. It will repel, disgust, and drive many, as Dr. Pusey was driven aforetime, into the opposite errors and excesses. Disgust at so fearful an exhibition of "liberalism" will force many into superstition and bigotry.

Yet does it remain immutably true, that the reverse of *wrong* is not *right*; and that he who rushes from maintaining the supremacy of his own reason, to the abrogation of reason altogether, only prefers Scylla to Charybdis, and is equally lost.

The grand question, "What is truth?" introduces us to the only key to these difficulties. Mr. Milman's rationality is not rational; Dr. Pusey's religion is irreligious. Neither have sought and discovered the only true standard of right and wrong.

The German neologians, after whom Mr. Milman shapes his creed, have not the common sense to begin at the beginning. In the Scriptures we have a book which claims to be *divine*. If this claim be well-founded,—if this volume be indeed the work of Him who created the universe, then the clearest dictate of enlightened reason is, that its authority is supreme. To doubt *this* passage because it is too sublime, to question *that* because it is above our comprehension, is nothing else than mere idiocy. If the Almighty God spoke from the thunder-cloud to an assembly of his creatures, would any but a lunatic dream of criticising the proprieties or the probabilities of his declarations?

Such dreamers, however, as Strauss and his followers, either neglect or postpone this question. They choose rather to take up the Scriptures as a strange old book, which may furnish them abundant ground for ingenious conjecture and "profound" criticism. And then, among all manner of other absurdities, they vent such "hypotheses" as these, "that the history of Christ, as related in the Gospels, is mythic—a kind of *imaginative* amplification of certain *vague and slender traditions*;" "formed with the design of developing *an ideal character* of Jesus, and to harmonise with *the Jewish notions* of the Messiah."

Now if this were a criticism on the *Arabian*

*Nights' Entertainments*, it might pass; but is the word of the Great God of heaven to be handled with the touch that is only fit for the impure fables of the East! Does not common sense exclaim against the gross absurdity of indulging in any "hypotheses" at all, until we have first ascertained whether or not it is the handwriting of JEHOVAH that we have before us!

The broad fact about which there can be no dispute, is this, that mankind at large are a race of condemned criminals, the future fate of most of whom is yet undecided. Every man knows that he must die; and most men also find it impossible to shut out from their minds the innate conviction that they shall one day live again, and in that life answer for the deeds done in the present state of existence.

Now it is to these condemned, but yet not perfectly hopeless criminals, that a document is brought, which professes to to be a communication from their Sovereign and future Judge, intended to inform them as to all that it is important for them to know touching their future life, and the fearful judgment which they have to meet. And what is the man better than a confirmed lunatic, who sits down—not to examine into the authenticity and into the contents of the document—but to form an hypothesis as to how it was probably invented!

That the Scriptures should be blindly received, without an inquiry as to whence they came, or to whom their authorship may be traced, would be an act of irrational credulity. But if that inquiry does not lead to the conclusion that they are divine, that they are God's own word, and that they are, consequently, to be implicitly, humbly, and reverently obeyed, then it must lead to the opposite result, that they are a gross and wicked imposture, a bundle of falsehoods, and fit only to be destroyed out of the world. We want no "hypotheses," no "mythic interpretations." If there be no revelation from God to man, no way of escape from the ills of life, no hope with reference to the future judgment, then must we either conclude, with the religious man, that "we are of all men the most miserable;" or say, with the sensualist, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

The alternative offered us by Dr. Pusey and by Dr. Wiseman is a delusion. They place before us what they call "the church," and tell us that this is God's appointed way of salvation. But upon what does this "church" rest? If the Scriptures can be proved to be the word of God, then have we already that guide, that standard of faith, that sure resting-place for our feet which we require; and further than this we need not seek. But if this first grand point cannot be made out, upon what does the church rest?

The visible church is not of one mind; nor does it speak with one voice. The Council of Trent says one thing,—the thirty-nine articles quite another! The seeker after truth, then, can never with any rationality, repose in peace and satisfaction upon "the voice of the church,"—that voice being altogether discordant, contradictory, and teeming with mutual anathemas. The English church, indeed, only ventures to prescribe even the creeds, the most ancient ecclesiastical documents existing, on the express ground that "they may be proved *by most certain warrant of Holy Scriptures*." (Art. viii.)

To that standard,—to that alone and infallible rule, must everything be brought. If we have, indeed and in truth, THE WORD OF GOD, then is that word the statute law of the church, beyond which or away from which she must not for one moment stray. For "although the church be a witness and a keeper of holy writ, yet, as it ought not to decree any thing against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of salvation." (Art. xx.) And if we have that WORD, then is the "hypotheses" of Strauss an insane blasphemy; and the history of Mr. Milman an insufferable impertinence.

Do we speak two languages—in first praising and then dispraising this book? Yes, and two languages we must of necessity speak. Are there not two worlds around us,—the world of the unbelievers whether professedly Christian or professedly "philosophical;" and the world of those who "know in whom they have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which they have committed unto Him until THAT DAY?"

To the first of these classes we say, that Mr. Milman's work is learned, full of various information, generally impartial, and only faulty in style by reason of its too great imitation of Gibbon. To those with whom this recommendation is sufficient, we leave it, having done our author full justice, and yet having said no more in his favour than he entirely merits.

But, to the second class we have a different account to render. They will ask, and that with reason, Is this *History of Christianity* written as a Christian should write? We answer, No! it is written rather as the infidel Gibbon or the rationalist Strauss would write; but with that necessary caution and moderation which might be expected from a man who happens to be placed in one of the stalls of Westminster. In a word, it is not written as if the author fully and entirely believed the Bible to be the word of God. What he does really believe, we cannot tell, nor will any reader of his work be able thence to divine. A condemnation this of itself most pregnant; and one which partly bears upon another question which must and will be asked—namely, Why is Mr. Milman still a clergyman of the Church of England?

The answer throws us back upon the innate imperfection of all human institutions. Mr. Milman, it appears to us, ought not to contaminate the church by his presence and his evil example. But his conscience is the only court to which we can appeal. He is too well practised in the arts of controversy, and has too much at stake, both in rank and in revenue, to commit himself to the extent of an open offence against the laws of the church. In all the disgusting passages which we have quoted in the preceding pages, we are not aware of a single sentence involving the writer in a charge of heresy. We gather, legitimately and fairly gather, from them all, that he is deeply tinged with the scepticism of the German rationalists; but all this may be made perceptible enough, without a single positive attack upon revelation, or one avowal of heretical opinions. Hence, as we have already said, so long as Mr. Milman can quiet his own conscience, so long may he continue to thrive on the endowments of the church, while he inflicts upon her the deepest inju-

ries. Nor, when we speak of his conscience, do we profess to entertain any hopes from this quarter. The rationalists of Germany are for the most part professors in the colleges, and ministers in the churches founded by Luther and Melancthon, by Calvin and Beza. "Liberal ideas" in religion are ever accompanied by "liberal ideas" in matters of honour and integrity. Perfect uprightness is a rare thing in this world; and seldom indeed found, except in connection with genuine, Bible Christianity.

---

## THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

Of all modern languages the German is that which we would recommend to the student, not merely for the many treasures to which it is the key, but also for the admirable facility it affords to the most active exercises of the faculties. At the same time, there is no language a smattering of which it is more easy for an Englishman to acquire, from the striking similarity of the roots of the words in common use in both countries. But, in point of construction, Greek itself is not so difficult to understand. A student should know all of it or nothing. Such is the extraordinary facility with which later writers have availed themselves of the machinery for word-making with which the language abounds, that, although he might have a very fair general knowledge, and be able to read the simpler and earlier authors, yet he would find himself utterly at a loss with such a man as Jean Paul Richter. From not comprehending the involutions and combinations of phrase, he would lose all the relish that is derivable from a peculiar and appropriate style, as a vehicle for erratic and unusual thoughts.

Professor Ollendorff's book is particularly to be esteemed for the extreme copiousness of its details. It is no book for a man who wants to scamper over the ground; but to him who resolutely applies himself to the study with a determination to master the subject, it will be found a most valuable guide. The rules are simply stated, and every possible exercise of them is anticipated. Perhaps the greatest difficulty to the student of German is the formation of compound verbs, which is carried to an extent quite unusual with us. But let him not be dismayed. All these rules have originated with simple, clear-minded men, wishing to express themselves with as little difficulty as possible; for we do not voluntarily impose fetters on our own speech. They are therefore, simple in themselves, and easily understood by a clear-headed person. When once comprehended they will not soon be forgotten, their usefulness being so apparent. Professor Ollendorff gives the most copious explanations of all the varieties into which the verbs combine, and we should recommend his method in preference to that of others, who, although they give results in a smaller space, do not so resolutely grapple with difficulties. The volume is enriched by numerous extracts from some of the best German writers.—*Britannia.*

## LA NOSTALGIE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Vous m' avez dit, a Paris, jeune patre, &c.

You said: "Come up to Paris, shepherd boy;
Obey the impulse of a nobler lot;
Books, gold, the theatre, with novel joy,
Shall make thy rural scenes be soon forgot."
Well! I am here; but oh, my heart is pain!
Beneath these ardent fires my spring decays;
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
And the free hills of childhood's happy days.

The cold, dull fever creeps through all my veins;
Yet all my ways are moulded to your will.
At the gay balls, where women move as queens,
The sad home-sickness preys upon me still.
Study has graced my language—but in vain;
In vain your arts have met my dazzled sight;
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
And my old Sundays sacred to delight.

Ye spurn the legends which the shepherd tells;
The gross gay song, the old romantic tale:
Matching the miracles of fairy spells,
Your opera scenes would turn our wizards pale.
Heaven's homage poured in highest, holiest strains,
May choose your music for its glowing tongues:
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
And its long eves of legends and of songs.

Our poor small cots, our church that, crumbling, stoops,
Even in my eyes are mean: while day by day
Here I admire these monumental groups,
And most your Louvre, with its gardens gay.
See where it seems, in evening's glowing wane,
A glorious mirage in the golden ray:
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
Its poor dear cottages, and belfry gray.

Convert the savage idol-worshipper:
Dying, his gods reclaim him ere he sleeps.
For me expectant waits my cottage cur;
My mother thinks of our adieu, and weeps.
I've seen the avalanche, and hurricane,
And bears and wolves destroy my struggling sheep:
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
The well-remembered crook, and scanty scrip.

What joyful tidings greet the exile's ears!
You say: "Depart, with morning's earliest hours;
Thy native breezes shall dry up thy tears,
Thy suns again shall fill thy heart with flowers."
Adieu broad, brilliant city of the Seine!
Where, as in chains, the pining stranger stays:
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
And the free hills of childhood's happy days.

W. D.

*Dublin University Magazine.*

## CHEAP BOARD AND EDUCATION.

There is unfortunately a general disposition to grudge the expense of education. People will spend liberally on most things, and give extravagant entertainments for mere show, and yet be most penurious with regard to that which is in a great measure to fix the character and status of their children for life. Hence the almost universally small salaries of teachers, preceptors, and governesses, and the great stress laid upon cheap board and education at private seminaries. A popular living writer has done much to awaken public attention to the latter form of the absurdity, by his well known delineations of *Dotheboys Hall* and its atrocious conductors, who undertook to maintain and educate children at the rate of twenty guineas per annum—a sum at which it is evidently impossible, in this country, to perform that duty in a satisfactory manner, so as to leave a profit upon the business. The only thing which Mr. Dickens leaves us to regret is, that his sketches come before the public as fictitious, and that we are thus allowed to suppose them, for any thing we know to the contrary, as designed only to afford matter for amusing reading. In reality, the Squeers scenes, extravagant as they appear, are little more than portraitures of events which have actually taken place. There *were* such schools in Yorkshire eighteen years ago, and perhaps such schools may be there still. All this we can make clear by reference to two causes which were tried in the Court of Common Pleas on the 30th of October, 1823, and which were reported in the newspapers of that time.

The first of these causes was a suit by a Mr. ——, a tavern-keeper in Fetter Lane, London, against Mr. ——,* who kept a seminary in the north of England, where he professed to educate, board, and clothe boys at the rate of twenty guineas per annum. Induced by the representations of an agent of Mr. ——, Mr. —— had sent two of his sons, William and Richard, in November, 1819, to the defendant's academy, they being then respectively nine and eleven years of age. They did not return at the holidays, and Mr. —— and his wife do not appear to have experienced any uneasy sensations respecting their children till Christmas, 1821, when the teacher called on them during a visit he paid to town, and, in answer to their enquiries, mentioned that the boys were quite well, but William had had a slight ailment in one of his eyes. Mr. —— earnestly requested that if the boy was not recovered on his return, he might be immediately sent to town for the best advice; which the defendant promised to do. It was afterwards ascertained that, at that time, William *had been stone blind for two months*, while Richard's eyesight was also in a highly critical state. It was only in the ensuing March that the defendant wrote to his agent, desiring him to request of Mr. —— permission for William to remain some time longer, as, though one of his eyes was gone, the doctor in attendance expected to be of some use in preserving the other. The boys were immediately ordered home, when William was found quite blind, and Richard nearly so. The latter was only recovered by very skilful treatment.

The evidence given by the boys on the trial was to this effect:—They were treated well (having, for instance, toast for breakfast) the first week, but were then turned over amongst the other boys, who were from 260 to 300 in number. Their food, like that of all the other boys, then consisted of hasty pudding for breakfast; cakes made of oatmeal and potatoes, with rancid butter, for dinner, on all days of the week but three, when they had meat. They got warm water and a little milk for tea, and no supper. They were allowed, however, with their pocket-money, to buy the skimmings of the pot, and this they generally had to improve their tea on Sunday evenings. The fat often contained maggots: one of the ushers, hearing the boys complain of this upon one occasion, said he would give a penny for every maggot they could catch; and they caught a potfull. The beds were flocks, or hay, or straw, and four or five boys slept in each bed. The beds were full of fleas. Every alternate morning the boys were set by the ushers to catch these intruders with quills cut on purpose; and if any one did not fill his quill, he got a good beating. The whole of the boys washed in the morning in a long horse-trough, with only two towels among them, and no soap but on Saturdays. They were wretchedly clothed. They often wanted jackets and trousers for days, while these were mending. When any gentleman came to see the school, the master used to desire one of the ushers to make the boys without jackets and trousers hide under the tables.

Itch, a natural attendant on uncleanliness, and ophthalmia, an equally natural result of low diet amongst children, attacked the boys in this school. Those who had the former complaint were allowed to associate, and even to sleep and wash with the rest. The boys who had sore eyes were kept aside in the wash-house, where the floor was of stone, and damp; and when the disease became in any instance severe, so as to occasion dimness or loss of sight, the patients in those instances were transferred to a private room, where they had medical attendance. A hundred boys in all, or fully a third of the whole number at school, suffered from ophthalmia.

Some evidence was adduced in defence. It was alleged that the eyesight of William —— had previously suffered from small-pox; but on the other hand, satisfactory evidence was given that he had completely recovered from that disease before he went to school. One of the ushers described the master's general treatment of the boys as humane, and said that their food was always of the best materials. It was also shown that he had been at considerable expense in subduing the ophthalmia in his school, though not till after extensive mischief had been done by it, and the boys —— had left the academy. The jury gave Mr. —— damages to the amount of £300. On the ensuing day, a similar case was brought forward by a Mr. ——, who had three sons at the academy, all of whom had had their eyesight seriously injured. In this case, the defendant desired by his counsel that it might be disposed of without trial; and the jury gave a verdict accordingly, with a similar amount of damages.

These facts will, we trust, supply what is alone

* We do not reprint the name, from tenderness towards a person who, we are willing to believe, may have long since repented of the erroneous system into which he had been tempted.

wanting in Mr. Dickens's useful exposure of school iniquities—namely, proof that such things do occur in the actual world. It is thus seen that there really are people so unprincipled as to endeavour to make a livelihood by ill-treating a horde of poor unresisting children, and also parents so penurious or so heedless as to commit their children to a stranger residing at a great distance from them, whose very offers carry on their face the assurance that no good treatment or sound education is to be expected. We would hope that, by presenting to general notice a case of such horrible features, and so well established in point of proof, we may help to correct the prevailing short-sighted policy of parents as to the expense of education—the last matter, it appears to us, in which fair and reasonable charges should be grudged.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## MELTING OF QUARTZ.

(Paris Letter, June 22, 1841.)

*Academy of Sciences. Sitting of June 7.*—Some very interesting experiments on the melting of rock crystal (quartz,) and on the subsequent crystallization, and even casting of it, were detailed by M. Gaudin. This able chemist, by the use of his oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, had succeeded in melting crystals of aluminum and silex, such as the white sapphire and the ruby. After vain attempts with compounds of silex and aluminum precipitated with their colouring matter, he had employed a mixture of ammoniacal alum, or potassic alum, with three or four hundredth parts of chromate of potassium. These two salts ground together with a little water, formed under the action of increasing heat a transparent liquid, which was afterwards condensed into a friable porous paste. He had hollowed out this paste into the form of a crucible, with which he had capped his blowpipe, and then blowing upwards, had found the interior of this crucible become studded with a multitude of exceedingly small rubies, of beautiful colour and the finest water. Finding his blowpipe too small, he had made another one of a block of platina, and, by means of this, had succeeded in melting and in spinning out rock crystal as easily as glass. He found that silex in a state of fusion is one of the most ductile substances in nature, and that the faculty of spinning glass depended on the quantity of silex it contained. It did not crystallize on cooling, but was very volatile: this had hindered him from obtaining globules of more than three millimetres in diameter. He had, however, spun out threads of silex so thin and fine, that they admitted of being tied in a knot, and had an iridescent appearance; they were so light, too, that the wind easily carried them away, and a quantity of them could be rolled up in the fingers, looking like cotton. Threads of pure quartz were always cylindrical and transparent; those from sandstones and millstones were opaque, and had a nacreous appearance. Beryl and emerald did not yield threads so well as other silicious stones; but from the opaque colour of the threads of emerald, he inferred that a mixture of emerald and sandstone would melt down into artificial pearls of great hardness. Aluminum he found to be deprived of all viscosity, and hence it was impossible to spin threads from the ruby, or from Syrian garnet, topaz, fluorure of calcium (fluor spar,) or the sandstone of Fontainbleau (Paris paving stone.) He had made from melted quartz some admirable microscopic lenses, and pivots for mariners' compasses; he had also drawn out sticks of quartz applicable to tools for burnishers and watch-makers.

*Athenæum.*

## ANECDOTE OF HOOK.

On one occasion, a thin-skinned gentleman, who conceived his conduct had been commented on with too much freedom, called at the *Bull* office, and enquired for the editor. The publisher, guessing his errand from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the stout horse-whip he held in his hand, informed the choleric gentleman that the editor was not then at the office, but might probably be seen at twelve o'clock the next day. Punctually at the appointed hour, the gentleman, horse-whip in hand, arrived, and was shown up stairs into an empty room. After waiting some minutes in anxious suspense, the door slowly opened, and a fine young fellow, of Herculean proportions, entered the room in his shirt-sleeves. The courage of the visitor at once sank below zero at such an unexpected apparition, and he civilly enquired of the young giant before him if he was the editor? "Bedad, I *am* the edithur," was the reply, in a strong Irish accent, "at your *sarvice*." "Impossible!" said the gentleman, trembling in every limb, as he saw the fellow coolly tuck up his shirt-sleeves, display arms which would have felled an ox without difficulty, and then spit in his hands as he clenched them, and placed himself in a fighting attitude,—"impossible; you can't be the editor;" but the reply was still the same, "Faith! I am the edithur, at your *sarvice*," the last word being delivered very significantly. The visitor, utterly panic-struck, retreated towards the door as the "Edithur" advanced, then abandoned his horse-whip, and rushed precipitately out of the house, leaving Hook, who had been a witness to the scene, in a closet of the room, half suffocated with laughter at the success of his stratagem.

Mr. Hook's health had, for some time past, been declining. His social habits had induced him to live freely, and both his mind and frame became enfeebled by the stimulants to which he was accustomed to resort. We mention this circumstance in no unkind spirit; we had a sincere respect for his talents, and an unfeigned regard for his generosity and good nature. But it would be quite useless to conceal that Mr. Hook, in some measure, fell into the fatal error, so prevalent in his earlier days, of believing that the bottle—to use the words of a Bacchanalian song of that day—was "the sun of the table." Happily the error is now exploded, and society acknowledges that wit may sparkle as brilliantly in the drawing-room as over "flowing bowls." If we allude to this painful subject at all, it is only to furnish an example of the pernicious influence which what are called "social habits," acquired during years of thoughtlessness and inexperience, may exercise over intellects the most richly endowed by nature; how utterly destructive they prove to the mirth they are intended to nourish; and how often they darken the meridian of a life, which but for them might have passed in unclouded splendour. We do wrong to conceal even the failings of genius when important lessons are to be drawn from them.—*Britannia.*

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

Barnaby, armed as we have seen, continued to pace up and down before the stable-door; glad to be alone again, and heartily rejoicing in the unaccustomed silence and tranquillity. After the whirl of noise and riot in which the last two days had been passed, the pleasures of solitude and peace were enhanced a thousand-fold. He felt quite happy; and as he leaned upon his staff and mused, a bright smile overspread his face, and none but cheerful visions floated into his brain.

Had he no thoughts of her, whose sole delight he was, and whom he had unconsciously plunged in such bitter sorrow and such deep affliction? Oh, yes. She was at the heart of all his cheerful hopes and proud reflections. It was she whom all this honour and distinction were to gladden; the joy and profit were for her. What delight it gave her to hear of the bravery of her poor boy! Ah! He would have known that without Hugh's telling him. And what a precious thing it was to know she lived so happily, and heard with so much pride (he pictured to himself her look when they told her) that he was in such high esteem: bold among the boldest, and trusted before them all. And when these frays were over, and the good lord had conquered his enemies, and they were all at peace again, and he and she were rich, what happiness they would have in talking of these troubled times when he was a great soldier: and when they sat alone together in the tranquil twilight, and she had no longer reason to be anxious for the morrow, what pleasure would he have in the reflection that this was his doing—his—poor foolish Barnaby's; and in patting her on the cheek, and saying with a merry laugh, "Am I silly now, mother—am I silly now?"

With a lighter heart and step, and eyes the brighter for the happy tear that dimmed them for a moment, Barnaby resumed his walk; and singing gaily to himself, kept guard upon his quiet post.

His comrade Grip, the partner of his watch, though fond of basking in the sunshine, preferred to-day to walk about the stable; having a great deal to do in the way of scattering the straw, hiding under it such small articles as had been casually left about, and haunting Hugh's bed, to which he seemed to have taken a particular attachment. Sometimes Barnaby looked in and called him, and then he came hopping out; but he merely did this as a concession to his master's weakness, and soon returned again to his own grave pursuits: peering into the straw with his bill, and rapidly covering up the place, as if he were whispering secrets to the earth and burying them; constantly busying himself upon the sly; and affecting, whenever Barnaby came past, to look up in the clouds and have nothing whatever on his mind: in short, conducting himself, in many respects, in a more than usually thoughtful, deep, and mysterious manner.

As the day crept on, Barnaby, who had no directions forbidding him to eat and drink upon his post, but had been, on the contrary, supplied with a bottle of beer and a basket of provisions, determined to break his fast, which he had not done since morning. To this end, he sat down on the ground before the door, and putting his staff across his knees in case of alarm or surprise, summoned Grip to dinner.

This call, the bird obeyed with great alacrity; crying, as he sidled up to his master, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a Polly, I'm a kettle, I'm a Protestant, No Popery!" Having learnt this latter sentiment from the gentry among whom he had lived of late, he delivered it with uncommon emphasis.

"Well said, Grip!" cried his master, as he fed him with the daintiest bits. "Well said, old boy!"

"Never say die, bow wow wow, keep up your spirits, Grip Grip Grip. Holloa! We'll all have tea, I'm a Protestant kettle, No Popery!" cried the raven.

"Gordon for ever, Grip!" cried Barnaby.

The raven, placing his head upon the ground, looked at his master sideways, as though he would have said, "Say that again!" Perfectly understanding his desire, Barnaby repeated the phrase a great many times. The bird listened with profound attention; sometimes repeating the popular cry in a low voice, as if to compare the two, and try if it would at all help him to this new accomplishment: sometimes flapping his wings, or barking; and sometimes, in a kind of desperation, drawing a multitude of cords, with extraordinary viciousness.

Barnaby was so intent upon his favourite, that he was not at first aware of the approach of two persons on horseback, who were riding at a foot-pace, and coming straight towards his post. When he perceived them, however, which he did when they were within some fifty yards of him, he jumped hastily up, and ordering Grip within doors, stood with both hands on his staff, waiting until he should know whether they were friends or foes.

He had hardly done so, when he observed that those who advanced were a gentleman and his servant; almost at the same moment, he recognised Lord George Gordon, before whom he stood uncovered, with his eyes turned towards the ground.

"Good day!" said Lord George, not reining in his horse until he was close beside him. "Well!"

"All quiet, sir, all safe!" cried Barnaby. "The rest are away—they went by that path—that one. A grand party!"

"Ay!" said Lord George, looking thoughtfully at him. "And you!"—

"Oh! They left me here to watch—to mount guard—to keep every thing secure till they come back. I'll do it, sir, for your sake. You're a good gentleman; a kind gentleman—ay, you are. There are many against you, but we'll be a match for them, never fear!"

"What's that!" said Lord George—pointing to the raven who was peeping out of the stable-door—but still looking thoughtfully, and in some perplexity, it seemed, at Barnaby.

"Why, don't you know!" retorted Barnaby, with a wondering laugh. "Not know what *he* is! A bird, to be sure. My bird—my friend—Grip."

"A devil, a kettle, a Grip, a Polly, a Protestant—no Popery!" cried the raven.

"Though, indeed," added Barnaby, laying his hand upon the neck of Lord George's horse, and speaking softly: "you had good reason to ask me what he is, for sometimes it puzzles me—and I am used to him—to think he's only a bird. Ha, ha, ha! He's my brother, Grip is—always with me—always talking—always merry—eh, Grip?"

The raven answered by an affectionate croak, and hopping on his mater's arm which he held downward for that purpose, submitted with an air of perfect indifference to be fondled, and turned his restless, curious eye, now upon Lord George, and now upon his man.

Lord George, biting his nails in a discomfited manner, regarded Barnaby for some time in silence; then beckoning to his servant, said:

"Come hither, John."

John Grueby touched his hat, and came.

"Have you ever seen this young man before?" his master asked, in a low voice.

"Twice, my lord," said John. "I saw him in the crowd last night and Saturday."

"Did—did it seem to you that his manner was at all wild, or strange?" Lord George demanded, faltering.

"Mad," said John, with emphatic brevity.

"And why do you think him mad, sir?" said his master, speaking in a peevish tone. "Don't use that word too freely. Why do you think him mad?"

"My Lord," John Grueby answered, "look at his dress, look at his eyes, look at his restless way, hear him cry 'No Popery!' Mad, my lord."

"So because one man dresses unlike another," returned his angry master, glancing at himself, "and happens to differ from other men in his carriage and manner, and to advocate a great cause which the corrupt and irreligious desert, he is to be accounted mad, is he?"

"Stark, staring, raving mad, my lord," returned the unmoved John.

"Do you say this to my face?" cried his master, turning sharply upon him.

"To any man, my lord, who asks me," answered John.

"Mr. Gashford, I find, was right," said Lord George; "I thought him prejudiced, though I ought to have known a man like him better, than to have supposed it possible!"

"I shall never have Mr. Gashford's good word, my lord," replied John, touching his hat respectfully, "and I don't covet it."

"You are an ill-conditioned, most ungrateful fellow," said Lord George: "a spy, for any thing I know. Mr. Gashford is perfectly correct, as I might have felt convinced he was. I have done wrong to retain you in my service. It is a tacit insult to him as my choice and confidential friend to do so, remembering the cause you sided with, on the day he was maligned at Westminster. You will leave me to-night—nay, as soon as we reach home. The sooner, the better."

"If it comes to that, I say so too, my lord. Let Mr. Gashford have his will. As to my being a spy, my lord, you know me better than to believe it, I am sure. I don't know much about causes. My cause is the cause of one man against two hundred; and I hope it always will be."

"You have said quite enough," returned Lord George, motioning him to go back. "I desire to hear no more."

"If you'll let me add another word, my lord," returned John Grueby, "I'd give this silly fellow a caution not to stay here by himself. The proclamation is in a good many hands already, and it's well known that he was concerned in the business it relates to. He had better get to a place of safety if he can, poor creature."

"You hear what this man says!" cried Lord George, addressing Barnaby, who had looked on and wondered while this dialogue passed. "He thinks you may be afraid to remain upon your post, and are kept here perhaps against your will. What do you say?"

"I think, young man," said John, in explanation, "that the soldiers may turn out and take you; and that if they do, you will certainly be hung by the neck till you're dead—dead—dead. And I think you'd better go from here as fast as you can. That's what I think."

"He's a coward, Grip, a coward!" cried Barnaby, putting the raven on the ground, and shouldering his staff. "Let them come! Gordon for ever! Let them come!"

"Ay!" said Lord George, "let them! Let us see who will venture to attack a power like ours; the solemn league of a whole people. *This* a madman! You have said well, very well. I am proud to be the leader of such men as you."

Barnaby's heart swelled within his bosom as he heard these words. He took Lord George's hand and carried it to his lips; patted his horse's crest, as if the affection and admiration he had conceived for the man extended to the animal he rode; then unfurled his flag, and proudly waving it, resumed his pacing up and down.

Lord George, with a kindling eye, and glowing cheek, took off his hat, and flourishing it above his head, bade him exultingly farewell!—then cantered off at a brisk pace; after glancing angrily round to see that his servant followed. Honest John set spurs to his horse and rode after his master, but not before he had again warned Barnaby to retreat, with many significant gestures, which indeed he continued to make, and Barnaby to resist, until the windings of the road concealed them from each other's view.

Left to himself again with a still higher sense of the importance of his post, and stimulated to enthusiasm by the special notice and encouragement of his leader, Barnaby walked to and fro in a delicious trance rather than as a waking man. The sunshine which prevailed around was in his mind. He had but one desire ungratified. If she could only see him now!

The day wore on; its heat was gently giving place to the cool of evening; a light wind sprung up, fanning his long hair, and making the banner rustle pleasantly above his head. There was a freedom and freshness in the sound and in the time, which chimed exactly with his mood. He was happier than ever.

He was leaning on his staff looking towards the declining sun, and reflecting with a smile that he stood sentinel at that moment over buried gold, when two or three figures appeared in the distance, making towards the house at a rapid pace, and motioning with their hands as though they urged its inmates to retreat from some approaching danger. As they drew nearer, they became more earnest in their gestures; and they were no sooner within hearing, than the foremost among them cried that the soldiers were coming up.

At these words Barnaby furled his flag, and tied it round the pole. His heart beat high while he did

so, but he had no more fear or thought of retreating than the pole itself. The friendly stragglers hurried past him, after giving him notice of his danger, and quickly passed into the house, where the utmost confusion immediately prevailed. As those within hastily closed the windows and the doors, they urged him by looks and signs to fly without loss of time, and called to him many times to do so; but he only shook his head indignantly in answer, and stood the firmer on his post. Finding that he was not to be persuaded, they took care of themselves; and leaving the place with only one old woman in it, speedily withdrew.

As yet there had been no symptom of the news having any better foundation than in the fears of those who brought it; but the Boot had not been deserted five minutes, when there appeared, coming across the fields, a body of men, who, it was easy to see, by the glitter of their arms and ornaments in the sun, and by their orderly and regular mode of advancing—for they came on as one man—were soldiers. In a very little time, Barnaby knew that they were a strong detachment of the Foot Guards, having along with them two gentlemen in private clothes, and a small party of Horse; the latter brought up the rear, and were not in number more than six or eight.

They advanced steadily; neither quickening their pace as they came nearer, nor raising any cry, nor showing the least emotion or anxiety. Though this was a matter of course in the case of regular troops, even to Barnaby, there was something particularly impressive and disconcerting in it to one accustomed to the noise and tumult of an undisciplined mob. For all that, he stood his ground not a whit the less resolutely, and looked on undismayed.

Presently they marched into the yard, and halted. The commanding officer despatched a messenger to the horsemen, one of whom came riding back. Some words passed between them, and they glanced at Barnaby; who well remembered the man he had unhorsed at Westminster, and saw him now before his eyes. The man being speedily dismissed, saluted, and rode back to his comrades, who were drawn up apart at a short distance.

The officer then gave the word to prime and load. The heavy ringing of the musket-stocks upon the ground, and the sharp and rapid rattling of the ramrods in their barrels, were a kind of relief to Barnaby, deadly though he knew the purport of such sounds to be. When this was done, other commands were given, and the soldiers instantaneously formed in single file all round the house and stables; completely encircling them in every part, at a distance, perhaps, of some half-dozen yards; at least that seemed in Barnaby's eyes to be about the space left between himself and those who confronted him. The horsemen remained drawn up by themselves as before.

The two gentlemen in private clothes who had kept aloof, now rode forward, one on either side the officer. The proclamation having been produced and read by one of them, the officer called on Barnaby to surrender.

He made no answer, but stepping within the door, before which he had kept guard, held his pole crosswise to protect it. In the midst of a profound silence, he was again called upon to yield.

Still he offered no reply. Indeed he had enough to do, to run his eye backward and forward along the half-dozen men who immediately fronted him, and settle hurriedly within himself at which of them he would strike first, when they pressed on him. He caught the eye of one in the centre, and resolved to hew that fellow down, though he died for it.

Again there was a dead silence, and again the same voice called upon him to deliver himself up.

Next moment he was back in the stable, dealing blows about him like a madman. Two of the men lay stretched at his feet: the one he had marked, dropped first—he had a thought for that, even in the hot blood and hurry of the struggle. Another blow—another! Down, mastered, wounded in the breast by a heavy blow from the butt-end of a gun (he saw the weapon in the act of falling)—breathless—and a prisoner.

An exclamation of surprise from the officer recalled him, in some degree, to himself. He looked round. Grip, after working in secret all the afternoon, and with redoubled vigour while every body's attention was distracted, had plucked away the straw from Hugh's bed, and turned up the loose ground with his iron bill. The hole had been recklessly filled to the brim, and was merely sprinkled with earth. Golden cups, spoons, candlesticks, coined guineas—all the riches were revealed.

They brought spades and a sack; dug up every thing that was hidden there; and carried away more than two men could lift. They handcuffed him and bound his arm, searched him, and took away all he had. Nobody questioned or reproached him, or seemed to have much curiosity about him. The two men he had stunned, were carried off by their companions in the same business-like way in which every thing else was done. Finally, he was left under a guard of four soldiers with fixed bayonets, while the officer directed in person the search of the house and the other buildings connected with it.

This was soon completed. The soldiers formed again in the yard; he was marched out, with his guard about him; and ordered to fall in, where a space was left. The others closed up all round, and so they moved away, with the prisoner in the centre.

When they came into the streets, he felt he was a sight; and looking up as they passed quickly along, could see people running to the windows a little too late, and throwing up the sashes to look after him. Sometimes he met a staring face beyond the heads about him, or under the arms of his conductors, or peering down upon him from a wagon-top or coach-box; but this was all he saw, being surrounded by so many men. The very noises of the streets seemed muffled and subdued; and the air came stale and hot upon him, like the sickly breath of an oven.

Tramp, tramp. Tramp, tramp. Heads erect, shoulders square, every man stepping in exact time—all so orderly and regular—nobody looking at him—nobody seeming conscious of his presence,—he could hardly believe he was a prisoner. But at the word, though only thought, not spoken, he felt the handcuffs galling his wrists, the cord pressing his arms to his sides: the loaded guns levelled at his head; and those cold, bright, sharp, shining points turned towards him, the mere looking down at which, now that he was bound and helpless, made the warm current of his life run cold.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

They were not long in reaching the barracks, for the officer who commanded the party was desirous to avoid rousing the people by the display of military force in the streets, and was humanely anxious to give as little opportunity as possible for any attempt at rescue; knowing that it must lead to bloodshed and loss of life, and that if the civil authorities by whom he was accompanied, empowered him to order his men to fire, many innocent persons would probably fall, whom curiosity or idleness had attracted to the spot. He therefore led the party briskly on, avoiding with a merciful prudence the more public and crowded thoroughfares, and pursuing those which he deemed least likely to be infested by disorderly persons. This wise proceeding not only enabled them to gain their quarters without any interruption, but completely baffled a body of rioters who had assembled in one of the main streets, through which it was considered certain they would pass, and who remained gathered together for the purpose of releasing the prisoner from their hands, long after they had deposited him in a place of security, closed the barrack gates, and set a double guard at every entrance for its better protection.

Arrived at this place, poor Barnaby was marched into a stone-floored room, where there was a very powerful smell of tobacco, a strong thorough draft of air, and a great wooden bedstead, large enough for a score of men. Several soldiers in undress were lounging about, or eating from tin-cans; military accoutrements dangled on rows of pegs along the whitewashed wall; and some half-dozen men lay fast asleep upon their backs, snoring in concert. After remaining here just long enough to note these things, he was marched out again, and conveyed across the parade-ground to another portion of the building.

Perhaps a man never sees so much at a glance as when he is in a situation of extremity. The chances are a hundred to one, that if Barnaby had lounged in at the gate to look about him, he would have lounged out again with a very imperfect idea of the place, and would have remembered very little about it. But as he was taken handcuffed across the gravelled area, nothing escaped his notice. The dry, arid look of the dusty square, and of the bare brick building; the clothes hanging at some of the windows; and the men in their shirt-sleeves and braces, lolling with half their bodies out of the others; the green sunblinds at the officers' quarters, and the little scanty trees in front; the drummer-boys practising in a distant court-yard; the men on drill on the parade; the two soldiers carrying a basket between them, who winked to each other as he went by, and slyly pointed to their throats; the spruce sergeant who hurried past with a cane in his hand, and under his arm a clasped book with a vellum cover; the fellows in the ground-floor rooms, furbishing and brushing up their different articles of dress, who stopped to look at him, and whose voices as they spoke together echoed loudly through the empty galleries and passages; every thing, down to the stand of muskets before the guard-house, and the drum with a pipe-clayed belt attached, in one corner, impressed itself upon his observation, as though he had noticed them in the same place a hundred times, or had been a whole day among them, in place of one brief hurried minute.

He was taken into a small, paved back yard, and there they opened a great door, plated with iron, and pierced some five feet above the ground with a few holes to let in air and light. Into this dungeon he was walked straightway; and having locked him up there, and placed a sentry over him, they left him to his meditations.

The cell, or black hole, for it had those words painted on the door, was very dark, and having recently accommodated a drunken deserter, by no means clean. Barnaby felt his way to some straw at the further end, and looking towards the door, tried to accustom himself to the gloom, which, coming from the bright sunshine out of doors, was not an easy task.

There was a kind of portico or colonnade outside, and this obstructed even the little light that at the best could have found its way through the small apertures in the door. The footsteps of the sentinel echoed monotonously as he paced its stone pavement to and fro (reminding Barnaby of the watch he had so lately kept himself;) and as he passed and repassed the door, he made the cell for an instant so black by the interposition of his body, that his going away again seemed like the appearance of a new ray of light, and was quite a circumstance to look for.

When the prisoner had sat sometime upon the ground, gazing at the chinks, and listening to the advancing and receding footsteps of his guard, the man stood still upon his post. Barnaby, quite unable to think, or to speculate on what would be done with him, had been lulled into a kind of doze by his regular pace; but his stopping roused him; and then he became aware that two men were in conversation under the colonnade, and very near the door of his cell.

How long they had been talking there, he could not tell, for he had fallen into an unconsciousness of his real position, and when the footsteps ceased, was answering aloud some question which seemed to have been put to him by Hugh in the stable, though of the fancied purport, either of question or reply, notwithstanding that he awoke with the latter on his lips, he had no recollection whatever. The first words that reached his ears, were these:

"Why is he brought here then, if he has to be taken away again, so soon?"

"Why where would you have him go! Damme, he's not as safe any where as among the king's troops, is he? What *would* you do with him? Would you hand him over to a pack of cowardly civilians, that shake in their shoes till they wear the soles out, with trembling at the threats of the ragamuffins he belongs to?"

"That's true enough."

"True enough!—I'll tell you what. I wish, Tom Green, that I was a commissioned instead of a non-commissioned officer, and that I had the command of two companies—only two companies—of my own regiment. Call me out to stop these riots—give me the needful authority, and half-a-dozen rounds of ball cartridge——"

"Ay!" said the other voice. "That's all very

well, but they won't give the needful authority. If the magistrate won't give the word, what's the officer to do?"

Not very well knowing, as it seemed, how to overcome this difficulty, the other man contented himself with damning the magistrates.

"With all my heart," said his friend.

"Where's the use of a magistrate?" returned the other voice. "What's a magistrate in this case, but an impertinent, unnecessary, unconstitutional sort of interference? Here's a proclamation. Here's a man referred to in that proclamation. Here's proof against him, and a witness on the spot. Damme! Take him out and shoot him, sir. Who wants a magistrate?"

"When does he go before Sir John Fielding?" asked the man who had spoken first.

"To-night at eight o'clock," returned the other. "Mark what follows. The magistrate commits him to Newgate. Our people take him to Newgate. The rioters pelt our people. Our people retire before the rioters. Stones are thrown, insults are offered, not a shot's fired. Why! Because of the magistrates. Damn the magistrates!"

When he had in some degree relieved his mind by cursing the magistrates in various other forms of speech, the man was silent, save for a low growling, still having reference to those authorities, which from time to time escaped him.

Barnaby, who had wit enough to know that this conversation concerned, and very nearly concerned, himself, remained perfectly quiet until they ceased to speak, when he groped his way to the door, and peeping through the air-holes, tried to make out what kind of men they were, to whom he had been listening.

The one who condemned the civil power in such strong terms, was a sergeant—engaged just then, as the streaming ribands in his cap announced, on the recruiting service. He stood leaning sideways against a pillar nearly opposite the door, and as he growled to himself, drew figures on the pavement with his cane. The other man had his back towards the dungeon, and Barnaby could only see his form. To judge from that, he was a gallant, manly, handsome fellow, but he had lost his left arm. It had been taken off between the elbow and the shoulder, and his empty coat-sleeve hung across his breast.

It was probably this circumstance which gave him an interest beyond any that his companion could boast of, and attracted Barnaby's attention. There was something soldierly in his bearing, and he wore a jaunty cap and jacket. Perhaps he had been in the service at one time or other. If he had, it could not have been very long ago, for he was but a young fellow now.

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully; "let the fault be where it may, it makes a man sorrowful to come back to old England, and see her in this condition."

"I suppose the pigs will join 'em next," said the sergeant, with an imprecation on the rioters "now that the birds have set 'em an example."

"The birds!" repeated Tom Green.

"Ah—birds," said the sergeant testily; "that's English, an't it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Go to the guard-house, and see. You'll find a bird there, that's got their cry as pat as any of 'em, and bawls 'No Popery,' like a man—or like a devil, as he says he is. I shouldn't wonder. The devil's loose in London somewhere. Damme if I wouldn't twist his neck round, on the chance, if I had *my* way."

The young man had taken two or three hasty steps away, as if to go and see this creature, when he was arrested by the voice of Barnaby.

"It's mine," he called out, half laughing and half weeping—"my pet, my friend Grip. Ha, ha, ha! Don't hurt him, he has done no harm. I taught him; it's my fault. Let me have him, if you please. He's the only friend I have left now. He'll not dance, or talk, or whistle for you, I know; but he will for me, because he knows me, and loves me—though you wouldn't think it—very well. You wouldn't hurt a bird, I'm sure. You're a brave soldier, sir, and wouldn't harm a woman or a child—no, no, nor a poor bird, I am certain."

This latter adjuration was addressed to the sergeant, whom Barnaby judged from his red coat to be high in office, and able to seal Grip's destiny by a word. But that gentleman, in reply, surlily damned him for a thief and rebel as he was, and with many disinterested imprecations on his own eyes, liver, blood, and body, assured him that if it rested with him to decide, he would put a final stopper on the bird, and his master too.

"You talk boldly to a caged man," said Barnaby, in anger. "If I was on the other side of the door and there were none to part us, you'd change your note—ay, you may toss your head—you would! Kill the bird—do. Kill any thing you can, and so revenge yourself on those who with their bare hands untied could do as much to you!"

Having vented this defiance, he flung himself into the furthest corner of his prison, and muttering, "Good bye, Grip—good bye, dear old Grip!" shed tears for the first time since he had been taken captive; and hid his face in the straw.

He had had some fancy at first, that the one-armed man would help him, or would give him a kind word in answer. He hardly knew why, but he hoped and thought so. The young fellow had stopped when he called out, and checking himself in the very act of turning round, stood listening to every word he said. Perhaps he built his feeble trust on this; perhaps on his being young, and having a frank and honest manner. However that might be, he built on sand. The other went away directly he had finished speaking, and neither answered him, nor returned. No matter. They were all against him here; he might have known as much. Good bye, old Grip, good bye!

After some time, they came and unlocked the door, and called to him to come out. He rose directly, and complied, for he would not have them think he was subdued or frightened. He walked out like a man, and looked haughtily from face to face.

None of them returned his gaze or seemed to notice it. They marched him back to the parade by the way they had brought him, and there they halted, among a body of soldiers, at least twice as numerous as that which had taken him prisoner in the afternoon. The officer he had seen before, bade him in a few brief words take notice that if he attempted to escape, no matter how favourable a chance he might suppose he had, certain of the men had orders to fire

upon him, that moment. They then closed round him as before, and marched him off again.

In the same unbroken order they arrived at Bow-street, followed and beset on all sides by a crowd which was continually increasing. Here he was placed before a blind gentleman, and asked if he wished to say any thing. Not he. What had he got to tell them! After a very little talking, which he was careless of and quite indifferent to, they told him he was to go to Newgate, and took him away.

He went out into the street, so surrounded and hemmed in on every side by soldiers, that he could see nothing; but he knew there was a great crowd of people, by the murmur; and that they were not friendly to the soldiers, was soon rendered evident by their yells and hisses. How often and how eagerly he listened for the voice of Hugh! No. There was not a voice he knew among them all. Was Hugh a prisoner too? Was there no hope!

As they came nearer and nearer to the prison, the hootings of the people grew more violent; stones were thrown; and every now and then, a rush was made against the soldiers, which they staggered under. One of them, close before him, smarting under a blow upon the temple, levelled his musket, but the officer struck it upwards with his sword, and ordered him on peril of his life to desist. This was the last thing he saw with any distinctness, for directly afterwards he was tossed about, and beaten to and fro, as though in a tempestuous sea. But go where he would, there were the same guards about him. Twice or thrice he was thrown down, and so were they; but even then, he could not elude their vigilance for a moment. They were up again, and had closed about him, before he, with his wrists so tightly bound, could scramble to his feet. Fenced in thus, he felt himself hoisted to the top of a low flight of steps, and then for a moment he caught a glimpse of the fighting in the crowd, and of a few red-coats sprinkled together, here and there, struggling to rejoin their fellows. Next moment, every thing was dark and gloomy, and he was standing in the prison lobby; the centre of a group of men.

A smith was speedily in attendance, who riveted upon him a set of heavy irons. Stumbling on as well as he could, beneath the unusual burden of these fetters, he was conducted to a strong stone cell, where, fastening the door with locks, and bolts, and chains, they left him, well secured; having first, unseen by him, thrust in Grip, who, with his head drooping and his deep black plumes rough and rumpled, appeared to comprehend and to partake, his master's fallen fortunes.

---

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-NINTH.

It is necessary at this juncture to return to Hugh, who, having, as we have seen, called to the rioters to disperse from about the Warren, and meet again as usual, glided back into the darkness from which he had emerged, and re-appeared no more that night.

He paused in the copse which sheltered him from the observation of his mad companions, and waited to ascertain whether they drew off at his bidding, or still lingered and called to him to join them. Some few, he saw, were indisposed to go away without him, and made towards the spot where he stood concealed, as though they were about to follow in his footsteps, and urge him to come back; but these men, being in their turn called to by their friends, and in truth not greatly caring to venture into the dark parts of the grounds where they might be easily surprised and taken, if any of the neighbours or retainers of the family were watching them from among the trees, soon abandoned the idea, and hastily assembling such men as they found of their mind at the moment, straggled off.

When he was satisfied that the great mass of the insurgents were imitating this example, and that the ground was rapidly clearing, he plunged into the thickest portion of the little wood; and crashing the branches as he went, made straight towards a distant light: guided by that, and by the sullen glow of the fire behind him.

As he drew nearer and nearer to the twinkling beacon towards which he bent his course, the red glare of a few torches began to reveal itself, and the voices of men speaking together in a subdued tone, broke the silence, which, save for a distant shouting now and then, already prevailed. At length he cleared the wood, and, springing across a ditch, stood in a dark lane, where a small body of ill-looking vagabonds, whom he had left there some twenty minutes before, waited his coming with impatience.

They were gathered round an old post-chaise or chariot, driven by one of themselves, who sat postilion-wise upon the near horse. The blinds were drawn up, and Mr. Tappertit and Dennis kept guard at the two windows. The former assumed the command of the party, for he challenged Hugh as he advanced towards them; and when he did so, those who were resting on the ground about the carriage rose to their feet and clustered round him.

"Well!" said Simon, in a low voice; "is all right?"

"Right enough," replid Hugh, in the same tone. "They're dispersing now—had begun before I came away."

"And is the coast clear?"

"Clear enough before our men, I take it," said Hugh. "There are not many, who, knowing of their work over yonder, will want to meddle with 'em to-night.—Who's got some drink here?"

Every body had some plunder from the cellar; half-a-dozen flasks and bottles were offered directly. He selected the largest, and putting it to his mouth, sent the wine gurgling down his throat. Having emptied it, he threw it down, and stretched out his hand for another, which he emptied likewise, at a draught. Another was given him, and this he half emptied too. Reserving what remained, to finish with, he asked:

"Have you got any thing to eat, any of you? I'm as ravenous as a hungry wolf. Which of you was in the larder—come!"

"I was, brother," said Dennis, pulling off his hat, and fumbling in the crown. "There's a matter of cold venison pasty somewhere or another here, if that'll do."

"Do!" cried Hugh, seating himself on the pathway. "Bring it out! Quick! Show a light here,

and gather round! Let me sup in state, my lads. Ha, ha, ha!"

Entering into his boisterous humour, for they all had drunk deeply and were as wild as he, they crowded about him, while two of their number who had torches, held them up, one on either side of him, that his banquet might not be despatched in the dark. Mr. Dennis, having by this time succeeded in extricating from his hat a great mass of pasty, which had been wedged in so tightly that it was not easily got out, put it before him; and Hugh having borrowed a notched and jagged knife from one of the company, fell to work upon it vigorously.

"I should recommend you to swallow a little fire every day, about an hour afore dinner, brother," said Dennis, after a pause. "It seems to agree with you, and to stimulate your appetite."

Hugh looked at him, and at the blackened faces by which he was surrounded, and, stopping for a moment to flourish his knife above his head, answered with a roar of laughter.

"Keep order there, will you?" said Simon Tappertit.

"Why, isn't a man allowed to regale himself, noble captain," retorted his lieutenant, parting the men who stood between them, with his knife, that he might see him, "to regale himself a little bit, after such work as mine? What a hard captain! What a strict captain! What a tyrannical captain! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wish one of you fellers would hold a bottle to his mouth, to keep him quiet," said Simon, "unless you want the military to be down upon us."

"And what if they are down upon us!" retorted Hugh. "Who cares? Who's afraid? Let 'em come, I say, let 'em come. The more the merrier. Give me bold Barnaby at my side, and we two will settle the military, without troubling any of you. Barnaby's the man for the military. Barnaby's health!"

But as the majority of those present, were by no means anxious for a second engagement that night, being already weary and exhausted, they sided with Mr. Tappertit, and pressed him to make haste with his supper, for they had already delayed too long. Knowing, even in the height of his frenzy, that they incurred great danger by lingering so near the scene of the late outrages, Hugh made an end of his meal without more remonstrance, and rising, stepped up to Mr. Tappertit and smote him on the back.

"Now then," he cried, "I'm ready. There are brave birds inside this cage, eh? Delicate birds,—tender, loving, little doves. I caged 'em—I caged 'em—one more peep!"

He thrust the little man aside as he spoke, and mounting on the steps which were half let down, pulled down the blind by force, and stared into the chaise like an ogre into his larder.

"Ha, ha, ha! and did you scratch, and pinch, and struggle, pretty mistress!" he cried, as he grasped a little hand that sought in vain to free itself from his gripe: "you, so bright-eyed, and cherry-lipped, and daintily made! But I love you better for it, mistress. Ay, I do. You should stab me and welcome, so that it pleased you, and you had to cure me afterwards. I love to see you proud and scornful. It makes you handsomer than ever; and who so handsome as you at any time, my pretty one!"

"Come!" said Mr. Tappertit, who had waited during this speech with considerable impatience. "There's enough of that. Come down."

The little hand seconded this admonition by thrusting Hugh's great head away with all its force and drawing up the blind amidst his noisy laughter and vows that he must have another look, for the last glimpse of that sweet face had provoked him past all bearing. However, as the suppressed impatience of the party now broke out into open murmurs, he abandoned this design, and taking his seat upon the bar, contented himself with tapping at the front windows of the carriage, and trying to steal a glance inside; Mr. Tappertit, mounting the steps and hanging on by the door, issued his directions to the driver with a commanding voice and attitude; the rest got up behind, or ran by the side of the carriage, as they could; some, in imitation of Hugh, endeavoured to see the face he had praised so highly, and were reminded of their impertinence by hints from the cudgel of Mr. Tappertit. Thus they pursued their journey by circuitous and winding roads; preserving, except when they halted to take breath, or to quarrel about the best way of reaching London, pretty good order and tolerable silence.

In the mean time, Dolly—beautiful, bewitching, captivating little Dolly—her hair dishevelled, her dress torn, her dark eyelashes wet with tears, her bosom heaving—her face, now pale with fear, now crimsoned with indignation—her whole self a hundred times more beautiful in this heightened aspect than ever she had been before—vainly strove to comfort Emma Haredale, and to impart to her the consolation of which she stood in so much need herself. The soldiers were sure to come; they must be rescued; it would be impossible to convey them through the streets of London, when they set the threats of their guards at defiance, and shrieked to the passengers for help. If they did this, when they came into the more frequented ways, she was certain—she was quite certain—they must be released. So poor Dolly said, and so poor Dolly tried to think; but the invariable conclusion of all such arguments was, that Dolly burst into tears; cried, as she wrung her hands, what would they do or think, or who would comfort them, at home, at the Golden Key; and sobbed most piteously.

Miss Haredale, whose feelings were usually of a quieter kind than Dolly's, and not so much upon the surface, was dreadfully alarmed, and indeed had only just recovered from a swoon. She was very pale, and the hand which Dolly held was quite cold; but she bade her, nevertheless, remember that under Providence, much must depend on their own discretion; that if they remained quiet, and lulled the vigilance of the ruffians into whose hands they had fallen, the chances of their being able to procure assistance when they reached the town, were very much increased; that unless society were quite unhinged, a hot pursuit must be immediately commenced; and that her uncle, she might be sure, would never rest until he had found them out and rescued them. But as she said these latter words, the idea that he had fallen in a general massacre of the Catholics that night—no very wild or improbable supposition, after what they had seen and undergone—struck her dumb; and, lost in the horrors they had witnessed, and those they might be yet reserved for, she sat in-

capable of thought, or speech, or outward show of grief: as rigid, and almost as white and cold, as marble.

Oh, how many, many times, in that long ride, did Dolly think of her old lover—poor, fond, slighted Joe! How many, many times, did she recall that night when she ran into his arms from the very man now projecting his hateful gaze into the darkness where she sat, and leering through the glass, in monstrous admiration! And when she thought of Joe, and what a brave fellow he was, and how he would have rode boldly up, and dashed in among these villains now, yes, though they were double the number—and here she clenched her little hand, and pressed her foot upon the ground—the pride she felt for a moment in having won his heart, faded in a burst of tears, and she sobbed more bitterly than ever.

As the night wore on and they proceeded by ways which were quite unknown to them—for they could recognise none of the objects of which they sometimes caught a hurried glimpse—their fears increased; nor were they without good foundation; it was not difficult for two beautiful young women to find, in their being borne they knew not wither, by a band of daring villains who eyed them as some among these fellows did, reasons for the worst alarm. When they at last entered London by a suburb with which they were wholly unacquainted, it was past midnight, and the streets were dark and empty. Nor was this the worst, for the carriage stopping in a lonely spot, Hugh suddenly opened the door, jumped in, and took his seat between them.

It was in vain they cried for help. He put his arm about the neck of each, and swore to stifle them with kisses if they were not as silent as the grave.

"I come here to keep you quiet," he said, "and that's the means I shall take. So don't be quiet, pretty mistresses—make a noise do—and I shall like it all the better."

They were proceeding at a rapid pace, and apparently with fewer attendants than before, though it was so dark (the torches being extinguished) that this was mere conjecture. They shrunk from his touch, each into the farthest corner of the carriage; but shrink as Dolly would, his arm encircled her waist, and held her fast. She neither cried nor spoke, for terror and disgust deprived her of the power; but she plucked at his hand as though she would die in the effort to disengage herself; and crouching on the ground, with her head averted and held down, repelled him with a strength she wondered at as much as he. The carriage stopped again.

"Lift this one out," said Hugh to the man who opened the door, as he took Miss Haredale's hand, and felt how heavily it fell. "She's fainted."

"So much the better," growled Dennis—it was that amiable gentleman. "She's quiet. I always like 'em to faint, unless they're very tender and composed."

"Can you take her by yourself!" asked Hugh.

"I don't know till I try. I ought to be able to; I've lifted up a good many in my time," said the hangman. "Up then! She's no small weight, brother; none of these here fine gals are. Up again! Now we have it."

Having by this time hoisted the young lady into his arms, he staggered off with his burden.

"Look ye, pretty bird," said Hugh, drawing Dolly towards him. "Remember what I told you—a kiss for every cry. Scream, if you love me, darling. Scream once, mistress. Pretty mistress, only once, if you love me."

Thrusting his face away with all her force, and holding down her head, Dolly submitted to be carried out of the chaise, and borne after Miss Haredale into a miserable cottage, where Hugh, after hugging her to his breast, set her gently down upon the floor.

Poor Dolly! Do what she would, she only looked the better for it, and tempted them the more. When her eyes flashed angrily, and her ripe lips slightly parted, to give her rapid breathing vent, who could resist it? When she wept and sobbed as though her heart would break, and bemoaned her miseries in the sweetest voice that ever fell upon a listener's ear, who could be insensible to the little winning pettishness which now and then displayed itself even in the sincerity and earnestness of her grief! When, forgetful for a moment of herself, as she was now, she fell on her knees beside her friend, and bent over her, and laid her cheek to hers, and put her arms about her, what mortal eyes could have avoided wandering to the delicate boddice, the streaming hair, the neglected dress, the perfect abandonment and unconsciousness of the blooming little beauty! Who could look on and see her lavish caresses and endearments, and not desire to be in Emma Haredale's place; to be either her or Dolly; either the hugging or the hugged? Not Hugh. Not Dennis.

"I tell you what it is, young women," said Mr. Dennis, "I an't much of a lady's man myself, nor am I a party in the present business further than lending a willing hand to my friends: but if I see much more of this here sort of thing, I shall become a principal instead of an accessory. I tell you candidly."

"Why have you brought us here!" said Emma. "Are we to be murdered?"

"Murdered!" cried Dennis, sitting down upon a stool, and regarding her with great favour. "Why, my dear, who'd murder sich chickabiddies as you! If you was to ask me, now, whether you was brought here to be married, there might be something in it."

And here he exchanged a grin with Hugh, who removed his eyes from Dolly for the purpose.

"No, no," said Dennis, "there'll be no murdering, my pets. Nothing of that sort. Quite the contrairy."

"You are an older man than your companions, sir," said Emma, trembling. "Have you no pity for us! Do you not consider that we are women?"

"I do indeed, my dear," retorted Dennis. "It would be very hard not to, with two such specimens afore my eyes. Ha, ha! Oh yes, I consider that. We all consider that, Miss."

He shook his head waggishly, leered at Hugh again, and laughed very much, as if he had said a noble thing, and rather thought he was coming out.

"There'll be no murdering, my dear. Not a bit on it. I tell you what though, brother," said Dennis, cocking his hat for the convenience of scratching his head, and looking gravely at Hugh, "it's worthy of notice, as a proof of the amazing equalness and dignity of our law, that it don't make no distinction between men and women. I've heerd the judge say,

sometimes, to a highwayman or house-breaker as had tied the ladies neck and heels—you'll excuse me making mention of it, my darlings—and put 'em in a cellar, that he showed no consideration to women. Now, I say that there judge didn't know his business, brother; and that if I had been that there highwayman or house-breaker, I should have made answer: 'What are you a talking of, my lord? I showed the women as much consideration as the law does, and what more would you have me to do?' If you was to count up in the newspapers the number of females as have been worked off in this here city alone, in the last ten year," said Mr. Dennis, thoughtfully, "you'd be surprised at the total—quite amazed, you would. There's a dignified and equal thing; a beautiful thing! But we've no security for its lasting. Now that they've begun to favour these here Papists, I shouldn't wonder if they went and altered even *that*, one of these days. Upon my soul, I shouldn't."

This subject, perhaps, from being of too exclusive and professional a nature, failed to interest Hugh as much as his friend had anticipated. But he had no time to pursue it, for at this crisis Mr. Tappertit entered precipitately; at the sight of whom Dolly uttered a scream of joy, and fairly threw herself into his arms.

"I knew it, I was sure of it!" cried Dolly. "My dear father's at the door. Thank God, thank God! Bless you, Sim! Heaven bless you for this!"

Simon Tappertit, who had at first implicitly believed that the locksmith's daughter, unable any longer to suppress her secret passion for himself, was about to give it full vent in its intensity, and to declare that she was his for ever, looked extremely foolish when she said these words;—the more so, as they were received by Hugh and Dennis with a loud laugh, which made her draw back, and regard him with a fixed and earnest look.

"Miss Haredale," said Sim, after a very awkward silence, "I hope you're as comfortable as circumstances will permit of. Dolly Varden, my darling—my own, my lovely one—I hope you're pretty comfortable likewise."

Poor little Dolly! She saw how it was; hid her face in her hands; and sobbed more bitterly than ever.

"You meet in me, Miss V.," said Simon, laying his hand upon his breast, "not a 'prentice, not a workman, not a slave, not the victim of your father's tyrannical behaviour, but the leader of a great people, the captain of a noble band, in which these gentlemen are, as I may say, corporals and sergeants.—You behold in me, not a private individual, but a public character; not a mender of locks, but a healer of the wounds of his unhappy country. Dolly V., sweet Dolly V., for how many years have I looked forward to this meeting! For how many years has it been my intention to exalt and ennoble you! I redeem it. Behold in me, your husband. Yes, beautiful Dolly—charmer—enslaver—S. Tappertit is all your own!"

As he said these words he advanced towards her. Dolly retreated till she could go no farther, and then sank down upon the floor. Thinking it very possible that this might be maiden modesty, Simon essayed to raise her; on which Dolly, goaded to desperation, wound her hands in his hair, and crying out amidst her tears that he was a dreadful little wretch, and always had been, shook, and pulled, and beat him, until he was fain to call for help most lustily. Hugh had never admired her half so much as at that moment.

"She's in an excited state to-night," said Simon, as he smoothed his rumpled feathers, "and don't know when she's well off. Let her be by herself till to-morrow, and that'll bring her down a little. Carry her into the next house!"

Hugh had her in his arms directly. It might be that Mr. Tappertit's heart was really softened by her distress, or it might be that he felt it in some degree indecorous that his intended bride should be struggling in the grasp of another man. He commanded him, on second thoughts, to put her down again; and looked moodily on as she flew to Miss Haredale's side, and clinging to her dress, hid her flushed face in its folds.

"They shall remain here together till to-morrow," said Simon, who had now quite recovered his dignity—"till to-morrow. Come away!"

"Ay!" cried Hugh. "Come away, captain.—Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Simon sternly.

"Nothing, captain, nothing," Hugh rejoined, and as he spoke, and clapped his hand upon the shoulder of the little man, he laughed again, from some unknown reason, with tenfold violence.

Mr. Tappertit surveyed him from head to foot with lofty scorn, (this only made him laugh the more,) and turning to the prisoners, said:

"You'll take notice, ladies, that this place is well watched on every side, and that the least noise is certain to be attended with unpleasant consequences. You'll hear—both of you—more of our intentions to-morrow. In the mean time, don't show yourselves at the window, or appeal to any of the people you may see pass it; for if you do, it'll be known directly that you come from a Catholic house, and all the exertions our men can make, may not be able to save your lives."

With this last caution, which was true enough, he turned to the door, followed by Hugh and Dennis.—They paused for a moment, going out, to look at them clasped in each other's arms, and then left the cottage; fastening the door, and setting a good watch upon it, and indeed all round the house.

"I say," growled Dennis, as they walked away in company, "that's a dainty pair. Muster Gashford's one is as handsome as the other, eh?"

"Hush!" said Hugh, hastily. "Don't you mention names. It's a bad habit."

"I wouldn't like to be *him*, then, (as you don't like names,) when he breaks it out to her, that's all," said Dennis. "She's one of them fine, black-eyed, proud gals, as I wouldn't trust at such times with a knife too near 'em. I've seen some of that sort, afore now. I recollect one that was worked off, many year ago—and there was a gentleman in that case too—that says to me, with her lip a trembling, but her hand as steady as ever I see one; 'Dennis, I'm near my end, but if I had a dagger in these fingers, and he was within my reach, I'd strike him dead afore me;'—ah, she did—and she'd have done it too!"

"Strike who dead?" demanded Hugh.

"How should I know, brother?" answered Dennis. "*She* never said; not she."

Hugh looked for a moment, as though he would have made some further enquiry into this incoherent recollection; but Simon Tappertit, who had been meditating deeply, gave his thoughts a new direction.

"Hugh!" said Sim. "You have done well today. You shall be rewarded. So have you, Dennis. There's no young woman *you* want to carry off, is there?"

"N—no," returned that gentleman, stroking his grizzled beard, which was some two inches long.—"None in partickler, I think."

"Very good," said Sim; "then we'll find some other way of making it up to you. As to you, old boy,"—he turned to Hugh—"you shall have Miggs (her that I promised you, you know,) within three days. Mind. I pass my word for it."

Hugh thanked him heartily; and as he did so, his laughing fit returned with such violence that he was obliged to hold his side with one hand, and to lean with the other on the shoulder of his small captain, without whose support he would certainly have rolled upon the ground.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTIETH.

The three worthies turned their faces towards the Boot, with the intention of passing the night in that place of rendezvous, and of seeking the repose they so much needed in the shelter of their old den; for now that the mischief and destruction they had purposed were achieved, and their prisoners were safely bestowed for the night, they began to be conscious of exhaustion, and to feel the wasting effects of the madness which had led to such deplorable results.

Notwithstanding the lassitude and fatigue which oppressed him now, in common with his two companions, and indeed with all who had taken an active share in that night's work, Hugh's boisterous merriment broke out afresh whenever he looked at Simon Tappertit, and vented itself—much to that gentleman's indignation—in such shouts of laughter as bade fair to bring the watch upon them, and involve them in a skirmish, to which in their present worn-out condition they might prove by no means equal. Even Mr. Dennis, who was not at all particular on the score of gravity or dignity, and who had a great relish for his young friend's eccentric humours, took occasion to remonstrate with him on this imprudent behaviour, which he held to be a species of suicide, tantamount to a man's working himself off without being overtaken by the law, than which he could imagine nothing more ridiculous or impertinent.

Not abating one jot of his noisy mirth for these remonstrances, Hugh reeled along between them, having an arm of each, until they hove in sight of the Boot, and were within a field or two of that convenient tavern. He happened by great good luck to have roared and shouted himself into silence by this time. They were proceeding onward without noise, when a scout who had been creeping about the ditches all night, to warn any stragglers from encroaching further on what was now such dangerous ground, peeped cautiously from his hiding-place, and called to them to stop.

"Stop! and why?" said Hugh.

Because (the scout replied) the house was filled with constables and soldiers; having been surprised that afternoon. The inmates had fled or been taken into custody, he could not say which. He had prevented a great many people from approaching nearer, and he believed they had gone to the markets and such places to pass the night. He had seen the distant fires, but they were all out now. He had heard the people who passed and re-passed, speaking of them too, and could report that the prevailing opinion was one of apprehension and dismay. He had not heard a word of Barnaby—didn't even know his name—but it had been said in his hearing that some man had been taken and carried off to Newgate.—Whether this was true or false, he could not affirm.

The three took counsel together, on hearing this, and debated what it might be best to do. Hugh, deeming it possible that Barnaby was in the hands of the soldiers, and at that moment under detention at the Boot, was for advancing stealthily, and firing the house; but his companions, who objected to such rash measures unless they had a crowd at their backs, represented that if Barnaby were taken he had assuredly been removed to a stronger prison: they would never have dreamed of keeping him all night in a place so weak and open to attack. Yielding to this reasoning, and to their persuasions, Hugh consented to turn back, and to repair to Fleet Market; for which place, it seemed, a few of their boldest associates had shaped their course, on receiving the same intelligence.

Feeling their strength recruited and their spirits roused, now that there was a new necessity for action, they hurried away, quite forgetful of the fatigue under which they had been sinking but a few minutes before, and soon arrived at their place of destination.

Fleet Market, at that time, was a long, irregular row of wooden sheds and pent-houses, occupying the centre of what is now called Farringdon street. They were jumbled together in a most unsightly fashion, in the middle of the road, to the great obstruction of the thoroughfare and the annoyance of passengers, who were fain to make their way, as they best could, among carts, baskets, barrows, trucks, casks, bulks, and benches, and to jostle with porters, hucksters, wagoners, and a motley crowd of buyers, sellers, pick-pockets, vagrants, and idlers. The air was perfumed with the stench of rotten leaves and faded fruit; the refuse of the butchers' stalls, and offal and garbage of a hundred kinds: it was indispensable to most public conveniences in those days, that they should be public nuisances likewise; and Fleet Market maintained the principle to admiration.

To this place, perhaps because its sheds and baskets were a tolerable substitute for beds, or perhaps because it afforded the means of a hasty barricade in case of need, many of the rioters had straggled, not only that night, but for two or three nights before.—It was now broad day, but the morning being cold, a group of them were gathered round a fire in a public house, drinking hot purl, and smoking pipes, and planning new schemes for to-morrow.

Hugh and his two friends being known to most of these men, were received with signal marks of ap-

probation, and inducted into the most honourable seats. The room door was closed and fastened to keep intruders at a distance, and they proceeded to exchange news.

"The soldiers have taken possession of the Boot, I hear," said Hugh. "Who knows any thing about it?"

Several cried that they did; but the majority of the company having been engaged in the assault upon the Warren, and all present having been concerned in one or other of the night's expeditions, it proved that they knew no more than Hugh himself; having been merely warned by each other, or by the scout, and knowing nothing of their own knowledge.

"We left a man on guard there to-day," said Hugh, looking round him, "who is not here. You know who it is—Barnaby, who brought the soldier down, at Westminster. Has any man seen or heard of him?"

They shook their heads, and murmured an answer in the negative, as each man looked round and appealed to his fellow; when a noise was heard without, and a man was heard to say that he wanted Hugh—that he must see Hugh.

"He is but one man," cried Hugh to those who kept the door, "let him come in."

"Ay, ay!" muttered the others. "Let him come in. Let him come in."

The door was accordingly unlocked and opened. A one-armed man, with his head and face tied up with a bloody cloth, as though he had been severely beaten, his clothes torn, and his remaining hand grasping a thick stick, rushed in among them, and panting for breath, demanded which was Hugh.

"Here he is," replied the person enquired for.—"I am Hugh. What do you want with me?"

"I have a message for you," said the man. "You know one Barnaby."

"What of him? Did he send the message?"

"Yes. He's taken. He's in one of the strong cells in Newgate. He defended himself as well as he could, but was overpowered by numbers. That's his message."

"When did you see him?" asked Hugh, hastily.

"On his way to prison, where he was taken by a party of soldiers. They took a by-road, and not the one we expected. I was one of the few who tried to rescue him, and he called to me, and told me to tell Hugh where he was. We made a good struggle, though it failed. Look here!"

He pointed to his dress, and to his bandaged head, and still panting for breath, glanced round the room; then faced towards Hugh again.

"I know you by sight," he said, "for I was in the crowd on Friday, and on Saturday, and yesterday, but I didn't know your name. You're a bold fellow, I know. So is he. He fought like a lion to-night, but it was of no use. I did my best, considering that I want this limb."

Again he glanced inquisitively round the room—or seemed to do so, for his face was nearly hidden by the bandage—and again facing sharply towards Hugh, grasped his stick as if he half expected to be set upon, and stood on the defensive.

If he had any such apprehension, however, he was speedily re-assured by the demeanour of all present. None thought of the bearer of the tidings. He was lost in the news he brought. Oaths, threats, and execrations, were vented on all sides. Some cried that if they bore this tamely another day would see them all in jail; some, that they should have rescued the other prisoners, and this would not have happened. One man cried in a loud voice, "Who'll follow me to Newgate!" and there was a loud shout, and a general rush towards the door.

But Hugh and Dennis stood with their backs against it, and kept them back, until the clamour had so far subsided that their voices could be heard, when they called to them together that to go now, in broad day, would be madness; and that if they waited until night and arranged a plan of attack, they might release, not only their own companions, but all the prisoners, and burn down the jail.

"Not that jail alone," cried Hugh, "but every jail in London. They shall have no place to put their prisoners in. We'll burn them all down; make bonfires of them every one! Here!" he cried, catching at the hangman's hand. "Let all who're men here, join with us. Shake hands upon it. Barnaby out of jail, and not a jail left standing! Who joins?"

Every man there. And they swore a great oath to release their friends from Newgate next night; to force the doors and burn the jail, or perish in the fire themselves.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

On that same night—events so crowd upon each other in convulsed and distracted times, that more than the stirring incidents of a whole life often become compressed into the compass of four-and-twenty hours—on that same night, Mr. Haredale, having strongly bound his prisoner, with the assistance of the sexton, and forced him to mount his horse, conducted him to Chigwell: bent upon procuring a conveyance to London from that place, and carrying him at once before a Justice. The disturbed state of the town would be, he knew, a sufficient reason for demanding the murderer's committal to prison before day-break, as no man could answer for the security of any of the watch-houses or ordinary places of detention; and to convey a prisoner through the streets when the mob were again abroad, would not only be a task of great danger and hazard, but would be to challenge an attempt at rescue. Directing the sexton to lead the horse, he walked close by the murderer's side, and in this order they reached the village about the middle of the night.

The people were all awake and up, for they were fearful of being burnt in their beds, and sought to comfort and assure each other by watching in company. A few of the stoutest-hearted were armed and gathered in a body on the green. To these, who knew him well, Mr. Haredale addressed himself, briefly narrating what had happened, and beseeching them to aid in conveying the criminal to London before the dawn of day.

But not a man among them dared to help him by so much as the motion of a finger. The rioters, in their passage through the village, had menaced with their fiercest vengeance any person who should aid in extinguishing the fire, or render the least assis-

tance to him, or any Catholic whomsoever. Their threats extended to their lives and all they possessed. They were assembled for their own protection, and could not endanger themselves by lending aid to him. This they told him, not without hesitation and regret, as they kept aloof in the moonlight and glanced fearfully at the ghostly rider, who, with his head drooping on his breast and his hat slouched down upon his brow, neither moved nor spoke.

Finding it impossible to persuade them, and indeed hardly knowing how to do so after what they had seen of the fury of the crowd, Mr. Haredale besought them that at least they would leave him free to act for himself, and would suffer him to take the only chaise and pair of horses that the place afforded. This was not acceded to without some difficulty, but in the end they told him to do what he would, and to go away from them in heaven's name.

Leaving the sexton at the horse's bridle, he drew out the chaise with his own hands, and would have harnessed the horses, but that the postboy of the village—a soft-hearted, good-for-nothing, vagabond kind of fellow—was moved by his earnestness and passion, and, throwing down a pitchfork with which he was armed, swore that the rioters might cut him into mince-meat if they liked, but he would not stand by and see an honest gentleman who had done no wrong, reduced to such extremity, without doing what he could to help him. Mr. Haredale shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him from his heart. In five minutes' time the chaise was ready, and this good scape-grace in his saddle. The murderer was put inside, the blinds were drawn up, the sexton took his seat upon the bar, Mr. Haredale mounted his horse and rode close beside the door; and so they started in the dead of night, and in profound silence, for London.

The consternation was so extreme that even the horses which had escaped the flames at the Warren, could find no friends to shelter them. They passed them on the road, browsing on the stunted grass; and the driver told them, that the poor beasts had wandered to the village first, but had been driven away, lest they should bring the vengeance of the crowd on any of the inhabitants.

Nor was this feeling confined to such small places, where the people were timid, ignorant, and unprotected. When they came near London they met, in the gray light of morning, more than one poor Catholic family who, terrified by the threats and warnings of their neighbours, were quitting the city on foot, and who told them they could hire no cart or horse for the removal of their goods, and had been compelled to leave them behind, at the mercy of the crowd. Near Mile-end they passed a house, the master of which, a Catholic gentleman of small means, having hired a wagon to remove his furniture by midnight, had had it all brought down into the street, to wait the vehicle's arrival, and save time in the packing. But the man with whom he made the bargain, alarmed by the fires that night, and by the sight of the rioters passing his door, had refused to keep it: and the poor gentleman, with his wife and servant, and their little children, were sitting trembling among their goods in the open street, dreading the arrival of day and not knowing where to turn or what to do.

It was the same, they heard, with the public conveyances. The panic was so great that the mails and stage-coaches were afraid to carry passengers who professed the obnoxious religion. If the drivers knew them, or they admitted that they held that creed, they would not take them, no, though they offered large sums; and, yesterday, people had been afraid to recognise Catholic acquaintance in the streets, lest they should be marked by spies, and burnt out, as it was called, in consequence. One mild old man—a priest, whose chapel was destroyed; a very feeble, patient, inoffensive creature—who was trudging away, alone, designing to walk some distance from town, and then try his fortune with the coaches, told Mr. Haredale that he feared he might not find a magistrate who would have the hardihood to commit a prisoner to jail, on his complaint. But notwithstanding these discouraging accounts they went on, and reached the Mansion House soon after sunrise.

Mr. Haredale threw himself from his horse, but he had no need to knock at the door, for it was already open, and there stood upon the step a portly old man, with a very red, or rather purple, face, who, with an anxious expression of countenance, was remonstrating with some unseen person up-stairs, while the porter essayed to close the door by degrees and get rid of him. With the intense impatience and excitement natural to one in his condition, Mr. Haredale thrust himself forward and was about to speak, when the fat old gentleman interposed:

"My good sir," said he, "pray let me get an answer. This is the sixth time I have been here. I was here five times yesterday. My house is threatened with destruction. It is to be burned down to-night, and was to have been last night, but they had other business on their hands. Pray let me get an answer."

"My good sir," returned Mr. Haredale, shaking his head, "my house is burned to the ground. But God forbid that yours should be. Get your answer. Be brief, in mercy to me."

"Now, you hear this, my lord?" said the old gentleman, calling up the stairs, to where the skirt of a dressing-gown fluttered on the landing-place. "Here is a gentleman here, whose house was actually burnt down last night."

"Dear me, dear me," replied a testy voice, "I am very sorry for it, but what am I to do? I can't build it up again. The chief magistrate of the city can't go and be a-rebuilding of people's houses, my good sir. Stuff and nonsense!"

"But the chief magistrate of the city can prevent people's houses from having any need to be rebuilt, if the chief magistrate's a man, and not a dummy—can't he, my lord?" cried the old gentleman in a choleric manner.

"You are disrespectable, sir," said the Lord Mayor—"leastways, disrespectful I mean."

"Disrespecful, my lord!" returned the old gentleman, "I was respectful five times yesterday. I can't be respectful for ever. Men can't stand on being respectful when their houses are going to be burnt over their heads, with them in 'em. What am I to do, my lord? *Am* I to have any protection!"

"I told you yesterday, sir," said the Lord Mayor, "that you might have an alderman in your house, if you could get one to come."

"What the devil's the good of an alderman?" returned the choleric old gentleman.

"—To awe the crowd, sir," said the Lord Mayor.

"Oh lord ha' mercy!" whimpered the old gentleman, as he wiped his forehead in a state of ludicrous distress, "to think of sending an alderman to awe a crowd! Why, my lord, if they were so many babies, fed on mother's milk, what do you think they'd care for an alderman! Will *you* come!"

"I!" said the Lord Mayor, most emphatically: "Certainly not."

"Then what," returned the old gentleman, "what am I to do! Am I a citizen of England! Am I to have any return for the King's Taxes!"

"I don't know, I am sure," said the Lord Mayor; "what a pity it is you're a Catholic! Why couldn't you be a Protestant, and then you wouldn't have got yourself into such a mess! I'm sure I don't know what's to be done. There are great people at the bottom of these riots. Oh dear me, what a thing it is to be a public character! You must look in again in the course of the day. Would a javelin-man do! Or there's Philips the constable—*he's* disengaged—he's not very old for a man at his time of life, except in his legs, and if you put him up at a window he'd look quite young by candle-light, and might frighten 'em very much. Oh dear! well—we'll see about it."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Haredale, pressing the door open as the porter strove to shut it, and speaking rapidly, "My Lord Mayor, I beg you not to go away. I have a man here, who committed a murder eight-and-twenty years ago. Half-a-dozen words from me, on oath, will justify you in committing him to prison for re-examination. I only seek, just now, to have him consigned to a place of safety. The least delay may involve his being rescued by the rioters."

"Oh dear me!" cried the Lord Mayor. "God bless my soul—and body—oh Lor! well I! there are great people at the bottom of these riots, you know. You mustn't."

"My lord," said Mr. Haredale, "the murdered gentleman was my brother; I succeeded to his inheritance; there were not wanting slanderous tongues at that time, to whisper that the guilt of this most foul and cruel deed was mine—mine, who loved him, as he knows, in Heaven, dearly. The time has come, after all these years of gloom and misery, for avenging him, and bringing to light a crime so artful and so devilish that it has no parallel. Every second's delay on your part loosens this man's bloody hands again, and leads to his escape. My lord, I charge you hear me, and despatch this matter on the instant.

"Oh dear me!" cried the chief magistrate; "these an't business hours, you know—I wonder at you—how ungentlemanly it is of you—you mustn't—you really mustn't. And I suppose *you* are a Catholic too!"

"I am," said Mr. Haredale.

"God bless my soul, I believe that people turn Catholics a' purpose to vex and worrit me," cried the Lord Mayor. "I wish you wouldn't come here; they'll be setting the Mansion House afire next, and we shall have you to thank for it. You must lock your prisoner up, sir—give him to a watchman—and—and call again at a proper time. Then we'll see about it!"

Before Mr. Haredale could answer, the sharp closing of a door and drawing of its bolts, gave notice that the Lord Mayor had retreated to his bed-room, and that further remonstrance would be unavailing. The two clients retreated likewise, and the porter shut them out into the street.

"That's the way he puts me off," said the old gentleman, "I can get no redress and no help. What are you going to do sir!"

"To try elsewhere," answered Mr. Haredale, who was by this time on horseback.

"I feel for you, I assure you—and well I may, for we are in a common cause," said the old gentleman. "I may not have a house to offer you to-night; let me tender it while I can. On second thoughts though," he added, putting up a pocket-book he had produced while speaking, "I'll not give you a card, for if it was found upon you, it might get you into trouble. Langdale—that's my name—vintner and distiller—Hoborn Hill—you're heartily welcome, if you'll come."

Mr. Haredale bowed his head, and rode off, close beside the chaise as before; determining to repair to the house of Sir John Fielding, who had the reputation of being a bold and active magistrate, and fully resolved, in case the rioters should come upon them, to do execution on the murderer with his own hands, rather than suffer him to be released.

They arrived at the magistrate's dwelling, however, without molestation (for the mob, as we have seen, were then intent on deeper schemes,) and knocked at the door. As it had been pretty generally rumoured that Sir John was proscribed by the rioters, a body of thief-takers had been keeping watch in the house all night. To one of them, Mr. Haredale stated his business, which appearing to the man of sufficient moment to warrant his arousing the justice, procured him an immediate audience.

No time was lost in committing the murderer to Newgate: then a new building, recently completed at a vast expense, and considered to be of enormous strength. The warrant being made out, three of the thief-takers bound him afresh (he had been struggling, it seemed, in the chaise, and had loosened his manacles;) gagged him, lest they should meet with any of the mob, and he should call to them for help; and seated themselves, along with him, in the carriage. These men being all well armed, made a formidable escort; but they drew up the blinds again, as though the carriage were empty, and directed Mr. Haredale to ride forward, that he might not attract attention by seeming to belong to it.

The wisdom of this proceeding was sufficiently obvious, for as they hurried through the city they passed among several groups of men, who, if they had not supposed the chaise to be quite empty, would certainly have stopped it. But those within keeping quite close, and the driver tarrying to be asked no questions, they reached the prison without interruption, and, once there, had him out, and safe within its gloomy walls, in a twinkling.

With eager eyes and strained attention, Mr. Haredale saw him chained, and locked and barred up in his cell. Nay, when he had left the jail, and stood in the free street, without, he felt the iron plates upon the doors, with his hands, and drew them over the stone wall, to assure himself that it was real; and to exult in its being strong, and rough, and cold. It was not until he turned his back upon the jail, and glanced along the empty streets, so lifeless and quiet in the bright morning, that he felt the weight upon

his heart; that he knew he was tortured by anxiety for those he had left at home; and that home itself was but another bead in the long rosary of his regrets.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

The prisoner, left to himself, sat down upon his bedstead; and resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin upon his hands, remained in that attitude for hours. It would be hard to say of what nature his reflections were. They had no distinctness, and, saving for some flashes now and then, no reference to his condition or the train of circumstances by which it had been brought about. The cracks in the pavement of his cell, the chinks in the wall where stone was joined to stone, the bars in the window, the iron ring upon the floor,—such things as these, subsiding strangely into one another, and awakening an indescribable kind of interest and amusement, engrossed his whole mind; and although at the bottom of his every thought there was an uneasy sense of guilt, and dread of death, he felt no more than that vague consciousness of it which a sleeper has of pain. It pursues him through his dreams, gnaws at the heart of all his fancied pleasures, robs the banquet of its taste, music of its sweetness, makes happiness itself unhappy, and yet is no bodily sensation, but a phantom without shape, or form, or visible presence; pervading every thing, but having no existence; recognizable every where, but no where seen, or touched, or met with face to face, until the sleep is past, and waking agony returns.

After a long time, the door of his cell opened. He looked up; saw the blind man enter; and relapsed into his former position.

Guided by his breathing, the visiter advanced to where he sat; and stopping beside him, and stretching out his hand to assure himself that he was right, remained, for a good space, silent.

"This is bad, Rudge. This is bad," he said at length.

The prisoner shuffled with his feet upon the ground in turning his body from him, but made no other answer.

"How were you taken?" he asked. "And where? You never told me more than half your secret. No matter; I know it now. How was it, and where, eh?" he asked again, coming still nearer to him.

"At Chigwell," said the other.

"At Chigwell! How came you there?"

"Because I went there, to avoid the man I stumbled on," he answered. "Because I was chased and driven there, by him and Fate. Because I was urged to go there, by something stronger than my own will. When I found him watching in the house she used to live in, night after night, I knew I never could escape him—never! and when I heard the Bell—"

He shivered; muttered that it was very cold; paced quickly up and down the narrow cell; and sitting down again, fell into his old posture.

"You were saying," said the blind man, after another pause, "that when you heard the Bell—"

"Let it be, will you?" he retorted in a hurried voice. "It hangs there yet."

The blind man turned a wistful and inquisitive face toward him, but he continued to speak, without noticing him.

"I went to Chigwell, in search of a mob. I have been so hunted and beset by this man, that I knew my only hope of safety lay in joining them. They had gone on before; I followed them, when it left off."

"When what left off?"

"The Bell. They had quitted the place. I hoped that some of them might be still lingering among the ruins, and was searching for them when I heard—" he drew a long breath, and wiped his forehead with his sleeve—"his voice."

"Saying what?"

"No matter what. I don't know. I was then at the foot of the turret, where I did the—"

"Ay," said the blind man, nodding his head with perfect composure, "I understand."

"I climbed the stair, or so much of it as was left; meaning to hide till he had gone. But he heard me; and followed almost as soon as I set foot upon the ashes."

"You might have hidden in the wall, and thrown him down, or stabbed him," said the blind man.

"Might I? Between that man and me, was one who led him on—I saw it, though he did not—and raised above his head a bloody hand. It was in the room above that *he* and I stood glaring at each other on the night of the murder, and before he fell he raised his hand like that, and fixed his eyes on me. I knew the chase would end there."

"You have a strong fancy," said the blind man, with a smile.

"Strengthen yours with blood, and see what it will come to."

He groaned, and rocked himself, and looking up for the first time, said, in a low, hollow voice:

"Eight-and-twenty years! Eight-and-twenty years! He has never changed in all that time, never grown older, nor altered in the least degree. He has been before me in the dark night, and the broad sunny day; in the twilight, the moonlight, the sunlight, the light of fire, and lamp, and candle; and in the deepest gloom. Always the same! In company, in solitude, on land, on ship-board; sometimes leaving me alone for months, and sometimes always with me. I have seen him, at sea, come gliding in the dead of night along the bright reflection of the moon in the calm water; and I have seen him, on quays and market-places, with his hand uplifted, towering, the centre of a busy crowd, unconscious of the terrible form that had its silent stand among them. Fancy! Are you real? Am I? Are these iron fetters, riveted on me by a smith's hammer, or are they fancies I can shatter at a blow?"

The blind man listened in silence.

"Fancy! Do I fancy that I killed him? Do I fancy that as I left the chamber where he lay, I saw the face of a man peeping from a dark door, who plainly showed me by his fearful looks that he suspected what I had done? Do I remember that I spoke fairly to him—that I drew nearer—nearer yet—with the hot knife in my sleeve? Do I fancy how *he* died? Did he stagger back into the angle of the wall into which I had hemmed him, and, bleeding

inwardly, stand, not fall, a corpse before me? Did I see him, as I see you now, erect and on his feet—but dead!"

The blind man, who knew that he had risen, motioned him to sit down again upon his bedstead; but he took no notice of the gesture.

"It was then I thought, for the first time, of fastening the murder upon him. It was then I dressed him in my clothes, and dragged him down the back stairs to the piece of water. Do I remember listening to the bubbles that came rising up when I had rolled him in? Do I remember wiping the water from my face, and because the body splashed it there, in its descent, feeling as if it *must* be blood? "Did I go home when I had done? And oh, my God! how long it took to do! Did I stand before my wife, and tell her? Did I see her fall upon the ground; and when I stooped to raise her, did she thrust me back with a force that cast me off as if I had been a child, staining the hand with which she clasped my wrist? Is *that* fancy?

"Did she go down upon her knees and call Heaven to witness that she and her unborn child renounced me from that hour; and did she, in words so solemn that they turned me cold—me, fresh from the horrors my own hands had made—warn me to fly while there was time; for though she would be silent, being my wretched wife, she would not shelter me? Did I go forth that night, abjured of God and man, and anchored deep in hell; to wander at my cable's length about the earth, and surely be drawn down at last?"

"Why did you return?" said the blind man.

"Why is blood red? I could no more help it, than I could live without breath. I struggled against the impulse, but I was drawn back, through every difficult and adverse circumstance, as by a mighty engine. Nothing could stop me. The day and hour were none of my choice. Sleeping and waking, I had been among the old haunts for years—had visited my own grave. Why did I come back? Because this jail was gaping for me, and he stood beckoning at the door."

"You were not known?" said the blind man.

"I was a man who had been twenty-two years dead. No. I was not known."

"You should have kept your secret better."

"*My* secret? *Mine?* It was a secret, any breath of air could whisper at its will. The stars had it in their twinkling, the water in its flowing, the leaves in their rustling, the seasons in their return. It lurked in strangers' faces, and their voices. Every thing had lips on which it always trembled—*My* secret!"

"It was revealed by your own act, at any rate," said the blind man.

"The act was not mine. I did it, but it was not mine. I was obliged at times to wander round, and round, and round that spot. If you had chained me up when the fit was on me, I should have broken away, and gone there. As truly as the loadstone draws iron toward it, so he lying at the bottom of his deep grave, could draw me near him when he would. Was that fancy? Did I like to go there, or did I strive and wrestle with the power that forced me?"

The blind man shrugged his shoulders, and smiled incredulously. The prisoner again resumed his old attitude, and for a long time both were mute.

"I suppose, then," said his visiter, at length breaking silence, "that you are penitent and resigned; that you desire to make peace with every body, (in particular, with your wife, who has brought you to this;) and that you ask no greater favour than to be carried to Tyburn as soon as possible? That being the case, I had better take my leave. I am not good enough to be company for you."

"Have I not told you," said the other fiercely, "that I have striven and wrestled with the power that brought me here? Has my whole life, for eight-and-twenty years, been one perpetual struggle and resistance, and do you think I want to lie down and die? Do all men shrink from death—I most of all!"

"That's better said. That's better spoken, Rudge—but I'll not call you that again—than any thing you have said yet," returned the blind man, speaking more familiarly, and laying his hand upon his arm. "Lookye—I have never killed a man myself, for I have never been placed in a position that made it worth my while. Farther, I am not an advocate for killing men, and I don't think I should recommend it or like it—for it's very hazardous—under any circumstances. But as you had the misfortune to get into this trouble before I made your acquaintance, and as you have been my companion, and have been of use to me for a long time now, I overlook that part of the matter, and am only anxious that you shouldn't die unnecessarily. Now I do not consider that at present it is at all necessary."

"What else is left me?" returned the prisoner. "To eat my way through these walls with my teeth!"

"Something easier than that," returned his friend. "Promise me that you will talk no more of these fancies of yours—idle, foolish things, quite beneath a man—and I'll tell you what I mean."

"Tell me," said the other.

"Your lady with the tender conscience; your scrupulous, virtuous, punctilious, but not blindly affectionate wife—"

"What of her?"

"Is now in London."

"A curse upon her, be she where she may!"

"That's natural enough. If she had taken her annuity as usual, you would not have been here, and we should have been better off. But that's apart from the business. She's in London. Scared, as I suppose, and have no doubt, by my representation when I waited upon her, that you were close at hand, (which I, of course, urged only as an inducement to compliance, knowing that she was not pining to see you,) she left that place, and travelled up to London."

"How do you know?"

"From my friend, the noble captain—the illustrious general—the bladder, Mr. Tappertit. I learnt from him the last time I saw him, which was yesterday, that your son, who is called Barnaby—not after his father I suppose—"

"Death! does that matter now!"

"—You are impatient," said the blind man calmly; "it's a good sign, and looks like life—that your son Barnaby had been lured away from her by one of his companions who knew him of old, at Chigwell; and that he is now among the rioters."

"And what is that to me? If father and son be hanged together, what comfort shall I find in that?"

"Stay—stay, my friend," returned the blind man, with a cunning look, "you travel fast to journeys'

ends. Suppose I track my lady out,—and say thus much: 'You want your son, ma'am—good. You must pay a price, ma'am, for his restoration—good again. The price is small, and easy to be paid—dear ma'am, that's best of all.'"

"What mockery is this?"

"Very likely, she may reply in those words. 'No mockery at all,' I answer: 'Madam, a person said to be your husband (identity is difficult of proof after the lapse of many years) is in prison, his life in peril—the charge against him, murder. Now, ma'am, your husband has been dead a long, long time. The gentleman never can be confounded with him, if you will have the goodness to say a few words, on oath, as to when he died, and how; and that this person, (who I am told resembles him in some degree,) is no more he than I am. Such testimony will set the question quite at rest. Pledge yourself to me to give it, ma'am, and I will undertake to keep your son (a fine lad) out of harm's way until you have done this trifling service, when he shall be delivered up to you, safe and sound. On the other hand, if you decline to do so, I fear he will be betrayed, and handed over to the law, which will assuredly sentence him to suffer death. It is, in fact, a choice between his life and death. If you refuse, he swings. If you comply, the timber is not grown, nor the hemp sown, that shall do him any harm.'"

"There is a gleam of hope in this!" cried the prisoner, starting up.

"A gleam!" returned his friend, "a noon-blaze; a full and glorious day-light. Hush! I hear the tread of distant feet. Rely on me."

"When shall I hear more!"

"As soon as I do. I should hope, to-morrow. They are coming to say that our time for talk is over. I hear the jingling of the keys. Not another word of this just now, or they may overhear us."

As he said these words, the lock was turned, and one of the prison turn-keys appearing at the door, announced that it was time for visiters to leave the jail.

"So soon!" said Stagg, meekly. "But it can't be helped. Cheer up, friend. This mistake will soon be set at rest, and then you are a man again! If this charitable gentleman will lead a blind man, (who has nothing in return but prayers) to the prison porch, and set him with his face toward the west, he will do a worthy deed. Thank you, good sir. I thank you very kindly."

So saying, and pausing for an instant at the door to turn his grinning face towards his friend, he departed.

When the officer had seen him to the porch, he returned, and again unlocking and unbarring the door of the cell, set it wide open, informing its inmate that he was at liberty to walk in the adjacent yard, if he thought proper, for an hour.

The prisoner answered with a sullen nod; and being left alone again, sat brooding over what he had heard, and pondering upon the hopes the recent conversation had awakened; gazing abstractedly, the while he did so, on the light without, and watching the shadows thrown by one wall on another, and on the stone paved ground.

It was a dull, square yard, made cold and gloomy by high walls, and seeming to chill the very sunlight. The stone, so bare, and rough, and obdurate, filled even him with longing thoughts of meadow-land and trees; and with a burning wish to be at liberty. As he looked, he rose, and leaning against the door post, gazed up at the bright blue sky, smiling even on that dreary home of crime. He seemed, for a moment to remember lying on his back in some sweet-scented place, and gazing at it through moving branches, long ago.

His attention was suddenly attracted by a clanking sound—he knew what it was, for he had startled himself by making the same noise in walking to the door. Presently a voice began to sing, and he saw the shadow of a figure on the pavement. It stopped—was silent all at once, as though the person for a moment had forgotton where he was, but soon remembered—and so, with the same clanking noise, the shadow disappeared.

He walked out into the court and paced it to and fro, startling the echoes as he went, with the harsh jangling of his fetters. There was a door near his, which, like his, stood ajar.

He had not taken half-a-dozen turns up and down the yard, when standing still to observe this door, he heard the clanking sound again. A face looked out of the grated window—he saw it very dimly, for the cell was dark, and the bars were heavy—and directly afterward, a man appeared, and came toward him.

For the sense of loneliness he had, he might have been in the jail a year. Made eager by the hope of companionship, he quickened his pace, and hastened to meet the man half way—

What was this! His son!

They stood face to face, staring at each other.—He shrinking and cowed, despite himself; Barnaby struggling with his imperfect memory, and wondering where he had seen that face before. He was not uncertain long, for suddenly he laid hands upon him, and striving to bear him to the ground, cried:

"Ah! I know! You are the robber!"

He said nothing in reply at first, but held down his head, and struggled with him silently. Finding the younger man too strong for him, he raised his face, looked close into his eyes, and said,

"I am your father."

Good knows what magic the name had for his ears; but Barnaby released his hold, fell back, and looked at him aghast. Suddenly he sprung toward him, put his arms about his neck, and pressed his head against his cheek.

Yes, yes, he was; he was sure he was. But where had he been so long, and why had he left his mother by herself, or worse than by herself, with her poor foolish boy? And had she really been as happy as they said. And where was she? Was she near there? She was not happy now, and he in jail? Ah, no.

Not a word was said in answer; but Grip croaked loudly, and hopped about them, round and round, as if enclosing them in a magic circle, and invoking all the powers of mischief.

## CHAPTER CIX.

"'Faix, no, it isn't for the pride of the thing'—

"'Oh, sorrow taste.'

"'Ha, maybe for divarsion.'

"'Nor that either.'

"'Well, then you are a droll man, to spend the evening that way,' says he, and all the crowd—for there was a crowd—said the same. So with that my father unscrewed his bayonet, and put his piece on his shoulder, and walked on to his bed in the barrack as peaceable as need be. But well, when they came to relieve him, then wasn't there a raal commotion; and faith, you see, it went mighty hard with my father the next morning; for the bank was open just as usual, and my father was sintinced to fifty lashes, but got off with a week in prison, and three more rowling a big stone in the barrack yard."

Thus chattering away, the time passed over, until we arrived at Fermoy. Here there was some little delay in procuring horses; and during the negotiation, Mike, who usually made himself master of the circumstances of every place through which he passed, discovered that the grocer's shop of the village was kept by a namesake, and possibly a relation of his own.

"I always had a notion, Misther Charles, that I came from a good stock; and sure enough, here's 'Mary Free' over the door there, and a beautiful place inside; full of tay, and sugar, and gingerbread, and glue, and coffee, and ban, pickled herrings, soap, and many other commodities."

"Perhaps you'd like to claim kindred, Mike," said I, interrupting; "I'm sure she'd feel flattered to discover a relative in a Peninsular hero."

"It's just what I'm thinking; as we were going to pass the evening here, I'd try if I couldn't make her out as second cousin at least."

Fortune, upon this occasion, seconded Mike's wishes, for when the horses made their appearance, I learned to my surprise that the near side one would not bear a saddle, and the off-side could only run on his own side. In this conjuncture, the postilion was obliged to drive from what, *Hibernice* speaking, is called the perch; no ill-applied denomination to a piece of wood, which, about the thickness of one's arm, is hung between the two fore-springs, and serves as a resting-place, into which the luckless wight, weary of the saddle, is not sorry to repose himself.

"What's to be done?" cried I. "There's no room within; my traps barely leave space for myself among them."

"Sure, sir," said the postilion, "the other gentleman can follow in the morning coach; and if any accident happens to yourself on the road, by reason of break down, he'll be there as soon as yourself."

This, at least, was an agreeable suggestion, and as I saw it chimed with Mike's notions, I acceded at once. Mike came running up at the moment.

"I had a look at her through the window, Misther Charles, and faix she has a great look of the family."

"Well, Mickey, I'll leave you twenty-four hours to cultivate the acquaintance, and to a man like you the time I know is ample. Follow me by the morning's coach to Swinburn's in Limerick. Till then, good-by."

Away we rattled once more, and soon left the town behind us. The wild mountain track which stretched on either side of the road presented one bleak and brown surface, unrelieved by any trace of tillage or habitation—an apparently endless succession of fern-clad hills lay on every side—above, a gloomy sky of leaden, lowering aspect frowned darkly—the sad and wailing cry of the pewitt or the plover was the only sound that broke the stillness—and far as the eye could reach a dreary waste extended—the air, too, was cold and chilly; it was one of those days which in our springs seemed to cast a retrospective glance toward the winter they have left behind them. The prospect was no cheering one—from heaven above nor earth below there came no sight nor sound of gladness—the rich glow of the Peninsular landscape was still fresh in my memory—the luxurious verdure—the olive, the citron, and the vine—the fair valleys teeming with abundance—the mountains terraced with their vineyards—the blue transparent sky spreading o'er all—while the very air was rife with the cheering song of birds that peopled every grove.

What a contrast was here! We travelled on for miles, but no vision nor one human face did we see. Far in the distance a thin wreath of smoke curled upward, but it came from no hearth—it arose from one of those field-fires by which spendthrift husbandry cultivates the ground. It was, indeed, sad, and yet I know not how: it spoke more homely to my heart than all the brilliant display and all the voluptuous splendour I had witnessed in London—the homely garb, the sorrowing state of those we love is no bar to our affection. On the contrary, we are drawn closer to them as they bend their heads beneath the stroke of worldly injustice or neglect, and a sense of indignation mingles with and strengthens our attachment when we see those whose destinies should have worn a proud and a powerful position become, by the hard turn of fortune, lost, neglected, abandoned. But a few days before, and I experienced to its fullest extent my pride in being a Briton; but now, unexcited by flattery, unwarmed by any sense of beauty around, I felt, as the memory of former days came back, as by some secret magic the face and fashion of my country came rushing into my heart, that I gloried in being an Irishman. By degrees some traces of wood made their appearance, and as we descended the mountain, the country assumed a more cultivated and cheerful look—patches of corn, or of meadow-land, stretched on either side, and the voice of children, and the lowing of oxen, mingled with the cawing of the rooks as in dense clouds they followed the ploughman's track. The changed features of the prospect resembled the alternate phases of the temperament in the dweller in the soil—the gloomy determination—the smiling carelessness—the dark spirit of boding—the reckless jollity—the almost savage ferocity of purpose followed by a child-like docility and a womanly softness—the grave, the gay, the resolute, the fickle, the firm, the yielding, the unsparing, and the tender-hearted, blending their contrarieties into one nature, of whose capabilities one cannot predicate the bounds, but to whom, by some luckless fatality of fortune, the great rewards of life have been generally withheld until he begins to feel that the curse of Swift was less the sarcasm wrung from indignant failures, than the cold and stern prophecy of the moralist.

But how have I fallen into this strain; let me

rather turn my eyes forward toward my home; how shall I find all there—have his altered fortunes damped the warm ardour of my poor uncle's heart. Is his smile sicklied over by sorrow, or shall I hear his merry laugh and his cheerful voice, as in days of yore. How I longed to take my place beside that hearth, and in the same oak chair, where I have sat telling the bold adventures of a fox-chase, or some long day upon the moors—speak of the scenes of my campaigning life—and make known to him those gallant fellows, by whose side I have charged in battle, or sat in the bivouac. How will he glory in the soldier-like spirit and daring energy of Fred Power—how will he chuckle over the blundering earnestness and Irish warmth of O'Shaughnessy—how will he laugh at the quaint stories, and quainter jests of Maurice Quill—and how often will he wish once more to be young in hand as in heart to mingle with such gay fellows, with no other care, no other sorrow to depress him, save the passing fortune of a soldier's life.

A rude shock awoke me, as I lay asleep in the corner of the chaise; a shout followed, and the next moment the door was torn open, and I heard the postilion's voice crying to me:—

"Spring out; jump out quickly, sir!"

A whole battery of kicks upon the front panel drowned the rest of his speech; but before I could obey his injuction he was pitched upon the road, the chaise rolled over, and the pole snapped short in the middle, while two horses belaboured the carriage and each other with all their might. Managing, as well as I was able, to extricate myself, I leaped out upon the road, and by the aid of a knife and at the cost of some bruises, succeeded in freeing the horses from their tackle. The postboy, who had escaped without any serious injury, laboured manfully to aid me—blubbering the whole time upon the consequences his misfortune would bring down upon his head.

"Bad luck to ye!" cried he, apostrophising the off horse: a tall, raw-boned beast, with a Roman nose, a dipped back, and a tail ragged and jagged like a hand-saw. "Bad luck to ye! there never was a good one of your colour!"

This, for the information of the "unjockied," I may add, was a species of brindled gray.

"How did it happen, Patsey? how did it happen my lad?"

"It was the heap o' stones they left in the road since last autumn; and though I riz him at it fairly, he dragged the ould mare over it and broke the pole. Oh wirra, wirra!" cried he, wringing his hands in an agony of grief, "sure there's neither luck nor grace to be had with ye since the day you drew the judge down to the last assizes."

"Well! what's to be done?"

"Sorrow a bit o' me knows—the shay's ruined entirely, and the ould devil there knows he's conquered us. Look at him there, listening to every word we're saying! You eternal thief! maybe its ploughing you'd like better."

"Come, come," said I, "this will never get us forward. What part of the country are we in?"

"We left Banagher about four miles behind us; that's Killimur you see with the smoke, there in the hollow."

Now, although I did not see Killimur, (for the gray mist of the morning prevented me recognising any object a few hundred yards distant,) yet, from the direction in which he pointed, and from the course of the Shannon, which I could trace distinctly for miles, I obtained a pretty accurate notion of where we were.

"Then, we are not very far from Portumna?"

"Just a pleasant walk before your breakfast."

"And is there not a short cut to O'Malley Castle, over that mountain?"

"Faix and so there is; and ye can be no stranger to these parts if ye know that."

"I have travelled it before now. Just tell me, is the wooden bridge standing over the little stream! it used to be carried away every winter in my time."

"It's just the same now. You'll have to pass by the upper ford; but it comes to the same, for that will bring ye to the back gate of the demense, and one way is just as short as the other."

"I know it, I know it; so now do you follow me with my luggage to the castle, and I'll set out on foot."

So saying, I threw off my cloak and prepared myself for a sharp walk of some eight miles over the mountain. As I reached the little knoll of land which, overlooking the Shannon, affords a view of several miles in every direction, I stopped to gaze upon the scene where every object around was familiar to me from infancy. The broad, majestic river sweeping in bold curves between the wild mountains of Connaught and the wooded hills and cultivated slopes of the more fertile Munster—the tall chimneys of many a house rose above the dense woods, where in my boyhood I had spent hours and days of happiness. One last look I turned toward the scene of my late catastrophe, ere I began to ascend the mountain. The postboy, with the happy fatalism of his country, and a firm trust in the future, had established himself in the interior of the chaise, from which a blue curl of smoke wreathed upward from his pipe; the horses grazed contentedly by the roadside, and were I to judge from the evidence before me, I should say that I was the only member of the party inconvenienced by the accident. A thin sleeting of rain began to fall, the wind blew sharply in my face, and the dark clouds collecting in masses above, seemed to threaten a storm. Without stopping for even a passing look at the many well known spots about, I passed rapidly on. My old experience upon the moors had taught me that sling trot in which, jumping from hillock to hillock, over the boggy surface, you succeeded in accomplishing your journey not only with considerable speed, but perfectly dry shod.

By the lonely path which I travelled, it was unlikely I should meet any one: it was rarely traversed except by the foot of the sportsman or some stray messenger from the castle to the town of Banagher. Its solitude, however, was in no wise distasteful to me; my heart was full to bursting. Each moment as I walked, some new feature of my home presented itself before me; now, it was all happiness and comfort; the scene of its ancient hospitable board, its warm hearth, its happy faces, and its ready welcome, were all before me, and I increased my speed to the utmost, when suddenly a sense of sad and sorrowing foreboding would draw around me, and the image of my uncle's sick bed; his worn features, his pallid look, his broken voice, would strike upon my heart.

and all the changes that poverty, desertion and decay can bring to pass would fall upon my heart, and weak and trembling I would stand for some moments unable to proceed.

Oh! how many a reproachful thought came home to me, at what I scrupled not to call to myself the desertion of my home. Oh! how many a prayer I uttered in all the fervour of devotion, that my selfish waywardness, and my yearning for ambition might not bring upon me in after life, years of unavailing regret. As I thought thus, I reached the brow of a little mountain ridge, beneath which, at the distance of scarcely more than a mile, the dark woods of O'Malley Castle stretched before me. The house itself was not visible, for it was situated in a valley, beside the river; but there lay the whole scene of my boyhood, there the little creek where my boat was kept, and where I landed on the morning after my duel with Bodkin; there stretched for many a mile the large callow meadows, where I trained my horses and schooled them for the coming season; and far in the distance, the brown and rugged peak of old Scariff was lost in the clouds. The rain by this time had ceased, the wind had fallen, and an almost unnatural stillness prevailed around. But yet the heavy masses of vapour frowned ominously, and the leaden hue of land and water wore a gloomy and depressing aspect. My impatience to get on increased every moment, and, descending the mountain at the top of my speed, I at length reached the little oak paling that skirted the wood, opened the little wicket and entered the little path. It was the self-same one I had trod in revery and meditation the night before I left my home. I remember, too, sitting down beside the little well which, inclosed in a frame of rock, ran trickling across the little path, to be lost among the gnarled roots and fallen leaves around—yes, this is the very spot.

Overcome for the instant by my exertion and my emotion, I sat down upon the stone, and taking off my cap, bathed my heated and throbbing temples in the cold spring. Refreshed at once I was about to rise and press onward, when suddenly my attention was caught by a sound which, faint from distance, scarce struck upon my ear. I listened again, but all was still and silent, the dull plash of the river, as it broke upon the reedy shore, was the only sound I heard. Thinking it probably some mere delusion of my heated imagination, I rose to push forward, but at the moment a slight breeze stirred in the leaves around me, the light branches rustled and bent beneath it, and a low, moaning sound rose upward, increasing each instant as it came, like the distant roar of some mighty torrent it grew louder as the wind bore it toward me, and now falling, and now swelling, it burst forth in one prolonged cry of agony and grief. Oh God! it was the death-wail. I fell upon my knees, my hands clasped in agony, the sweat of misery dropping off my brow, and with a heart bleeding and breaking, I prayed——I know not what. Again the terrible cry smote upon my ear, and I could mark the horrible cadences of the death-song, as the voices of the mourners joined in chorus.

My suspense became too great to bear, I dashed madly forward, one sound still ringing in my ears, one horrid image before my eyes; I reached the garden wall, I cleared the little rivulet beside the flower-garden, I traversed its beds, neglected and decayed, I gained the avenue, taking no heed of the crowds before me, some on foot, some on horseback, others mounted upon the low, country car, many seated in groups upon the grass, their heads bowed upon their bosoms silent and speechless. As I neared the house, the whole approach was crowded with carriages and horsemen; at the foot of the large flight of steps stood the black and mournful hearse, its plumes nodding in the breeze. With the speed of madness and the recklessness of despair I tore my way through the thickly standing groups upon the steps; I could not speak, I could not utter. Once more the frightful cry swelled upward, and its wild notes seemed to paralyse me, for, with my hands upon my temples, I stood motionless and still; a heavy footfall, as of persons marching in procession came nearer and nearer, and as the sounds without sank into sobs of bitterness and wo, the black pall of a coffin, borne on men's shoulders, appeared at the door, and an old man, whose gray hair floated in the breeze, and across whose stern features a struggle for self-mastery—a kind of paralytic jerk was playing, held out his hand to enforce silence. His eye lacked lustre, and dimmed with age, roved over the assembled multitude, but there was no recognition in his look until at last he turned it on me; a slight hectic flush covered his pale cheek, his lip trembled, he essayed to speak, but could not; I sprang toward him, but choked by agony I could not utter; my look, however, spoke what my tongue could not, he threw his arms around me, and muttering the words, "poor Godfrey," pointed to the coffin.

---

## CHAPTER CX.—Home.

Many, many years have passed away since the time I am now about to speak of, and yet I cannot revert, even for a moment, to the period without a sad and depressing feeling at my heart. The wreck of fortune, the thwarting of ambition, the failure in enterprise, great though they be, are endurable evils; the never-dying hope that youth is blessed with, will find its resting-place still within the breast, and the baffled and beaten will struggle on unconquered: but for the death of friends, for the loss of those in whom our dearest affections were centred, there is no solace; the terrible "never" of the grave knows no remorse, and even memory, that in our saddest hours can bring bright images and smiling faces before us, calls up here only the departed shade of happiness, a passing look at that even of our joys from which we are separated for ever. And the desolation of the heart is never perfect till it has felt the echoes of a last farewell on earth, reverberating within it.

Oh, with what tortures of self-reproach we think of all former intercourse with him that is gone! How would we wish to live over our lives once more, correcting each passage of unkindness or neglect! How deeply do we blame ourselves for occasions of benefit lost, and opportunities unprofited by! and how unceasingly through after-life the memory of the departed recurs to us. In all the ties which affection and kindred weave around us, one vacant spot is there, unseen and unknown by others, which no blandishments of love, no caresses of friendship can fill up: although the rank grass and the tall weeds

of the church-yard may close around the humble tomb, the cemetry of the heart is holy and sacred, pure from all the troubled thoughts and daily cares of the busy world. To that hallowed spot do we retire as into our chamber, and when unrewarded efforts bring discomfiture and misery to our minds, when friends are false, and cherished hopes are blasted, we think on those who never ceased to love till they had ceased to live, and in the lonely solitude of our affliction we call upon those who hear not, and may never return.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Mine was a desolate hearth. I sat moodily down in the old oak parlour, my heart bowed down with grief. The noiseless steps—the mourning garments of the old servants—the unnatural silence of those walls, within which from my infancy the sounds of merriment and mirth had been familiar—the large old-fashioned chair where he was wont to sit, now placed against the wall—all spoke of the sad past. Yet, when some footsteps would draw near, and the door would open, I could not repress a thrill of hope that he was coming; more than once I rushed to the window and looked out; I could have sworn I heard his voice.

The old cob pony he used to ride was grazing peacefully before the door; poor Carlo, his favourite spaniel, lay stretched upon the terrace, turning ever and anon a look toward the window, and then, as if wearied watching for him who came not, he would utter a long, low, wailing cry, and lie down again to sleep. The rich lawn, decked with field flowers of many a hue, stretched away toward the river, upon whose calm surface the white-sailed lugger scarce seemed to move; the sounds of a well-known Irish air came, softened by distance, as some poor fisherman sat mending his net upon the shore, and the laugh of children floated on the breeze. Yes, they were happy!

Two months had elapsed since my return home; how passed by me I know not; a lethargic stupor had settled upon me. Whole days long I sat at the window, looking listlessly at the tranquil river, and watching the white foam, as borne down from the rapids, it floated lazily along. The count had left me soon, being called up to Dublin by some business, and I was utterly alone. The different families about called frequently to ask for me, and would, doubtless, have done all in their power to alleviate my sorrow, and lighten the load of my affliction; but, with a morbid fear, I avoided every one, and rarely left the house, except at nightfall, and then only to stroll by some lonely and deserted path.

Life had lost its charms for me; my gratified ambition had ended in the blackest disappointment; and all for which I had laboured and longed, was only attained that I might feel it valueless.

Of my circumstances as to fortune I knew nothing; and cared not more; poverty and riches could matter little now; all my day-dreams were dissipated and gone; and I only waited for Considine's return, to leave Ireland for ever. I had made up my mind, if, by any unexpected turn of fate, the war should cease in the Peninsula, to exchange into an India regiment. The daily association with objects which recalled but one image to my brain, and that ever accompanied by remorse of conscience, gave me not a moment's peace. My every thought of happiness was mixed up with scenes which now presented nothing but the evidences of blighted hope; to remain then where I was, would be to sink into the heartless misanthrope, and I resolved that, with my sword, I should carve out a soldier's fortune and a soldier's grave.

Considine came at last. I was sitting alone at my usual post, beside the window, when the chaise rattled up to the door; for an instant I started to my legs; a vague sense of something like hope shot through me; the whole might be a dream, and be———; the next moment I became cold and sick; a faintish giddiness obscured my sight; and though I felt his grasp as he took my hand, I saw him not.

An indistinct impression still dwells upon my mind of his chiding me for my weakness in thus giving way; of his calling upon me to assert my position, and discharging the duties of him, whose successor I now was. I heard him in silence; and when he concluded, faintly pledging myself to obey him, I hurried to my room, and throwing myself upon my bed, burst into an agony of tears. Hitherto my pent up sorrow had wasted me day by day; but the rock was now smote, and in that gush of misery my heart found relief.

When I appeared the following morning, the count was struck with my altered looks; a settled sorrow could not conceal the changes which time and manhood had made upon me, and, as from a kind of fear of showing how deeply I grieved, I endeavoured to conceal it: by degrees I was enabled to converse calmly and dispassionately upon my fortunes.

"Poor Godfrey appointed me his sole executor a few days before it happened; he knew the time was drawing near, and, strange enough, Charley, though he heard of your return to England, he would not let us write. The papers spoke of you as being at Carlton house almost daily; your name appeared at every great festival; and, while his heart warmed at your brilliant success, he absolutely dreaded your coming home. 'Poor fellow,' he would say, 'what a change for him, to leave the splendour and magnificence of his prince's board, for our meager fare and altered fortunes; and then,' he added, 'as for me—God forgive me—I can go now—but how should I bear to part with him, if he comes back to me.'

"And now," said the count, when he had concluded a detailed history of my dear uncle's last illness, "and now Charley, what are your plans?"

Briefly, and in a few words, I stated to him my intentions. Without placing much stress upon the strongest of my reasons—my distaste to what had once been home—I avowed my wish to join my regiment at once.

He heard me with evident impatience; and, as I finished, seized my arm in his strong grasp. "No, no, boy, none of this; your tone of assumed composure cannot impose on Bill Considine. You must not return to the Peninsula—at least, not yet awhile; the disgust of life may be strong at twenty; but it's not lasting; besides, Charley," here his voice faltered slightly, "*his* wishes you'll not treat lightly. Read this."

As he spoke, he took a blotted and ill-written letter from his breast pocket, and handed it to me. It was in my poor uncle's hand, and dated the very morning of his death. It ran thus:

"DEAR BILL:—Charley must never part with the old house, come what will; I leave too many ties behind, for a stranger's heritage; he must live among my old friends, and watch, protect and comfort them. He has done enough for fame; let him now do something for affection. We have none of us been over good to these poor people; one of the name must try and save our credit. God bless you both; it is, perhaps, the last time I shall utter it. G. O'M."

I read these few, and, to me, affecting lines, over and over, forgetful of all, save of him who penned them; when Considine, who supposed that my silence was attributable to doubt and hesitation, called out—

"Well, what now?"

"I remain," said I briefly.

He seized me in his arms with transport, as he said—

"I knew it, boy; I knew it. They told me you were spoiled by flattery, and your head turned by fortune; they said that home and country would weigh lightly in the balance against fame and glory; but I said no. I knew you better. I told them indignantly that I had nursed you on my knee; that I watched you from infancy to boyhood, from boy to man; that he of whose stock you came, had one feeling paramount to all, his love of his own fatherland, and that you would not disgrace him; beside, Charley, there's not an humble hearth for many a lone mile around us, amid the winter's blast, tempered, not excluded, by the frail walls, and poverty that would elsewhere dry up the fountain of the heart; there's not one such, but where poor Godfrey's name rises each night in prayer; and blessings are invoked on him by those who never felt them."

"I'll not desert them."

"I know you'll not, boy; I know you'll not. Now for the means."

Here he entered into a long and complicated exposure of my dear uncle's many difficulties; by which it appeared, that, in order to leave the estate free of debt to me, he had, for years past, undergone severe privations: these, however, such is the misfortune of unguided effort, had but ill succeeded, and there was scarcely a farm on the property without its mortgage. Upon the house and demesne, a bond for three thousand pounds still remained; and, to pay off this, Considine advised my selling a portion of the property.

"It's old Blake lent the money; and only a week before your uncle died, he served a notice for repayment; I never told Godfrey; it was no use; it could only embitter his last few hours; and beside, we had six months to think of it; the half of that time has now elapsed, however; we must see to this."

"And did Blake really make this demand, knowing my poor uncle's difficulties?"

"Why, I half think he did not; for Godfrey was too fine a fellow ever to acknowledge any thing of the sort. He had twelve sheep killed for the poor at Scariff, at a time when not a servant of the house tasted meat for months; ay, and our table too, none of the most abundant, I assure you."

What a picture was this! and how forcibly did it remind me of what I had witnessed in times past. Thus meditating, we returned to the house, and Considine, whose activity never slumbered, sat down to con over the rent-roll with old Maguire the steward.

When I joined the count in the evening, I found him surrounded by maps, rent-rolls, surveys, and leases. He had been poring over these various documents, to ascertain from which portion of the property we could best recruit our falling finances: to judge from the embarrassed look and manner with which he met me, the matter was one of no small difficulty. The incumbrances upon the estate had been incurred with an unsparing hand; and except where some irreclaimable tract of bog or mountain rendered a loan impracticable, each portion of the property had its share of debt.

"You can't sell Killantry, for Basset has above six thousand pounds on it already; to be sure, there's the Priest's Meadows—fine land and in good heart—but Malony was an old tenant of the family, and I cannot recommend your turning him over to a stranger: the widow M'Bride's farm is perhaps the best after all, and it would certainly bring the sum we want; still, poor Mary was your nurse, Charley, and it would break her heart to do it.

Thus, wherever we turned, some obstacle presented itself, if not from moneyed causes, at least from those ties and associations which, in an attached and faithful tenantry, are sure to originate between themselves and the owner of the soil.

Feeling how all-important these things were—endeavouring as I was to fulfil the will and work out the intentions of my uncle—I saw at once, that to sell any portion of the property must separate me, to a certain extent, from those who long looked up to our house, and who, in the feudalism of the west, could ill withdraw their allegiance from their own chief to swear fealty to a stranger. The richer tenants were those whose industry and habits rendered them objects of worth and attachment; to the poorer ones, to whose improvidence and whose follies (if you will) their poverty was owing, I was bound by those ties which the ancient habit of my house had contracted for centuries; the bond of benefit conferred can be stronger than the debt of gratitude itself. What was I then to do? My income would certainly permit of my paying the interest upon the several mortgages, and still retaining wherewithal to live; the payment of Blake's bond was my only difficulty, and, small as it was, it was still a difficulty.

"I have it, Charley!" said Considine; "I've found out the way of doing it. Blake will have no objection, I'm sure, to take the widow's farm in payment of his debt, giving you a power of redemption within five years. In that time, what with economy—some management—perhaps," added he, smiling, "perhaps a wife with money, may relieve all your embarrassments at once. Well, well, I know you are not thinking of that just now: but come, what say you to my plan?"

"I know not well what to say. It seems to be the best: but still I have my misgivings."

"Of course you have, my boy; nor could I love you if you'd part with an old and faithful follower without them. But after all, she is only an hostage to the enemy; we'll win her back, Charley."

"If you think so——"

"I do. I know it."

"Well, then, be it so; only one thing I bargain—she must herself consent to this change of masters.

It will seem to her a harsh measure, that the child she had nursed and fondled in her arms, should live to disunite her from those her oldest attachments upon earth———. We must take care, sir, that Blake cannot dispossess her: this would be too hard."

"No, no; that we'll guard against: and now, Charley, with prudence and caution we'll clear off every incumbrance, and O'Malley Castle shall yet be what it was in days of yore. Ay, boy! with the descendant of the old house for its master, and not that General—how do you call him?—that came down here to contest the county, who, with his offer of thirty thousand pounds, thought to uproot the oldest family of the west. Did I ever show you the letter we wrote him?"

"No, sir," replied I, trembling with agitation as I spoke; "you merely alluded to it in one of yours."

"Look here, lad!" said he, drawing it from the recesses of a black leather pocket book. "I took a copy of it: read that."

The document was dated "O'Malley Castle, Dec. 9th." It ran thus:

"Sir: I have this moment learnt from my agent, that you, or some one empowered by you for the purpose, made an offer of several thousand pounds to buy up the different mortgages upon my property, with a subsequent intention of becoming its possessor. Now, sir, I beg to tell you, that if your ungentleman-like and underhand plot had succeeded, you dared not darken with your shadow the door sill of the house you purchased. Neither your gold nor your flattery—and I hear you are rich in both—could wipe out from the minds and hearts of my poor tenantry the kindness of centuries. Be advised then, sir; withdraw your offer: let a Galway gentleman settle his own difficulties his own way; his troubles and cares are quite sufficient, without your adding to them. There can be but one mode in which your interference with him can be deemed acceptable: need I tell you, sir, who are a soldier, how that is? As I know your official duties are important, and as my nephew—who feels with me perfectly in this business—is abroad, I can only say that failing health and a broken frame will not prevent my undertaking a journey to England, should my doing so meet your wishes on this occasion.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Godfrey O'Malley."

"This letter," continued Considine, "I enclosed in an envelope, with the following few lines of my own:

"'Count Considine presents his compliments to Lieutenant-General Dashwood; and feeling that, as the friend of Mr. Godfrey O'Malley, the mild course pursued by that gentleman may possibly be attributed to his suggestion, he begs to assure General Dashwood that the reverse was the case, and that he strenuously counselled the propriety of laying a horsewhip upon the general's shoulders, as a preliminary step in the transaction.

"'Count Considine's address is No. 16, Kildare street.'"

"Great God!" said I, "is this possible?"

"Well may you say so, my boy: for—would you believe it?—after all that, he writes a long blundering apology, protesting, I know not what, about motives of former friendship, and terminating with a civil hint that we have done with him for ever. And of my paragraph he takes no notice: and thus ends the whole affair."

"And with it my last hope'" muttered I to myself.

That Sir George Dashwood's intentions had been misconstrued and mistaken I knew perfectly well; that nothing but the accumulated evils of poverty and sickness could have induced my poor uncle to write such a letter I was well aware: but now, the mischief was accomplished—the evil was done, and nothing remained but to bear with patience and submission, and to endeavour to forget what had thus became irremediable.

"Sir George Dashwood made no allusion to me, sir, in his reply?" enquired I, catching at any thing like a hope.

"Your name never occurred in his letter. But you look pale, boy: all these discussions come too early upon you; beside, you stay too much at home, and take no exercise."

So saying, Considine bustled off toward the stables to look after some young horses that had just been taken up; and I walked out alone to ponder over what I had heard, and meditate on my plans for the future.

## CHAPTER CXI.—An Old Acquaintance.

As I wandered on, the irritation of my spirit gradually subsided. It was, to be sure, distressing to think over the light in which my uncle's letter had placed me before Sir George Dashwood, had even my reputation only with him been at stake; but with my attachment to his daughter it was almost maddening. And yet there was nothing to be done: to disavow my participation would be to throw discredit upon my uncle. Thus were my hopes blighted; and thus, at that season when life was opening upon me, did I feel careless and indifferent to every thing. Had my military career still remained to me, that, at least, would have suggested scenes sufficient to distract me from the past: but now my days must be spent where every spot teemed with memories of by-gone happiness and joys never to come back again.

My mind was, however, made up; and, without speaking a word to Considine, I turned homeward, and sat down at my writing-table. In a few brief lines I informed my army agent of my intention of leaving the service, and desired that he would sell out for me at once. Fearing lest my resolution might not be proof against the advice and solicitation of my friends, I cautioned him against giving my address, or any clue by which letters might reach me.

This done, I addressed a short note to Mr. Blake, requesting to know the name of his solicitor, in whose hands the bond was placed, and announcing my intention of immediate repayment.

Trifling as these details were in themselves, I cannot help recording how completely they changed the whole current of my thoughts. A new train of interests began to spring up within me; and where so lately the clang of the battle—the ardour of the march—the careless ease of the bivouac—had en-

grossed every feeling, now more humble and homely thoughts succeeded; and, as my personal ambition had lost its stimulant, I turned with pleasure to those of whose fate and fortunes I was in some sort the guardian. There may be many a land where the verdure blooms more in fragrance and in richness—where the clime breathes softer, and a brighter sky lights up the landscape; but there is none—I have travelled through many a one—where more touching and heart-bound associations are blended with the features of the soil than in Ireland. And cold must be the spirit, and barren the affections of him who can dwell amid its mountains and its valleys, its tranquil lakes, its wooded fens, without feeling their humanising influence upon him. Thus gradually new impressions and new duties succeeded; and, ere four months elapsed, the quiet monotony of my daily life healed up the wounds of my suffering, and in the calm current of my present existence, a sense of content, if not of happiness, crept gently over me, and I ceased to long for the clash of arms and the loud blast of the trumpet.

Unlike all my former habits, I completely abandoned the sports of the field. He who had participated in them with me was no longer there; and the very sight of the tackle itself suggested sad and depressing thoughts.

My horses I took but little pleasure in. To gratify the good and kind people about, I would walk through the stables, and make some passing remark, as if to show some interest; but I felt it not. No: it was only by the total change of all the ordinary channels of my ideas, that I could bear up: and now my days were passed in the fields, either listlessly strolling along, or in watching the labourers as they worked. Of my neighbours I saw nothing; returning their cards, when they called upon me, was the extent of our intercourse; and I had no desire for any further. As Considine had left me to visit some friends in the south, I was quite alone; and, for the first time in my life, felt how soothing can be such solitude. In each happy face—in every grateful look around me—I felt that I was fulfilling my uncle's last behest; and the sense of duty, so strong when it falls upon the heart accompanied by the sense of power, made my days pass rapidly away.

It was toward the close of autumn, when I one morning received a letter from London, informing me that my troop had been sold, and the purchase-money—above four thousand pounds—lodged to my credit at my banker's.

As Mr. Blake had merely answered my former note by a civil message that the matter in question was by no means pressing, I lost not a moment, when this news reached me, to despatch Mike to Gurtnamora, with a few lines, expressing my anxious desire to finish the transaction, and begging of Mr. Blake to appoint a day for the purpose.

To this application Mr. Blake's reply was, that he would do himself the honour of waiting upon me the following day, when the arrangements I desired could be agreed upon. Now this was exactly what I wished, if possible, to avoid. Of all my neighbours, he was the one I predetermined to have no intercourse with: I had not forgotten my last evening at his house, nor had I forgiven his conduct to my uncle. However, there was nothing for it but submission: the interview need not be a long one, and it should be a last one. Thus resolving, I waited in patience for the morrow.

I was seated at my breakfast the next morning, conning between whiles the columns of the last paper, and feeding my spaniel, who sat upon a large chair beside me, when the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Blake;" and the instant after that gentleman bustled in, holding out both his hands with all evidences of most friendly warmth, and calling out—

"Charley O'Malley, my lad! I'm delighted to see you at last!"

Now, although the distance from the door to the table at which I sat was not many paces, yet was it quite sufficient to chill down all my respectable relative's ardour before he approached: his rapid pace became gradually a shuffle, a slide, and finally a dead step; his extended arms were reduced to one hand, barely advanced beyond his waistcoat; his voice, losing the easy confidence of its former tone, got husky and dry, and broke into a cough: and all these changes were indebted to the mere fact of my reception of him consisting in a cold and distant bow, as I told the servant to place a chair and leave the room.

Without any preliminary whatever, I opened the subject of our negotiation, expressed my regret that it should have waited so long, and my desire to complete it.

Whether it was that the firm and resolute tone I assumed had its effect at once, or that, disappointed at the mode in which I received his advances, he wished to conclude our interview as soon as need be, I know not; but he speedily withdrew from a capacious pocket a document in parchment, which having spread at large upon the table, and having leisurely put on his spectacles, he began to hum over its contents to himself in an under tone.

"Yes, sir, here it is," said he. "'Deed of conveyance between Godfrey O'Malley, of O'Malley Castle, Esq., on the one part'—perhaps you'd like your solicitor to examine it—'and Blake, of Gurt'—because there is no hurry, Captain O'Malley—'on the other.' In fact, after all, it is a mere matter of form between relatives," said he, as I declined the intervention of a lawyer. "I'm not in want of the money—'all the lands and tenements adjoining, in trust, for the payment of the said three thousand——.' Thank God, captain, the sum is a trifle that does not inconvenience me: the boys are provided for; and the girls—the pickpockets, as I call them, ha, ha, ha!—not ill off neither;——'with rights of turbary on the said premises'—who are most anxious to have the pleasure of seeing you. Indeed, I could scarcely keep Jane from going over to-day. 'Sure he's my cousin,' says she; 'and what harm would it be if I went to see him?' Wild, good-natured girls, captain! And your old friend Matthew—you haven't forgot Matthew?—has been keeping three coveys of partridge for you this fortnight. 'Charley,' says he—they call you Charley still, captain—'shall have them, and no one else.' And poor Alley—she was a child when you were here—Alley is working a sash for you. But I'm forgetting—I know you have so much business on your hands—"

"Pray, Mr. Blake, be seated. I know nothing of more importance than the matter before us. If you will permit me to give you a cheque for this money. The papers, I'm sure, are perfectly correct."

"If I only thought it did not inconvenience you——"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Shall I say at sight, or in ten days hence?"

"Whenever you please, captain. But it's sorry I am to come troubling you about such things, when I know you're thinking of other matters. And, as I said before, the money does not signify to me: the times, thank God, are good, and I've never been very improvident."

"I think you'll find that correct."

"Oh, to be sure it is! Well, well; I'm going away without saying half what I intended——"

"Pray do not hurry yourself. I have not asked have you breakfasted, for I remember Galway habits too well for that. But if I might offer you a glass of sherry and water after your ride?"

"Will you think me a beast if I say yes, captain? Time was when I didn't care for a canter of ten or fifteen miles in the morning no more than yourself; and that's no small boast, God forgive me: but I never see that clover field where you pounded the Englishmen, without swearing there never was a leap made before or since——. Is this Mickey, captain? faith, and it's a fine, brown, hearty-looking chap you're grown, Mickey. That's mighty pleasant sherry! but where would there be good wine if it wasn't here? Oh! I remember now what it was I wanted. Peter—my son Peter, a slip of a boy—he's only sixteen—well, d' you see, he's downright deranged about the army: he used to see your name in the papers every day, and that terrible business at —what's the name of the place?—where you rode on the chap's back up the breach."

"Ciudad Rodrigo," said I, scarcely able to repress a laugh.

"Well, sir, since that he'll hear of nothing but going into the army; ay, and into the dragoons too. Now, captain, isn't it mighty expensive in the dragoons?"

"Why, no, not particularly so—at least, in the regiment I served with."

"I promised him I'd ask you: the boy's mad, that's the fact. I wish, captain, you'd just reason with him a little; he'll mind what *you* say; there's no fear of that; and you see, though I'd like to do what's fair, I'm not going to cut off the girls for the sake of the boys; with the blessing of Providence, they'll never be able to reproach me for that. What I say is this: treat *me* well, and I'll try to treat you the same. Marry the man my choice would pick out for you, and it's not a matter of a thousand or two I'll care for. There was Bodkin—you remember him?" said he with a grin; "he proposed for Mar, but since the quarrel with you, she could never bear the sight of him, and Alley wouldn't come down to dinner if he was in the house. Alley's greatly altered. I wish you heard her sing 'I'd mourn the hopes that leave me;' queer girl she is; she was little more than a child when you were here, and she remembers you just as if it was yesterday."

While Mr. Blake ran on at this rate; now dilating upon my own manifold virtues and accomplishments; now expatiating upon the more congenial theme,—the fascinations of his fair daughters, and the various merits of his sons,—I could not help feeling how changed our relative position was since our last meeting; the tone of cool and vulgar patronage he then assumed toward the unformed country lad, was now converted into an air of fawning and deferential submission, still more distasteful.

Young as I was, however, I had already seen a good deal of the world; my soldiering had at least taught me something of men, and I had far less difficulty in deciphering the intentions and objects of my worthy relative, than I should have had in the enigmatical mazes of the parchment bond of which he was the bearer. After all, to how very narrow an extent in life are we fashioned by our own estimate of ourselves. My changed condition affected me but little, until I saw how it affected others; that the position I occupied now that life had lost the general stimulus of ambition, was somewhat strange; and that flattery should pay its homage to the mourning coat I wore, which it would have refused to my soldier's garb. My bettered fortunes shone only brightly by reflected light; for in my own heart I was sad, spiritless, and oppressed.

Feeling somewhat ashamed of the coldness with which I treated a man so much my elder, I gradually assumed toward Mr. Blake a manner less reserved; he quickly availed himself of the change, and launched out into an eloquent *expose* of my advantages and capabilities; the only immediate effect of which was, to convince me that my property and my prospects must have been pretty accurately conned over and considered by that worthy gentleman, before he could speak of the one or the other with such perfect knowledge.

"When you get rid of these little incumbrances, your rent-roll will be close on four thousand a year. There's Basset, sure, by only reducing his interest from ten to five per cent., will give you a clear eight hundred per annum; let him refuse, and I'll advance the money; and, beside, look at Freney's farm; there's two hundred acres let for one-third of the value, and you must look to these things, for, you see, captain, we'll want you to go into parliament; you can't help coming forward at the next election, and by the great gun of Athlone, we'll return you."

Here Mr. Blake swallowed a full bumper of sherry, and, getting up a little false enthusiasm for the moment, grasped me by both hands and shook me violently; this done, like a skilful general, who, having fired the last shot of his artillery, takes care to secure his retreat, he retired toward the door, where his hat and coat were lying.

"I've a hundred apologies to make for encroaching upon your time; but, upon my soul, captain, you are so agreeable, and the hours have passed away so pleasantly——. May I never, if it is not one o'clock!——but you must forgive me."

My sense of justice, which showed me that the agreeability had been all on Mr. Blake's side, prevented me from acknowledging this compliment as it deserved; so I merely bowed stiffly, without speaking. By this time he had succeeded in putting on his great coat, but still by some mischance or other the moment of his leave-taking was deferred; one time he buttoned it awry, and had to undo it all again; then, when it was properly adjusted, he discovered that his pocket handkerchief was not available, being left in the inner coat pocket; to this succeeded a doubt as to the safety of the cheque, which instituted another search, and it was full ten minutes before he was completely caparisoned and ready for the road.

"Good bye, captain; good bye," said he warmly, yet warily, not knowing at what precise temperature the metal of my heart was fusible.

At a mild heat I had been evidently unsinged, and the white heat of his flattery seemed only to harden me. The interview was now over, and, as I thought sufficient had been done to convince my friend that the terms of distant acquaintance were to be the limits of our future intercourse, I assumed a little show of friendliness, and shook his hand warmly.

"Good bye, Mr. Blake: pray present my respectful compliments to your friends. Allow me to ring for your horse; you are not going to have a shower, I hope."

"No, no, captain, only a passing cloud," said he, warming up perceptibly, under the influence of my advances, "nothing more. Why, what is it I'm forgetting now! Oh, I have it! Maybe I'm too bold; but sure an old friend and relation may take a liberty sometimes. It was just a little request as I was leaving the house." He stopped here as if to take soundings, and perceiving no change in my countenance, continued, "It was just to beg, that, in a kind and friendly way, you'd come over and eat your dinner with us on Sunday—nobody but the family, not a soul—Mrs. Blake and the girls—a boiled leg of mutton—Matthew—a fresh trout, if we can catch one—plain and homely—but a hearty welcome, and a bottle of old claret, maybe, too—ah! ah! ah!"

Before the cadence of Mr. Blake's laugh had died away, I politely but resolutely declined the proffered invitation, and, by way of setting the question at rest for ever, gave him to understand that, from impaired health and other causes, I had resolved upon strictly confining myself to the limits of my own house and grounds, at least for the present.

Mr. Blake then saluted me for the last time, and left the room. As he mounted his hackney, I could not help overhearing an abortive effort he made to draw Mike into something like conversation; but it proved an utter failure, and it was evident he deemed the man as incorrigible as the master.

"A very fine young man the captain is—remarkable! and its proud I am to have him for a nephew."

So saying, he cantered down the avenue, while Mickey, as he looked after him, muttered between his teeth, "And faix, its prouder you'd be av he was your son-in-law!"

Mike's soliloquy seemed to show me, in a new light, the meaning of my relative's manner. It was for the first time in my life that such a thought had occurred to me, and it was not without a sense of shame that I now admitted it.

If there be something which elevates and exalts us in our esteem, tinging our hearts with heroism, and our souls with pride, in the love and attachment of some fair and beautiful girl, there is something equally humiliating in being the object of cold and speculative calculation to a match-making family. Your character studied—your pursuits watched—your tastes conned over—your very temperament enquired into—surrounded by snares, environed by practised attentions—one eye fixed upon the registered testament of your relative, the other riveted upon your own caprices, and then those thousand little cares and kindnesses which come so pleasurably upon the heart, when the offspring of true affection, perverted as they are by base views and sordid interest, are so many shocks to the feeling and understanding: like the Eastern sirocco, which seems to breathe of freshness and of health, and yet bears but pestilence and death upon its breezes; so these calculated and well-considered traits of affection only rendered me callous, and hardened my heart, which had responded warmly, openly, and abundantly, to the true outpourings of affection. At how many a previously happy hearth has the seed of this fatal passion planted its discord! how many a fair and lovely girl, with beauty and attractions sufficient to win all that her heart could wish of fondness and devotion, has, by this pernicious passion, become a cold, heartless, worldly coquette, weighing men's characters by the adventitious circumstances of their birth and fortune, and scrutinizing the eligibility of a match, with the practised acumen with which a notary investigates the solvency of a creditor. How do the traits of beauty, gesture, voice, and manner, become converted into the common-place and distasteful trickery of the world! The very hospitality of the house becomes suspected, their friendship is but fictitious: those rare and goodly gifts of fondness and sisterly affection which grow up in happier circumstances, are here but rivalry, envy, and ill-conceived hatred; the very accomplishments which cultivate and adorn life, that light but graceful prize which girds the temple of homely happiness, are here but the meditated and well-considered occasions of display; all the bright features of womanhood, all the freshness of youth, and all its fascinations, are but like those richly coloured and beautiful fruits, seductive to the eye, and fair to look upon, but which within contain nothing but a core of rottenness and decay.

No, no; unblessed by all which makes a hearth a home, I may travel on my weary way through life; but such a one as this I will not make the partner of my sorrows and my joys, come what will of it!

---

## CHAPTER CXII.—A Surprise.

From the hour of Mr. Blake's departure, my life was no longer molested. My declaration, which had evidently, under his auspices, been made the subject of conversation through the country, was at least so far successful, as it permitted me to spend my time in the way I liked best, and without the necessity of maintaining the show of intercourse, when in reality I kept up none, with the neighbourhood. While thus, therefore, my life passed on equably and tranquilly, many months glided over, and I found myself a year at home, without it appearing more than a few weeks. Nothing seems so short in retrospect as monotony; the number, the variety, the interest of the events which occupy us, making our hours pass glibly and flowingly, will still suggest to the mind the impressions of a longer period than when the daily routine of our occupations assumes a character of continued uniformity. It seems to be the *amende* made by hours of weariness and tedium, that, in looking back upon them, they appear to have passed rapidly over. Not that my life, at the period I speak of, was devoid of interest: on the contrary, devoting myself with zeal and earnestness to the new duties of my station, I made myself thoroughly ac-

quainted with the condition of my property, the interests of my tenantry, their prospects, their hopes, their objects. Investigating them as only he can who is the owner of the soil, I endeavoured to remedy the ancient vices of the land—the habits of careless, reckless waste, of indifference for the morrow; and, by instilling a feature of prudent foresight into that boundless confidence in the future upon which every Irishman of every rank lives and trusts, I succeeded at last in so far ameliorating their situation, that a walk through my property, instead of presenting—as it first did—a crowd of eager and anxious supplicants, entreating for abatements in rent, succour for their sick, and sometimes even food itself, showed me now a happy and industrious people, confident in themselves, and firmly relying on their own resources.

Another spring was now opening, and a feeling of calm and tranquil happiness, the result of my successful management of my property, made my days pass pleasantly along. I was sitting at a late breakfast in my little library; the open window afforded a far and wide prospect of the country blooming in all the promise of the season, while the drops of the passing shower still lingered upon the grass, and were sparkling like jewels under the bright sunshine. Masses of white and pillowy cloud moved swiftly through the air, colouring the broad river with many a shadow as they passed. The birds sang merrily; the trees shook their leaves in concert; and there was that sense of movement in every thing on earth and sky which gives to spring its character of lightness and exhilaration. The youth of the year, like the youth of our own existence, is beautiful in the restless activity which marks it. The tender flower, that seems to open as we look; the grass, that springs before our eyes; all speak of promise. The changing phases of the sky, like the smiles and tears of infancy, excite without weariness, and, while they engage our sympathies, they fatigue not our compassion.

Partly lost in thought, as I looked upon the fair and varied scene before me, now turning to the pages of the book upon the breakfast-table, the hours of the morning passed quickly over, and it was already beyond noon. I was startled from my revery by sounds which I could scarcely trust my ears to believe real. I listened again, and thought I could detect them distinctly. It seemed as though some one were rapidly running over the keys of a piano-forte, essaying with the voice to follow the notes, and sometimes striking two or three bold and successive chords; a merry laugh would follow, and drown all other sounds. "What can it be?" thought I. "There is, to be sure, a piano-forte in the large drawing-room; but then, who would venture upon such a liberty as this? beside, who is capable of it? There!—it can be no inexperienced performer gave that shake; my worthy housekeeper never accomplished that." So saying, I jumped from the breakfast-table, and set off in the direction of the sound. A small drawing-room and the billiard-room, lay between me and the large drawing-room; and, as I traversed them, the music grew gradually louder. Conjecturing that, whoever it might be, the performance would cease on my entrance, I listened for a few minutes before opening the door. Nothing could be more singular—nothing more strange—than the effect of those unaccustomed sounds in that silent and deserted place. The character of the music, too, contributed not a little to this; rapidly passing from grave to gay—from the melting softness of some plaintive air to the reckless hurry and confusion of an Irish jig—the player seemed, as it were, to run wild through all the floating fancies of his memory; now breaking suddenly off in the saddest cadence of a song, the notes would change into some quaint old-fashioned crone, in which the singer seemed so much at home, and gave the queer drollery of the words that expression of archness so eminently the character of certain Irish airs. "But what the deuce is this?" said I, as, rattling over the keys with a flowing but brilliant finger, she—for it was unquestionably a woman—with a clear and sweet voice, broken by laughter, began to sing the words of Mr. Bodkin's song, "The Man for Galway;" when she had finished the last verse, her hand strayed, as it were, carelessly across the instrument, while she herself gave way to a free burst of merriment; and then, suddenly resuming the air, she chanted forth the following words, with a spirit and effect I can convey no idea of:

"To live at home,
And never roam,
To pass his days in sighing;
To wear sad looks,
Read stupid books,
And look half dead or dying:
Not show his face,
Nor join the chase,
But dwell a hermit alway:
Oh! Charley dear!
To me 'tis clear,
You're not the man for Galway!"

"'You're not the man for Galway!'" repeated she once more, while she closed the piano with a loud bang.

"And why not, my dear?—why not the man for Galway?" said I, as, bursting open the door, I sprang into the room.

"Oh! it's you, is it? at last! So I've unearthed you, have I?"

With these words she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; leaving me, who intended to be the party giving the surprise, amazed, confused and speechless, in the middle of the floor.

That the reader may sympathise a little in my distress, let me present him with the *tableau* before me. Seated upon the piano-stool was a young lady, of at most eighteen years: her face, had it not been for its expression of exuberant drollery and malicious fun, would have been downright beautiful: her eyes, of the deepest blue, and shaded by long lashes, instead of indulging the character of pensive and thoughtful beauty for which nature destined them, sparkled with a most animated brightness; her nose which, rather short, was still beautifully proportioned, gave, with her well curled upper lip, a look of sauciness to the features quite bewitching; her hair—that brilliant auburn we see in a *Carlo Dolci*—fell in wild and massive curls upon her shoulders. Her costume was a dark green riding-habit, not of the newest in its fashion, and displaying more than one rent in its careless folds; her hat, whip and gloves lay on the floor beside her; and her whole attitude and bearing indicated the most perfect ease and carelessness.

"So you are caught—taken alive!" said she, as

she pressed her hands upon her sides in a fresh burst of laughter,

"By Jove! this is a surprise indeed!" said I; "and pray into whose fair hands have I fallen a captive?" recovering myself a little, and assuming a half air of gallantry.

"So you don't know me! Don't you——?"

"Upon my life I do not."

"How good! Why I'm Baby Blake."

"Baby Blake!" said I; thinking that a rather strange appellation for one whose well developed proportions betokened nothing of infancy. "Baby Blake!"

"To be sure; your cousin Baby."

"Indeed!" said I springing forward. "Let me embrace my relative."

Accepting my proffered salutation with the most exemplary coolness, she said—

"Get a chair now, and let's have a talk together."

"Why the devil do they call you Baby!" said I, still puzzled by this palpable misnomer.

"Because I am the youngest, and I was always the baby," replied she, adjusting her ringlets with a most rural coquetry. "Now tell me something: why do you live shut up here like a madman, and not come near us at Gurtnamora!"

"Oh! that's a long story, Baby. But, since we are asking questions—how did you get in here?"

"Just through the window, my dear; and I've torn my habit as you see."

So saying, she exhibited a rent of about two feet long, thrusting through it a very pretty foot and ankle at the same time.

"As my inhospitable customs have cost you a habit, you must let me make you a present of one."

"No! will you though! that's a good fellow. Lord! I told them I knew you weren't a miser; that you were only odd; that's all."

"And how did you come over, Baby?"

"Just cantered over with little Paddy Byrne. I made him take all the walls and ditches we met, and they're scraping the mud off him ever since. I'm glad I make you laugh, Charley; they say you are so sad. Dear me! how thirsty I am! have you any beer?"

"To be sure, Baby. But wouldn't you like some luncheon?"

"Of all things. Well, this is fun!" said she, as, taking my arm, I led her from the drawing-room. "They don't know where I'm gone—not one of them; and I've a great mind not to tell them, if you wouldn't blab."

"Would it be quite proper?"

"Proper!" cried she, imitating my voice; "I like that! as if I was going to run away with you. Dear me! what a pretty house! and what nice pictures! Who is that old fellow up there in the armour?"

"That's Sir Hildebrand O'Malley," said I, with some pride, in recognising an ancestor of the thirteenth century.

"And the other old fright with the wig, and his hands stuck in his pockets?"

"My grandfather, Baby."

"Lord! how ugly he is! Why, Charley, he hasn't a look of you; one would think, too, he was angry at us. Ay, old gentleman! you don't like to see me leaning on cousin Charley's arm. That must be the luncheon, I'm sure; I hear knives and forks rattling there."

The old butler's astonishment was not inferior to my own a few minutes before, when I entered the dining-room with my fair cousin upon my arm. As I drew the chair toward the table, a thought struck me, that possibly it might only be a due attention to my fair guest, if I invited the house-keeper, Mrs. Magra, to favour us with her presence; and accordingly, in an under-tone, so as not to be overheard by old Simon, I said—

"Perhaps, Baby, you'd like to have Mrs. Magra to keep us company?"

"Who is she?" was the brief answer.

"The housekeeper; a very respectable old matron."

"Is she funny?"

"Funny! Not a bit."

"Oh, then never mind her. What made you think of her?"

"Why I thought—perhaps you'd think—that is, people might say—in fact, I was doing a little bit proper on your account."

"Oh! that was it, was it? Thank you for nothing, my dear, Baby Blake can take care of herself. And now just help me to that wing there. Do you know, cousin Charley, I think you're an old quiz, and not half as good a fellow as you used to be."

"Come, come, Baby, don't be in such a hurry to pronounce upon me. Let us take a glass of wine. Fill Miss Blake's glass, Simon."

"Well, you may be better when one comes to know you. I detest sherry; no, never mind, I'll take it, as it's there, Charley, I'll not compliment your ham: they don't know how to save them here. I'll give you such a receipt when you come over to see us. But will you come? that's the question."

"How can you ask me! Don't you think I'll return your visit?"

"Oh! hang your ceremony. Come and see us, like a good-natured fellow, that knew us since we played together, and quarrelled over our toys on the grass. Is that your sword up there? Did you hear that noise? that was thunder: there it comes. Look at that!"

As she spoke, a darkness like night overspread the landscape; the waves of the river became greatly agitated, and the rain, descending in torrents, beat with tremendous force against the windows; clap after clap of thunder followed; the lightning flashed fearfully through the gloom, and the wind growing every moment stronger, drove the rain with redoubled violence against the glass. For awhile we amused ourselves with watching the effects of the storm without; the poor labourers flying from their work; the dripping figures seeking shelter beneath the trees; the barks, the very loaded carts themselves, all interested Miss Baby, whose eye roved from the shore to the Shannon, recognising, with a practised eye, every house upon its banks, and every bark that rocked and pitched beneath the gale.

"Well this is pleasant to look out at," said she at length, and, after the storm had lasted above an hour, without evincing any show of abatement; "but what's to become of me?"

Now that was the very question I had been asking myself for the last twenty minutes, without ever being able to find the answer.

"Eh, Charley what's to become of me?"

"Oh, never fear: one thing's quite certain, you cannot leave us in such weather: the river is certainly impassable by this time, and the ford and long round by the road is out of the question; it is fully twelve miles. I have it, Baby; you, as I've said before, can't leave this, but I can. Now I'll go over to Gurtnamora, and return in the morning to bring you back; it will be fine by that time."

"Well, I like your notion; you'll leave me all alone here to drink tea, I suppose, with your friend Mrs. Magra; a pleasant evening I'd have of it: not a bit——"

"Well, Baby, don't be cross; I only meant this arrangement really for your sake, I needn't tell you how very much I'd prefer doing the honours of my poor house in person."

"Oh, I see what you mean—more proper. Well, well, I'm a great deal to blame; but, look, I think it's growing lighter."

"No, far from it; it's only that gray mass along the horizon that always bodes continual rain."

As the prospect without had little cheering to look upon we sat down beside the fire, and chatted away, forgetting very soon, in a hundred mutual recollections and enquiries, the rain and the wind, the thunder and the hurricane. Now and then, as some louder crash would resound above our heads for a moment we would turn to the window, and comment upon the dreadful weather; but the next, we had forgotten all about it, and were deep in our confabulations.

As for my fair cousin, who at first was full of contrivances to pass the time: such as the piano; a game at backgammon; chicken hazard; battledore; she became mightily interested in some of my soldiering adventures. It was six o'clock ere we again thought that some final measure must be adopted for restoring Baby to her friends, or, at least, guarding the consequences her simple and guileless nature might have involved her in.

Mike was called into the conference, and, at his suggestion, it was decided that we should have out the phaeton, and that I should myself drive Miss Blake home; a plan which offered no other difficulties than this one, namely, that of above thirty horses in my stables, I had not a single pair which had ever been harnessed.

This, so far from proving the obstacle I deemed it, seemed on the contrary, to overwhelm Baby with delight.

"Let's have them. Come, Charley; this will be rare fun; we couldn't team four, could we?"

"Six, if you like it, my dear coz. Who's to hold them: they're young thoroughbreds; most of them never backed; some not bitted. In fact, I know nothing of my stable. I say, Mike, is there any thing fit to take out?"

"Yes, sir; there's Miss Widespin: she's in training, to be sure; but we can't help that; and the brown colt they call 'Billy the Bolter:' they're the likeliest we have; without your honour would take the two chestnuts we took up last week; they're raal devils to go; and, if the tackle will hold them, they'll bring you to Mr. Blake's door in forty minutes."

"I vote for the chestnuts," said Baby, slapping her boot with her horsewhip.

"I move an amendment in favour of Miss Widespin," said I, doubtfully.

"He'll never do for Galway," sang Baby, laying her whip on my shoulder with no tender hand; "yet you used to cross the country in good style when you were here before."

"And might do so again, Baby."

"Ah, do; that vile dragoon seat, with your long stirrup, and your heel dropped, and your elbow this way, and your head that! How could you ever screw your horse up to his fence, lifting him along as you came up through the heavy ground, and with a stroke of your hand, sending him pop over with his hind legs well under him?" Here she burst into a fit of laughter at my look of amazement, as with voice, gesture, and look, she actually realised the scene she described.

By the time that I had costumed my fair friend in my dragoon cloak and a foraging cap, with a gold band around it, which was the extent of muffling my establishment could muster, a distant noise without, apprised us that the phaeton was approaching. Certainly, the mode in which that equipage came up to the door, might have inspired sentiments of fear in any heart less steeled against danger than my fair cousin's. The two blood chestnuts (for it was those Mike harnessed, having a groom's dislike to take a racer out of training) were surrounded by about twenty people: some at their heads; some patting them on the flanks; some spoking the wheels; and a few, the more cautious of the party, standing at a respectable distance, and offering advice. The mode of progression was simply a spring, a plunge, a rear, a lounge, and a kick, and, considering that it was the first time they ever performed together, nothing could be more uniform than their display: sometimes the pole would be seen to point straight upward, like a lightning conductor, while the infuriated animals appeared sparring with their fore-legs at an imaginary enemy. Sometimes, like the pictures in a school book on mythology, they would seem in the act of diving, while with their hind legs they dashed the splashboard into fragments behind them; their eyes flashing fire, their nostrils distended, their flanks heaving, and every limb trembling with passion and excitement.

"That's what I call a rare turn-out," said Baby, who enjoyed the proceeding amazingly.

"Yes; but remember," said I, "we're not to have all these running footmen the whole way."

"I like that near sider with the white fetlock."

"You're right, miss," said Mike, who entered at the moment, and felt quite gratified at the criticism. "You're right, miss, it's himself can do it."

"Come, Baby, are you ready?"

"All right, sir," said she, touching her cap knowingly with her fore-finger.

"Will the tackle hold, Mike?" said I.

"We'll take this with us, at any rate," pointing, as he spoke, to a considerable coil of rope, a hammer, and a basket of nails, he carried on his arm. "It's the break harness we have, and it ought to be strong enough; but sure, if the thunder comes on again, they'd smash a chain cable."

"Well, Charley, keep their heads straight; for when they go that way, they mean going."

"Well, Baby, let's start; but pray remember one thing. If I'm not as agreeable on the journey as I ought to be; if I don't say as many pretty things to

my pretty coz, it's because these confounded beasts will give me much as I can do."

"Oh yes, look after the cattle, and take another time for squeezing my hand——— I say, Charley, you'd like to smoke, now, wouldn't you? if so, don't mind me."

"A thousand thanks for thinking of it; but I'll not commit such a trespass on good breeding."

When we reached the door, the prospect looked dark and dismal enough; the rain had almost ceased, but masses of black cloud were hurrying across the sky, and the low rumbling noise of a gathering storm crept along the ground. Our panting equipage, with its two mounted grooms behind—for, to provide against all accidents, Mike ordered two such to follow us—stood in waiting. Miss Blake's horse, held by the smallest imaginable bit of boyhood, bringing up the rear.

"Look at Paddy Byrne's face," said Baby, directing my attention to the little individual in question.

Now, small as the aforesaid face was, it contrived, within its limits, to exhibit an expression of unqualified fear. I had no time, however, to give a second look, when I jumped into the phaeton and seized the reins. Mike sprang up behind, at a look from me, and, without speaking a word, the stable men and helpers flew right and left. The chestnuts seeing all free before them, made one tremendous plunge, carrying the fore carriage clear off the ground, and straining every nut, bolt, screw, and strap about us with the effort.

"They're off now," cried Mickey.

"Yes, they are off, now," said Baby. "Keep them going."

Nothing could be easier to follow than this advice; and, in fact, so little merit had I in obeying it, that I never spoke a word. Down the avenue we went, at the speed of lightning, the stones, and the water from the late rain, flying and splashing about us. In one series of plunges, agreeably diversified by a strong bang upon the splash-board, we reached the gate. Before I had time to utter a prayer for our safety, we were through, and fairly upon the high road.

"Musha, but the masther's mad," cried the old dame of the gate lodge; "he wasn't out of this gate for a year and a half, and look now——"

The rest was lost in the clear ringing laugh of Baby, who clapped her hands in ecstasy and delight.

"What a spanking pair they are! I suppose you wouldn't let me get my hand on them," said she, making a gesture as if to take the reins.

"Heaven forbid, my dear," said I; "they've nearly pulled my wrists off already."

Our road, like many in the west of Ireland, lay through a level tract of bog; deep ditches, half filled with water, on either side of us, but fortunately, neither hill nor valley for several miles.

"There's the mail," said Baby, pointing to a dark speck at a long distance off.

Ere many minutes elapsed, our stretching gallop, for such had our pace sobered into, brought us up with it, and as we flew by, at top speed, Baby jumped to her feet, and turning a waggish look at our beaten rival, burst out into a fit of triumphant laughter.

Mike was correct as to time; in some few seconds less than forty minutes, we turned into the avenue of Gurtnamora. Tearing along like the very moment of their starting, the hot and fiery animals galloped up the approach, and at length came to a stop in a deep ploughed field, into which, fortunately for us, Mr. Blake, animated less by the picturesque than the profitable, had converted his green lawn. This check, however, was less owing to my agency than to that of my servants; for dismounting in haste, they flew to the horses' heads, and, with ready tact, and before I had helped my cousin to the ground, succeeded in unharnessing them from the carriage, and led them, blown and panting, conveyed with foam, and splashed with mud, into the space before the door.

By this time we were joined by the whole Blake family, who poured forth in astonishment at our strange and sudden appearance. Explanation on my part was unnecessary, for Baby, with a volubility quite her own, gave the whole recital in less than three minutes. From the moment of her advent to her departure, they had it all; and while she mingled her ridicule at my surprise, her praise of my luncheon, her jests at my prudence, the whole family joined heartily in her mirth, while they welcomed, with most unequivocal warmth, my first visit to Gurtnamora.

I confess it was with no slight gratification I remarked that Baby's visit was as much a matter of surprise to them as to me. Believing her to have gone to visit at Portumna Castle, they felt no uneasiness at her absence; so that, in her descent upon me, she was really only guided by her own wilful fancy and that total absence of all consciousness of wrong which makes a truly innocent girl the hardiest of all God's creatures. I felt reassured by this feeling, and satisfied that, whatever the intentions of the elder members of the Blake family, Baby was, at least, no participator in their plots, nor sharer in their intrigues.

## CHAPTER CXIII.

When I found myself the next morning at home, I could not help ruminating over the strange adventures of the preceding day, and felt a kind of self-reproach at the frigid manner in which I had hitherto treated all the Blake advances, contrasting so ill for me with the unaffected warmth and kind good nature of their reception. Never alluding, even by accident, to my late estrangement; never, by a chance speech, indicating that they felt any soreness for the past—they talked away about the gossip of the country—its feuds, its dinners, its assizes, its balls, its garrisons—all the varied subjects of country life were gaily and laughingly discussed; and when, as I entered my own silent and deserted home, and contrasted its look of melancholy and gloom with the gay and merry scene I so lately parted from; when my echoing steps reverberated along the flagged hall, I thought of the happy *tableaux de famille* I left behind me, and could not help avowing to myself, that the goods of fortune I possessed were but ill dispensed, when, in the midst of every means and appliance for comfort and happiness, I lived a solitary man, companionless and alone.

I arose from the breakfast a hundred times; now walking impatiently toward the window, now strolling into the drawing-room. Around, on every side, lay scattered the prints and drawings, as Baby had thrown them carelessly upon the floor; her handkerchief was also there. I took it up; I know not why: some lurking leaven of old romance perhaps suggested it; but I hoped it might prove of delicate texture, and bespeaking that lady-like coquetry which so pleasantly associates with the sex in our minds. Alas! no. Nothing could be more palpably the opposite: torn, and with a knot—some hint to memory—upon one corner, it was no aid to my careering fancy. And yet—and yet, what a handsome girl she is! how finely, how delicately formed that Greek outline of forehead and brow! how transparently soft that downy pink upon her cheek! with what varied expression those eyes can beam!—ay, that they can: but, confound it! there's this fault—their very archness—their sly malice—will be interpreted by the ill-judging world to any but the real motive. "How like a flirt!" will one say; "How impertinent! how ill-bred!" The conventional stare of cold, paletted, painted beauty, upon whose unblushing cheek no stray tinge of modesty has wandered, will be tolerated—even admired; while the artless beamings of the soul upon the face of rural loveliness will be condemned without appeal.

Such a girl may a man marry, who destines his days to his wild nest: but wo unto him!—wo unto him! should he migrate among the more civilised and less charitable *coteries* of our neighbours.

"Ah! here are the papers, and I was forgetting. Let me see—'Bayonne'—ay, 'march of the troops—sixth corps.' What can that be without? I say, Mike, who is cantering along the avenue?"

"It's me, sir. I'm training the brown filly for Miss Mary, as your honour bid me last night."

"Ah, very true. Does she go quietly?"

"Like a lamb, sir; barrin' she does give a kick now and then at the stick, when it bangs against her legs."

"Am I to go over with the books now, sir?" said a wild-looking shock-head appearing within the door.

"Yes, take them over, with my compliments; and say I hope Miss Mary Blake has caught no cold."

"You were speaking about a habit and hat, sir?" said Mrs. Magra, curtseying as she entered.

"Yes, Mrs. Magra; I want your advice——. Oh, tell Barnes I really cannot be bored about those eternal turnips every day of my life. And, Mike, I wish you'd make them look over the four-horse harness. I wish to try those grays; they tell me they'll run well together. Well, Freney, more complaints I hope! nothing but trespasses; I don't care, so you'd not worry me, if they eat up every blade of clover in the grounds; I'm sick of being bored this way. Did you say that we'd eight couple of good dogs? quite enough to begin with. Tell Jones to ride into Banagher, and look after that box: Buckwater sent it from London two months ago, and it has been lying there ever since. And, Mrs. Magra, pray let the windows be opened, and the house well aired: that drawing-room would be all the better for new papering."

These few and broken directions may serve to show my readers—what certainly they failed to convince myself of—that a new chapter of my life had opened before me; and that, in proportion to the length of time my feelings had found neither vent nor outlet, they now rushed madly, tempestuously, into their new channels; suffering no impediment to arrest, no obstacle to oppose their current.

Nothing can be conceived more opposite to my late, than my present habits now became: the house, the grounds, the gardens, all seemed to participate in the new influence which beamed upon myself; the stir and bustle of active life was every where perceptible, and amid numerous preparations for the moors and the hunting field, for pleasure parties upon the river, and fishing excursions up the mountains, my days were spent. The Blakes, without even for a moment pressing their attentions upon me, permitted me to go and come among them unquestioned and unasked. When nearly every morning I appeared in the breakfast-room, I felt exactly like a member of the family: the hundred little discrepancies of thought and habit which struck me forcibly at first, looked daily less apparent; the careless inattentions of my fair cousins as to dress, their free and easy boisterous manner, their very accents which fell so harshly on my ear, gradually made less and less impression, until at last, when a raw English ensign just arrived in the neighbourhood, remarked to me in confidence, what devilish fine girls they were, if they were not so confoundedly Irish, I could not help wondering what the fellow meant, and attributing the observation more to his ignorance than to its truth.

Papa and mamma Blake, like prudent generals, so long as they saw the forces of the enemy daily wasting before them, so long as they could with impunity carry on the war at his expense, resolved to risk nothing by a pitched battle. Unlike the Dalrymples, they could leave all to time.

Oh! tell me not of dark eyes swimming in their own ethereal essence; tell me not of pouting lips, of glossy ringlets, of taper fingers, and well rounded insteps. Speak not to me of soft voices, whose seductive sounds ring sweetly in our hearts; preach not of those thousand womanly graces so dear to every man, and doubly to him who lives apart from all their influences and their fascinations; neither dwell upon congenial temperament, similarity of taste, of disposition, and of thought; these are not the great risks a man runs in life. Of all the temptations, strong as these may be, there is one greater than them all, and that is propinquity.

Show me the man who has ever stood this test; show me the man, deserving the name of such, who has become daily and hourly exposed to the breaching artillery of flashing eyes, of soft voices, of winning smiles, and kind speeches, and who hasn't felt, and that too soon too, a breach within the rampart of his heart; he may, it is true, nay, he will in many cases, make a bold and vigorous defence. Sometimes will he re-entrench himself within the stockades of his prudence, but, alas! it is only to defer the moment when he must lay down his arms. He may, like a wise man, who sees his fate inevitable, make a virtue of necessity, and surrender at discretion, or, like a crafty foe seeing his doom before him under the cover of the night, he may make a *sortie* from the garrison, and run for his life. Ignominious as such a course must be, it is often the only one left.

But, to come back. Love, like the small pox, is

most dangerous when you take it in the natural way: those made matches, which heaven is supposed to have a hand in, when placing an unmarried gentleman's property in the neighbourhood of an unmarried lady's, who destined two people for each other in life, because their well judging friends have agreed "they'll do very well: they were made for each other." These are the mild case of the malady; this process of friendly vaccination takes out the poison of the disease, substituting a more harmless and less exciting affection; but the really dangerous instances are those from contact, that same propinquity, that confounded tendency every man yields to, to fall into a railroad of habit; that is the risk, that is the danger. What a bore it is to find that the absence of one person, with whom your're in no wise in love, will spoil your morning's canter, or your rowing party upon the river! How much put out are you when she to whom you always gave your arm in to dinner, does not make her appearance in the drawing-room; and your tea, too, some careless one, indifferent to your taste, puts a lump of sugar too little, or cream too much, while she———; but no matter, habit has done for you what no direct influence of beauty could do, and a slave to your own selfish indulgences, and the cultivation of that ease you prize so highly; you fall over head and ears in love.

Now, you are not, my good reader, by any means to suppose that this was my case. No, no, I was too much what the world terms the old soldier for that. To continue my illustrations, like the fortress that has been besieged, the sentry upon the walls keeps more vigilant watch: his ear detects the far-off clank of the dread artillery; he marks each parallel; he notes down every breaching battery; and if he be conquered, if he be captured, at least, it is in fair fight.

Such were some of my reflections, as I rode slowly home one evening from Gurtnamora. Many a time, latterly, had I contrasted my lonely and deserted hearth with the smiling looks, the happy faces, and the merry voices, I had left behind me; and many a time did I ask myself—"Am I never to partake of a happiness like this?" How many a man is seduced into matrimony from this very feeling? How many a man whose hours have passed fleetingly at the pleasant tea-table, or by the warm hearth of some old country house, going forth into the cold and cheerless night, reaches his far-off home only to find it dark and gloomy, joyless and companionless! how often has the hard-visaged look of his old butler, as, with sleepy eyes and yawning face, he hands a bed-room candle, suggested thoughts of married happiness. Of the perils of propinquity I have already spoken: the risks of contrast are also great. Have you never, in strolling through some fragment and rich conservatory, fixed your eye upon a fair and lovely flower, whose blossoming beauty seems to give all the lustre and all the incense of the scene around? and how have you thought it would adorn and grace the precincts of your home, diffusing fragrance on every side. Alas! the experiment is not always successful. Much of the charm, and many of the fascinations which delight you are the result of association of time and of place. The lovely voice, whose tones have spoken to your heart, may, like some instrument, be delightful in the harmony of the orchestra, but, after all, prove a very middling performer in a solo.

I say not this to deter men from matrimony, but to warn them from a miscalculation which may mar their happiness. Flirtation is a very fine thing, but it's only a state of transition, after all: the tadpole existence of the lover would be great fun, if one was never to become a frog under the hands of the parson. I say all this dispassionately and advisedly: like the poet of my country, for many years of my life,

"My only books were woman's looks,"

and certainly I subscribed to his circulating library.

All this long digression may perhaps bring the reader to where it brought me—the very palpable conviction, that, though not in love with my cousin Baby, that I could not tell when I might eventually become so.

---

## SUSPENDED MEMORY.

THERE is a very curious case on record, of a lady "whose memory was capacious, and well stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly, and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking, she was discovered to have lost every trait of acquired knowledge: her memory was a blank. All vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated and gone; it was found necessary for her to learn every thing again She even acquired by new efforts the art of spelling, reading, writing, and calculating; and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency; but after a few months, another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it, she found herself restored to the state she was in *before the first paroxysm*; but she was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards. The former condition of her existence she now calls the *old* state, and the latter the *new* state; and she is as unconscious of her double character as two distinct persons are of their respective natures. For example, in her old state she possesses all her original knowledge; in her new state, only what she acquired since. If a lady or gentleman be introduced to her in the old state, and *vice versa*, (so, indeed, of all other matters,) to *know them* satisfactorily she must learn them in both states. In the old state she possesses fine powers of penmanship, while in the new she writes a poor awkward hand, not having had time or means to become expert! During four years and upwards, she has had periodical transitions from one of these states to the other. The alterations are always consequent upon a long and sound sleep. Both the lady and her family are now capable of conducting the affair without embarrassment: by simply knowing whether she is in the old or new state, they regulate the intercourse and govern themselves accordingly."—*Denby's Philosophy of Mystery.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## MISS MARTINEAU'S "PLAYFELLOW."

Miss Martineau, the indefatigable friend of her kind, has commenced a new series of tales, to be published quarterly, under the title of "The Playfellow"—one significant of the purpose which the writer has in view, as well as of the class whom she addresses. As in a somewhat similar work, Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," instruction of an amusing kind is to form the staple material, and young persons, together with those whose limited education places them in nearly the same rank as regards intellectual acquirements, are the parties for whose benefit Miss Martineau's labours are obviously intended. The second volume in the series, which has made its appearance, embraces two stories designed to illustrate the condition of France previous to the Revolution, while the other refers to events during the progress of that formidable movement, the hero in the latter case being the boy, Louis XVII., the unfortunate son of his still more unfortunate father Louis XVI. Two short extracts, which our limited space allows us to present, will convey an idea of the manner in which the authoress follows out her design.

### THE QUEEN.

Marie Antoinette had been married, as we know, at fifteen, when she was not only inexperienced, but very ignorant. Her mother, the Empress of Austria, was so busy governing her empire, that she could pay little attention to the education of her children. She gave them governesses; but these governesses indulged their pupils, doing their lessons for them, tracing their writing in pencil, casting up their sums, whispering to them how to spell, doing the outline of their drawings first, and touching them up at last. The consequence was, that when this young girl entered France a bride, at fifteen years of age, she knew next to nothing; and though she took some pains, she never learned to spell well in French, or to write grammatically, even after she declared that she had forgotten her native language—German. She was very clever, notwithstanding. She had a strong, firm, and decided mind. Her ignorance, however, was an irreparable evil; especially her ignorance of men and common life. She had no means of repairing this ignorance. Every body flattered her: every one yielded to her in the days of her prosperity, so that she knew no will but her own, till some mistake, which it was too late to set right, showed her how she had been deceived.

Of her many mistakes, however, none was so fatal as that of concluding that all was well because no one told her to the contrary; of passing her days in splendour and pleasure, giving her whole mind to acting plays, masquerading, and inventing new amusements, and now and then providing for dependants by giving a license to sell some necessary article dear to the poor, while the poor were growing desperate with famine. She was careless and selfish, but she was not hard-hearted; for whenever she witnessed misery, she hastened to relieve it, often sacrificing her own pleasures for the purpose; but the people, hunger-bitten and in rags, seeing her splendour, and hearing reports of far more than was actually true, believed her hard-hearted; and from being proud of her, and devoted to her, when she entered France as a bride, they learned at last to hate her from the bottom of their souls.

There would be no end to the story of how many attendants the queen had, and what were the formalities observed among them. We will only briefly go over the history of a day, in order fully to understand how great was the reverse when she became a prisoner.

The queen was awakened regularly at eight o'clock, at which hour her first lady of the bed-chamber entered the room, and came within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed, bringing in one hand a pin-cushion, and in the other the book containing patterns of all the queen's dresses, of which she had usually thirty-six for each season, besides muslin and other common dresses. The queen marked with pins the three she chose to wear in the course of that day; one during the morning, another at dinner, and a third in the evening, at a card party, a ball, or the theatre. The book was then delivered to a footman, who carried it to the lady of the wardrobe. She took down from the shelves and drawers these dresses and their trimmings, while another woman filled a basket with the linen, &c., which her majesty would want that day. Great wrappers of green taffety were thrown over these things, and footmen carried them to the queen's dressing-room. Sometimes the queen took her breakfast in bed, and sometimes in her bath. Her linen dress was trimmed with the richest lace; her dressing-gown was of white taffety, and the slippers in which she stepped to the bath were of white dimity trimmed with lace.

Two women were kept for the sole business of attending to the bath, which was usually rolled into the room upon castors. The bathing-gown was of fine flannel, with collars and cuffs, and lining throughout of fine linen. The breakfast, of coffee, or chocolate, was served on a tray which stood on the cover of the bath. Meantime, one of the ladies warmed the bed with a silver warming-pan, and the queen returned to it, sitting up in her white taffety dressing-gown, and reading; or, if any one who had permission to visit her at that hour wished to see her, she took up her embroidery. This kind of visit at a person's rising is customary abroad; and it had been so long so at the court of France, that certain classes of persons were understood to have a right to visit the queen at the hour of her levee, as it was called. These persons were the physicians and surgeons of the court, any messengers from the king, the queen's secretary, and others; so that there were often besides the ladies in waiting, ten or a dozen persons visiting the queen as she sat up in bed at work, or taking her breakfast.

The great visiting hour, however, was noon, when the queen went into another room to have her hair dressed. We see in prints how the hair was dressed at that time—frizzed and powdered, and piled up with silk cushions and ribbons, and flowers, till the wonder was how any head could bear such a weight. It took a long time to dress a lady's hair in those days. The queen sat before a most splendid toilette-table in the middle of the room. The ladies who had been in waiting for twenty-four hours now went out, and gave place to others in full dress, with rose-coloured brocade petticoats, wide hoops, and high head-dresses with lappets, and all the finery of a

court. The usher took his place before the folding doors; great chairs and stools were set in a circle for such visiters as had a right to sit down in the presence of royalty. Then entered the ladies of the palace, the governess of the royal children, the princes of the royal family, the secretaries of state, the captains of the guard, and, on Tuesdays, the foreign ambassadors. According to their rank, the queen either nodded to them as they entered, or bowed her head, or leaned with her arm upon her toilette-table, as if about to rise. This last salutation was only to the royal princes. She never actually rose, for her hair-dresser was powdering her hair.

It was considered presumptuous and dangerous to alter any customs of the court of France; but this queen thought fit to alter one, among others. It had always, before her time, been the etiquette for the lady of the highest rank who appeared in readiness in the queen's chamber, to slip her majesty's petticoats over her head in dressing; but when her majesty was pleased to have her head dressed so high that no petticoat would go over it, but must be slipped up from her feet, she used to step into her closet, to be dressed by her favourite milliner and one of her women. This change gave great offence to the ladies, who thought they had a right to the honour of dressing the queen.

Her majesty came forth from her closet ready to go to mass in the chapel on certain days, and by this time her chaplains were in waiting among her suite. The royal princesses and their trains stood waiting to follow the queen to the chapel, but, strangely enough, this was the hour appointed for signing deeds of gift on the part of the queen. These gifts were too often licenses for the exclusive sale of articles which all should have been left free to sell. The secretary of the queen presented the pen to her majesty, and at these hours she signed away the good will of thousands of well-disposed subjects.

At this hour of the toilette, on the first day of the month, the queen was presented with her pocket-money for the month—the sum which she might do what she liked with, and out of which she made presents. This sum was always in gold, and was presented in a purse of white kid, embroidered in silver, and lined with white silk. Its amount was, on an average for the year round, L.12,500. It was by saving out of this allowance that she paid for the pair of diamond ear-rings which she bought soon after her marriage; but it took six years' savings to pay for that one ornament. She was young and giddy when she bought these jewels, and she paid for them out of her own pocket-money; but, as has been seen, the purchase did not sound well in the ears of peasants who boiled nettles for food when they could get no bread, from the pressure of the taxes. Whether the discontented knew it or not, a good deal of this monthly gold went in charity—charity, however, which did not do half the good that self-denial would have done.

Her majesty was waited on at dinner by her ladies. She dined early, generally eating chicken, and drinking water only. She supped on broth, or the wing of a fowl, and biscuits which she steeped in water. She spent the afternoons among her ladies, or with her two most intimate friends, the Duchess de Polignac, for some time governess to the royal children, and the Princess de Lamballe, superintendant of the household. After a time, the friendship with both these ladies cooled; but while it lasted, the pleasantest hours the queen passed were when working and conversing with these ladies. After the private theatre was given up, the evenings were commonly spent in small dull card-parties, but sometimes in more agreeable parties in the apartments of one or other of her two friends. It was thoughtless and undignified of the queen to act plays, to which the captains of the guard and various other persons were in time admitted as spectators; but though her best friends would have been glad that she should have abstained from such performances, it is not surprising that she inclined to an amusement that gave her something to think of and to do, and from which she really learned more of literature than she could otherwise have done. Amidst the deplorable dullness of such a life as hers, we cannot wonder that studying some of the best French dramatic poetry, and feeling for the hour that she was the companion and not the queen, should have been a pleasure which she was sorry to forego. She sorely lamented afterwards that she had ever indulged in it.

### THE KING.

The king, Louis XVI., would probably have been a dull man in any situation in life. His mind was dull, but his tastes showed that he might have been better and happier in many places than in his own palace. Till he fell into misfortune, and showed a somewhat patient and forgiving temper, he seems not to have attached any body to him. He was very silent, though now and then giving way to strange bursts of rudeness, which made his children and servants afraid of him. For many years after he married, his wife was not sure whether he cared at all about her. There must always be some doubt of this for a time in the case of royal marriages, which take place, as his did, without the parties having ever met, or being able to tell whether they shall like one another. The king's manners were such that it was difficult to say whether he cared about any body, except, indeed, one person, and that person was not the queen, nor his aunts, nor his children, but a locksmith of the name of Gamin.

There were three employments that the king was so fond of, that he seemed to have no interest left for any thing else; first, of lock-making; secondly, of hunting; thirdly, of studying geography. As long as he could spend his hours with his huntsmen, with Gamin, or making his copper globe, or colouring maps, he seemed to care little how his ministers managed his kingdom, or how his wife spent her time, and formed her friendships.

A person who had the opportunity of examining his apartments gives an account of them, which shows how little the king liked the common course of royal life, and how differently he employed his hours in private from what his people supposed. On the staircase which led from one to another of his small private apartments, hung six pictures of the king's hunts, with exact tables of the game he had killed—the quantity, the kind of game, and the dates of the occasions, divided into the months, the seasons, and the years of his reign. In a splendid room below stairs hung the engravings which had been dedicated to him, and designs of canals and other public works. The room above this contained the

king's collection of maps, spheres, and globes. Here were found numbers of maps drawn and coloured by the king, some finished, and many only half done. Above this was a workshop with a turning-lathe, and all necessary instruments for working in wood. Here, while no one knew where the king was, did he spend hours with a footman named Duret, in cleaning and polishing his tools. Higher up was a library, containing the books the king valued most, and some private papers relating to the history of the royal families of Hanover, England, Austria, and Russia. In the room over this, however, did his majesty most delight to spend his mornings. It contained a forge, two anvils, and every tool used in lock-making. Here he took lessons of Gamin, who was smuggled up the back stairs by Duret; and here the king and the locksmith hammered away for hours together, while all about the room might be seen common locks finished in the most perfect manner, secret locks, and locks of copper splendidly gilt. Gamin was a vulgar-minded man; and he treated the king ill both at this time, and after adversity had overtaken the royal family. In these early days, he felt that the king was in his power, so afraid was his majesty of the queen and court knowing about this lock-making, and Gamin having it in his power to tell any day. He spoke gruffly to the king, and ordered him about as if he had been an apprentice, to which the king always submitted. He not only endured this treatment, but intrusted Gamin with various secret commissions, which were sometimes of great importance. The account which Gamin gave of the king was, that he was kind and forbearing, timid, inquisitive, and very apt to go to sleep.

There was one more apartment, a sort of observatory, on the leads, in which was an immense telescope. Duret was always at hand, either sharpening tools, or cleaning the anvil, or pasting maps; and the king employed him to fix the lens of the telescope so as to suit his majesty's eye; and there, in an arm-chair at the end of the telescope, sat the king for hours together, spying at the people who thronged the palace courts, or who went to and fro in the avenue.

While his majesty was thus pursuing all this child's play in private, his people were starving by thousands, and preparing by millions to rebel; the government was deep in debt, the ministers perplexed, and the wisest of them in despair, because they never could get his majesty to speak or act, even so far as to say in council which of two different opinions he liked the best. He would sit by, hearing consultations on the most important and pressing affairs, and after all leave his ministers unable to act, because he would not utter so much as "Yes" or "No." He had no will, and nothing could be done without it. What a pity, for suffering France, and for the mild Louis himself and all his family, that he was not a huntsman or a mechanic, instead of a king!

From the Examiner.

## THE CONTRASTS.

A BALLAD. BY SN. SIDNEY.

I saw Sir Robert Peel proceed with gravely cheerful face,
After long absence, to resume his unforgotton place;
I asked the cause of his return—an old man answering said,
He's sent to save the people, sir, by giving them DEAR BREAD.

I saw a band of shouting squires, with horse and hound and horn,
Go galloping across the fields where sprouted the green corn;
An aged pauper breaking stones in answer to me said,
*They* care not how they crush the corn—they thrive upon DEAR BREAD.

I saw a beauty in the park, not famed for chastity;
Bespatter with her chariot wheels a modest passer-by;
Rich jewels decked her lovely arms, rich gems adorned her head,
All given, they say, by one of those who thrive upon DEAR BREAD.

In France's brilliant capital I heard a young lord say,
Let merchants, manufacturers, and such low men decay;
For we're the salt of all the earth, well-born, by God well bred,
And tho' we choose to live abroad, we'll make them eat DEAR BREAD.

PART II.

I saw a grieving artizan beside a workhouse bier,
His three pale children, hand in hand, were standing grieving near;
I said to him, my honest man, 'tis vain to mourn the dead;
He answered not, but cried—Oh, Lord! wilt thou deny us bread!

I paced our merchant cities, and I found them strangely still,
The iron works were silent, and mute the cotton mill;
And round stood groups of starving men—my heart was filled with dread,
As I heard them hoarsely murmuring, the laws deny us bread.

I prophesy the day will come when all the hardy North,
And Lancashire and Warwickshire, shall send their millions forth,
And Staffordshire and Derbyshire shall march by famine led,
And cry, in one resistless voice—Proud lords, untax our *bread*.

And we're supported by the Queen, the glory of our band,
Dukes Cleveland, Bedford, Devonshire, and noble Sutherland;
The Earls of Spencer, Leicester, too, are ready all to head
The peaceful battle that shall give to all of us cheap [*bread*.

[From the United Service Journal.]

## THE ASSAULT ON FORT ERIE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

In the month of August, 1840, a select, although rather a numerous, party of pilgrims and votaries to the beauties of nature, had collected, as is usual at this season, at the Cataract Hotel, in the small village of Niagara, with a view to gratify their anxious curiosity by a visit to the celebrated Falls bearing that name.

Having contemplated and admired, almost to satiety, the diversity of beautiful scenery—the vast combination of natural wonders—this great phenomenon never fails to impress on the mind of every visiter, and having been reinforced by some handsome ladies and gay militaires from Buffalo, they determined at length to relieve their fatigued imagination by a change of recreation, and to devote a few hours of the evening of the 13th of August to the charms of the goddess of grace and pleasure, the fascinating Terpsichore.

The place selected for the consummation of this festivity was built on the margin of the river, and romantically situated close to the roaring precipice; and so strongly and poetically were they still inspired with what they had witnessed in the course of their rambles, that, in their ecstacy, they actually fancied the melodious notes intended to enliven and accompany the evening's fete, as well as the tender accents that gallantry would bestow on beauty and youth, would be re-echoed from rock to rock among the rushing rapids, till lost at length in the immeasurable abyss. Of such lofty elements was our agreeable circle composed!

My friend Colonel H—— and myself had taken up our residence at this hotel several days previously, and, of course, formed a component part of the *assemblee dansante*. We had fixed on the following morn to cross under the Falls to the Canadian side, visit Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and Fort Erie—then recross the river at the village of Waterloo, opposite Black Rock, and take up our night quarters at the thriving and rising city of Buffalo. This project in view, the *reunion* was *tres a propos*, and led to our making the acquaintance of the American militaires.

After the ladies had retired from the *soiree dansante*, which they only did when Phœbus again threatened to walk the heavens and illumine the earth, a few choice spirits—Major S——h, Capt. R——, and one or two younger officers, belonging to the garrison at Buffalo—proposed that we should finish the evening, or rather begin the morning, with a *petit souper*; and, accordingly, we ensconced ourselves into a sanctum sanctorum on the opposite side of the hotel, as far from the noise of the rushing waters of the cataract as we could, there to regale ourselves with deviled becassins, iced champagne, and Havana cigars—to discuss and descant upon the fair faces and fine forms our eyes had been gratified with in the course of the evening. Eyes (with arched eyebrow) of all kinds and sorts were commented upon—the bright blue, the black, the gray, the hazel, the weeping, the smiling, the sleepy. Some of the young aspirants even congratulated themselves on the manner in which such and such eyes had been *rubbed over* them; others hinted at a certain pressure of the hand—at the number of times he had had the honour of dancing with the same fair lady, and how he had, preferably, been selected as her cavalier, to the no small discomfiture of some less favoured swain, &c.

And when these personal observations and topics had been disposed of, the conversation became more general: military subjects connected with the last war became the engrossing topic—Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and the attack on Fort Erie, came on the tapis.

A *partie de peche et de chasse* was proposed for the approaching morn; and it was agreed that we should all start for the battle-ground—fish and shoot on the banks of the Chippewa Creek—and each party give his version of the deeds of valour performed on these ensanguined plains.

My friend, Colonel H——, had been present at two of these hard fought days, when Saxon was opposed to Saxon: there could be little jealousy when the same blood was streaming in the actors' veins, although the battles were fought for different interests.

Captain S——, a fine old fellow, with rather a nasal twang, and with an occasional "guess" and "calculate," told us, between each glass of the sparkling liquor we were sipping, that he had been at all the three battles just mentioned. He commenced with a description of that of Chippewa, fought the 5th of July, 1814; talked a good deal about Sir Phineas Riall, Bart., but much more about Generals Scott, Ripley, and Porter. He said the forces were pretty nearly equal—that the attack was begun by Gen. Riall, and that the battle was fought on the plain, south of the Creek, where we were going to fish—that he was very young at the time, but remembers the exultation produced by the announcement of the British regulars having suffered a defeat, but more especially that of the sanguinary fight that followed on the 25th of the same month, called the battle of Lundy's Lane, and which, as the loquacious Captain observed, was won over the veterans of Wellington. He got very eloquent, when touching on the ardour displayed by Scott's Brigade at both battles, and when stating how, at Chippewa, he forced the British to flee behind their batteries; and at Lundy's Lane, he recounted the deeds of a Colonel Miller with great spirit, who, when annoyed by a British battery on a commanding height, was asked if he would attempt to carry the position, to which he laconically replied, "I guess I'll try;" and off he set, with his corps, at double time, and, in the twinkling of a bed-post, carried the same. The battle commenced in the evening, and finished in the dark.

"Yes," said Colonel H——, "and the corps were so near one another, you actually clapped your limbers to one of our guns, and carried it off, thinking it your own; this was your only trophy."*

"But the sun is up," said some keen sportsman, "let us be off."

The landlord furnished each of us with a jacket, a fishing-rod, and a fowling-piece;† our Buffalo friends had come prepared with these accessories. We now proceeded down the spiral stair to the ferry-boat, and

* The reverse was the case; when the Americans were driven back, they limbered up one of our guns, and left theirs in its place: a pretty convincing proof of how close the combat was.

† We had determined to leave our servants and baggage here.

crossed under the foaming and glittering cataract, lighted up by the rays of a rising sun. What gorgeous splendour was here exhibited to the astonished sight!

We halted at Clifton House, the hotel on the Canadian side—got an excellent breakfast, whilst the landlord went in search of some Rosinantes for our excursion. Shortly after, we started through Lundy's Lane—a very strong and well-adapted ground to fight on. The enthusiastic Captain proceeded to point out to us the different points of attack and defence.

We got to the Chippewa Creek, or River, as it was called; ascended it a considerable distance, and had tolerable sport. We caught, principally, a kind of white fish, the flesh of which was very delicate. Some of them weighed from two to three pounds: they fought well, and afforded good sport. It was a kind of trawling operation we performed, with a piece of dead bait, much in the style of pike-fishing. We also shot some plover and a few wild ducks. This over, we passed across the field of Chippewa, and came to the debris of Fort Erie, near which stands the village of Waterloo. We here found a snug and comfortable inn. We pulled out our prog, with which we had taken care to provide ourselves; but our American friends had forestalled us by having sent an express to Buffalo, and servants, wines, and viands, awaited us!

When our appetites were satisfied, and whilst whiffing our cheroots, the spot on which we were sitting naturally turned our conversation to the scene here enacted a little later in the same year in which the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane were fought; and Major S——, an actor and ocular witness, stated as follows:—

"That before the war, it was but a flimsy affair, and that after the capture of Fort George by the Americans, it was abandoned by the British and occupied by the Americans: that it was again occupied and again surrendered; and, finally, put into a more formidable state of defence by the Americans. Sir Gordon Drummond, after the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, came here, and undertook to carry it by a regular siege; but, after the most strenuous and persevering efforts, was repulsed with considerable loss, and had to effect his retreat. It was on the memorable 15th of August (he added,) that Sir Gordon Drummond attempted to storm it in three columns—the right led by Colonel Fischer, the centre by Colonel Drummond, and the left by Colonel Scott. The night was dark and stormy: Fischer's column advanced cautiously on the right battery, bayonets fixed, and scaling-ladders ready; but he was met by the Americans, under the gallant Wood, who, after a desperate fight, drove off the assailants. A second attempt having also been repulsed, the determined foe attempted to turn the flank by passing the point of the abattis, to do which required the assailants to wade breast-high in the waters of the lake. A deadly conflict at this point, which cost the lives of nearly two hundred of the column, terminated in its utter dispersion and defeat. Colonels Drummond and Scott were no less determined to conquer. Twice they were repulsed in their assaults; but at length, having gained possession of the bastion where Capt. Williams, Lieuts. M'Donough and Watmough were stationed, for a time the battle seemed doubtful. Lieut. M'Donough, being badly wounded, demanded quarter of Colonel Drummond, who refused it, and shot him down. The latter, however, was himself killed while crying out, 'Give no quarter!' By a determined effort, the bastion was at last recovered by the Americans, and the enemy was entirely defeated and driven from the field. Their loss was 900—that of the Americans but 84.

"Disappointed in this attempt, General Drummond thence undertook to surround the fort, and compel it to surrender at discretion. An advanced line of batteries, from the river to the lake, at five hundred yards' distance from the fort, was formed, while the reserve lay at a distance beyond the reach of its fire.

"General Brown, who now succeeded the gallant Gaines in command, feeling uneasy at this position of affairs, planned a sortie, which took place on the 17th of September, and was one of the most brilliant feats of the whole war. The troops were led out in two divisions, under Colonels Wood and Gibson; and though these brave men fell in the conflict, the expedition was crowned with success. Three batteries, two blockhouses, and the intervening lines of intrenchments, were destroyed, and 380 prisoners were captured. Forty-seven days' labour of the enemy was thus rendered useless. This action was of a new character so far as the Americans were concerned, and was considered a very gallant one. The result of the affair was the retreat of General Drummond, a few days afterwards, down the river. On the approach of winter the fort was dismantled, and the troops went into winter-quarters on the American side. I am thus particular in my narrative," concluded Major S——, "because, in the splendour of the victories of Bridgewater and Chippewa, the sortie of Fort Erie is too often forgotten. . ."

During the recital of these military feats, in which high colouring and gross exaggeration were not omitted by the narrator, I perceived my friend, Colonel H——, (who had been on active service during the whole of the Canadian campaign, and had actually been present at the assault of Fort Erie,) observe, with one or two exceptions, a marked silence, accompanied by a smile, bordering on incredulity, and clearly indicative of dissent.

On the following morning, to my no small and agreeable surprise, he had prepared a detailed statement of the assault on Fort Erie, which, from its interesting and authentic character, I cannot here omit to subjoin in contra-distinction of the American account. It is as follows:—

*Statement of Colonel H——, (of the British Service.)*

"We assaulted Fort Erie about two o'clock on the morning of 15th August, 1814. The plan of attack, as nearly as I can recollect, was as follows:—

"The right column of attack, under Colonel Fischer, of De Watteville's Regiment, was composed of 8th Regt., light company 100th Regt., and De Wattesville's; destined to attack that part of the fortress called Snake Hill.

"The centre column, under Colonel Drummond, of 104th Regt., composed of a party of seamen, flank companies of the 41st and 104th Regts.; to attack the angle of the fort nearest the river, or, indeed the lake.

"Left column, under Colonel Scott, of the 103d Regt., was composed of the 103d Regt., and was destined to attack at the water's edge, break through the breastwork, and enter the fort, if possible, by the gate fronting the water.

"On the night previous to the assault, Capt. Dobbs, of the Navy, with a party of seamen, carried some boats from the river in the rear of the fort, and hauled them above Snake Hill into the lake. Taking advantage of a dark night, they actually dropped down with the current, and captured two small schooners, anchored in front of the fort, and armed with long guns, which had been placed there to annoy the flank of the besiegers. This surprise and capture was well conceived and gallantly executed. A Lieutenant of the Navy, Ratcliffe, was killed, with a very trifling proportion of men. Next day Sir Gordon Drummond issued an order, eulogising Capt. Dobbs and his seamen, calling upon the army to volunteer to storm the fort, and to emulate the conduct of the naval party. Accordingly, the army did volunteer, with the exception of Colonel Gordon and the Royals. Colonel Gordon remarking that his Regt. was ready for any service they might be wanted for, and, therefore, their volunteering was useless. This, I have heard, was not very well received at head-quarters; but I merely write from report, current in the camp at the moment, not vouching for its truth. There was also an order that the flints were to be taken out of the muskets, and that the troops were to move to the assault with the bayonet, of which they were recommended to make free use. Alas! if this absurd order had not been issued I have no sort of doubt that we should have carried the fortress.

"The right column of attack was to have been commanded and led by Major-General Conran; but his horse having, unfortunately, the day previously, fallen with him, his leg was dreadfully fractured, and he was taken to the rear. Colonel Fischer, of De Watteville's Regt., the next senior, consequently fell into the command.

"The forlorn hope of this column was led by Major Powell,* then on the Staff, and Lieut. Brooke Young, of the King's Regt. These gallant officers, after a good deal of difficulty, got into the fort, and, after having done so, Powell called out, 'Now, my men, open your fire.' To their horror the flints were wanting. The consequence was, that although they were gallantly supported, particularly by the King's and 100th, (De Watteville's giving way,) the whole party was forced back, and a fire sent amongst them which they could not return, nor stand against. The loss this column sustained I am unable to state.

"The centre column was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Drummond, of the 105th Regt. The seamen and some soldiers proceeded, carrying the ladders. We were received with a heavy fire, and most of the men carrying the ladders were knocked down. Capt. O'Keefe, of the 41st Regt., a volunteer, and not belonging to either of the flank companies, succeeded in getting a ladder up to the battery, and it was shortly carried, by this single ladder, by the seamen and the 41st Regt., in a most determined and gallant manner. The order for taking out the flints was countermanded by Colonel Drummond: at least, I know that the companies I belonged to went into the action with them.

"Colonel Drummond was killed very early in the affray, and the command of the column devolved upon Brevet-Major Glew, light company, 41st Regt.; but this officer being wounded, Capt. Bullock, 41st Grenadiers, became the senior of the second column. Some time after getting into the battery, Capt. Bullock observed to the writer of these notes, 'You, as well as myself, have been quartered in the stone buildings: collect what men you can of the light company, join me, and attempt to get possession of the barracks,' which, as I have before observed, were of stone, and strongly loopholed. We succeeded in getting into the lower part of the building, but met with such a violent resistance that we were quickly driven out, the Captain having been seriously wounded in the head, and obliged to leave the fortress. Shortly after this, I was myself wounded, and taken to the rear.

"The third column was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, 103d Regt., and was called the water column, it being destined to break through the breastwork which was carried from the battery to the water's edge; and, if they succeeded, they were to push for the gate of the fortress fronting the lake. Failing in this, Colonel Scott made for the battery already carried by the second column, and a scene of great confusion ensued. The Colonel entered the fort, and, of course, assumed the command. We had already got in rear of the breastwork, and had opened a fire upon the Americans, by which they must have been driven from their entrenchments; but the Colonel rebuking the officer, the firing was ordered to cease.* Almost at this moment this gallant soldier received a wound which was mortal, and which deprived his country, in a very short period, of his valuable life and services.

"When I quitted the principal battery the fort was in our possession, and I perfectly recollect saying, as I passed to the rear, to some of the Staff, 'For God's sake push on the reserve, (consisting of the Royals and Glengarry Rifflemen,) and the fort is yours.' Shortly after this the battery was blown up, and a tremendous loss of life ensued. Of the 8 officers of the 41st Regt. that went to the assault, 2 Captains and 2 Subalterns were wounded, 1 Subaltern killed, and 1 taken inside the fort after the explosion. The two companies, out of 160 rank and file that went into action, scarcely mustered 50 men afterwards, and the total loss of the whole amounted to nearly 800 men killed and wounded. From this period the General commanding made a close investment of the place; but the breaching batteries were at too great a distance, and several sorties were made by the enemy. The first, if my recollection serves me right, was about the 4th Sept., in which they signally failed; the second was on the 17th of the same month, when they were equally unsuccessful, and the work of destruction was complete. The batteries were in the keeping of De Watteville's Regt. and the Royals.

* Powell died as Lieut.-Col. in command of the 40th Regiment, in Bombay Presidency.

* How cool, how beautiful; he was only endeavouring to carry out, to the letter, the ill-judged order of his superior.

The former regiment, composed of vagabonds from the hulks, and in no way to be depended upon, gave way, and the Royals, a weak Regiment, were overpowered. Their much-beloved Colonel (Gordon) fell. This was greatly to their disadvantage: he was a good and gallant soldier, and much regretted by the whole Army.

"The Americans boast of upwards of 300 prisoners; but this is not the fact. A number of De Watteville's Regt. deserted, as also some of the Royals; but they took very few, if any, prisoners. Those batteries were nobly retaken by the gallant old 6th and 82d Regts.; and the American attacking party was severely and roughly handled by these two regiments.

"I must here remark that, if any other corps in the Army had had the charge of the batteries, except the De Wattevilles, the disgrace of losing them would never have occurred. Shortly after this event the army retreated to the Chippewa, where I rejoined from sick quarters. There was subsequently little or nothing done on either side, and late in the autumn we embarked on board the fleet, and sailed for Kingston and Montreal, where we arrived before the navigation closed, and mustered at Trois Rivieres. In the following spring we embarked at Quebec for Europe, peace having taken place with America; and, in consequence of the useless loss of time in lying and waiting at Quebec, the army arrived too late for Waterloo."

---

[From the United Service Journal.]

## MIDWATCH IN A MERCHANTMAN.

BY A MIDSHIPMAN ON HALF PAY.

It was on the night of the 10th July, 18—, in lat. , long. , that the good vessel, the Brothers, was on her passage home from Antigua. She was about 450 tons register, barque-rigged, and a very fine vessel for her class—but which is not saying much for her speed—for being built for the West India trade, for burthen and not for fast sailing, she was not what one would call a clipper; but still, though rather bluff about the bows, she was a good sea-boat, and a nice roomy ship for a passenger. Her Captain—I should say her Master—had been a long time in the trade, and had saved sufficient money to purchase the half-ownership of the vessel he commanded. He had for his Mate, a man who had served for many years during the war as a Master's Mate in the Navy. The two together kept the craft very ship-shape, more so than I have ever seen a merchantman before or since.

My fellow-passengers were a Mr. Melville and his son. The father was a man who was thoroughly just from principle, always strictly honest and honorable, both in word and deed, once a wealthy planter; but having suffered from the fluctuations and depreciations in colonial property, he was now returning to England, ruined in fortune, and broken in health and spirits. The son partook of his father's melancholy; and the poor boy's pale, transparent cheek, told plainly of the approach of death, through death's dreadful helpmate, consumption.

As if in contrast to these, we had Lieut. Edward Fergus Blake, Esq., of H. M. — Regiment of Foot, a rattling, thoughtless Irishman, who, with his friend, Ensign John Horton, of the same regiment, were about to spend their six months' leave in their native land. This same Ensign was a self-styled poet; he always had about him a volume of Spenser or of Byron, from which he continually made ill-applied quotations: as for his own verse, it was so grand that it was perfectly unintelligible to common understandings, but therein, no doubt, lay its beauty. Moreover, he was so brimful of sentiment, that he could not open his mouth without some of it running over.

The wind was S. S. W., light but steady; and the Brothers, with her royals set, and both larboard and starboard studding sails out, was going through the water at about six and a half knots an hour. There was on deck the two officers, young Melville, Gore, the Mate, and I, who was then "a young gentleman," who had the privilege of writing R. N. after his name. The moon was at full and shed a clear and strong light on the heaving waste beneath. We were leaning over the taffrail watching the sparkling appearance of the eddy in the ship's wake.

"What a beautiful night," said I to Horton, wishing to draw him out. "What does it put you in mind of? what does it most resemble?"

Looking upwards he began: "The moon, like the Queen of Beauty, beautiful, yet vain; she, surrounded by her nymphs, delights in seeing her beauty multiplied and reflected by the bowing waves beneath, who, though they live but one moment, give that moment to the adoration of ——"

"Blarney!" interrupted Blake, as the other was proceeding in tones that melted us to tears,—of suppressed laughter. Blake was a bit of a wag, and Horton having a dreadful horror of every thing that was not perfectly genteel, he often had some fun with him, by assuming the brogue and peculiar quaintness, in which the lower orders of his countrymen are so rich. The Ensign first folded his arms with an air of offended dignity; but afterwards pointing upwards with his right hand, asked, "What would you say yourself, of such a night as this?"

"Say of it? why it's a capital night for a cigar."

Half choked by the puff of smoke that accompanied the reply, and which the wind carried in his face, Horton coughed out,

"Phoo! Phoo! you have no soul for the beautiful, no soul for poetry. I would, however, forgive you, if you could make a verse."

This was said in a tone of so much pity, that the Irishman broke out with a grin,

"Och, honey, poethry! hear to that now—poethry! faith, an' the poethry ye'd make, would bother a blind donkey; yet it was kind of you—it was, to let us all into the trick. He tould us one night, when he'd taken a trifle too much sangaree made raythor strong, that he looks into the rhyming dictionary; and when he gets the rhymes, he can do the rest comfortable; this kind o' way:—

When to make a verse you try,
I'll recommend a useful book:
Before you do so, on the sly,
In your rhyming dictionary look.

"That's what I call rale poethry; bate it if you can."

The indignant Ensign turned away; and seeing poor Melville's pale face, asked him to what he could compare the appearance of the firmament.

"It seems to me," was the answer, "that the stars are small apertures in the sky, through which glimpses of God's glory and the heavens, are visible to us on earth."

"Well," interrupted Gore, "it was just such a night as this ——"

"A yarn, Gore, give us a yarn," said I; "here Blake, bring yourself to an anchor on that gun, (the Brothers carried two guns on her quarter-deck, and four very respectable carronades in her waist.) Melville, coil yourself away to leeward of Horton and me. Now, Gore, saw wood, 'it was just such a night as this.'"

"Well, Gore, why do you not go on; he's started you."

"Yes, but not man-o'-war fashion."

"But, Gore, if you freshen your way, you shall freshen your nip at the same time; and that's a better starting than a boatswain's rattan. Here, boy, go to the steward, and tell him to bring on deck a bottle out of the starboard locker, water, and glasses."

"Well, 'taint for the sake of the grog, but I don't mind spinning ye a bit of a yarn; but you must wait till I heave the log."

The glass was turned, the log hove, the line ran out, and five and a quarter marked on the board; and the old seaman having stowed away about half a pint of half-and-half, began.

"It was about the end of the year eleven, that I joined the St. James, one of your jackass frigates; she was as lubberly a lot o' timber as ever was put together; what was the use of building such a craft I never could find out. Sail,—yes, she'd sail, but it was all to leeward like a haystack. We were ordered to the West Indies, and a dreary spell we had of it. There wasn't a man fore and aft that did not wish himself out of her; for while we heard of the other men-o'-war on the station picking up prizes, we got nothing in such a slow-going tub as ours, but one little privateer schooner; we cut her out during a calm.

"It was about the middle of May, in the year 1814, the war was over in that part of the world, and we were all wishing for the end of our three years' broil, and to return to Old England; for though going home with no prize-money wasn't pleasant, or what we expected when we left, but as the chance of getting any was gone, we were eager to get back. We were on a cruize from Port Royal, and it was just such a night as this, as I was saying, when you asked for the yarn, (your health, sir,) —it was just such a night as this, that the look-out forward reported a sail right away to windward; she came down upon us hand-over-hand; she was a West Indiaman.

"We hailed her, and ordered her to heave-to; she was named the Coquette, as pretty a craft for a trader as ever swam, about fifty tons larger than this we are in now, only much neater about the bows, and a better run aft; she wasn't built for carrying sugar, like us. She could have beat us easy; and as for the frigate, she could sail round her. Reported from London to Jamaica, left England about a month. When she ranged up alongside, there was something that induced our Captain, under pretence of hearing the news, and, with his permission, many of the officers, to go on board.

"The moonlight was as bright as day, and we saw on her deck two ladies, round whom were playing some children; noisy, rosy, fair children, most of the hands came up to look at 'em. If for two years and a half you had seen nothing but dirty little black piccaninnies, to come suddenly on such a sight, made a man think of home; some would have given up their grog sooner than missed it. A landsman can't understand the feeling; how should he? he never felt it.

"I was one of those who went on board. You may guess the Captain was very polite to the ladies; the elder one was about twenty-six, a very fine handsome woman indeed, but the younger, who was not more than nineteen, ah! she was the beauty, just such a face and figure as young men, like you, make themselves half crazy about. We were all introduced to the ladies; but the children, they did not wait for that, they introduced themselves. We might kiss them without making a hole in our manners. The gruff old surgeon told the mother that the night air injured their health. 'If you had been asked as prettily as I was, I do not think even you would refuse for once,' was the answer, and when the little rogue he was playing with looked up smiling in his face, and asked to be allowed to sit up a little longer, Bolus would as soon have thought of swallowing his own prescriptions as denying the child. Our Captain having been on board an hour, and having no pretext for continuing his stay, after bidding good-bye to the ladies, unwillingly returned on board the St. James, and the master of the merchantman wishing to take advantage of a fair wind, and make as quick a run as possible, squared his yards and soon left us astern. Our first Luff, who had not long joined, and was a nephew of, and a great favourite with, the Captain, was leaning over the hammock-netting, watching the Coquette's decreasing size, when, having occasion to go over to windward, I heard him say to his uncle, 'I should like to know more of that young lady, I feel deeply and unaccountably interested in her.' 'Nonsense,' laughed the Captain; 'what, in love with a girl you have seen but once for an hour, and will never see again. How absurd!' He little thought, as he laughed, how nearly true his words proved. In less than two hours the trader was hull-down, and before morning out of sight. The people were at dinner the next day, when the man at the mast-head saw two vessels dead to leeward. There was something strange about them that he could not make out, and, as he thought, too, he heard the sound of firing, our Captain went into the top to examine them; he could plainly make out through his glass that one was on fire. The frigate was directly put about, and all sail made to near them, a sharp look-out being kept on both vessels. In about half an hour we noticed that the smaller, a schooner, filled her foresail, and stood away to windward, and, as she was evidently a very fast sailing craft, we soon lost sight of her. The other now occupied our sole attention, and in less than an hour we were near enough to make her clearly

out. Fancy our surprise and sorrow when we found it was the vessel we had so lately spoke with. Her foremast and mainmast were blazing away, their sails and most of their rigging were already tinder; her mizen and after-part had escaped, but the smoke that escaped from her fore and main hatchway proved the flames were not confined aloft. When we got to windward of her we hove-to, and sent boats on board; we were much surprised to see one man on deck, but when we got alongside we were hailed by another, who was hanging on her stern by the pintles of the rudder.

"They told us a sad tale. During the short time they had left us the previous night they had been boarded and taken by the pirate schooner we had seen go so slick to windward. It appeared she came up with the Coquette about ten in the forenoon. From the schooner carrying guns, and the union-jack she hoisted, they mistook her for one of our cruizers. If they had not been so deceived they would have fought her, and might have, eventually, been saved, by our coming to her assistance. After sailing a short time in company the schooner sent boats on board, with two officers in our uniform. A few questions were asked, when our Captain (said one of the men) expressed surprise at seeing them armed, they answered, they came to search for five of their men, who had deserted some time since in the schooner's gig. They requested that the crew and all on board might be called on deck for examination. When we were all aft they threw off their disguise; the one in Lieutenant's uniform gave the signal by firing a pistol, and in an instant down went the schooner's colours, and in their stead they hoisted the black flag. At the same time the men on board drew their cutlasses and pistols, which they had hid under their jackets.

"'Pirates, by heavens!' cried our Captain, and, turning to us, he said, 'My men, arm, arm yourselves.' He and the Mate rushed towards the cabin; the latter was instantly shot dead, and the Captain wounded and seized. We would have fought, but resistance was useless; for, being unarmed and cooped together, we were quite in their power, though double their number: the schooner was also laid alongside, and the pirate captain, with many of his crew, came on board. Our Captain, whose name was Houghton, was questioned by the pirate what his cargo was; and the last got greatly enraged on being told it consisted of negro-clothing and other light goods.

"'Have you any passengers; what is your cabin freight?' was quickly asked. Poor Houghton, who was bleeding fast from his wounds, owned that there were seven boxes of watches and plate in his cabin, and his passengers were ladies, whom he begged—, when he was stopped by a blow in the face that laid him senseless. The villain, after this cowardly act, entered the cabin, followed by five of his men. What there took place I do not know, but in a short time the two ladies were brought out insensible, and carried on board the vessel alongside; the plate was soon after transferred to the pirate, and the captain returned on deck, when the work of death was commenced. 'Throw those men overboard,' said he, pointing to the senseless body of the captain and the dead mate, who were quickly tossed into the sea. My shipmates were then called aft, one at a time, and examined. The whole of the crew, with the exception of three of the younger ones, who were allowed to volunteer, and myself, who escaped, were then murdered in cold blood; most of them were stabbed, and then tumbled over the ship's side, the others were shot. I was among the last that were to be called, and seeing that death was certain if I remained, I determined to make one desperate effort for my life. Breaking from the man that was guarding me, I ran forward, and jumped quickly on the ship's bulwark. I heard directly three shots fired, but, luckily, all missed me, and I sprung unhurt into the sea, where I took a long dive, which I suppose made them think I was shot and had sunk. In the water I had a still more horrible danger to encounter; by what miracle I escaped the sharks, which were devouring and tearing my shipmates limb from limb, I can't say; the water was reddened with their blood, and the horrid rush of these savage creatures, when a new victim was thrown to them, I shall always remember; even when I gained the rudder I was not safe from them. I had to keep a look-out as they swam about the ship. 'There, there, look,' continued Marks, (for that was the man's name;) 'See,' and he shuddered as he pointed overboard, where we could plainly discern the fin of a shark that still followed the vessel in her slow lee-drift.

"The account of Atkins, the other man, was much shorter. He was ill in his berth, when he heard the cry of pirates; he directly crept out of his hammock into the fore-hold, where he hid himself among the cargo. He saw the pirates search, and partly plunder, the vessel, and was once nearly discovered. When they found it was impossible to sink the ship by scuttling her, they set fire to her, and placed two barrels of powder where the flames would reach them in much less than an hour. When they were gone he got out, and rolled the powder to the pump-well, where it fell down, and got jammed. He thought the fire had too much hold on the ship to be got under; he did not know when it would reach the powder, but it would not be safe to remain much longer on board.

"As we could not go forward on account of the smoke and flames, we lost no time in examining the cabins. In the fore-cabin everything was in its usual order,—nothing appeared to be disturbed; and the after one, which was the ladies', seemed the same. The only sign of confusion was a capsized chessboard. We then went to the state-rooms. The door of the first we came to had been forced open; it was the berth for the children and servants. We saw that that made us all tremble: the blood of the boldest of us curdled. There lay the children murdered; and the servants, as though in trying to protect them, had also been killed by these devils,—men you could not call them, for men don't butcher women and children. But there the poor little things lay, stabbed and hacked about; and, when we thought how merry and happy we had seen them the night before, and now!—and their poor mother, too!—if you'd have seen the clenched hands, the quivering lips, and the flashing eyes of the men, you might have known what they meant. But, though I felt it myself, I can't tell you; I don't know how, because I arn't got the words.

"The roaring of the flames told us we had not much time to lose, so, taking the dead bodies with us, we returned on board. Our Captain immediately shaped his course for Jamaica direct. We had left the burning wreck about an hour when we saw two bright flashes, and heard a sound like a distant broadside.

"We all on board had sorrowful faces that day; and, in the afternoon, when the bodies had been sewn up in hammocks, and were placed at the lee-gangway, our Captain, though a very stern man, made two or three gulps before he could read the service, and, even then, not in a steady voice; ay, and fore and aft there was hardly a dry eye.

"We made Port Royal in a few days. Our cruise was nearly up, but the Admiral was surprised to see us back so soon, and was much shocked when he heard the cause. The unfortunate victims were the wife, children, and sister of a Mr. Ellis, a gentleman lately settled, but still well known and respected on the Island, and who was daily and anxiously expecting the arrival of the Coquette. The Admiral wished to break the news as gently as possible to the unhappy man, but he had already heard it from the report spread by some of our crew, and he came on board almost mad. We were the only spare vessel in the harbour, and we were delayed one day in taking in fresh water before we were sent to look for the pirate.

"From Mark's description of her, she was at once recognised as a well-known vessel, called the Snake. She had been a privateer during the war, but had since changed the name, though perhaps not the nature, of her doings. She was commanded by an Englishman, was of very large size, carrying from fourteen to sixteen guns, and, from being so well manned and handled, and such a fast sailer, she had always contrived to escape our cruisers, though once or twice not without a little fighting.

"Poor Mr. Ellis prayed to be allowed to continue on board; and the first Luff willingly gave up his cabin to him. We intended to cruise round and about the neighbourhood of Hayti, and look into the harbours and creeks on the coast, though we all despaired of catching such a clipper as the Snake was known to be. We had been at sea nearly a month without success; and Mr. Ellis—who hardly for a moment could be persuaded to leave the deck, but night and day, with a glass in his hand, stood watching the horizon—was looking like a skeleton, and we feared he could not last out much longer.

"Let me see—it was on the 26th of June,—no, it must have been later in the month: but howsomever, the morning broke very hazy, and we all could see we were going to have a teazing gale. We prepared for it as quickly as possible, got down our top-gallant yards and masts, took in her courses, close-reefed topsails, set staysails, and made all, as we thought, snug and comfortable: we only waited for the gale: and on it came at last in a sudden squall; but the wind, instead of abating, increased in quick and sudden gusts. We were laying-to; her lower deck guns were in the water, and our Skipper, seeing she would not bear the canvass she had on her, was giving his orders to hand the topsails, when a squall laid the frigate on her beam-ends, and, with a crash, slap went our maintop-mast and mizen-mast, and our forestay-sail split to rags the same moment. She did not right even then, but lay with the wreck of the mizen-mast hammering against her side, in a way that seemed to start her timbers every rap. Mr. Ellis had been holding on by the topmast backstay, and, when the tightened rope snapped, it coiled round his arm like a snake, and dragged him overboard: it's a wonder we managed to haul him on board again unhurt. We had to throw the guns overboard before she righted. Old John, as we called our commander, knew that the lubberly craft would strain herself to pieces if she still lay-to, and that our only chance was to scud for it. As it was blowing too hard to hoist a stitch of canvass, we tried to wear, by bracing the foreyard round, but she still remained broadside to the gale. We then cut away the mainmast, and she fell slowly round and got before the wind. The well was then sounded, and the pumps rigged, and, after twenty minutes' spell, we found that she had strained pretty considerably, and that she was leeking like a sieve. There we were, for six-and-twenty hours, running right before the wind, the pumps going all the while. It was about eight o'clock next morning I saw a heavy sea coming, and had hardly time to sing out 'Hold on, all!' when it struck her nearly aft. The old frigate trembled with the blow, and she broached-to directly; and, what with the shock and the heavy rolling, in about half a minute away went her foremast. We were then a complete wreck, with not a stick standing, and the sea making a breach right over her, the people tired out with fatigue, hunger, and wet. Eleven hands were washed overboard, and not an effort could be or was made to save them. We expected every minute to go down, and had given ourselves up for lost, when the gale began to lull; this gave us new hopes, and we set to work with a will. We lashed a spar to the broken stump of the foremast, got a staysail on her, and got again before the wind. By eleven o'clock it fell nearly calm; but, from the heavy sea that remained, we were still far from safe. We had a good spell at the pumps, and the carpenter stopped the most serious leaks. Next day we had jury-masts on her, and made her more ship-shape. We had a fire, too, and got some soup in the coppers,—it beat all your turtle and calipash hollow, at least we hungry men thought so,—and brought up the leeway with a wet sail, take my word for it.

"When we got back into harbour, there had been no news of the schooner. Mr. Ellis was carried ashore so ill that we thought it was all up with him,—the gale, the watching, and anxiety, had driven him into a high fever."

"But the pirate,—what became of her? And the ladies,—were they never—"

"Handsomely! young gentlemen,—handsomely! Let's pay out the yarn ship-shape. The St. James was ordered to be hove down for repairs, and we were drafted on board the Wanderer, a corvette of twenty-four guns. She had been taken from the Mounseers, commissioned, and rechristened. She was a very smart craft,—and we were sent on our old cruise. We really had some hopes of catching the rascal, 'ticularly as we sailed on a Sunday, while the frigate started on a Friday. Ah! you may laugh,—but old heads know better than young

ones; many and many a fine vessel has rued that unfortunate day. It's experience that makes us dread it.

"We had been to sea about a month, and had brought-to several craft, when, one morning, we spied a very suspicious-looking sail; in fact, it turned out to be the very one we were looking for. I heard old John, who had been appointed to the Wanderer, after taking a long look at her through his glass, grit his teeth sharp and hard; and I knew then that he meant mischief, and what she was. She was on the weather-quarter, and saw us about the same time we discovered her, for she altered her course directly, and bore down to us. We were rather surprised when our Captain ordered the guns to be run in; but, when he had a spare hammock-cloth rolled out from head to stern, so as to hide her ports, sent the Jollies and most of the people below, we twigged what he meant. He wanted to make her look as much like a merchantman as possible; for he knew that a rover never attacks a man-o'-war, however small she may be; and that 'small profits and quick returns,' as the advertising newspapers say, warn't to their taste."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, d'ye see, they'd profit very little by firing into a ship-o'-war, and they'd get it monstrously quickly returned. Well, we made more sail on her that she might seem to be running away, but we checked her by towing an old sail under her bow. She neared us fast, and our men were all ready to spring at once to their stations on deck. When considerably within gunshot, and nearly abreast of us, she somehow seemed not to like the looks of us, for she put down her helm and went about. Our Captain, seeing his plan had only partly succeeded, piped all hands to quarters, and determined to speak to her by a little iron argument; the first two balls went over her, and she was a very pretty mark. We gave her many very weighty reasons, but still, for some time, could not prevail on her to stop; she had the heels of us, could sail closer to the wind, and was fast leaving us; when we had the pleasure of seeing her fore-topsail shaking useless in the wind: she now, for the first time, opened fire on us. She fought smartly, and gave us nearly gun for gun, but, of course, her endeavour was to escape: but the breeze freshened; the corvette gathered way, and, before she had time to repair her damages, we were near enough to open a heavy and steady fire on her, and we had the further satisfaction of seeing, first, her jib go, and then her foretopmast fall over the side. She was now fairly ours, and our men gave one cheer. We neared her, and gave her both grape and round, while the Jollies kept up a pretty good pattering of musketry on her deck, which we could plainly see was in great confusion, and her guns were not fired half so quickly as a short time before. When within about five ships' length of her, we gave her a broadside of grape and a volley of small-arms. The destruction on her crowded deck must have been dreadful: almost every ball told, and on her fore part there was not a single living man left—at least, they were all disabled or dying; but the pirates, though they saw the odds, would not strike, but fired two carronades right amongst us. This was at best but cold-blooded and useless murder, and made our men chafe to get at the villains; but our Captain would not risk his seamen's lives by boarding, but fired, again and again, broadsides at the schooner, whose deck was torn up by our shot, and strewn with the dying and mangled bodies of her crew. There were but two men standing on her deck when we came alongside, but when we boarded, seven others started from the companion, and under cover of the bulwark where they had been hid. They were a desperate gang, and formed a circle abaft the mainmast, where they fought like wild beasts: in the centre were two armed with pistols, who deliberately shot our men from over the shoulders of the others.

"It was a short but hot fight; several of our men were wounded; but, fiercely as the dogs fought, they were soon overpowered by numbers: they were quickly broken, and almost all cut down, for most of them neither asked nor would take quarter. The lieutenant, a tall, powerful man, armed with a heavy cutlass, and his belt stuck full of pistols, was, perhaps, the fiercest of the whole, for even when lying dying on the deck, he shot the man who was leaning over him. The Captain had been shot at the commencement of the chase by one of the first balls that struck the hull. In all, we took but four unhurt prisoners, one only of whom surrendered, the others were disarmed by force.

"Soon after the schooner was in our possession, we had a rummage, but found no signs of the ladies. The prisoners were all very sulky, and answered no questions; but one who was wounded, and thought he was dying, told us that, on the north-east end of St. Domingo, near Samana, we should find Mrs. Ellis and her sister. But afterwards, under promise of pardon, one of the others gave fuller particulars. He told us that he believed the ladies had been ill from the time they had been brought aboard the schooner, and had been left on shore nearly dying: he gave us an exact account of the bearings of the creek, offered to pilot us there, and showed us all the signals the schooner made. It seemed, from his account, that they had a small colony there, but that there were seldom more than twenty men left when the schooner was away on a cruise. Our Captain was determined to rout out this nest, and hit on the plan of surprising them by a sudden attack from what they would think their friends in their own vessel. We put forty men into her, and after repairing damages, sailed for the coast. She was accompanied by the corvette, and the frigate Panther, which joined us the next day, and the Captain of which, by taking the command, gave his approval of the scheme.

"We had a quick run, and after coasting for a day, came to a bluff headland, to seaward of which about six miles the frigate and corvette tacked off and on. The schooner went round, ran in, and came to a narrow channel, up which we went. The man conned the ship, with a file of marines keeping guard over him in case of treachery. We struck our topmasts, as he said that was always the practice, and fired three guns in quick succession, which was the signal. Directly we were through the gut, it opened into a fine, wide, lake-like body of water, which was hid, notwithstanding its width, by the high woody hills that surrounded it, and also by the narrow entrance, opposite to which was an outlet equally narrow, and through

which we took our course. After sailing about three hundred yards it opened a little, but was still a narrow slip, at the broadest not a quarter of a mile, and in length about three times that distance. It was here, at the foot of a hill, that the pirates had made their home. They had built a small fort-like looking place, in which they had four guns, a church, and a good many houses. We entered their harbour with a tricolour at our foremast; and they must have mistaken us for what we seemed—their friends returning, for a boat came out to meet us. We rather surprised them, and made short work of it: we captured the boat, and, with two cutters and the gig, made a dash on shore. There was little or no resistance; the fort was taken without opposition, and we did not lose a man; in fact, they were nearly all unarmed. We took twelve prisoners; the others ran up in the woods, where, of course, we lost them.

"We soon found the ladies. They were both ill; the elder one was very bad indeed; she wasn't in her senses, and was I believe above a year afore she got quite well; but Miss Russell (that was the other's name) soon got over it, and barring being a bit sad, was as well as ever when she got to Jamaica. It seems that when they were taken on board the pirate, they were both nearly dead with fright, which brought on a high fever, and it was that that saved them. We dare not put 'em on board the schooner again, as the sight of it would frighten them, so we took 'em on board the corvette, in the barge, under a cover made of the deck awning. I don't know how he managed, but Lieut. Wilding (old John's nephew) contrived to get 'em aboard the Wanderer, though there was better accommodation in the frigate; and I believe that it was he who first took the news to Mr. Ellis, and it was that news that saved him from the grave. I heard, too, that about two years after, when he got his step, he and the young lady made a splice of it; but of this I ain't certain, though I am that I and Morton asked and got leave to see the hanging of seventy of those beggars, though I ain't not usually fond of such sights.

"Spell ho! the yarn's out, and there is that there Mr. Horton asleep."

Gently drawing the wet log-line over his face, while Blake applied the lighted end of his cigar to his nose, we roused him and drove him below; and so ended his first

MIDWATCH IN A MERCHANTMAN.

---

From the Christian Observer.

## GEOLOGICAL PHÆNOMENA OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

A STORY was fabricated some months ago, that "the Falls of Niagara are no more." This announcement was perhaps less incredible to those who understood the geological phenomena of the country, than to the general reader; for the cataract has ploughed its way many a mile to its present locality; and as often as a portion of the rock over which it flows becomes sufficiently undermined by the washing away of the softer and more soluble substratum, it falls; and thus an inclined plane may, and probably will, be in time substituted for the present perpendicular descent, and rapids will take the place of a cataract.

It may not at the first glance appear that the phenomena of the Falls of Niagara are specially appropriate for consideration in a religious journal; but they suggested to Mr. Fairholme the argument by which he has endeavoured, and with great ability, to overthrow the opinion commonly entertained by geologists, that the earth is of a much older date than the creation of mankind, and to prove that there is no occasion from the phenomena to go farther back than six thousand years for their development. Viewed in this aspect, the Falls of Niagara, besides presenting very interesting questions of scientific speculation, afford a probable basis for approximating towards the age of the earth, and the confirmation of the Mosaic chronology. Mr. Fairholme's argument is as follows; and whether or not his conclusions be admitted, the facts stated are highly instructive and entertaining.

"It was on hearing a description of the very limited course of the river Niagara, and of the interruption which its waters have to surmount, in falling from the level of one vast lake, to the lower level of another, at but a few miles distance, sawing its way through the resisting rocks, with a rapidity almost visible, that the idea first occurred to me, of the possibility of computing the time, as well as the distance, through which the operation had already passed, and of thus perhaps attaining the distinct and definite date of the commencement of this great mechanical operation.

"It is in the central part of the long drain, which afterwards forms the St. Lawrence, that the river Niagara is found. It is at once the shortest, and the fullest of all known rivers; though it contains, as Captain Hall has remarked, more water than any other river at the same distance from the sea, it is yet no larger at its mouth than at its commencement. Its course too, is but thirty-six miles in length, instead of some hundreds, as its fulness would naturally bespeak. This apparent anomaly is, however, at once explained, when we consider that it forms only the connecting link between two of the great inland seas of that continent; and that its short and turbulent course has neither time nor space to acquire nourishment from subsidiary streams. It is in the course of this immense flow of drainage, that the great Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, occur; and the thirty-six miles of stream, between the two last of these lakes, is known as the river Niagara. It is scarcely necessary to remark, (since the generally navigable nature of all the American rivers denotes the fact,) that the table lands of that country are at no great elevation above the ocean. The inclined planes are usually but little sloped; and the rapids, on the larger streams, are often occasioned by a very slight deviation from the common line; owing their force and danger, much more to the quantity of the water, than to their real perpendicular height.

"Some idea may be formed of the extent of the inland basins of this part of America, when we learn that Lake Superior has a circumference of one thousand one hundred and fifty-two miles, and

a depth, in some places, of nine hundred feet. Lake Huron is eight hundred and twelve miles in circumference; Lake Michigan, seven hundred and thirteen miles; and Lake Erie, six hundred and fifty-eight miles; the whole comprising a space of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles! The elevation of Lake Superior above the sea, is only one thousand and forty-eight feet, which sufficiently bespeaks the generally level nature of that country.

"On this particular line of drainage, of many hundreds of miles in extent, there occurs no material interruption to the regular flow of the waters, except in the spot where the falls are now seen, at Niagara; those of St. Mary, between Lakes Superior and Huron, being rather a succession of rapids, than regular falls. The total distance between Lakes Erie and Ontario, is but thirty-six miles; and as the first seventeen miles, and the last twelve, are of the usual easy slope, and navigable, our inquiries, as to the cause and working of the cataract, are confined within the narrow limits of only seven miles.

"The waters from the immense basins of Lake Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, have all to pass on, through Lake Ontario, towards their ultimate destination in the sea, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But there is a difference of level between the two last lakes, amounting to two hundred and ninety feet, as appears by the lately constructed lockages on the Erie Canal. This difference the immense body of waters has to surmount; and as an examination of the generally simple forms of that country ought to point out the cause, and to define the exact spot, of the commencement of the action, we must now borrow, from the writings of others, such descriptions as may complete the picture, and lead us to the more important branch of the subject relating to the period at which this vast machine was, for the first time, set in motion.

"Mr. Burford, who lately painted the panorama of the falls, which was exhibited in London, says, 'In the early part of its course, the river is broad and tranquil, and presents a scene of the most profound repose, its waters being nearly level with its shores, and a beautiful island, dividing it into two streams, for a considerable distance. At Chippewa, about two miles above the falls, where the navigation ends, a considerable current is perceptible, and the glassy smoothness is disturbed by slight ripples. From this place the shores contract considerably, and the bed of the river begins to slope; the water shortly after becomes much agitated, and the magnificent rapids commence; rock after rock chafes the stream, which becomes perfectly white, and rushes with frightful velocity to the edge of the precipice, over which it plunges in an unexampled volume, and with terrific impetuosity, being unquestionably the greatest mass of water that is poured over any fall, either in the old or new world; being computed at more than one hundred millions of tons per hour. However great this quantity may seem, yet it is probably not overrated; for it must be remembered that the four great lakes, (which, from their size, might more properly be termed inland seas,) with the numerous and large rivers which flow into them, covering a surface of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and containing nearly one half of the fresh waters on the face of the globe, have but this one outlet, for their superfluous waters.'

"Captain B. Hall, in describing the same scene, says, 'In the first part of the course of the Niagara, this river slips quietly along out of the Lake Erie, nearly at the level of the surrounding flat country; so nearly so, indeed, that if, by any of those causes which swell other rivers, but have no effect here, the Niagara were to rise eight or ten feet perpendicularly, the adjacent portion of Upper Canada on the West, and the State of New York on the East, would be completely laid under water. After the river passes over the falls, however, its character is immediately and completely changed. It then runs furiously along the bottom of a deep wall-sided valley, or huge trench, which seems to have been cut into the horizontal strata of the limestone rock, by the continued action of the stream, during the lapse of ages. The cliffs on each side are, in most places, nearly perpendicular, without any interval being left between them and the river, or any rounding of the edges at the top; and a rent would seem a more appropriate term than a valley.' I may here observe, that a trough would perhaps be a more suitable term than either, as bespeaking the result of continued mechanical action. A rent seems to imply the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of nature.

"We may now follow, in its natural order, the course of the river, and remark such points as bear upon the general subject of this treatise. I shall continue to quote from Mr. Bakewell's paper, from Captain Hall's work on America, and from Lieber's 'Stranger in America,' as expressing the views of cool and scientific observers, having no bias whatever towards the objects of our present research.

"It appears, then, that from Lake Erie downwards the waters are nearly flush with the surrounding flat country for seventeen miles, and several large islands divide the gently flowing stream. At about half a mile, or a little more, above the actual cataract, the rapids begin, having a fall of fifty-eight feet. From the Table Rock, (or rather from where it once stood, for it fell, with a noise like thunder, in the spring of 1835), the whole scene of the cataract bursts at once upon the view. 'We here,' says Mr. Bakewell, 'stood upon a level with the top of the fall. The loud, solemn, all-pervading roar of the waters is indescribably awful. The great commotion of waters, at the base, is concealed by thick clouds of mist, which, on ascending to a certain height, are borne away by the winds. The water, from violent agitation, is perfectly white for some distance below the falls, and tilts up and down like a little sea, producing a thick cream-coloured foam, which is seen floating down the stream in large beds. The sublimity of the scene cannot be exceeded. We find ourselves suddenly in the presence of a superior power; and feel an impressive consciousness of our own nothingness. This fall (which from its concave form is called the Horse-shoe Fall,) is six hundred yards wide, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet perpendicular in height. The descent of the rapids, immediately above the falls, is fifty-eight feet, making the whole two hundred and sixteen feet. Goat Island, which divides the American from the Canada falls, presents a bare face of perpendicular rock, which ex-

tends about five hundred yards north and south. The American Falls are thus a little lower down the stream, and are about two hundred yards wide, and one hundred and sixty-four feet in perpendicular height, or six feet higher than the Horse-shoe Fall.'—'The only perceptible variation observed in the quantity of water at the falls, during the year, is when strong South West winds sweep over the wide expanse of Lake Erie, driving its waters into the mouth of the river.' We may form some faint conception of the magnitude of this natural saw-mill, when we learn, that Dr. Dwight estimates the quantity of water which passes, hourly, at 102,093,750 tons; Mr. Darby, at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet; Mr. Picken, at 18,524,000 cubic feet, per minute! These calculations are the results of careful measurements of the depth and velocity of the river, near Blackrock, where it issues from Lake Erie. Every observer is struck with the calm and solemn manner in which the ceaseless waters are precipitated into the abyss. Lieber says, 'None of the three falls tumble; they leap. The terror of Niagara is like the fury of a lion, who leaps with grace upon his prey.' Another writer says, 'How slowly and solemnly the waters drop into the abyss! Nothing is so striking as the deliberateness with which they take the tremendous plunge. All is hurry, and foam, and fret, till they reach the smooth limits of the curve: the laws of gravitation then seem suspended; they appear to pause; and then take the awful leap with becoming dignity.'

"Let us now observe the manner in which this natural saw-mill operates upon the rocks, to which its force is applied. Captain Hall was led to make a minute scrutiny of the sides of the rocky trough, in order to form some conception of the possibility of what he found was the prevailing opinion of the natives on the spot, as to the seven miles from Queenstown upwards, having been gradually cut through, by the ceaseless action of the cataract. He describes the rock as calcareous, and of two degrees of hardness. First, there is a thick covering of diluvium, common to the whole surrounding country; then come about seventy feet of a rock of considerable hardness, and in strata quite horizontal. Below this, however, the solid stone ceases; and is succeeded by about eighty feet of a soft and crumbling shale; and this shale, being violently acted upon by the currents both of air and of water, is rapidly excavated; and the upper beds of harder materials, being thus left without support, that species of gallery is formed, behind the falls, into which more daring travellers venture, to the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet.

"Captain Hall's account of this singular cavity is very satisfactory. 'I visited,' says he, 'on three different occasions, the extraordinary cave, between the cascade and the face of the overhanging cliff; first, from mere curiosity; again, to try some experiments with the barometer; and lastly, in company with a friend, purely on account of the excitement which I found such a strange combination of circumstances produces. We reached a spot, one hundred and fifty-three feet from the outside, or entrance, by the assistance of a guide, who makes a handsome livelihood by this amphibious pilotage. There was a tolerably good, green sort of light, within this singular cavern; but the currents of air blew us, first in one direction, and then in another, with such alarming violence, that I thought, at first, we should be fairly carried off our feet, and jerked into the roaring cauldron beneath. This tempest, however, was not nearly so great an inconvenience, as the unceasing deluges of water driven against us. Fortunately, the direction of the gale is always more or less upwards, from the pool below, right against the face of the cliffs; were it otherwise, I fancy it would be impossible to go behind the falls, with any chance of ever coming out again. Even now, there is a great appearance of hazard in the expedition, though experience shews that there is no real danger. Indeed, the guide, to re-assure us, and prove the difficulty of the descent, actually leaped downwards, to the distance of five or six yards, from the top of the bank of rubbish, at the base of the cliff, along which the path is formed. The gusts of air rising out of the basin or pool below, blew so violently against him, that he easily regained the path.'—'The effect of the blast, behind the falls, is just what half a dozen fire engines, playing full in one's face, might produce. Its direction is first one way, then another, crossing and thwarting, in a very confused style; and flinging the water sometimes up, sometimes down, and often whirling it round like smoke, in curls or spirals, to the very top of the cave, a hundred feet above our heads, to the very edge of the precipice, over which we could distinctly see the river projected forwards, and just beginning to curve downwards.' The above casual mention of a high bank of rubbish at the base of the cliff, gives us, at once, an idea of the incessant destruction of the softer rock, by which the cataract retrogrades. It will easily be understood, that this excavating process is continued, by the force of the currents, until the Table Rock, which is thus undermined, can no longer sustain the immense load of water which presses upon it. It then falls forward into the abyss, with a shock which is often heard and felt at a considerable distance from the falls, and the same ceaseless process is again begun. The well-known Table Rock, which for years formed the best station from whence to view the scene, projected, in this manner, in the form of a shelf, and was one hundred and sixty-three feet above the pool below. It gave way, however, in 1835. It had long been traversed by considerable seams and fissures; and a great slip fell from the lower part of it, with a tremendous crash, in July, 1828. This mass was one hundred and sixty feet in length, and from thirty to forty in breadth. It happily fell during the night, otherwise many lives might have been lost, as the pathway to the guide's house passed over it. It is thus that we may account for the minor varieties which are found in the descriptions of travellers, even within the last twenty years. 'The epithet of Horse-shoe,' says a recent traveller, 'is no longer applicable to the Canadian fall. In the progress of those changes which are continually taking place, from the attrition of the cataract, it has assumed a form which I should describe as that of a semi-hexagon.' The author of Transatlantic Sketches says, 'The American fall seems fast assuming the horse-shoe form. In standing under the falls, one constantly hears the sound of falling rocks amidst the awful roar of the cataract.'

"It thus appears to be on all hands admitted

that the rate of destructive action on the rock, at this fall, is extremely rapid; and, in this respect, it differs widely from almost every other cataract. We can now easily perceive the distinction between the Falls of Niagara and that of the Rhine, the latter acting on one of the hardest and most compact lithographic limestones, with a force incomparably smaller. But even at Niagara, it seems certain that, to the softness of the strata of shale below, is chiefly due the rapidity of this retrogade action. Captain Hall says, 'In the course of our investigations, we met a gentleman who had resided for the last thirty-six years in this neighbourhood. He told us that the great Horse-shoe fall had, within his memory, gone back forty or fifty yards; that is to say, the edge or arch of the rock, over which the water pours, had broken down, from time to time, to that extent. This account was corroborated by that of another gentleman, who had been resident on the spot for forty years.

"Having thus acquired some data on which to form a judgment, we must now follow the line of the torrent, and endeavour, by ascertaining the height of the rocks, and the distance, down to Queenstown, (where the great operation is described as having begun,) to arrive at some idea of the period during which this saw-mill has been in constant movement: for, as we have already shewn, this river, like every other, must have begun on the very first day that the table land, over which it now flows, became elevated above those waters, in which the sedimentary and horizontal beds of shale and limestone must necessarily have been deposited; and when the great beds of diluvium, which cover the general face of the table land, were left upon it. We can, by no argument, escape, in this remarkable instance, from a certain definite period of commencement, however remote or recent that period may prove to be.

"We learn from the very clear descriptions of Hall and Bakewell, that that part of America is composed of two great table lands, the difference in the level of which, from the surface of Lake Erie, to that of Ontario, has lately been proved, Mr. Bakewell tells us, by the lockages on the canals, to be two hundred and ninety feet. Now, as the rapids above the falls are fifty-eight feet, and the Horse-shoe Fall itself one hundred and fifty-eight feet high, if we allow four feet of fall, for the slight current above the rapids, to Lake Erie, we have two hundred and twenty feet of fall, from that lake to the base of the cataract. Admitting, then, a fall of about six feet, for the twelve navigable miles, from Queenstown down to Lake Ontario, we have yet left a fall of not less than sixty-four feet, in the seven miles of passage through the trough, from the falls to the opening at Queenstown.

"It has been said above, that the falls are now retrograding at the rate of forty or fifty yards in forty years. If we take the loss at the higher number, viz. fifty yards in forty years, it gives a period of nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-six years, to cut through the seven miles; if, on the other hand, we take the lower number, of only forty yards in the same time, it speaks to a period of twelve thousand, three hundred and twenty years: by preferring the medium, of forty-five yards, we have a period of eleven thousand and eighty-eight years, for the executive of the work, from the first day of its commencement to the present time, on the supposition that the operation has always proceeded at the same rate as during the last forty years. No writer, indeed, who touches on this part of the subject, has calculated on a longer period than about ten thousand years: and when we consider, on the one hand, the unbounded periods on which geologists usually calculate, in which ten thousand years appear as nothing; and, on the other, the fact which cannot but be admitted, that as the work of Niagara must have been begun the very first day the river began to flow; and that before that period there was no river, nor any of its present innumerable tributaries, and that, consequently, the American continent did not exist, as it now does; when we view the question in this its true light, we cannot but admit, that the power thus afforded us of distinctly attaining, even the date of ten or eleven thousand years, as the origin of so large a portion of the dry land, altogether exempt from volcanic action, is most interesting and important, in every point of view. But even this vague conclusion arises from the supposition, that the work, as now seen in progress, has never been more rapid than at the present time, even admitting the correctness of Mr. Forsythe's statement. Thus, making the fullest allowances, we cannot trace the existing state of things, on the American continent, further back than ten or twelve thousand years.

"At the period of commencement, then, we find that Lake Erie, (and of course all the higher lakes,) was full, and first began to overflow; the superfluous waters, arising, as they now do, from the atmosphere, sought the level of the sea, as in all other lands. Following, then, the course of the new river, on the first day of its overflowing the basin of Lake Erie, we conclude, that the mass of waters must have passed over the rapidly inclined slope of the country, at Queenstown, which slope must, of course, have been nearly in the same form in which it is still seen, stretching laterally across the country, at right-angles with the course of the river. The diluvium, in its course, being instantly swept away by the river, the horizontal strata of the hard rock below began to feel the friction of the torrent. Such a mass of waters could not flow over a slope of even a few feet without producing an instant derangement; how much more, then, in passing over a sloping declivity of two hundred feet! It consequently ploughed into the vale below, and then continued its gradually tranquillizing course downwards, towards the basin of Ontario, on its way to the still lower levels in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But the ploughing, or rather sawing process, then begun, could not cease; and it has been, accordingly, continued backwards, from that day to the present time.

"Having thus, at length, satisfactorily attained at least one firm resting-place, in the obscure and indefinite periods of geological chronology, we may now return to a closer examination of the evidences presented by the lower parts of this section; and, as we cannot extend the given period beyond ten or twelve thousand years, we may chance to find that even a considerably shorter period may have been fully sufficient for the completion of the whole task."

The facts adduced by Mr. Fairholme to prove

that the wearing away was far more rapid hereto fore than at present, are the increasing thickness of the rock and the width of the passage as we ascend the river, so that the process must be much slower now than formerly; and this calculation would bring the phenomena within the range of the Mosaic chronology.

Dr. Dwight, in his account of his journey to Niagara, remarks, that "it has been often declared that the falls were originally at the brow of the great precipice near Queenstown, seven miles further down the river:" and that "the assertors of this opinion confidently adduced the fact, as a proof that the world existed before the date assigned to it by Moses." He adds, however, that some have denied the fact itself. This last method of getting rid of the supposed difficulty will not stand the test of scrutiny, and accordingly Dr. Dwight admits, as Mr. Fairholme does, that "he has not a doubt that these falls existed, at some former period, at the place specified;" that is, seven miles lower down. But he shows, by the example of other North American cataracts, that the process of wearing back is often very rapid; especially where the substratum is friable, as in the case of the shale under the limestone bed of the Niagara. He says that a gentleman, long resident near the falls, was alleged to have stated that they had receded "one hundred rods in thirty years; but admitting that the relator of the statement repeated *rods* by mistake for *yards*, still this degree of recession "will be more than sufficient to have proceeded through the whole distance since the Deluge, even if we should compute according to the commonly received chronology."

Great alarms have often been expressed lest when the falls recede towards Lake Erie, the barrier should at length burst, and the lake be suddenly drained, and inundate the whole country for many hundred miles with an awfully destructive deluge. But there is no just cause for this apprehension. To plough back to Lake Erie, even at the same rate as the probable abrasion from Queenstown to the present falls, would require some twenty thousand years; but in the mean time the rate is from various causes diminishing; and many thousands of years before the cataract could get back to Lake Erie, the bed of the river would have become an inclined plane, the fall degenerating into rapids, and the rapids gradually lowering the waters of the lake as they approached it, till the lake became nearly drained or filled up, and the boisterous torrent had subsided into a comparatively calm, though quickly flowing river. All the mighty lakes of America may in this manner, if the world is designed to last long enough, be drained; but the process will be so slow that it cannot sensibly affect any one generation of mankind; any more than the gradual abrasions or recessions on our own ever-changing coasts.

It shows the depravity of the mind of fallen man, and the perverseness of his understanding, that in sight of this stupendous and overwhelming ocular demonstration of the power of Him who "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; of Him who "shut up the sea with doors," and said "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" men should stand up and deny that he has made himself known to his creatures, and assert that the book which is authenticated by indubitable evidence as a revelation from his infinite wisdom and goodness, is a fabrication, and is disproved by his works. Lest, however, this blasphemous declamation should produce any injurious effect, it is satisfactory to be able to show that there is nothing in the phenomena of Niagara which opposes the conclusion, that its mighty cataract is not of many thousand years' duration; nay, that the obvious facts bring it within the range of the Mosaic chronology. I do not however agree with Mr. Fairholme, that if the evidences of geology point to anterior dates, and show that this world, and races of sentient beings upon it, were created long before the creation of mankind, to which era that chronology has reference, there would be any contradiction to the inspired narrative; for what period may have intervened between "the beginning" in which God "created the heavens and the earth," as described in the first verse of Genesis, and the six days' events described in the succeeding verses, when the earth was made the habitation of man, is not certified. But the Falls of Niagara, like the Zodiac of Dendera, show the profane rashness with which infidels seize upon any thing in nature or art which they think may be made to disparage divine revelation; which however only shines forth the more brightly in its evidences, when, as in these two instances among many others, accurate examination proves that the sceptical objection had not the slightest foundation in fact.

The passages which I have quoted from Mr. Fairholme afford a copious account of the chief features of the magnificent phenomena of Niagara; but as Dr. Dwight's visit is in my hand, I will subjoin a few additional particulars. He says:

"Immediately below the precipice, the bed of the river, where it receives the falling sheet, is of immense depth. Into this receptacle the mass of descending water, plunging from such a height, forces its way to the bottom. Here, forming a curve, it begins to ascend. The current is, however, checked in every stage of its progress by the immeasurable weight of the superincumbent water. The motion upwards must therefore become slow, divided, and irregular. In these circumstances, instead of a current, there must obviously be a general agitation, an universal heaving; such as might be expected from the throes of an earthquake. As the ascending current is thus broken, and enervated, before it reaches the surface, the surface is not billowy, but comparatively level. The wavy, tossed aspect of other streams, immediately below their cataracts, is the result of a force, applied at the surface; or of a current, descending only to a moderate depth. In the present case, as the ascending current comes from a depth so vast, it almost equally affects the whole mass, and cannot disturb the common level by the smallest fluctuations. The whole appearance, however, made an impression on the mind, of an agitation incalculably greater, and a force far more astonishing, than that which produces the loftiest billows of the ocean. This was a scene which I was unprepared to expect, and an exhibition of the force of water, which I had never before imagined.

"Of the singular depth of the river at this place no spectator will ask for proof. To others it may be alleged, that a deep stream, from two to three and a half miles wide, is here contracted at once to somewhat less than half a mile; that logs and other substances, after descending the precipice, continue buried a long time before they emerge; and that this immense mass of water, plunging from such a height, has been so long and so unceasingly excavating the bed below.

"The noise of this cataract has often been the object of admiration, and the subject of loose and general description. We heard it distinctly when crossing the ferry at the distance of eighteen miles; the wind blowing from the north-west—almost at right-angles with the direction of the sound. Two gentlemen, who had lived some time at York, on the north side of Lake Ontario, and who were my companions in the stage, informed me, that it was not unfrequently heard there. The distance is fifty miles.

"The note, or tone, if I may call it such, is the same with the hoarse roar of the ocean; being much more grave, or less shrill, than that which proceeds from other objects of the same nature. It is not only louder, but seems as if it were expanded to a singular extent; as if it filled the atmosphere, and spread over all the surrounding country. The only variety which attends it, is a continual undulation; resembling that of long musical chords, when struck with a forcible impulse. These undulations succeed each other with great rapidity. When two persons stand very near to each other, they can mutually hear their ordinary conversation. When removed to a small distance, they are obliged to halloo; and, when removed a little further, they cannot be heard at all. Every other sound is drowned in the tempest of noise, made by the water; and all else in the regions of nature appears to be dumb. This noise is a vast thunder, filling the heavens, shaking the earth, and leaving the mind, although perfectly conscious of safety, and affected with a sense of grandeur only, lost and astonished, swelling with emotions which engross all its faculties, and mock the power of utterance.

"In the mist, produced by all cataracts, rainbows are ordinarily seen in a proper position, when the sun shines; always, indeed, unless when the vapour is too rare. Twice, while we were here, the sun broke through the clouds, and lighted up in a moment the most lucid rainbow which I ever beheld. In each instance the phenomenon continued a long time, and left us in perfect leisure to enjoy its splendour. It commenced near the precipice, and extended, so far as I was able to judge, at least a mile down the river. These rainbows differed widely from all others which I had seen; and, so far as I remember, from those of which I have read. The red, orange, and yellow, were so vivid, as to excite in our whole company strong emotions of surprise and pleasure; while the green, blue, indigo, and violet, were certainly not more brilliant than in those which are usually seen on the bosom of a shower. I thought them less bright; possibly because they were so faint, compared with the other colours. The cause of this peculiarity I have not attempted to investigate.

"The emotions, excited by the view of this stupendous scene, are unutterable. When the spectator casts his eye over the long ranges of ragged cliffs, which form the shores of this great river below the cataract; cliffs one hundred and fifty feet in height, bordering it with lonely gloom and grandeur, and shrouded every where by shaggy forests; when he surveys the precipice above, stretching with so great an amplitude, rising to so great a height, and presenting in a single view its awful brow, with an impression not a little enhanced by the division which the island forms between the two great branches of the river; when he contemplates the enormous mass of water, pouring from this astonishing height in sheets so vast, and with a force so amazing; when, turning his eye to the flood beneath, he beholds the immense convulsion of the mighty mass; and listens to the majestic sound which fills the heavens; his mind is overwhelmed by thoughts too great, and by impressions too powerful, to permit the current of the intellect to flow with serenity. The disturbance of his mind resembles that of the waters beneath him. His bosom swells with emotions never felt; his thoughts labour in a manner never known before. The pleasure is exquisite but violent. The conceptions are clear and strong, but rapid and tumultuous."

VESPUCIUS.

---

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE SENATOR OF BREMEN.

### A POPULAR TRADITION.

ONE summer evening, in the year 1749, the family of Mr. Sebaldus Beerlein, senator of the free imperial city of Bremen, were seated together, whiling away the hour between eight and nine in conversation, and the juniors amusing themselves with various innocent games. The apartment which they were in was spacious, panelled, according to the custom of that time, with carved wood-work, and decorated with oil-paintings of some value, which Mr. Sebaldus had picked up in his travels in Holland. His aged grandmother was seated at the window, in a chair covered with leather, embossed with flowers of gold, looking, as usual, at the steeples of the distant churches, tinged with the radiance of sun set. She hummed at the same time to herself an old hymn of Paul Gerherd's, which treats of the repose of the godly after death, and the happiness of those who have fought the good fight, and are delivered from all the trials and tribulations of this mortal life. She numbered full eighty years, and so she had good reason to hum such a hymn. Catherine, the senator's wife, a still young and comely woman, of the most respectable family of Ruhberg of Hildesheim, sat not far from the window at a small table, playing a game at lansquenet with her nephew Ruhberg, copying-clerk to the senate, an almost boyish-looking young man. She mistook the cards in the twilight; the youth took advantage of this, and purposely cheated his aunt, and she reproved him with good-humoured severity for his knavish tricks. A group of children were sitting together in the middle of the room, and Sigismunda, the eldest daughter, twelve years old, was telling her brothers and sisters,

in a low tone, a long story, to which they listened in silent attention. Theobald Aplevert, an old and faithful servant of the family, was standing at the corner of the stove, calculating the last week's receipts from a little shop which his wife kept, and, as he had reason to apprehend, not to the best account. Thus each of the members of the family was engaged in his own way, and not attending to what the others were about.

Mr. Sebaldus Beerlein himself was sitting on the sofa, with a hand in his waistcoat-pocket; and his head propped by the other, he looked straight before him, listening with pleasure to the playful tones of his wife, and the soft whispering voice of his daughter, and now and then casting a glance at the dark form of his grandmother, whose shaking head and sharply-formed, noble features, were defined upon the evening sky. Such moments are of great value to the father of a family. He takes a survey of his past life; he thinks of all the comforts and blessings that Providence has bestowed on him, and he forms plans for the further improvement of his circumstances, for the sake of those who are dearest to his heart.

The clock of the neighbouring church now struck nine. As the sound of the last stroke died away, the senator rose, took his hat and cane, and hastily left the room.

"Sebald," cried his wife, "art thou going to the counting-house? Shall a light be brought down to thee?"

The senator gave no answer. They heard him going down the stairs, and presently the house-door shutting heavily after him.

"Where can he be going to?" asked the grandmother.

"Indeed I don't know," replied his wife. "He meant to spend the evening with us. Something must have suddenly occurred to him."

The old lady shook her head. A light was brought and the family sat down at the round-table to their simple supper. A place was left for the master of the house, as everybody felt thoroughly convinced that he would presently return. The quarter chimed, then the half-hour, then three-quarters, and at last the clock struck ten, and still he had not come back. Theobald was sent to the vintner's over the way, to inquire whether the senator might not have turned in there and met with friends who had detained him; but he came back, saying that the vintner assured him he had not seen his master. Catherine joked about this sudden disappearance of her husband, but nobody joined in her mirth, especially as the venerable grandmother assumed so serious a look. For some days past she had felt unwell.

"It is not right of him to go just now," said she, "I am liable to be called from one moment to another; and it would grieve me much not to see him once more."

Catherine scolded the grandmother for this expression, and told her that she ought not to talk in that manner. The old lady said her prayers, and Catherine led her to her chamber.

The children were put to bed, too; young Ruhberg retired, and Catherine was left by herself. She took up some work, and seated herself near the candle, resolving not to go to bed till her husband came in. It struck eleven, it struck twelve, and not a footfall was heard out of doors. The streets were deserted and silent; the watchman's horn was heard at a great distance; and from a curtained back-window of a neighbouring house sounded the low mournful tones of women singing while they watched with a corpse. The sky was overcast, and here and there a few solitary stars, so few, that Catherine could count them, peeped forth from between the clouds. She stood at the window, and she made sure that every shadow which glided along either side of the street was her husband coming home at last; but still he came not. When she returned to her work at the table, she was seized with despondency and alarm. She now bethought her that it was not Sebald's way to go out so suddenly without saying a word, and to stay out so late. If he had changed his mind, and been obliged to go out that evening, he would surely have said a word to that effect to his wife, who was sitting not far from him. Never did he go out for a single hour without acquainting her, and desiring her to save his supper for him; and now he was away the whole night! She turned over in her mind his behaviour during the day: uneasy as she was, she fancied that it had not been altogether as usual: but on closer reflection, she could not adduce any particular circumstance. The anxious wife tried to recollect whether any petty jar had arisen between them, but she soon said to herself, "How could I forget a quarrel so serious as to drive a husband away from his wife? Besides, it was not Sebald's disposition to bear such a violent grudge."

Catherine's thoughts then turned to his circumstances; but, as far as she knew, these were prosperous; indeed, had they been ever so deranged, the senator, a man universally beloved and esteemed, would have had no need to abscond by night on that account, for he had friends and wealthy relations who took an interest in his welfare.

Amid these musings, day dawned, and Catherine extinguished her lamp. Weary as she was, sleep kept aloof from her eyes. By degrees the family began to stir, doors opened, and the short dry cough of the grandmother gave notice that she was awake. The children came, and Catherine said not a word to them or to the old lady about the absence of her husband. But she could not long conceal it. People came upon business: the messenger of the senate wanted him; friends asked to see him; and at last she was obliged to confess that she knew not where her husband was. A day was suffered to pass; and then it was publicly reported in the city, that Senator Beerlein had disappeared, and nobody knew what had become of him. Some now pretended that a man's hat and stick had been found on the bank of the river; others declared that a report of fire-arms had been heard at night in a neighbouring wood, and it was whispered that the corpse of the suicide had been carried very early in the morning to the city by charcoal-burners, secretly hired for the purpose. Still more extraordinary rumours were circulated; it was alleged that Mr. Beerlein had been conducted by an escort over the frontiers, to be punished for some crime suddenly discovered in a neighbouring country. It is easy to conceive what Catherine and her family must have suffered when they heard these reports. The poor forlorn woman still believed that her husband would come back daily, hourly—but

she was disappointed. A month passed away, two months, three months, and not a trace of the senator was to be discovered. Advertisements in the newspapers proved fruitless; and private inquiries indefatigably prosecuted were equally unavailing. The man was as completely lost as if he had sunk into the earth. Nobody had seen him go out at the door, nobody had observed him in the street; minutely as his dress, face, and figure were described, nowhere had such a person been seen in any of the neighbouring places.

Three years had elapsed, and the lost senator had ceased to be talked of, when, late one evening, likewise in the middle of summer, a man knocked at the door of Beerlein's house. He looked pale and fatigued. He was asked what he wanted. The stranger was evidently astonished at this question.

"Who are you?" said he to the young man who opened the door. "What brings you into my house?"

"Your house!" exclaimed the youth, scrutinising the interrogator from head to foot. "This house belongs to Mr. Van Peters, the wine-merchant, and I am his clerk."

"Van Peters!" exclaimed the stranger. "What a silly oaf you must be to crack such a stupid joke! As if I did not know where the wine-merchant lives, and where my own house is!"

With these words he pushed the young fellow roughly aside, and ascended the well-known staircase. He went along the passage; here he saw furniture and pictures that were strange to him. He was about to open the door of the sitting-room, when bursts of obstreperous laughter, the clang of glasses, and voices of men in loud disputation met his ear.

"Is it possible!" said he to himself; "has Catherine company? and especially such noisy company as this?"

He opened the door gently, and was thrilled with horror on seeing a number of drunken faces around a public-house table. The apartment, which used to be kept so neat, so clean, and so comfortable, looked dirty, and was filled with tobacco-smoke. The wainscot was damaged, and here and there gone from the wall. The chair at the window, where his grandmother was accustomed to sit, was occupied by a sleeping "mountain of gross flesh." But the evening sun shone, as it did when he was there last, through the windows, and its golden radiance cut the returned senator to the heart like a dagger. He stood upon the threshold of his own room; he sought the dear objects whom he had left there but an hour before, as he thought, and how was all so frightfully changed, as in the wild vagaries of an extravagant dream! The poor man rubbed his forehead, he shut his eyes and opened them again, to convince himself that he was not mistaken, and tottered like one who is on the point of swooning. The noisy revellers on perceiving him, laughed aloud at the pale stranger for coming into a public house when he seemed to be already intoxicated.

"Good Heavens!" all at once exclaimed the landlord: "why it is the lost senator!"

At this exclamation the guests were seized with a panic, set down their glasses, and stared at the door, as though they had seen a spectre. The stranger advanced and seated himself at the end of one of the benches. Those who occupied it, moved as far from him as they could. The landlord alone had the courage to go up to him.

"Mr. Senator," cried he, "where have you been? For these three years search has been made for you to no purpose."

"Three years!" repeated Beerlein, staring at the landlord.

"This house," continued the other, "is no longer yours. Your widow—your wife, I would say—I beg your pardon, I am talking to you as if you were dead—sold it to me in the second year, as you did not come back, and now lives in a small town in the neighbourhood."

"And my grandmother?" asked Beerlein.

"She died a few weeks after your disappearance."

"And my children?"

"Dead, too. A disease which made great havoc in our good city last year carried them off."

At these answers, the head of the unfortunate senator dropped lower and lower; no tone of horror or of grief escaped him; but his whole frame denoted heart-breaking and unutterable anguish. He left the room as quietly as he had entered it. The landlord followed him, stopped him on the stairs, and asked in a loud and sharp voice, "But where have you been all this time, neighbour?"

"Ask me not," replied the wretched man; "God has been pleased to try me in a wonderful way. I feel that I shall die."

With these words he fell into a deep swoon. Care was taken to convey him to his wife, and one may conceive the fright and joy of Catherine when she saw her long lost husband return. She received him in her widow's weeds, which she put off immediately, but only to resume them in a few weeks, and this time with sufficient occasion, for Mr. Sebaldus Beerlein departed this life, as he had foretold, with pious resignation; but before he died he communicated to the clergyman who attended him the extraordinary circumstances of his absence, and this document is still preserved by the family. It is attested and signed by several witnesses living at the time, who were well acquainted with the senator before his disappearance, and who saw him return, and the seal of the city authorities was affixed to it. This narrative was, in substance, as follows:

On Trinity Sunday, in the year 1749, relates the senator, between eight and nine in the evening, I was sitting quietly, and occupied with the most pleasing thoughts about my family, which was collected around me, when I distinctly heard a rap at the door. I took no notice of it, concluding that Ahlevert, my servant, who was close to the door, would see who was there, or that the person who had knocked would come in, when he found his signal disregarded. Instead of that, however, the knocking was thrice repeated, and very loud. I was surprised that not a creature in the room seemed to hear it: all quietly kept their seats. All at once it was as if a voice said to me, "Rise, take thy hat and cane and go."

I strove to silence this extraordinary inward injunction, but was seized with such an anxiety, oppression, and faintness of heart, as if I had been ever so ill. This painful sensation became at last so unbearable, that I was forced to take up my hat and stick and to go to the door.

When I was in the passage, I there found a man who eyed me with steadfast look, and again the words sounded in my ears, "Come, follow me."

I knew not the man, neither did I know what he wanted with me; but I felt that from the moment I had crossed the threshold of my room he had power over me, and I followed him.

We descended the back stairs and went through a passage in the next house, of the existence of which I had never before been aware. It was vaulted, and as far as I can recollect, casks and empty chests were piled against its dark walls. It became lower and lower, so that at last I was obliged to advance stooping after my guide, who went just before me. We came to a dark water, which I took to be a covered canal: the water looked black and unnatural. A couple of crazy planks, which served for a bridge, swayed much as I was passing over them; but my guide moved light as a feather and without the slightest noise, over this dangerous crossing.

We got at last into the open air, and I saw the starry firmament above us. The evening red still glowed in the west; and I recollect that, on looking back, I distinctly saw the steeple of our principal church; everything else seemed to be enveloped, as it were, in mist. We now came to a plain, extending farther than the eye could reach, and which appeared absolutely strange to me. Not a tree, not a hut, not a road was to be seen. The ground was covered with dried or singed grass, as if a vast fire had lately raged there.

I made this remark to my guide, asking at the same time whither he was leading me. Without answering, he signified by a silent gesture that we must proceed. Accordingly, without exchanging a word, we pursued our course together over the dead level of the heath. The last tinge of the evening red disappeared; a fog shrouded the face of heaven, so that earth and sky seemed to be covered with one uniform lead-coloured veil. I cannot describe to you the awful and soul-depressing effect of this solitude. How grateful to my ear would have been the slightest sound of life! we heard not even our own footfalls on the soft ground. From time to time a cool breeze blew over the plain, but it refreshed me not, for it wafted with it an intolerable smell of mould.

Having proceeded in this manner for about half an hour, I perceived a house standing quite alone upon the plain, and the windows of which were brilliantly lighted up. It was in that sort of style in which palaces are built; pillars supported the roof, and the edifice was decorated with magnificent flights of steps, rich coats of arms, and gilt statues. My companion beckoned me to enter. I represented to him that I knew not either the house or its owner.

"Thou wilt learn to know him," he replied, "but beware of putting a single question either to him or to those about him concerning what thou shalt there see. Silent as thou camest must thou go again, and impress upon thy memory what thou seest."

With these words he opened the door of a large magnificent saloon, along the sides of which I saw by the light of a thousand tapers, a large company sitting in full dress. When I entered, every eye was turned upon me. The company consisted of gentlemen of quality, and ladies of extraordinary beauty; but I knew none of them. They were faces which I had never seen in all my life. My companion, who stopped in a respectful attitude at the door, motioned me to approach the company. I did so, though I felt abashed, and they replied to my salutation with a formal but not unfriendly obeisance; for every one seemed to be wholly occupied with himself or his neighbour, and to take no further notice of me. I had time for observation, and I soon remarked that all these beautiful women had red cords round their necks, which were white as alabaster, and that the gentlemen wore the same mark over their cravats. Finding that I was permitted to walk about where I pleased, I went up to a card-table at the window, about which four grave gentlemen were assembled. They looked cold and indifferent; sleep seemed to weigh down their eyes; their clothes were most splendidly embroidered with gold, and broad ribbons of orders crossed their bosoms. They, too, had the distinctive red band round the neck; but what startled me more was, to see that the cards with which they were playing were stained with blood.

I turned shuddering away, and went into an adjoining apartment. It was fitted up still more superbly than the saloon, and hung with red velvet. On a sofa I saw a man who was taking a nap; his head dropped upon his bosom; but he, too, had the red band round his neck. Casting my eyes upon the floor, I perceived with horror a track of blood, which led to the next room. I followed it, and found a second apartment, but not a creature in it. The lights burned dimly, and a number of musical instruments huddled together in one corner, indicated that they had been, or were to be used to play to dancing. But not a musician was to be seen, and the profoundest silence prevailed. A door of immense magnitude occupied the further side of this apartment. It was shut and surrounded with costly gilding. The traces of blood led to this door; but in spite of all my efforts to open it, I could not stir the lock. Apprehensive lest the noise which I made might bring the company to me, I desisted from further attempts. Over the door was inscribed in large black figures "1789." This number has deeply impressed itself upon my mind, as well as the track of blood which led to the mysterious apartment.

I know that I fell into a reverie about these things, and a kind of stupor came over me, and made me sit down in a chair in a corner of the saloon. How long I might have sat there I cannot tell: when I woke up from my musing, I heard a clock strike one, and at the same time a great bustle in the saloon. I rose immediately and hastened through the apartments to look for my guide. He was still standing there waiting for me. We quitted the saloon and the house forthwith. I was again upon the solitary heath, and my companion walking mutely by my side. In this manner we arrived at the skirts of the city, where he took leave of me with a silent bow. I felt faint and ready to die. I had scarcely strength to reach the city, and I rejoiced to find myself again in the well known streets. When I once more heard the noise usual in them, and human voices, my heart seemed to revive. The recollection of the ghostlike company, with its fearful mark, gradually became less vivid, but that prophetic number was constantly before my eyes, and will continue to haunt them as long as I live; for it is but too certain that the Lord hath caused me to see a wonderful vision.

Need we say that the import of this vision, or whatever it may be called, was fully explained by the French revolution which broke out just forty years afterwards? About that time appeared a tract in German, with this title, "Wonderful and True History of the lost Senator of Bremen—how by the special permission of God he foresaw future Times and their Doings." Upon that publication the above tradition is founded.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

## A LATE REMARKABLE TRIAL AT GIBRALTAR.

At Gibraltar, a month or two ago, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases, which show us how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the uttermost, can pourtray the extremes of passion of which human nature is susceptible. A communication, bearing date February the 20th, from the rock-built fortress which England keeps as a key to the Mediterranean, relates the following particulars:—

A respectable merchant, named James Baxwell, born at London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar, induced partly by the circumstance of his being of the same religious persuasion to which the people of his adopted country belonged. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St. Michael, so renowned for its caves and crystallisations. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired, in truth, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

James Baxwell had a daughter, an only daughter, aged seventeen, and of remarkable beauty. Her countenance and figure combined in a most agreeable manner the peculiar charms of the Englishwoman with the soft and languishing characteristics of the Spaniard. Young as she was, she had been for some two or three years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths around Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes; and many, many a one thought to himself that happy above all men would be he who could win the smiles of Eliza Baxwell. But Eliza bestowed her smiles upon no one. She seemed, to those whose involuntary sighs she excited, to carry maidenly modesty to freezing coldness. At mass, *her* eyes were ever bent upon her book, regardless of all the glances cast upon her by others.

Such was at least the case till shortly before the events to be narrated. At length, however, Eliza did see one who awakened in herself some of the emotions which she had caused in others. At mass, one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect. To her he seemed a being superior to all the young men she had ever yet beheld. From that moment, her calm and self-possessed demeanor left her for ever. Abroad and at home, she was restless and uneasy. But, ere long, the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed at no great distance of time.

Assured of the affections of Eliza, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr. Baxwell. "I am named William Katt," said he to the merchant; "I am, like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character, young and wealthy. Give me your daughter—we love one another."

"Never!" said James Baxwell, to whom the position and circumstances of the young man were not unknown; "never!" You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Lutheran and my daughter is a Catholic. Such an union could not be happy, nor will I ever give my consent to it. Eliza shall never be yours!" The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But the father remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place between Eliza and her parent. The blood of the fiery south coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared that she *would* marry the object of her choice, despite of all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner *kill her* with his own hands, than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by at this scene, he kept silence. What thoughts were revolving in his mind, it would be difficult to say.

Two days afterwards, an alarming noise was heard by the neighbours to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purposes. The noise consisted at first of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length died altogether away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds alluded to. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Eliza had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He said that she was missing, certainly; but whither she had gone, he knew not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went abroad that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter, to prevent her marriage with William Katt, and, ultimately, this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities, that they were compelled to arrest James Baxwell, and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing criminating was found. "The cave, the cave is the place!" cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cave, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Eliza's dress, sprinkled all over with blood. They also discovered a small quantity of hair, clotted with gore, and that hair was recognised by many as having been taken from the head of Eliza.

Baxwell protested his innocence. But the proof seemed strong against him, and he was regularly brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving sentence, the unhappy merchant trembled to excess, and afterwards seemed utterly overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a state almost of total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of the latter day, the jailor came to announce to him, for the final time, that the moment of fate was at hand. The merchant was seized again with a fearful trembling, and he cried, what he had reiterated to all who saw him in his confinement, "Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of assassination which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his presence against Eliza. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt, than he exclaimed, at the very foot of the scaffold, "My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your evidence has done to me." Baxwell said this with some composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt was very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal the depth of his agitation.

Baxwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and gave himself up to the hands of the executioner, to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last duties by crying in a loud voice, "Justice is doing! Justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned merchant, and pulled it down in front so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this, when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold—"*It is I who am guilty!—I alone!*"

This cry came from William Katt. The magistrates in attendance instantly called him forward, and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Eliza, with her consent, to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off, in concealment. But to her he did not communicate other measures which he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it with the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled in the same way a part of Eliza's dress, which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there, also, had he emitted personally those cries, which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold, had awakened (the young man said) instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold, and partly afterwards. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner had turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from off his eyes and head. It was found that he was a corpse! No exertion had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamours of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds.

Eliza, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, retired to a convent for life, immediately on learning all that had passed.

---

## BETTINA VON ARNIM.

To pay a round of visits in Berlin is like dancing the egg dance, where at every step you are in danger of breaking a shell, and leaving a stain. If I asked, with a natural interest, about Madame von Arnim, whose published correspondence with Goethe gives her a claim to be numbered among the distinguished women of her country, a dozen voices made haste to assure me that her letters were no "Letters of a Child," and attacked her reputation with that weapon most odious to women—a calendar of dates.

* * * * * *

Any true musician who has a touch of the fantastic in his composition—and what true musician has *not?*—will probably take an interest in another of my morning pleasures, greater than he has found in my feeble transcript of Cranach's "Bath of Youth." I allude to the hour in which I had the pleasure of listening to the earnest and brilliant conversation of Madame von Arnim;—that friend of so many artists, and whose journals and letters to Goethe have presented the world with the most poetical picture it has yet received of the master-genius of German music,—the rapt and rugged Beethoven. Even were I willing to publish what passed in the confidence of private intercourse, to record that interview in detail would be impossible. Such a rapid and vivacious and ever-changing flow of eloquence I never encountered, even in a woman,—never such a fund of racy language and quaint illustration, or such a child-like and artless nationality. It was like reading a suppressed page of her strange and poetical "Letters of a Child;"—few celebrated persons being so identical on paper and in personal intercourse as the reporter of Beethoven's *raptus* for Goethe's benefit, and the Lady of Berlin. Never, too, did I look upon a more expressive and striking countenance than Madame von Arnim's. There is a touch in it of Mignon and Fenella; a certain gipsy animation and brilliancy beyond the power of Time to destroy. The hazel eyes are still as deep, tender, and searching as when they reminded good Frau von Goethe of the tones of the violoncello. The small and symmetrical figure is as nimble, and the gestures are as impulsive, as in the days when their owner jumped into the Main, near Aschaffenburg, on the overturn of her brother-in-law's carriage, to rescue the purse of violets Goethe had thrown to her at a party at Wieland's, among the other treasures of the floating band-boxes. The enthusiasm is still untired which stirred the maiden to take an active interest in the fate of the poor Tyrolese, and enabled the mature woman to master the modeller's difficult and delicate art, for the purpose of designing a monument to the memory of her beloved friend—as the striking design at the head of

the English version of the "Letters of a Child" testifies. A like ardour of perseverance helped Madame von Arnim through the study of a strange language, for the purpose of effecting her unique translation of her own letters; and had the reader heard her once describe all her hopes and fears, the dissuasions of her more experienced friends and the undismayed pertinacity with which she plunged into the chaos of case and person and idiom, in fulfilment of her purpose,—he would, perhaps, feel with me, that though incorrect and *baroque*, and at times hardly intelligible, is the language called English in which the "Letters of a Child" are rendered, no other version would do as close a justice to the meaning and to the personality of the authoress. No translation would make the book acceptable to the million. Yet those who would search out the connection between music and the visible and invisible world, without some examination of which no one can enter into the music of Germany, should not disdain the "Letters" in question; even supposing him to care nothing for the vivid and breathing pictures of character, and the adventures, full as good as fairy tales, they contain. There have been few illustrations of the delicate and almost impalpable chain of associations, which connect particular sounds with particular scenes, more exquisite than some of the less known passages.—*Chorley's Music and Manners in France and Germany.*

---

I have just glanced at a new work, "Communications about Goethe," by F. W. Riemer, of Weimar, who was long on terms of intimacy with the poet, and assisted him in his literary undertakings. Much was anticipated from the book, but I think people are likely to be disappointed. It is far inferior to the Conversations by Eckermann; and a great portion of the two thick volumes appears to be taken up with a recapitulation of what has been said for and against Goethe. Some new revelations, however, will be found on the curious intimacy which existed between the poet and Bettina. Apropos of this lady, she has lately made herself the subject of much talk in Berlin, by a defence she has written, and allowed to be published, of the unlucky Spontini. She has also written a new work, "Recollections of Gaye," the author of a book on art, "The Carteggio," and who died so young in Italy. In the work are recorded some interesting conversations between the authoress and the mother of Goethe.—*Music Correspondent of the Atheneum.*

---

## L. E. L.

Yes! Summer comes to cheer our northern land,
But where art thou, enchantress, L. E. L.?
No timbrel rings to thy once skilful hand,
And silence chains thy sweetly-sounding shell:
The wild flowers droop around each haunted well,
And o'er the fairy green and babbling brook,
Is spread the shadow of some troubled spell.
Nature's glad minstrels have their bowers forsook,
And for their notes comes up the solemn swell
Of that sad peal on peal, which rings thy requiem knell.

And they have laid thee, gentlest L. E. L.
In that enduring dreamless, last repose;
In the deep solitude of some lone dell.
There thy chief mourner is the wilding rose:
And there the "lowly daisy" sweetly blows,
While ever and anon some sheep-fold bell,
Comes tinkling from afar at twilight's close.
Ah! there thy spirit would have loved to dwell
'Mid sounding streams' low chime, and wood-notes' softest swell.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

---

## RISE UP, MY CRONIES.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

Rise up, rise up, my cronies a',
And let us, ilka ane, gae hame;
Gin we should langer bide awa,
I trow we wad be sair to blame.
The lift is red wi' mony a star,
It's time we rase and quat our beer;
For mae than ane wad fare the waur,
For our lang biding here.

Our hearths are lowin' bein and bricht,
And brichter yet our gudewives' smile;
They keep our ingles clean and ticht,
To cheer us after a' our toil.
But now our bairns are langin' sair,
To see us by the hallan steer,
The puir wee things the waur wad fare,
For our lang biding here.

Then come, my cronies, let us up,
And boun' us ane an' a' for hame;
We've haen a cantie crack and cup,—
To think o' mair wad be a shame.
Our dames look for us frae afar,
Our weans are wae till we appear:
We'll rise, that they may fare nae waur,
For our lang biding here.

*Dublin University Magazine.*

---

## THE LOVE O' AULDEN DAYS.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

The heart that ye hae wranged is breakin',
And sune will beat nae mair;
The lang deep sleep that kens nae wakin,
Will cure at last my care.
Around me lovers, vainly wooin',
Wad beet anew love's rays,
But the heart can never bruik renewin'
The love o' aulden days.

My mither sits and greets to see me,
My faither turns his head;
Mair pain their sorrow does but gie me,
I wish that I were dead!
But blame my lip has never spoken,
For you it ever prays:
For the heart still cherishes, till broken,
The love o' aulden days.

*Dublin University Magazine.*

The following passage is rather striking as a picture of pestilence in a camp, and curious from the closing facts; the inference from which seems to be that cholera, like some nervous disorders, may be driven away by active exertion, or induced by mental stagnation—unless some occult malaria was in action.

## CHOLERA IN CAMP.

The first time I saw cholera as an epidemic, was in the campaign against the Chooars, in 1832. Soon after leaving Barrackpore, in November, it showed itself in the camp to which I was attached. For nearly a month it assumed the sporadic form, selecting for its victims the camp-followers and the weaker Sepoys only. Though a good many of those attacked were carried off, still it did not excite much alarm; and we hoped, by constant change of ground, and the cold weather increasing, to leave it somewhere behind. However, after we had penetrated about twelves marches into the interior of the enemy's country, it burst out at Luckipore with all the violence of an epidemic, and raged for several days with the most appalling mortality. The hospital became crowded to excess; two, three, or four poor fellows were carried in every hour; and so rapid was the progress of the disease, that many died a few hours after they were attacked. Many of the followers, rather than run the risk of living longer in camp, fled into the forests, and attempted to find their way home; running the risk of meeting upon their path the numerous beasts of prey, and the enemy, as savage as merciless, and still more dangerous than the wild beasts, through many a weary mile. The retching of those attacked, the groans of the dying, and the lamentations for the dead, occupied the ear incessantly night and day; graves were seen digging in every direction, and funeral piles smoking all around, tainting the very atmosphere with human empyreumatic odour. Flocks of kites and vultures hovered over the dismal scene, screaming to be deprived of their expected prey. Troops of jackals prowled about at night, tearing open and robbing the newly-tenanted graves; and the short hoarse bark of the hyena, like a knell from a death's-head, grated upon the startled ear, warning us of our mortality, and of his perhaps groping for our bones before another day's dawn. Public religious processions were frequently performed by the natives, each caste separate by itself, with all the noisy solemnity characteristic of Hindoo and Musselman rites, the one trying to outdo the other in their supplications to their favourite deities to abate the dreadful calamity; and, to complete the tragical scene, the savage enemy, apparently exempt from the disease, looked on composedly from the skirts of the jungle, ready to impale with their arrows any one who ventured beyond the piquets, and anticipating our extermination without any efforts of theirs to assist.

When things were in this condition, we broke ground, marched two days in succession, and halted at Boonga. We had not a case of cholera after leaving Luckipore. It is pretty well ascertained, though not easily accounted for, that if cholera break out in camp, and that camp be broken up into parties, the chances are that the greater number of parties will be exempt. This was strikingly exemplified in two companies of the Thirty-fourth Native Infantry that were detached; they had not a case of cholera after, though it continued with the head-quarters. The number of deaths on this occasion amounted to about seventy; about three-fourths of these were camp-followers. Most providentially, not a European officer was attacked; such is the caprice of this awful disorder.—*Dr. M'Cosh.*

Such, rather, are the advantages of good clothing and good living, with intelligence to see the necessity of precautions, and means to be able to take them.

---

## A CHAPTER OF FACTS ON MALARIA.

It is a generally-received opinion that the greater proportion of diseases with which the natives are affected are the consequence of malaria generated in the decomposition of vegetable matter: indeed no fact is better ascertained, than that a certain quality, whether a gas or a vapour, a film or an impalpable powder, is evolved by vegetables exposed to heat and moisture, and undergoing the process of putrefaction, which has the property of engendering fever when brought in contact with the body. This miasma is generated in greater quantity in autumn and spring than during other seasons of the year; is more potent at full and new moon than at other periods, and more active between sunset and ten o'clock than during the rest of the day. Miasma seems to possess gravity, for people that sleep on the ground-floor are more frequently attacked with fever than those who live in the upper stories; and some European cultivators preserve their health in the Sunderbunds of the Ganges merely by living in lofty houses, whereas if they slept in the lower story they would suffer very severely, or die of fever.

Miasma is capable of being dissipated by heat; a moist atmosphere is more favourable for its action than a dry one, and a person may sleep in a marsh with comparative impunity, if he sleeps beside a watch-fire. Miasma is actuated by the same laws that actuate the atmosphere, and may be conveyed by the wind to a considerable distance, with its properties unimpaired. A ship may anchor a mile distant to windward of a marshy island with impunity, but if she anchor the same distance to leeward she will in all likelihood be attacked by disease. An army may encamp with impunity on the sea-shore of a pestilential island during one monsoon and while the wind is from the sea, but if the monsoon change and the wind from the interior blow over the camp they are certain of being attacked. Miasma loses its property of producing fever in its progress on the wind, as if it became too much diluted to take effect; and a town may be situated five or six miles to leeward of a marsh and not be subject to fever, whereas, if situated within one mile, it may have many. People constantly exposed to malaria become inured to it, and enjoy comparatively good health where a new-comer would suffer. The Garrows, one of the hill tribes of India, are the most powerful, athletic race of men I have ever seen in

India; yet they inhabit a country into the interior of which no European could penetrate without the certainty of a most dangerous fever. In some parts of South America, when a slave makes his escape from bondage, he finds a safe asylum in some noted malarial jungle, well knowing that his master would not follow him thither at the risk of his life, and would rather lose his slave than attempt to pursue him.

In most cantonments in India there are certain marked houses, known from their unhealthiness, and these are generally waste, or only occupied for a month or so by strangers. There are generally some good grounds for the reputed character they bear; and though it be a popular opinion, it is, perhaps, the safest plan to retain it. The state of sleeping or waking materially affects the disposition to miasmata. A person may be exposed when awake to miasma and not suffer, but is much more predisposed to an attack if he is exposed to it asleep; as if the guardian that protected the constitution while awake, went to sleep along with its master, leaving him unprotected. Hence the danger of sleeping in a marsh; nevertheless, a man may even sleep in a marsh with less harm, if he take the precaution of tying a gause veil over his face. Hence an advantage of the native mode of sleeping with the head wrapped up in a cloth, which no doubt saves them from many an ague.—*Dr. M'Cosh.*

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE.

Booth v. Barrett.—Mr. Erle appeared on behalf of the plaintiff, who was between forty and fifty years of age; she had lived for many years with her sister, who is married to Mr. Broome, a watchmaker in Exeter. The defendant carried on business as a baker; he had been prosperous, and had saved £2000 or £3000.—John Broom: The defendant was a widower in June, 1840, and had four children. He asked me if I could recommend him a wife, as his daughter was about to be married. I told him I had two, I could part with my sister-in-law and my daughter. Upon an introduction he said he should not marry till his wife had been dead twelve months, and a conversation took place about marriage, and he said the plaintiff was like his former wife in size and manner, and her name was the same, and he would give her a month to consider of it. He called several times during the week, and at the end of that week the plaintiff left, and went to Sidbury. On the next Sunday the defendant said he was very fond of the plaintiff, and should like to make her his wife, if I would try and get her word to marry him. The defendant called frequently at my house, and was always speaking of her. He desired me to get an answer, yes or no; if it was yes, he should be happy; if it was no, he should know what to do. I went to Sidbury, and upon my return I saw the defendant, and told him that the plaintiff had no objection to his proposal. He said he was content and happy, and should want her in about three weeks, as his daughter would then be married. Some time after this he ceased to visit. In February last, the defendant married another person. Cross-examined—When I told him I had two I could part with, he asked their ages, and I said one was forty-four and the other was twenty-four. He asked if I would allow him to come and look her over, he did not like to buy a pig in a poke. He came the next morning, and looked in at the shop rather timidly. I smiled to myself. When he went in, I said, "Sam, there's my sister; how do you like her?" my wife was there, and he might have fallen in love with the wrong woman. He had a glass of gin and water to settle the love; he was bolder than usual, having the liquor in him; he had not had courage to come in before. He then looked her up and down, and said she was like his former wife. I have bought a mare and have looked her over, but he could not see my sister's points so well. I don't know whether he said she was the same colour as his former wife, but she was of the same size and manners. After a long talk together, my sister said I might say "Yes." She consulted a Mrs. Pitts about it. She went apart and communed with herself. She then said she had no objection to change her condition. Did you ever know a single lady of forty-seven that had an objection?—Mr. Cockburn said there never was a case so extraordinary, so singular, indeed so ludicrous in all the circumstances attending the courtship and the engagement, as the present. Juries were generally asked to make compensation on account of the injury done to the feelings and happiness of the individual. His friend, however, had abandoned that line of argument, but he said this was the case of a lady very considerably past her prime, who had an offer which she supposed was her last chance. It really put him (Mr. Cockburn) in mind of horse-dealing. You had an inclination to buy a mare, "I have two," said the man; "one an old mare, the other a filly; the one steady and free from vice, the other is rather skittish, but sound." (Roars of laughter.) Now, really, was there any thing serious in all this? The lady had been at Sidbury, and on her return the defendant went to her and coolly shook her hand, and said he was glad to see her back again. That was all that took place between this loving pair. He had expected to have heard of a chaste salute, but not one solitary instance of that kind had taken place The learned counsel urged upon the jury that this pretended engagement was the mere jocularity of a drunken man. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £100.—*Examiner, August 7th,* 1841.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

# DOCTOR BARRETT,

Late Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and Vice-Provost of the University of Dublin.

THERE are some characters, like some landscapes, which appear altogether out of nature, if drawn exactly as nature made them; and when we meet with such a one, in a work of fiction, we are apt to brand it as an unnatural exaggeration. The traits of Briggs and Dr. Orkburn, as sketched by the genius of Madame D'Arblay, were thought extravagant and improbable pictures of avarice and learned simplicity; yet in Dr. Barrett, the late Vice-Provost of Dublin University, the extremes of both these fictitious characters were united, and, with them, many others equally strange and peculiar to himself. His eccentricities, indeed, cannot be duly apppreciated by those who have never seen him. The *tout ensemble* of his appearance and manner gave an air of oddity and drollery to every thing which he said or did, which must in a great measure be lost in the description of them. He was a man of low stature, with a huge head, disproportioned to the size of his body, and a large, hooked nose, disproportioned to the size of his head. He wore the skirts of his coat very wide, and always walked with his hands buried in its pockets, and his arms fixed close to his sides. His feet were small, and he stood with them close together, so that, at a distance, he looked like an equilateral triangle standing on its vertex. His face was not uncomely, and had the head been on a larger body might have been called manly and handsome. He had a very ruddy complexion, and his hands were naturally small and white, but as he seldom washed them or cut his nails, the semicircle of dirt under each appeared like a horse-shoe, appended to a mahogany finger.

His mind was a still stranger compound than his body; he was literally a personification of Swift's broomstick, and his whole character seemed made up of contradictions. He was a man of great acquirements, and his memory was so exceedingly tenacious, that, like Pascal, he could recollect almost every thing he had ever seen or read. He was a man of the greatest integrity, and never known to commit a dishonourable action. He was excessively good-natured, and always ready to render others any little service in his power, except in money matters. He was a man of strong and unaffected piety, and his writings display great zeal and sincerity in support of revealed religion. Yet with these excellent qualities of head and heart, he united others of so opposite a nature, that it is hardly conceivable how they could coexist in the same mind. Though acquainted with the abstrusest things of science, he was so ignorant of the things of common life, that he literally did not know a live duck from a partridge; and though he had dined at commons on mutton for forty years, did not know a live sheep when he saw one; though capable of speaking and writing the dead languages with correctness and fluency, he was so ignorant of his own, that his conversation was a tissue of blunders and grammatical absurdities. Though generally kind and good-natured, he was never known to part with a penny in charity; and so narrow was his heart, that he suffered his nearest relatives to pine in poverty while he lived, and starve at his death, while he had accumulated useless thousands. Though a religious and pious man, he indulged a habit of cursing and swearing to a fearful extent; and, though moral and continent, he purchased all sorts of books and pictures for his private indulgence.

Dr. Barrett entered college, not as a sizar, as is generally supposed, but as a pensioner, under Dr. Monsell, in May, 1767. The number of students on the college books, which has now increased to more than 1,500, was then only 273. Among his cotemporaries, were Whitelaw, Curran, and Dr. Percival. His unwearied perseverance secured him a large share of college distinction, and in 1773 he obtained a scholarship. From his earliest admission he practised those peculiarities which afterwards distinguished him. His clothes were ragged and shabby, not so much from poverty as from parsimony; and, lest he should wear out his gown, he never carried it, unless when he feared being fined for appearing without it. He occupied a garret in the library-square, and allowed himself no fire, even in the severest weather, but stole down to the college kitchen to warm himself, and so wretched was his appearance that one of the college porters, it is said, once turned him out, as a suspicious-looking fellow, who had no right to come there.

It was the custom then, for the students in college to indulge in rum punch to an excess now happily unknown. Their first care after getting in, just before the closing of the gates at twelve o'clock, was to proceed with a kettle to the pump which stood in the first square, and having mixed up a reasonable quantum of rum and sugar with the water, set it on the fire to boil. When it was prepared, the beverage was drunk out of cups, cans, or whatever other vessels the rooms afforded, and the orgies generally continued until morning. One bitter night in January, when the frost and snow lay deep upon the ground, a party in Barrett's building were enjoying themselves in this way, when they suddenly recollected "Barrett in the garret," and knowing his habits, they suspected he must be nearly frozen to death. Partly from good-nature, and partly from the more questionable motive of having some "fun" with him, they seized the kettle of hot punch, and ran up stairs with it. They contrived to open his door, and when they got in, they found him still out of bed, sitting doubled up, apparently reading his Greek lecture for the morning, with a rushlight stuck in the back of the chair. He had no fire, and but little covering, and was growing stiff and torpid with the cold, falling into that dozing state which is often the precursor of death. One held up his chin, while another applied the spout of the kettle to his mouth. When he had swallowed a little of the hot punch he recovered. A gentleman, who was one of the party, frequently said afterwards, that he considered it the critical dose that saved his life; for had he gone to sleep in that state in his frigid garret, he would have been found dead in the morning, like a man in a snow-drift.

His solitary habits prevented his having any associates among his fellow-students, but he made companions of his scanty stock of furniture; and when reading for fellowships used every day to go through the form of an examination with them. Having

placed his chair, table, basin, and bolster, in a semicircle, he gave them the names of the declared candidates, and propounded such questions as occurred in the part of the examination he was reading. To the first whom he supposed to answer, he said "male," to the next "minus recte," to another "dic tu," and so on to the last which represented himself, to whose imagined answer he always replied "recte respondisti, domine Barrett." In this way with wonderful perseverance he got through the whole course, and obtained a fellowship with considerable credit in the year 1778, and was co-opted to a senior fellowship, A. D. 1791.

As soon as he became a fellow, all the eccentricities which his former mode of life had tended to conceal as well as to confirm, began to be better known, and every one who had any intercourse with him had numerous anecdotes of his blundering simplicity. The anecdote of the two cats, which has been told of many learned men, originated with him.

His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out.

"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?"

"You silly man," answered the doctor, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?"

"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?"

"Egad," said Barrett, "and so she could, but I never thought of that."

Equally ingenious was the plan he proposed at the board for removing the rubbish after some buildings had been pulled down in the college courts. He considered it a very unnecessary expense to have it drawn away in carts, and said it would be a more expeditious means of getting rid of it, to dig a hole and bury it; when asked what was to be done with the clay taken out of the hole—

"D'ye see me now," replied the philosophic doctor, "can't you dig another hole and bury that?"

But most of his blunders originated not so much from simplicity as from his strange phrases and habits of conversation. When he was divinity lecturer his inveterate habit of swearing betrayed him into such odd expressions, that, it is a melancholy fact, his lectures were sometimes attended rather as matters of amusement than instruction. Among the candidates for orders was a man of the name of Corvan, a sizar, who had obtained a scholarship at the age of 45, and between him and the lecturer there were constant disputes. In one of St. Paul's Epistles, which was the subject of a lecture, there was supposed to be a dialogue between a Jew and the apostle, but Corvan and the doctor could not agree to which speaker each verse was to be attributed.

"Now, Sir Corvan," said the doctor, "who speaks here?"

"Oh that, Sir, is the apostle."

"Not at all," said his instructor, "that's the Jew, man."

Again Sir Corvan, was asked, "who speaks here?"

"Oh, said he, "that's certainly the Jew."

"You're out again, man," was the lecturer's reply, "for by G—— it's the apostle."

He frequently asked a long question the answer to which was a single word, and in the middle of his question he would stop to ask the name of the person he addressed, though ever so familiar to him. In this way he asked Corvan—

"What was the name of the philosopher who first taught—your name if you *plase?*"

"Domine Corvan."

"Right—what is the name of the——"

"Corvan, I say sir," was again the answer.

"Hout! man," said the irritated examiner, "who ever heard of Corvan a philosopher?"

Another peculiarity of the same kind was interrupting what he said with some irrelevant interpolation, and then again taking up the word where he had broken off. Thus, when he was librarian, he used frequently to interrupt the sentence by reading the title-page, or description of a plate, in some book, that lay on the table before him. One day, a gentleman wishing to find a book in the library for which he had searched in vain in its proper place, inquired from Barrett how he should get it; Barrett referred him to Dr. Wilson, the other librarian. He said he had already applied to him, and that he could not tell him where it was. Barrett, turning over the leaves of a book that lay before him, answered—

"Dr. Wilson is—The Universal History—a very odd fellow,—he puts up all the books in—The Tower of Babel—a place where nobody can find them."

A remarkable instance of this occurred to the person by whom many of these anecdotes were communicated. We give it in his own words.

"I wished to obtain some information about Dr. Young, which, I was told, Dr. Barrett could supply me with. I therefore called on him, and with his usual kindness, he promised to have it for me when I called again. He occupied at that time, the rooms in the wing of the Examination Hall, looking towards the library; the door of which opens into the court. On my second visit I found M'Allister, the head porter, standing on the steps, with a bundle of parchments carefully folded under his purple stuff gown. They were the Doctor's debentures with which he had been to the bank, and was returned with the interest he had received. I asked him would his business keep him long with Doctor Barrett.

"'If I get in, sir,' said he, pointing to the debentures, 'it will be long before you are admitted.'

"By this time I heard the door cautiously opened at the inside, and I pushed forward, so as to force M'Allister off the steps that he might not be seen. Observing the doctor's face now at the opening, I endeavoured to slide in through the gap, but he squeezed me against the jam of the door, and, looking in my face, asked his usual question.

"'Your name if you *plase?*' when I told him, he immediately began to squeeze me still closer. 'Dr. Young was born——'

"'Oh! sir,' said I, 'your information is too valuable for mere memory; allow me to take it down in writing.' At the same time endeavouring to extricate my arms from the position into which he had wedged me.

"'Come in, if you *plase?*' said he, whimpering like a child; and letting me slip in like a penny through the slit in the lid of a poor-box, he cautiously closed the door again.

"There was nobody in the large building but himself: Catty, his college woman, the only other in-

mate, being always sent out of the way, when M'Allister and the debentures were expected. He preceded me up stairs, to the only furnished room among the magnificent suit of apartments which he occupied. Here were two old stuff-backed chairs, very dirty and without covers, and a large table strewed with dusty books. He sat down on one chair, and I on the other, and taking up a scrap of very foul paper and a pen, I begged of him to give me the information he had promised. M'Allister, was, by this time, beginning to be impatient, and interrupted every sentence by a loud rap at the door. The following is verbatim, a copy of what I wrote down from his words.—'Dr. Young was—my G——, my G——born in 1752, he entered—what the deuce is it—college in 1769, and was made a—who the devil's that,—fellow in 1775. He was promoted to the see—what does he want—of Clonfert in 1799, and went to England to consult—M'Allister I believe—the Whitworth doctor, and died—coming from the bank—of a cancer in his tongue at Runcorn in Cheshire,—with all my money by G—.' He then started up, and placing his hands upon my shoulders, pushed me down stairs before him, never letting me go till he had shoved me out of the door, and admitted M'Allister."

Notwithstanding his immense wealth, so strong was his passion for hoarding money, that he never burned a candle in the evening, unless when engaged in writing or some other occupation which rendered one absolutely necessary, and, even then, he put it out the moment he was done. Dr. Elrington, the present professor of divinity, when a student in college called on him one evening for a book. Barrett led the way up stairs in the dark, into a large room, where after groping about for some time, he found a book of the same size as the one for which he was searching. "D'ye see me now," said he, as he gave it, "go back with this book and see if it is the right one, and if it is not, bring it back to me, and I'll light a candle to look for it for you." The same parsimonious feeling caused him considerable trouble whenever he examined, at fellowship or scholarship examination, which he did every year when a senior fellow. He wore a profusion of his own hair turned up before, and curled upon a buckle behind, like a wig; this he used carefully to powder at every examination, and at no other time, and he appeared on the bench conspicuous for a very white head and a very dirty shirt. When the examination was over, he carefully combed out the powder into a sheet of paper, and kept it till the next year.

On one occasion, after the scholarship examination, one of the unsuccessful candidates named Andrew Joint, followed him to his rooms, and finding the door accidentally open, and Catty not in the way, he entered. The doctor had just received some money which he was depositing along with some more, according to his usual custom, in a worsted stocking, till it amounted to the price of a debenture. He was holding the stocking when Andrew appeared before him wringing his hands, "Oh! Dr. Barrett, Dr. Barrett, you have ruined my mother, and, what's worse, you've ruined my sister." "Egod," said Barrett, "I did *not* ruin your mother, and how did I ruin your sister, Andrew Joint?" This he said with such energy that the foot of the stocking gave way, and the money rolled about the floor. He immediately threw himself on the ground over it, and stretching out his hands to keep off the intruder, stipulated that if he went away immediately he would give him a best mark, and if he did not he would *caution* him the first opportunity.

Almost from the day on which he entered college till he was elected a fellow, he had never been outside the college gates, and afterwards seldom further than the Bank of Ireland. The appearance of the most common objects, of course, became subjects of surprise or alarm to him. On one occasion, at the house of his friend, Dr. Magee, then a fellow, and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, he was attacked by a turkey-cock in the yard, and the angry gabble, with the fiery head, and fierce menacing aspect of the, to him unknown, bird, terrified him so much, that he fled into the house for protection. On another occasion, a gentleman at Clontarf, who wished to become tenant of some college lands, invited him, when Bursar, with some other fellows to dinner. He had not been so far from college since his childhood. It was then, that passing by Lord Charlemont's beautiful demesne, and seeing the sheep grazing, he asked what extraordinary animals they were, and when told, expressed the greatest delight at seeing, for the first time, *live mutton*. As he passed along the shore, the sea attracted his particular admiration. He described it as "a broad flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line expanding itself into a surface, and blue, like Xenophon's plain covered with wormwood."

The college bell, at that time hung in a high steeple in the front square, and when it tolled at night roll, was distinctly heard across the bay, at Clontarf like Milton's curfew:—

> "Over some wide watered shore,
> Swinging slow with sullen roar."

After dinner, when the guests, as was then usual, began to drink to the health of favourite ladies, the doctor was asked by his host for his belle; "I'll give you," said he, "the College bell; for I'm told she's finer than big Tom of Lincoln." This was not meant as a play upon words, which he could not comprehend, and never attempted in his life; the bell he always called "she," from the same vulgarism that makes a gun or a ship of the feminine gender.

This was, perhaps, the only occasion on which he dined out of the Commons hall for the space of nearly forty years. At commons he was generally "senior of the hall," and complaints of bad meat, or beer, or any other similar grievance were made to him. He sometimes "punished the mutton," or "fined the beer," but generally refused the complainants any satisfaction. On these occasions he had a strange habit of compounding the senses—*seeing sounds* and *tasting sights*. If asked to taste the subject of complaint, he would reply, "why man, I've tasted a sight of it;" and if the lads became clamorous, he would cry out, "If I see a taste more of noise, I'll punish you all." The only witticism, which he was ever known to make, was made on one of these occasions, and that one *bon mot* was characteristic of the learned doctor, for it was in Latin. The complaint was made by one of the scholars, named King, who was a remarkably plain man; he had a large head, broad nose, and buck teeth; and

was very badly pitted with the small-pox. It was, however, said, that he imagined himself an Adonis, and he was generally known in college by the sobriquet of "Formosus Apollo." The subject of complaint was a leg of mutton. Barrett seemed inclined to give the complainants no satisfaction. "It's quite putrid, sir," said King, "you need only look at the colour of it; it's quite black." The doctor looking full in his face, answered with a line from Virgil,—

"Oh! *Formoese* puer nimium ne crede *colori*."

The inaccuracy of language, which so misapplied the organs of sense at dinner, was equally conspicuous in the examination hall. When examining in the translation of the classics, he had a habit of anticipating the student who was translating, and concluding the passage in words of his own. The first sentence in Cæsar's Commentaries he once selected at an entrance examination; "*Omnis Gallia est*," said the lad, "all Gaul is"—"*divisa* quartered," said the examiner, "in *tres partes*, into three halves." At an examination for scholarships, the book he selected was Horace, and the candidate coming to the phrase "*ducit ilia*"—"cracks his wind," said the doctor, anticipating his translation—"go on, you," as he passed the book.

Dr. Barrett's writings are as eccentric as his manners. He is, perhaps, the last man who published a work on astrology. His "Inquiry into the Origin and Use of the signs of the Zodiac," is as extraordinary an example of learned ingenuity as was ever produced. The book is very little known, but is curious for the very strange theory it proposes, and the immense learning employed to support it. The author supposes the twelve signs to be an hieroglyphical history; the first six of the creation, the second six of the fall of man. By numerous laboured arguments, he shows that they are celestial emblems, the hieroglyphical import of which he proves, from various authorities, to be, "1st, Aries, the Lord, the creator of all things. 2d, Taurus, the ocean, or chaotic earth. 3rd, Gemini, night and day. 4th, Cancer, heaven, or the starry firmament. 5th, Leo, the sun. 6th, Virgo, earth, or dry land, producing vegetables on the third day, and animals on the sixth." This celestial inscription he thus interprets:—"In six days and nights (the number of the signs), (1) the Lord God created (2) the ocean, (4) the heaven, (5) the sun, (6) the earth producing all things." In a similar manner he explains the last six signs:—"1st, Libra, the Sabbath. 2nd, Scorpio, the serpent. 3rd, Sagittarius, the promised deliverer. 4th Capricornus, the enemy of man. 5th, Aquarius, the troubles consequent on the loss of innocence and happiness. 6th, Adam and Eve, under the consequence of the curse, *i. e.* death," which plainly, he thinks, contain the history of man's fall. Nor is this all the knowledge he elicits from the twelve signs. He hopes "to make it appear that they do not merely contain the history of the past, viz. the creation and fall, but also the history of all the great events which were to take place on the theatre of the world, from its first formation, to the final dissolution of all things." God himself, he argues, must have been the author of this celestial book of prophecy, for, we are told in Psalm xlvii. 4. "He called them all by their names," and we are not to suppose he borrowed them from the vain and empty contrivances of an idolatrous superstition, as must be the case if their naming be of heathen origin. He accordingly interprets these prophecies to portend the twelve great epochs in the history of the world, the first being the creation, and the last the millennium.

Some of the applications of this hypothesis are very strange, *ex. gr.*, the explanation of our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus in John iii. 12, 13. "According to my hypothesis," says he, "to be born again means to rise from the dead. This is explained by knowing that the female, *i. e.* the sign Virgo, is the symbol of the earth. Nicodemus ignorant of this, cannot comprehend the meaning of being born again. Our Lord then tells him, 'If I have told you earthly things, and you do not understand them, how shall you understand heavenly things:' *i. e.* how shall you understand that the sign Virgo is that female who is the symbol of the earth, and who prophecies of me and my passion by the ear of corn she holds in her hand, and whose use is to die, and be buried, and to rise again."—*Barrett's Zodiac*, c. v.

This odd work, which in profound learning and number of quotations, is equalled only by "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," exhibits, however, great zeal for the truths of Christianity. But the Doctor's *Curiosa felicitas* was not limited to the one theory. A medal had been found at Friar's Walk, in Ireland, which excited some curiosity. It had a head of our Saviour on one side, and on the reverse, a Hebrew inscription; but some of the letters were so effaced, as to render it doubtful what they were. Another in better preservation, was soon after obtained from a Polish Jew, which cleared up the ambiguity of the former. It was submitted to various learned persons, and bodies, and among the rest, to Dr. Barrett, the vice-provost. Dr. Quarry, of Cork, had published his conjectures of the true reading. They were, however, altogether at variance with the theory of Dr. Barrett, who supposed the medal to be an amulet, and that the "conjurer," as he called the framer of it, had caused its efficacy to depend as much on the number and order of the letters, as on their force. When the medal was presented to him, and the opinions of others stated, he held it up between his finger and thumb to reckon the letters, and then broke out:—

"Dr. Quarry—a pin if you plase—knows nothing about the matter. He can't tell—one, two, three, four—a resch from a daleth—five, six, seven, eight—a ram from a dam."

His interpretation of the meaning of the inscription, which is very ingenious, is as follows:—

| The inscription was | In Roman characters, with the vowel points supplied. |
|---|---|
| משית<br>מלדבאבש<br>למואדמא<br>דמעשוי<br>תי | MASHIACH<br>MALACHBABESHA<br>LOMVEORMEA<br>DAMGNASUI<br>CHAI |

TRANSLATION.

Messiah
regnavit venit in pa-
ce et lux ex ho-
mine factus
vivit

The interpretation he founded on the cabalistic union of the letters, and their numerical force in each line. He thus arranged them:—

1. 2. 3. 4. 7. 8. 28. 52.

1. means unity or indivisibility. 2. 3. lucky and unlucky.
4. 1st square } denote space. | 7. a week. } denote time.
8. 1st cube } | 52. a year. }
28. 2d perfect number,

which mean "In every situation of life, whether prosperous or unlucky, (2. 3.) in every portion of space, (4. 8.) and every part of time, (7. 52.) may this prove a perfect security, (28.) to its possessor, through the Lord Jesus, who (trans. of inscrip.) being the Christ reigned, came in peace, and, being made the light from man, lives."

This curious and fanciful interpretation he read off with as much care and confidence as Champollion reading Egyptian hieroglyphics, and probably with as much truth.*

All the doctor's works were not, however, of this purely fanciful character. He has done important service to biblical criticism by editing the Greek text of St. Matthew's gospel, from a very ancient manuscript which he discovered in the College library. A monk, as was usual in the middle ages, when vellum was scarce, had defaced the original text to make way for his own composition. Dr. Barrett seeing "a dear little iota in the corner," as he described it, which did not belong to the more modern writing, was led to suspect that the manuscript contained something more valuable than appeared at first sight: and with amazing labour he succeeded in decyphering the original text, which contained three fragments, the most important being the Gospel according to St. Matthew. A fac simile of this manuscript was published at the College press, with two treatises prefixed, by the learned discoverer, in which he proves from numerous sound criticisms and authorities, that it could not have been more modern than the sixth century, so that it is one of the oldest biblical manuscripts now extant.

Barrett's numerous eccentricities, as might be expected, made him a frequent subject of caricatures. His system, which he adhered to all his life, was to attach himself to the existing provost. Provost Hutchinson was very unpopular, and a number of satyrical essays were published under the title of "Pranceriana," from the appellation of Jack Prancer, which he had obtained because he wished to introduce fencing and dancing among the usual collegiate studies. Besides these, which were of a higher grade, several caricatures, squibs, and electioneering songs appeared, in which the adherents of the provost were introduced and satirized. Among the former was one representing Barrett in his cap and gown, walking in the courts, with the motto from Horace, "*tenacem PREPOSITI virum.*" One of the songs, a parody on "A master I had and I am his man," supposed to be sung by Frank Hutchinson, the candidate, began thus:—

"When I came to the Hall, so fine and so gay,
With Flanagan, Carey, Nun,
When I came to the Hall, so fine and so gay,
I drew out my blackguards all in array,
There was *Barrett*, Hely,
Butts, Brown, Daly, &c.
&c. &c.

A second caricature of him, also a good likeness, appeared from a different cause. He was represented as a sweep, his hood being converted into a soot bag. His exceedingly foul linen and dirty face had acquired for him this appellation, and one day as he was crossing the courts a junior freshman called after him "sweep, sweep." He was observed, and summoned before the board for the offence. He acknowledged he had called out "sweep," but said it was addressed to a real sweep who was in the court, and whom he wanted to clean his chimney.

"Egad," answered Barrett, "there you're caught, sir, for there was ne'er a sweep in the courts *but myself* at the time."

He occasionally commissioned M'Allister to buy a picture, by a good master, when advertised for sale, and had made a small collection, but, to save the expense of a carpenter, he undertook to hang them himself, and they were suspended in an unfurnished room from angle to angle of the walls, no two in a horizontal position. He occupied for many years one of the best buildings in college, with fine suits of apartments, but he never suffered them to be cleaned or the windows to be opened, so that they always had a heavy and offensive smell. In the rebellion of 1798, he became greatly alarmed for his money; he had no confidence in any paper security, so he converted a large portion of it into hard cash. A number of small canvass bags, with straps, were found after his death, which, it was supposed, he intended to have filled with his money to carry away with him about his person, when making his escape from the country.

He had a brother in Dublin, whom he established as a pawnbroker after he became a fellow, and endeavoured to secure for him the custom of his pupils. It was then a common practice at the commencement of long vacation, for lads to "pop" their gowns and every superfluous article they were possessed of, to raise some money when going out of town; and then release them when they returned with full pockets from the country to resume business in college. On these occasions Barrett used to suggest his brother's as a safe "place" to deposit their pledges. Whenever a valuable article was left with him, Barrett obliged him to bring it to his chambers, as more secure than a pawnbroker's office. The speculation, however, failed, and his brother and family were reduced to great distress. He took a garden in Paradise Row, and afterwards in Glasnevin, and was indebted to a gentleman there for the use of a stable to keep his horse in, being unable to pay the rent of one. He was seen every morning loading his cart and leading his horse to the market, where he sold his vegetables. He made repeated appeals to the vice-provost, who would never give him a single shilling.

How completely this extraordinary passion for hoarding money had counteracted the natural kindness of his disposition, was strongly exhibited in another instance, towards his poor old attendant, Catty. He had sent her out, as usual, one morning for a

* An account of this medal, which is mentioned by several ancient authors, may be found in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and also in "Walsh's Ancient Gems."

halfpenny worth of milk; he gave her a penny to pay for it, with strict injunctions to be correct in bringing back the change. The poor woman, whom old age and want had rendered infirm, slipped and fell in the college court as she was returning with the milk, hurting her leg so severely that she was immediately carried off to an hospital. She had for many years been the Doctor's only companion, and being sincerely grieved for the accident, he went at once to the hospital to see her. The unfortunate woman was lying on bed writhing with pain, and her old master was at first affected to tears, but his habitual avarice was too strong to be suppressed, and after expressing his sorrow for her misfortune, he began, "D'ye hear, Catty, where's the jug?"

"Oh! doctor dear," groaned the poor woman, "sure the jug was broke, and I couldn't help it."

"Very good, Catty, that's true, it couldn't be helped; but d'ye see me now, where's my halfpenny change?"

Dr. Barrett died in 1821. By his will he bequeathed all his immense property to certain fellows of college, in trust for various charitable institutions, except a very small annuity to his brother and nieces, and to Catty, his attendant. By a humane interpretation of the words of the will, his own family were considered as coming strictly within the terms of it, and a large proportion of the money was given to them, as the most deserving and distressed objects who could have a claim upon it.

We give these reminiscences of the Doctor because they were communicated by one who details them from personal knowledge, and because we believe they are hitherto inedited. Many more we could add, but omit because they are already well known. A work called *Barrettaria* was once celebrated in our University. We think that a *Barrettiana* would now rival it if some diligent college man would collect all the scattered anecdotes of the celebrated Doctor.

---

THOMAS DIBDIN.—On Thursday week, at the age of 70, we have to record the death of Thomas Dibdin, a man who but too surely proved the truth of Burton's axiom, that "*poverty is the Muses's patrimony.*" He was one of the sons, Charles being the other, of the famous Dibdin, whose sea-songs were a host during the late long war, and contributed perhaps as much to our naval triumphs as many thousands of gallant sailors and many a ship of the line; they gave soul to the body, and energy and courage to the soul; but even he had his reward in poverty. From very childhood Thomas devoted himself to poetry, and particularly to the drama. He wrote little short of a hundred pieces for the stage—many of them very popular; and was for a considerable time a manager of one of the great theatres. Yet all availed not; and he but inherited Burton's allotted patrimony. So well are they known, that it would be a waste in us to enumerate the productions of his pen; his last literary effort was that of editing an edition of his father's ballads, which was noticed, with the eulogy it deserved, in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1263. Late in life he married a second wife, and has left a young family, we fear totally unprovided for. His last illness must have been short; for some ten days before we met him in the street, apparently in his usual health, though bent and asthmatic, and had the pleasure of handing him our subscription to the publication alluded to, and receiving from him thanks for what he considered favours; now, from the circumstances, rendered grateful to our memory. We hope that something may be done by government, friends, and the public, for his helpless offspring.—*Literary Gazette.*

---

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—These gardens, on Tuesday, received a valuable addition in the purchase of a fine male and female chimpanzee, in addition to a fine male added last week. These animals, which are the black ourang, are chiefly confined to a limited locality on the western coast of Africa, whilst the red ourangs are found chiefly in Sumatra and Borneo. These three additions render the collection of monkeys here at the gardens one of the most complete ever brought together. The female, who has been about two years in the society's collection, and is about six years old, was at first much irritated by the introduction of one of the males in her den, but to which she soon became reconciled. She is, however, of much superior size and strength, and treats the other as if it were a spoilt child. The five ourangs from Borneo, sent alive by Mr. Brooks from Borneo, all died previous to their arrival in this country, and have been received at the gardens preserved in spirits. The young giraffe born last June, is in fine health, and stands about eight feet high to the tip of its head. The gardens have lately received several valuable additions.—*Britannia.*

---

CAST IRON CHURCH.—St. George's Church, Everton, Liverpool, is an object of considerable interest for its taste, and as having been nearly the first iron church erected in Great Britain. The whole of the frame-work of the windows, doors, groins, roofs, pulpit, ornamental enrichments, are of cast-iron. The length is 119 feet, the breadth is 47. It is ornamented by a splendid cast-iron window of stained glass. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that a great proportion of the larger manufactories erected in England within the last ten years, are all iron except the walls. And within two years past, several cottages and country villas have been put up near London, which are exclusively cast-iron—walls, doors, steps, roof, chimneys, sash, &c. In England, where wood is dear and iron cheap, the first cost of such buildings is less than those of timber. In durability and beauty, they are of course, unequalled. When once finished, such buildings require no repairs; and the most finely-carved ornaments cost little more than plain castings.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

# THE JOURNAL OF AN AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

IN THREE PARTS.

## PART I.

"I was chosen fellow of the college when I was one year bachelor of arts; before which time I had been so studious as to fill whole books with observations out of various authors, with some of my own which I made upon them. For I find one book begun in the year 1646, wherein I have noted many useful things, and rather more large in the year 1647, having the word *æternitas* at the top of many pages, by the thought of which I was quickened to spend my time well. It is a great comfort to me now in my old age, to find that I was so diligent in my youth; for in those books I have noted how I spent my time."—BISHOP PATRICK'S *Autobiography*. Oxford Edition, p. 15.

"My method will vary with the subject. Throughout I shall give my opinion with becoming modesty, but with the courage of a man unwilling to betray the rights of reason."—GIBBON: *Introduction to his Diary*.

"As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, and now with Locke."—POPE: *Imitat. of Hor. Ep.* 1.

The poet Gray always sketched upon the spot the characteristic features of a landscape; and he gave the same advice to his friends:—

"You have nothing to do," he wrote to Mr. Palgrave,* "but to transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted any thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil." Boswell, who has not, perhaps, received all the credit to which his talents really entitled him, makes a very sensible observation upon this subject:—"Every man should keep minutes of what he reads. Every circumstance of his studies should be recorded; what books he has consulted; how much of them he has read; at what times; how often the same authors, and what opinions he formed of them at different periods of his life." Such an account, he justly thinks, would illustrate the history of the writer's mind. A journal of this description, genuinely composed and with candour of revelation, would possess the charm and value, without the stiffness and presumptuousness, of autobiography; it should be a series of letters written *of* oneself *to* oneself. Always avoiding, however, the prolixity of the famous Parish Clerk, whose journal, in two large volumes in folio, Pope lettered, "The Importance of a Man to himself." Literature, like nature, has its peculiar scenery; and in travelling through it, we should record our impressions while they are vividly reflected upon the eye. "A few scratches," says Gilpin, in allusion to the pleasures of picturesque travelling, "like a short-hand scrawl of one's own, will serve to raise in our minds the remembrances of the beauty they humbly represent, and recal to our memory even the splendid colouring and force of light which existed in the real scene." Among the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, when a disciple had passed with honour the examination of his teachers, he ascended a raised seat; and "a writing-tablet was placed before him, to signify that he should write down his acquisitions," to prevent their escape from his memory, and their consequent loss for ever.†

The advice of Professor Smyth to the student of history seems perfectly just and wise:—"Let such reflections as strike him, while he reads the history, be immediately noted down at the time; let the whole chain be then surveyed, and general results and estimates formed."‡ This caution was given with a particular reference to the perilous times of Charles I.; but it applies with equal force to every page of history whatsoever. Reading history as it ought to be read—that is, with a copious apparatus of interpretation, illustration, and commentary, supplied by contemporary and subsequent discovery and research—we seem to be admitted into the immediate society, or presence, of the persons described. The various traits of their moral physiognomy become familiar to our eye; it is very desirable to sketch their faces in our note-books, before we lose them in the crowd; or rather, we should continually *renew* and vary our sketches, so as to present the warriors, the statesmen, the orators, of whom we read, in the very *attitude* and with the very *expression*, which history gives them. We may not only have a portrait of Burleigh in the court of Elizabeth, but in his own library; when, with his robes, he had put off the lord keeper. We need not gaze upon Raleigh amid the glories and mysteries of *El Dorado*, without glancing at him for a moment in the luxurious indolence of reverie, and smoking his first pipe in England. Alexander, indeed, wished to be painted by Genius alone; but our delineations are for our individual improvement, and, however rude the outline, they will not be without benefit, if properly understood and moralised. In the repose of a country autumn, we have the most pleasing opportunities for the prosecution of these interesting studies of the human mind:—

"Oh, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd."
*Task*, b. iii.

Our studies in literature and art would derive a pleasing assistance from the constant practice of daily annotation. The miscellaneous extracts and observations of Atterbury, slight and superficial though they be, which were found among the papers of Sir Robert Walpole, give agreeable glimpses of his critical taste. If a copy of Montaigne, with the autograph of Shakspeare, has in our day been almost deemed worth its weight in silver, what would have been the value of his diary? The personal history of a great writer, or a good man, is always full of enjoyment. To travel over the glories of his mind, to think with him, to feel with him, to live with him—this would be indeed delightful.

* Sept. 6, 1758.

† Hartwell Horne's *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*, tome iii. p. 475. Eighth edition.

‡ Lecture xv. p. 391, t. i. Second edition.

But the delight has been very moderately supplied. The diary of Evelyn is an interesting, but imperfect specimen. When Johnson was writing the *Life of Dryden*, he applied to Cibber for some information respecting the personal habits of the poet; and his hopes were raised to a great elevation by the assurance of Cibber, that he had met Dryden a thousand times, and was as intimately acquainted with him as if he had been his own brother. All these admirable promises dissolved into air; and Cibber communicated nothing of more importance, than that Dryden sat by the fire in winter, and at the window in summer. If Cibber had possessed Boswell's curious felicity of journalising, what a treasure of fine thoughts should we have obtained from Button's! The slight notices of eminent men by Aubrey, uncertain as he sometimes is, are inexpressibly pleasing. Johnson always urged upon his friends the necessity of keeping a diary, in the more general sense of an individual record. He might have pleaded the example of famous men in old times:—"Sometime I hunt," are the words of Pliny, "but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that while my servants are busied in disposing the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss my game, I may at least bring home some of my thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing." The sketch-book of the painter is his journal. The composer avails himself of the same aids to reflection. Beethoven might have been seen in the streets of Vienna with his tablet in his hand.

A diary, properly arranged, ought to present the advantages of a commonplace-book. The minutest instructions for forming a journal of this description are contained in a letter from the famous philosopher Locke to M. Toinard. But without adopting a plan so strictly methodical, much may be done towards the collection of knowledge. We cannot begin to make the attempt too early. The Adversaria of the great scholars of the sixteenth century are monuments of their industry, if not always of their taste. We need not follow their example in amassing

"All such reading as was never read,"

although the most worthless composition often lent a glimmer of light to their conjectural criticism. Hallam compares the criticisms of Muretus to the miscellaneous remarks of Jortin.*

The result of this diligent preparation for authorship is shown, in the reputation of the most celebrated writers of our own and other countries.

Montesquieu began to lay the foundation of his great work—the *Esprit des Lois*—when he was only twenty years old, by carefully abridging the vast body of Civil Law.† In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, are preserved thirteen volumes of Barrow, in MS., partly original and partly published; in the copious extracts which they contain from Demosthenes, Æschines, Plutarch, Cicero, and the Fathers, we recognise the elements of those noble discourses, that raised him to the throne of pulpit eloquence in England. Montaigne built up his most curious and picturesque essays by a similar process. The philosophic Leibnitz made extracts from all the books he read, accompanying them with observations, and then put the papers aside; the transcription and the commentary had imprinted the substance upon his memory. Leibnitz was called by his contemporaries the Living Dictionary.

The learned and eloquent Fuller adopted a similar custom. "He that with Bias," was his remark, "carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt if a violent disease or merciless thief should stop or rob him." A commonplace-book, he believed, preserved many notions, from which the owner might draw an army into the field upon an emergency. Davenant confesses his obligations to this habit of careful analysis, &c. in the preface to *Gondibert*. There is internal evidence in the works of Ben Johnson, to show how diligently he collected materials for his erudite comedies. Butler's patient labour, in the accumulation of sentiments and images, is sufficiently known. Thyer possessed, in the private note-books of the poet, the elements of *Hudibras* in prose. It is not necessary to refer to the brilliant example of Sheridan in later times. In theology we are certain that our greatest teachers—Hall, Taylor, Barrow—pursued the same path of painful industry. Philip Henry, from his eleventh year, wrote down all the sermons he heard. Such, we may say, in the words of Johnson, is the toil of those who write for immortality; of those, we may add, by whom the qualities required to form a true scholar are briefly summed up in knowing *well*, and knowing *much*.

But the journal should not become a *mere* commonplace-book—a casket for the jewels of other men. Gibbon, in reference to the diligence and toil with which he digested his early reading into a book, upon the principle suggested by Locke, adds, by way of caution, that he does not strenuously recommend the practice; believing with Johnson, that what we read twice we remember more accurately than what we transcribe.

Since, however, we are not all authors, and since it is more expedient to cultivate our own minds, and to endeavour to chasten our own feelings, than to labour for the edification of our neighbours,—it seems desirable to make our journals, as much as possible, *mirrors*, not only of our reading, but of our thoughts; not only of our *memory*, but of our *conscience*. In the evening of every day we may contemplate our moral, as well as our intellectual features, in this glass; and seek to render the expression of both more agreeable and more in harmony with our Christian vocation. The good man, in the noble lines of Chatterton, has

"Summ'd the actions of the day
Each night before he slept."

In giving a few extracts from a journal, which formed the amusement of a recent autumn spent in a country village, and in walks through its romantic neighbourhood, I only presume to point out the way to a house of refreshment, and, as I think it may be made, a temple of fame. The office is a humble, but not an useless one. The traveller on the great London roads sees nothing to admire in the mile-

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe, t. ii. p. 10.
† D'Alembert: *Melanges de Literature*, t. ii. p. 85.

stones that mark his journey—*but they show the way to Westminster Abbey.*

*August* 1.—Looked over the correspondence of Sir Richard Steele with his wife; it displays his character in an attractive light. Nothing can be more candid, affectionate, or natural than his manner. We are not reading the letters of the author, but of the man. What a domestic interior is sketched in these few lines to his wife in Wales:—"We had not, when you left us, an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat in the house." This was written in the November of 1716. Again, what a glimpse of himself we catch from the letter, dated at Lord Sunderland's office in May 1708, where he desires Mrs. Steele (Dear Prue) to get the coach and herself ready, and to call for him, that they may enjoy an excursion in the fresh air; a particular injunction being added, that his best periwig and new shoes were to be put into the coach-box. Then how curiously the cause of his matrimonial disquiet glimmers out, in the faintly expressed desire, that his wife would rise a little earlier in the morning and assume a cheerful air. Or look at Sir Richard, engaged in writing a letter to his wife, with the following companion to amuse him: "Your son, at the present writing, is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with a feather." And in another letter:—"I am out of pain, though I cannot stir; in the meanwhile your daughter is dancing at the other end of the room." But mirth and banter are not the only features of Steele's correspondence; Coleridge noticed and admired the touches of genuine tenderness and pathos, which are scattered over it. Read the following passage in a letter to his absent wife, who had complained to him of indisposition:—"When I lay in your place and on your pillow, I assure you I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming little insolent might be then awake and in pain, and took it to be a sin to go to sleep." This exquisite expression of affectionate remembrance reminds me of that simple, but tender, stanza in Lord Lyttleton's Monody upon the death of his wife, which Gray so warmly commended both to Wharton and Walpole, and which Campbell also mentions with applause:—

"In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky.
Nor by yon fountain side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found."

*August* 2.—I have been looking over the lives of some of the famous scholars of the seventeenth century, and find, as we might expect, that capacity of memory formed one of their great implements in intellectual acquisition. That endowment seems to be the necessary companion of genius. Mozart, with the assistance of a sketch made in the crown of his hat, is known to have carried away the "Miserere" of Gregorio Allegri, after hearing it performed in the Sistine chapel.

Strength and tenacity of memory are rarely forgotten in ancient panegyrics. Quintilian measured the genius by the memory. Pliny, in one of his letters, mentions a Greek philosopher who, having delivered an extempore oration, could immediately repeat it without a single error. Seneca, when a young man, was able to recite two thousand words in the order in which they had been pronounced. The anecdote of Cyrus, who remembered the name of every soldier in his army, seems to belong to romance. An Eastern warrior of savage renown—Hyder Ali—supplied by his memory the defects of education. He was unable to read or write; and having desired his secretary to indite a letter for him upon any occasion, he directed him to read it aloud; he then ordered another person to do the same, and any variation or discrepancy was punished by the death of the scribe.* Let us examine memory under a more pleasing aspect.

It was the practice of Gassendi to recite every day six hundred lines in various languages. He could repeat six thousand Latin verses, and the entire poem of Lucretius. He recommended the habit to others in very alluring terms, assuring them that the memory retained its vigour and health only through exercise. In very early life, he used to say, acquire as many beautiful verses as you can; they not only amuse the mind, but inspire it with dignity and grandeur of sentiment. We notice the same habit in other men of great scientific and philosophic reputation. Galileo—who attributed the fluency of his style to the diligent study of Ariosto—repeated very large portions of that poet and romancer, Petrarch, and Berni. Adam Smith—an unpromising illustration—enriched his memory with numerous passages of great beauty from the works of ancient and modern poets, and was fond of introducing them into conversation. Leyden, the accomplished friend of Scott, had a very peculiar memory. Dr. Abercrombie was informed by a gentleman who knew him well, that he could repeat correctly a long act of parliament or any similar document after having once read it. But this faculty was rendered comparatively useless, and often positively injurious, by a total absence of analytical reason or judgment. Leyden could recollect the *whole*, but not the *parts*. If he wished to recal a particular fact, he could only accomplish his desire by repeating the composition from the commencement, until he arrived at the passage for which he sought.†

Bishop Jewel was remarkable for his power of recollection. The martyr Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, upon one occasion, wrote down forty Irish words, which, after reading over three or four times, Jewel repeated in exact order, both backward and forward; and Lord Bacon having read ten lines from Erasmus, he repeated them in the right and in the wrong connexion. The learned Sanderson could recite the odes of Horace, Tulley's *Offices*, and a considerable portion of Juvenal and Persius. "The repetition," he was accustomed to say, "of one of the *Odes* of Horace to himself was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it voluntarily to themselves or their friends." Hammond wanted this faculty so abundantly enjoyed

* Life of Swarts, t. i. p. 360.

† See *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*. Third edition, p. 97.

by his most learned contemporaries. It was more difficult for him to learn one sermon, than to write twenty. Bates, the eloquent friend of Howe, retained his memory unimpaired to his seventy-fourth year. Having delivered a public address without committing a line to paper, he experienced no difficulty in repeating it without any alteration. Pope had a general and a local memory; he could turn to the leaf of a book with infinite readiness. He draws a still more favourable picture of his friend, Bolingbroke; who, when alone and destitute of books, was able to refer mentally to the various illustrations of a particular subject, and write upon it as freely and copiously as if he had been in an extensive library. "He sits," exclaimed his enthusiastic admirer, "like an Intelligence, and recollects all the question within himself." I doubt whether any of the writings of Lord Bolingbroke sustain this eulogy, unless his *Letters on History* be appealed to. In that work, written at Chatelon, he makes numerous quotations and references to books which he had not the opportunity of consulting. His only assistance, therefore, must have been derived from his memory and his commonplace-books.

But to the excellent memory of Pope we have the testimony of Atterbury, who, after quoting a passage of Waller in a letter to Pope, observes, "If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing." Pope's celebrated friend, Warburton, had a very tenacious memory; we are informed by Hurd, that he trusted every thing to it, and every reader of his *Divine Legation* will be able to appreciate the extent to which that faculty must have been exerted. His commonplace-book was an old almanac, about three inches square, in which he inserted occasional references, or more frequently hints of sentiments or reflections to be woven into his works.*

La Croze was a prodigy of memory. Leibnitz, who saw him at Berlin, having pronounced twelve verses in the same number of languages, La Croze not only repeated but transposed them. Niebuhr, in composing his Roman History, generally dispensed with written memoranda of dates, his memory supplying him with an accurate table. One of the most surprising examples of a logical memory is furnished by Retiff de la Bretorme, a French novelist. He was corrector to a printing-house, and transferred from his head to the press an entire volume, which was given "to the public without ever having been written by a pen."† Johnson, whose imperfect vision rendered the manual act of writing a painful employment, made little use of the pen as a vehicle of composition. He composed the first seventy lines of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* in one morning at Hampstead, without committing a single couplet to paper. It seems to have been in reference to his own habit of composition that he observed in his *Life of Pope*—"Some employ at once memory and invention; and, with litttle intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses of continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them." I may notice here, since it has, I think, escaped the eyes of Johnson's commentators, that Quintilian has uttered the same sentiment with his usual grace and propriety of expression. I give the passage in a note.*

Of the devotion of the memory to particular authors we find an amusing example in Scaliger, who had acquired so complete a knowledge of the *Tacitus* of Lipsius, that he "offered to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, to be used against him on a failure of memory."† Samuel Clarke, the opponent of Leibnitz, possessed a memory of remarkable tenacity and quickness; and Bishop Hoadly said that his judgment equalled it. At his exercise for his doctor's degree—an exercise long remembered at Cambridge—Clarke defended his thesis from the attacks of James, with so much readiness and with such aptness and cogency of argument, that the bystanders were only convinced by their own observation that it was not a *written* discourse. This combination into a luminous whole of the scattered rays of knowledge, without preparation and without obscurity, is one of the greatest performances of memory. "By memory we retain the impression of facts and events, and by recollection we recall them into the mind by a voluntary effort." This is the observation of Abercrombie; we see it exemplified in the performance of Clarke.

Memory becomes an instructive companion when we entrust to her care the treasures of pure literature, and thoughts or images carefully gathered and selected. Hallam has recorded the delight of brooding, in a foreign land and far from books and friends, over some beautiful line of poetic fancy, or some wise saying of eloquent philosophy. The heart welcomes them like dear relations; they transport it into beloved scenes and among familiar faces. All the household of affection embrace the wanderer. Home speaks in every accent. Dugald Stewart, in recommending the communication of the Grecian Fables to children, adds "That they dwell habitually in the memory, and are ready at all times to fill up the intervals of business or serious reflection; and in hours of rural retirement and leisure they warm the mind with the fire of ancient genius, and animate every scene he enters with the offspring of classical fancy." The observation is perfectly just, and may be extended to every branch of profitable knowledge.

Genius would soon starve and pine away, unless fed by Memory. The most beautiful passages in poetry are frequently embellished recollections of earlier productions. It is difficult to suppose that even Homer—The fountain of imagery to later writers—had no reservoir of learning to draw from, no mysterious lake of knowledge (to borrow an expression of Sir William Temple) into which he could throw a bucket. The art of borrowing is one of the chief faculties of genius, which Johnson defined to consist in *knowing the use of tools*. "They who say," is the pleasant observation of Pope, "that our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, might as well say that our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers." What-

* See the "Life of Hurd," prefixed to Warburton's Works, 1811. P. 87.

‡ Gibbon's *Memoirs of Himself*, 171. Edit. 1796.

* "Neque vero rerum ordinem modo intra se, ipsa (cogitatio) disposuit, sed verba etiam copulat, *totamque ita contexit orationem, ut nihil ei prater manum debet.*"

† Hallam, t ii. p. ii. p. 13. Niceron, xxiv. 119.

ever jewel Pope borrowed, he set in gold; so did Gray; so did Milton. This application of memory to intellectual labour is not confined to literature. Sir Joshua Reynolds told the students of the academy, "Genius may anticipate the season of maturity; but in the education of a people, as in that of an individual, memory must be exercised before the powers of reason and fancy can be expanded: nor may the artist hope to equal or surpass, till he has learned to imitate, the works of his predecessors." So, also, Payne Knight:—"Memory," he says, "may exist without imagination; but it is impossible for imagination to act without memory. The external organs of sense must receive and convey the component elements of each image or idea 'into the storehouse of the mind,' before that image or that idea can be created."

Dr. Abercrombie gives some rules for the cultivation and strengthening of memory, of which the spirit may be condensed into four brief particulars. 1. The habit of fixing the mind upon the object of its examination. This is obviously of immense importance, and essential to the attainment of any excellence whatsoever. 2. Correct associations, or the due application of the powers of reflection. 3. Inquisitiveness. A perpetual looking out for knowledge is not only a characteristic of all men of learning and genius, but without it the understanding languishes and expires from hunger. 4. Method. In morals and in literature we can accomplish nothing without rules. The apostolic command enjoined that everything should be done decently and in *order*. Philosophy informs us that if we wish to do good with our money, we must be charitable on a plan. And so in every pursuit. One word more upon the moral pleasure of memory. Dr. Rush, of America, relates two or three very pleasing anecdotes of the freshness with which the memory preserves the rural scenery of early life. When the physician visited a sick woman whom he had known in childhood, she was lying in typhus fever, and all hope of her recovery was nearly over. Two little words like a fabulous talisman, seemed to bring back her wandering thoughts. The "eagle's nest" was the brief exclamation of Dr. Rush. The tree had grown upon her father's farm, and all the scenery of her youth grew up again at the mention of it. From that moment she began to recover. Another fact, of a different description, is related by the same author. An Italian gentleman died in New York of yellow fever. In the beginning of his illness he spoke English; in the middle French; at the close, Italian. These anecdotes correspond in illustrating the mysterious revival of memory amid the gloom of life, and when the sun had almost set. The vivid distinctness of the recollection, at the last hour of existence, is not more remarkable than solemn. The hand-writing on the wall is then read by a supernatural light; all the gorgeous chambers of youthful imagery shine with a blaze.

"O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darkened brain;
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
Unhoped for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, wakened in the breast
*By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.*"

*August* 3.—I believe that Bishop Hersley formed his energetic style upon Tacitus, as Lord Chatham founded his eloquence upon Barrow, and Lord Brougham upon Demosthenes. Contrast this paragraph with any passage of Tacitus, particularly in his impassioned descriptions of terror, tyranny and death. The same breathless haste and nervous vehemence will be discovered in the bishop and the historian:

"The same lesson is confirmed by the horrible example which the present hour exhibits in the unparalleled misery of a neighbouring nation, once great in learning, arts, and arms. Now torn by contending factions,—her government demolished,—her altars overthrown,—her first born despoiled of their birthright,—her nobles degraded,—her best citizens exiled,—her riches, sacred and profane, given up to the pillage of sacrilege and rapine; Atheists directing her councils,—desperadoes conducting her armies,—wars of unjust and chimerical ambition consuming her youth,—her granaries exhausted,—her fields uncultivated,—famine threatening her multitudes,—her streets swarming with assassins, filled with violence, deluged with blood." *Sermon preached on the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles I.*, 1793.

Tacitus is a most eloquent and vigorous writer; but he is not free from conceits. Even Cowley,* the martyr of fancy, objects to a passage in which he alludes to Mount Libanus,—"Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumque nivibus,"—a description which he thinks too poetical for the prose of a romance, much more of an historian.

*August* 4.—Read the *Borough*—wonderfully vivid in parts; with a cold, dry, sober reality of truth that distresses the eye. The description of a low, muddy shore is minutely fine; the Dutch pencil lives along every verse. I think it was Horace, or James Smith, who called Crabbe Pope in worsted stockings. He resembles Pope in the terseness and vigour of his single lines: begin with a Rochefoucault sketch;—

"But whom the vulgar succour, they oppress;"

then return to the Quaker, who at the clergyman

"Looks with the sleepy eye of silent scorn."

Now glance at the schoolmaster; Goldsmith's celebrated couplet on the Frenchman is not so tersely expressed:—

"Boys in their works proceed; while his employ
Admits no change, or changes but the boy."†

The poor scholar,

"Whom study beckons from the ills of life;
And they from study—melancholy strife."

---

* Note to his remarkable ode addressed to Hobbes.

† There is a stanza in Cowley's *Ode on Liberty* which very happily describes the situation of an usher in an academy at Turnham Green, or Edmonton:—

"And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay,
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell."

I ought to add that Cowley applies these verses, not to an *usher* but to a *monk*.

Among the strange paradoxes which Coleridge delighted to advance and maintain, was a parallel between Southey and Crabbe, whom he thought something alike,—Southey's poems being founded on fancy and books, Crabbe's on observation and real life. In facility he considered them equal, though he drew a broad line between the English of Crabbe and of Southey. The language of Southey is exquisitely pure and limpid; every thought shines through it "lilia vitro."

*August* 5.—Glanced at the *Letters* of Horace Walpole.

Every person acquainted with the lives and writings of Gray and Walpole, is unavoidably struck by the resemblance between them,—a resemblance not confined to an occasional sentiment, but extending even to their *turns* of language. They were both affected; but the pride of Gray displays itself in an attention to attitude and costume: he shudders at the remote possibility of being smiled at. "I went the other day," wrote Walpole to Sir Horace Mann,* "to Scarlet's, to buy green spectacles; he was mighty assiduous to give me a pair that would not tumble my hair. 'Lord, sir!' said I, 'when one is come to wear spectacles, what signifies how one looks!' Gray would never have reached this height of philosophy. But in some of the less pleasing features of the moral physiognomy, we notice a family resemblance between the author of the *Odes* and the author of the *Castle of Otranto*. The forced mirth, and the unbecoming union of solemn subjects with degrading associations, which have been censured in Gray, may also be discovered far more abundantly in his friend. Gray probably caught the disease from Walpole. Illustrations of bad taste are not pleasing; and it will be sufficient to mention Walpole's badinage about his journey to the Elysian fields, before the new *Letters* of Sevigne were published, and his expression of doubt whether St. Peter had taste enough to know where she was lodging. Yet his *indifference* is still more unpleasing than his sneers; because the last are occasional, the first is constant. "A *censor morum*," he said, "is not a much greater blessing than an *arbiter elegantiarum*. The world, I believe, is not at all agreed that the austerities of the Presbyterians were preferable to the licentiousness under Charles II. I pretend to defend one no more than the other." Nor to care for one more than another, he might have added, with equal propriety. For Bishop Newton's work on the Prophecies, he told Cole† that he would *not give threepence*.

The best character of Walpole's genius was sketched by himself in a letter to Cole,‡ reproving him for his unbounded panegyric. "I am," he said, "a composition of Anthony Wood and Madame Danoi, the fairy-tale writer." This is true. He had none of the rugged dulness of an antiquary; none of his dust; none of his costume. Walpole always appears, as he did to Hannah More, in a primrose suit. He has lumber-rooms like other antiquaries; but then he always hangs some picture-gem in the corner. The barrenest page has some flower in it. "Pictures are but the scenery of devotion." Versailles, "a lumber of littleness;" a phrase, which, as the reader will remember, reappears in the "huge heap of littleness" of Gray. Such are his happy metaphors in words. You admire Walpole, but you cannot love him. He was of the earth, and he has reaped his reward. His irreligion is not often obtrusive; but an acute eye always perceives it beneath the surface of his conventional politeness. He was a remarkably well-dressed and well-mannered infidel,—a sort of English Voltaire abridged and lettered, with gilt leaves.

*August* 6.—Sometimes, in a solitary walk through a green lane in the country, our eye falls upon a flower or a weed which had not been previously noticed, but whose colours and fragrance are bright and agreeable. In the same manner we are occasionally surprised, in our walks through the fields of literature, at meeting with some passage of beauty which we have not seen before, or, having seen, had forgotten. A pleasure of this kind has been enjoyed by me in the accidental perusal of a provincial Magazine,* in which a resemblance is traced between a poem of Welsted and Thomson's famous episode of Lavinia, in the *Seasons*. I give the parallel passages:—

*Lavinia bathing, by* WELSTED.

"Her pliant limbs the liquid waves divide,
And shine like polished marble through the tide;
As lilies closed in crystal court the sight
With a new lustre and a purer white."

*The same, by* THOMSON.

"Ev'ry grace,
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed;
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows."

Neither Welsted nor Thomson, however, can claim the image. Ovid, in the story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, in the fourth book of his *Metamorphoses*, illustrates the beauty of the youth in the water by the same simile.

*August* 7.—In Johnstone's edition of the works of Parr, there is, among many dull epistles from many dull people, one very interesting letter from Bennett, bishop of Cloyne. It is dated July 16, 1796, and gives a description of his episcopal residence. Berkeley, the celebrated friend of Pope, had formerly presided over the same diocese, and some traces of him remained. The garden of the palace, comprising four acres, abounded in strawberries, of which Berkeley was very fond. But the most curious feature of the garden was a winding walk, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and adorned during the greater part of that distance by a myrtle hedge six feet high, planted by Berkeley himself, and each having *a large ball of tar put to their roots*. The evidence of this singular fact, Bennett told Parr, was beyond contradiction. "Of Berkeley," adds the bishop, "little is remembered, though his benevolence, I have no doubt, was very widely diffused. He made no improvement to the house; yet the part of it he inhabited wanted it much,—for it is now thought only good enough for the upper servants. My study is the room where he kept his apparatus

* Sept. 3, 1757.
† June 1, 1782.
‡ June 1, 1782.

* Canterbury, March, 1835.

for tar-water." At the end of the garden is a walk, which was called the Rock Shrubbery, leading to a cavern whose depth and wonders were known only by tradition. We can see the Minute Philosopher winding his solitary way beneath these sequestered and overhanging crags of limestone, and indulging his beautiful dreams of benevolence, and his reveries about matter. The tar epidemic spread far and wide. The poet Gray, writing to Dr. Wharton, April 26, 1744, tells him, "Mr. Trollope and I are in a course of tar-water; he for his present, and I for my future, distempers. If you think it will kill me, send away a man and horse directly, for I drink like a fish." But on Berkeley and his philosophy I hope to make some remarks at a more convenient season. He was essentially *a great man*.

*August* 8.—Prior has written a poem on Sherlock's *Practical Discourse on Death*, which contains several vigorous and pleasing lines. "Taught," he says, "by the wisdom of that book, we shall see youth

"'No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chase fleeting pleasure through the maze of life.'"

This couplet might have been written by Pope. Nor is the following inferior to it:—

"O! save us still, still bless us with thy stay;
O! want thy heaven, till we have learnt the way."

Prior's criticism of Sherlock's style is very ingenious; the grandeur of the thoughts is seen through the simple clearness of the language. "The style," says Prior, "resembles the ladder in the dream of Jacob; its foot is upon earth, but it conducts into heaven." A book must possess merit indeed which could awaken serious and melancholy thoughts in the mind of Alma's laureate.

*August* 9.—Read the first canto of the *Faerie Queen*.

There is something very revolting in the account of the knight's combat with the serpent, Error. Perhaps we are more surprised and offended by it, from the contrast it presents to the opening stanzas of the poem, and to the picturesque circumstances which embellish it. Thus, for example, nothing can be more beautiful than the description of the champion dismounting from his horse, and giving his spear to the attendant dwarf, while he approaches the mouth of the cavern and looks in:—

"His glistening armour made
A little glooming light much like a shade."—St. xiv.

The picture of the serpent seems to be an interpolation by some actor from the Whitechapel theatre, still glowing with the murder of the last melodrama. Fuseli has a severe, but not an unjust, remark. "When Spenser dragged into light the entrails of the serpent, slain by the red-cross knight, he dreampt a butcher's dream and not a poet's." Fuseli is not strictly correct in his application of the word *entrails*; but it is sufficiently close. There is great spirit in the description of the serpent's attack upon the knight:—

"Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage herself she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raizd
With double forces high above the ground;
Then, wrapping up *her wrethed sterne around*,
*Lept fierce upon his shield*, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine,
God helpe the man so wrapt in Error's endlesse chaine."

Spenser probably had the famous picture of Virgil in his eye when he wrote these lines. The verses, which I have marked in Italics, present a vivid picture, and may be compared with the terrible representation of the Latin poet, where we see the eyes of the serpents stained with blood and fire, and their flaming crests lifted over the head of Laocoon:—

"Et jam
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, *superant capite, et cervicibus altis*."—
*Æneid*, b. ii. 217.

Richard Payne Knight, in a note to his poem, the *Landscape*, has an ingenious remark on Virgil's famous description of the death of Laocoon, in the second book of the *Æneid*. That description is supposed to have been copied by the poet from the celebrated group of Laocoon and his sons, in the Cortile of the Belvidere. Knight thinks that Virgil not only misunderstood, but debased, the conception of the Greek sculptors, by making the hero cry out under the bite of the serpent. In the marble, he says, the breast is expanded and the throat contracted, to shew that the agonies, which convulse the frame, are borne *in silence*.

Gilpin only considered two or three of the first antique statues to be in *very spirited* action—viz. the Laocoon, the fighting Gladiator, and the Boxers. I will add, although remotely connected with the previous subject, a remark of Gilpin, in his *Essays on Picturesque Beauty* (p. 10.) He thinks that the austere, projecting, shadowy brow of Jupiter, was suggested to Homer by some old statue. The assertion of Phidias, that he had moulded his famous statue from the description of Homer, is regarded by Gilpin as an ingenious design of the sculptor to connect his work with the recollections of the poem,—to light it up, as it were, with the charms of association. Phidias could derive nothing, in the opinion of Gilpin, from the poet's picture of Jupiter, except the *forehead*.

In the afternoon, I finished the first book of the *Faerie Queen*, and find the Rubens of poetry still offending against taste, like the great painter to whom he is often compared. The picture of Duessa, after she has been stripped, in the ninth canto, by Una and the victorious knight, of her purple robes, is quite as revolting as any thing in Rabelais, in Swift, or in Sterne. We are so delighted by the delicacy and grace of Spenser's pencil, that we forget its faults. He takes some credit to his muse for abstaining from any *minuter* description of Duessa; but surely he had told enough. How exquisite is it, after these wanderings, to gaze upon the Muse, when, like the angel in *Paradise Lost*, she turns her face towards us

"With a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

*August* 10.—Loudon, in one of his horticultural

tours, travelled over Salisbury plain; and among the mysterious ruins of Stonehenge he found an artist of Amesbury, Mr. Browne, whose equipage may be described. "He was sitting in a kind of covered wheelbarrow, the bottom of which formed his seat; a box, which served as the feet of the wheelbarrow, protected his legs, and kept his feet from the ground; while from the sides and back was continued up glazed canvass, so as to form a complete box. In the sides are two very small circular panes of glass, serving as spy-holes." This machine Louden considers worthy the attention of rural *artists*: and why not of rural *poets* also? Might not Wordsworth have employed it with comfort in his Excursion? And only think how pleasantly Bamfylde could have written his sonnet to a wet summer under that shelter! To Thomson, while composing the *Seasons*, Browne's carriage would have been invaluable; he would have inserted (what Browne seems to have forgotten; but which would have been very acceptable at Stonehenge) *a little shelf for a pigeon-pie and a bottle of stout*.

*August* 11.—How many pleasures lie at our feet; why not stoop to them? During a recent visit to London, Wordsworth walked over Hampstead's breezy heath, as he appropriately calls it. Why has this place been ridiculed? Could one Keats desecrate its beauties? Smith, in his curious *Life of Nollichens*, mentions the names of several of the most eminent English painters who lodged at Hampstead. I write down some of them from recollection. Wilson and Gainsborough lived there for several years; Collins and Linnell, in later days, might be seen in its green retirements. There, too, have Beechey, Phillips, and Westall resided; not to mention Callcott, Arnold, Reinagle, Burnet, and Martin. To Hampstead, in the decline of life, retired Romney, the friend of Hayley, and whose name is remembered with that of Cowper. Barrett, Fielding, Glover, Prout, and all the distinguished water-colour painters of the time, have followed their shadows on that heath.

A friend, who has visited the loveliest scenes in Europe, once assured me that the neighbourhood of Highgate has given him glimpses of rural beauty which he would not exchange for any landscape in England. The poet Crabbe passed many pleasant days at Hampstead. Mr. Hoare's garden, where the poet read and walked, was a delightful spot. "In a morning like this," wrote Crabbe, in June, 1825, "the smell of the flowers is fragrant beyond any thing I ever perceived before. It is what I can suppose may be in Persia, or other oriental countries—a paradisiacal sweetness."

*August* 12.—Read a sermon of John Smith, whom Coleridge calls "not the least star in that bright constellation of Cambridge men, the contemporaries of Jeremy Taylor."* Smith was a native of Achurch, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire. He was entered of Emmanuel College in 1636, under the celebrated Whichcot; and was chosen fellow of Queen's in 1644. He died in the flower of his intellect and of his age—at 32. Bishop Patrick, who was very intimate with Smith at Cambridge, being a fellow of the same college, says that "he spake of God and religion" as he "never heard man speak." Patrick preached his funeral sermon in the chapel of Queen's. What a man would he have been, exclaims Patrick, in the fervour of his admiration, if "he had lived as long as I have done!"* Coleridge in the third volume of his *Literary Remains*,† has a few sensible remarks upon the school of theological writers to which Smith belonged. One incidental observation I am anxious to quote, for its practical importance. "Instead of the subservience of the body to the mind (the favourite language of our Sidneys and Miltons,) we hear nothing at present but of health, good digestion, pleasurable state of general feeling, and the like."‡ I will write down two or three brief passages from the select discourses of Smith, which will shew the richness of his expression and the beauty of his thoughts. The divine nature of the human soul is happily illustrated. "All those discourses which have been written of the soul's heraldry will not blazon it so well to us as itself will do. When we turn our eyes in upon it, it will soon tell us its own royal pedigree and noble extraction, by those sacred hieroglyphics which it bears upon itself."§ In the next specimen we recognise the features of the Platonic philosophy. Smith had gazed, indeed, so long and so earnestly upon the countenance of Plato, that some of its illumination seemed to have shone upon his own. The philosophy whom he leads among us is, indeed, lovely to look upon:

> "With princely pace,
> As fair Aurora, in her purple pall,
> Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
> So forth she comes."
>
> *Faerie Queen*, b. i. cant. iii. st. 16.

Take another example. "And because all those scattered rays of beauty and loveliness which we behold spread up and down, all the world over, are only the emanations of that inexhaustible light which is above, therefore should we love them all in that, and climb up always by those sunbeams unto the eternal Father of lights."‖ This is in the spirit of Spenser. Once more. How beautifully he describes the defaced condition of the human mind,—its splendour darkened, and the hand-writing of the Divine Creator partly obliterated. "Those principles of divine truth which were first engraven on man's heart with the finger of God, are now, as the characters of some ancient monuments, less clear and legible than at first."¶ I should rejoice to send the modern student of theology to the remains of Smith—alas, too few!

Dugald Stewart thought that a doubt of the existence of matter had marked the early feelings of all who had distinguished themselves in studying the phenomena of the mind.

*August* 19.—Read Walpole's letter to Pinkerton, June 25, 1785. Very clever and lively in its criticism. He traces the success and the reputation of

* Note to *Aids to Reflection*, p. 246.

* Bishop Patrick's *Autobiography*, p. 22. Oxford edit.

† P. 416. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 419.

§ Of the Immortality of the Soul.

‖ Deductions and Influences from the Divine Nature and Attributes.

¶ The Excellency and Nobleness of True Religion.

Virgil to his *grace* of style. "A Roman farmer might not understand the Georgic; but a Roman courtier was made to understand farming; and Virgil could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber." To Joseph Warton he had expressed his opinion that Virgil possessed no power over the passions,—an unfortunate criticism; for Warton had uttered his own conviction that the art of Virgil was pre-eminently visible in his attempts to move the *tender passions*, and that the pathetic was *the grand distinguishing* feature of his genius and temper.

In Milton's Eden he discovers the colouring of Albano. He sees an emblem of Racine in the swan. "The colouring of the swan is pure; his attitudes are graceful; he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet are ugly, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression a swan leaves is that of grace. So does Racine." Compare with this remark the very elegant criticism of Hallam, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*. Gray placed Racine immediately after Shakspeare.

Walpole's opinion of Thomson and Akenside is almost sufficient to destroy his claim to critical taste. Their language, he thinks, is not poetic, but bombast prose; or, rather, prose dressed in poetic rags. The *Paradise Lost* is like Michael Angelo's "Moses;" the *Seasons* and the *Pleasures of the Imagination* resemble the kings of hearts and diamonds, with robes made of patches of gaudy colours that do not unite, and differ from the knaves but by the length of their trains. Richard Payne Knight, a more competent judge than Walpole, has given a different opinion, in his *Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*.* "The blank verse of Thomson and Cowper is much more strictly verse than that of Milton: but the complete failure of the latter, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is at least a presumptive proof that this species of verse is not suited to such compositions." In speaking of Cowper, Knight has committed an error scarcely less obvious than Walpole's. Cowper did not *completely* fail in his version of Homer. Southey does not think so, nor Wilson. In such a difficult and protracted journey he sometimes stumbles, and frequently *hobbles* for a mile at a time; but his gait is more commonly dignified, simple, and energetic.

*August* 14.—When Homer wished to dignify Achilles with an expressive epithet, he calls him *swift-footed*; and Virgil has rendered honour to the same physical endowment in his famous Games:—

> "Locum capiunt, signoque repente
> Corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt,
> Effusi nimbo similes: simul ultima signant."—*Æneid*, b. v. 315.

But Nisus, or Salius, would have heard with wonder of the performance of some modern Eastern runners. An express was recently conveyed on foot, from Madras to Bombay, in four days, twenty-three hours, and forty minutes; giving an average rate, through the entire journey, of six miles five furlongs per hour. When we consider the climate and the roads, it may not be presumptuous to affirm that all the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* together could not have accomplished the feat.

*August* 15.—Mr. Mitford† expressed his opinion that Socrates could easily have undergone the trial of Lord Russell; but that with Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would never have obtained the present splendour of his reputation. I am no admirer of Bishop Burnet; but his powers of homely and touching eloquence are not to be despised. When his heart guided his pen, he became dignified and impressive. His character of Archbishop Leighton is beautiful, and even sublime. The glow of his affection not only warms but colours the description. Burnet, it is scarcely necessary to say, was the Buzzard of the *Hind and Panther*.

*August* 16.—Mr. Bowles possesses a copy, by Pope, of a head of Rubens, which he says is remarkable for facility, expression, and precision. "Alexander Pope fecit," is written by the poet's hand, but without a date. At Binfield, Pope amused himself with pen and Indian-ink drawings. Shee says, in a note to his *Elements of Art*, "Pope *directed* his abilities to painting; but though he lisped in numbers, he found no such facility in art, and his proficiency in painting afforded no favourable illustration of the general powers of genius." This remark applies to the famous definition of Johnson, which Shee is examining; but Pope never regarded his sketches in any other light than as amusements of an hour. Johnson's watch now belongs to Mr. Bailye, a canon of Lichfield, who purchased it of the philosopher's black servant. The same gentleman possesses the punchbowl. In 1828, Johnson's teapot was in the hands of Mr. H. C. Nowell. The MS. diary of the Welsh tour, in 1774, was in the library of the late Bishop Butler. The Rev. John Mitford, among his curious relics of great men departed, has a leaf from the tomb of Virgil; and Gray's inkstand, which was given to Mr. Mitford by Baron Bolland. Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, possesses the manuscript letters of Gray to his friend Nichols, which have been lent to the poet Rogers, at whose house one or two friends—*procul este profani*—were allowed to catch a glimpse of the most interesting revelation of Gray's feelings which has ever been made. It is doubtful whether these beautiful and characteristic letters will be given to the public.

*August* 17.—Johnson's antipathy to puns is sufficiently known; and Dryden was not very partial to them. He censures Horace very smartly for his occasional errors of that description. "It may be," he writes, in the *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Satire*, "that puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage." Dryden might have found an illustration in the discourses of his own contemporary, South—brilliant and eloquent as they often were—who loved every clash of words, and declared a perfect epigram to be equal to an epic poem,—a paradox pleasantly bantered by Pope in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, and in his *Essay on Criticism* (v. 440,) where he speaks of the school divines—

> "Who knew most sentences was deepest read."

A history of puns might be made very entertaining; they are to be be found in the works of the greatests poets—threads twisted in those rich tex-

* Pt. xi. p. 121. † History of Greece, v. 155.

tures—in Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dante, Tasso. Our own proverb, so familiar to childhood, "Nobody did it," has been traced to the *Odyssey*.* Ulysses tells Polyphemus that his name is οὖτις—a word signifying "nobody." When the giant was asked by his friends to say who deprived him of sight, he astonished them by the simplicity of his answer that "Nobody did it."

But Johnson, though he condemned all verbal play, upon one or two occasions indulged in the amusement: and we may believe his stern features to have relaxed into a smile when he read the following passage in one of Mrs. Thrale's letters:—"Are you acquainted with Dr. Lee, the master of Baliol College? I never heard a more perfect or excellent pun than his. When some one told how, in a late dispute among the privy-councillors, the lord-chancellor struck the table with such violence that he split it: 'No, no, no,' replied the master, drily; 'I can hardly persuade myself that he *split the table*, though I believe that he *divided the board*.'"

There is a pleasant story, very nearly related to a pun, told in one of his letters by the poet Shenstone. Lord Bath's coachman having, through intoxication, tumbled from the box, he was obliged to borrow Lord Orford's. This circumstance occasioned the remark, that it was only gratitude for Lord Orford's coachman to drive Lord Bath, "since my Lord Bath himself had driven my Lord Orford." Upon the fall of Walpole, Lord Bath reached a great height of power and popularity; but speedily lost both. His old antagonist having been raised to the peerage, when he met Lord Bath for the first time in the House of Lords, he addressed him in these words; "My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England."

Prior has a very smart epigram on Dr. Radcliffe, which may be quoted by way of introduction to an anecdote of him,—

"I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill
That other doctors gave me over.
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.
But when the *wit* began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the *politician*,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my *physician*."

This celebrated physician never paid a debt if he could help it. He entertained the same aversion to change a guinea: he said that it went so fast. Richardson relates an amusing anecdote of him.† A pavier who had done some work for Radcliffe, after many fruitless attempts to obtain his money, succeeded in overtaking him while he was getting out of his carriage at his own house in Bloomsbury Square. His reception was not very flattering. Radcliffe, with much violence, told him that he had spoiled the pavement, and had covered it with earth only to hide his bad work. "Doctor," replied the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." Radcliffe, remarking that since his creditor was a wit he must unavoidably be poor, immediately paid the debt. I add one more illustration from the history of a very strong-minded man. Opie was one of the hangers at the Academy in 1799, and his companion in that office endeavoured anxiously to awaken him to the merits of some pictures of a young artist. Opie continued to be blind. "Why, now, Opie," at last exclaimed his friend, "look at that hand! You never painted such a hand as that in your life." "No," replied Opie; "but *you* have—*many such*."*

Hume frequently visited Dr. Jardine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh; and one evening, in going down stairs, after a theological argument, the historian stumbled in the dark. His friend hastened to his assistance with a candle, remarking, "David, I have often told you not to rely too much upon yourself, and that *natural light* is not *sufficient*." It might have been well for the peace of Hume if the playful caution of Jardine had been attended to. Moore, who is a wit by *birth*, and a poet by *cultivation*, is usually very successful in his attempts at humour of every description. In a satirical poem, called *Literary Advertisements*, he makes a very ingenious use of the Latin verse. "Quodcunque infundis, acessit:"

"*Nota Bena*—an essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
Was for taxing the fundholders ages ago,
When he wrote thus,—'Quodcunque *in fund is assess it*.'"

A pleasant classical pun is mentioned, I think, by Horace Walpole. Some person was asked if he liked books *in folio?*" "No," said he, "*in fructu*."

In speaking of these plays upon words, it is impossible not to recollect that inimitable scene in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* (in whom it is easy to recognise the shadow of Tristram Shandy, though not so clearly as the lineaments of Gulliver,) where his servant, Crambe, falls upon his knees in an agony of despair at losing his situation for his addiction to punning,—"O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee! O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd!" The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, if completed, would have presented the result of the combined genius of the eighteenth century. Among the contributors were Pope, Atterbury, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Swift and Gay. Addison was also inclined to join the club; and his graceful irony and pleasant smile of wit would have softened the Aristophanic coarseness that occasionally betrays the pen of Swift. Pope, after pleasantly surmising the cause of Swift's forgetfulness of his friends in London, adds: "Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This, indeed, must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work; and I shall translate Homer, by the by."† *Gulliver's Travels* were originally designed for an episode in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Reverting for one moment to Johnson, I cannot refrain from filling this page with his admirable charade upon his friend Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Kil-

* B. i. v. 366, &c.
† Richardsoniana.

* Memoirs of Mrs. Opie, p. 40.
† June 18, 1714.

laloe. It is one of the most ingenious and elegant trifles in the language, and very superior, indeed, to a similar effort by James Smith on Miss Edgeworth :—

"My *first* shuts out thieves from the house or the room;
My *second* expresses a Syrien perfume;
My whole is a man in whose converse is shared
The strength of a *Bar* and the sweetness of *Nard*."

The indulgence of humour—how far objectionable, how far expedient—has not escaped the eye of metaphysicians. Mr. Hare, in his *Guesses at Truth*, has some ingenious remarks. Is it not related in one of Cicero's letters, that an account of the sallies of festive wit at the table of the orator was transmitted daily to Cæsar, according to his own request! Thomson tells us, in his "Winter"—

"Lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking ev'ry nerve."

Addison devoted the 249th number of the *Spectator* to an essay upon laughter. One remark deserves quotation. He tells us that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields in flower, or trees in blossom, is to be traced through *every language*: an universality of reception, he thinks, shared only by the metaphors of burning and fire, in reference to love. He regards this circumstance as a proof that men esteem laughter to be, in itself, both amiable and beautiful. Perhaps laughter has never assumed so pleasing an appearance as in the Band of Mirth, as Addison calls it, which Milton introduced into *L'Allegro*. Addison calls Chaucer a *merry* poet.

*August* 18.—Read the third book of Prior's *Solomon*; he says, very beautifully,

"For hope is but the dream of those that wake."

It has been long discovered that human enjoyment depends in great measure upon *prospective advantages*. The boy, in Thomson's "Spring," who pursues a rainbow over the fields, is an emblem of genius in its pursuit of intellectual beauty. But this luminous vapour, though it does not reward our toil with possession, frequently leads our feet into the greenest fields, and among the sweetest landscapes of the imagination:

"The life to come in every poet's creed"

has revived him in the saddest hour of gloom and despondency. Of general hope, Johnson said that it was an amusement rather than a good, and adapted only to very tranquil minds. The remark was suggested by the assertion of some person that *hope* excelled *fruition*. In the positive sense of personal and immediate benefit, it is obvious that *hope* must always be inferior to *possession*; but in the nobler signification of remote improvement, it may be affirmed to be superior. The great orator, the great painter, the great poet, the great statesman, are all the children of Hope. It was Hope that hung the lantern upon the ship of Columbus, it was Hope that brought to Milton tidings of Paradise; it was Hope that waved the torch before Bacon, as he descended into the dark laboratory of Nature; it was Hope that supported the steps of Newton when he wandered into the dim solitude of unknown worlds; it was Hope that scattered the Persian chivalry before the eloquence of Demosthenes; it was Hope that sprinkled the purple hues of summer over the canvass of Titian, and breathed the solemn repose of heaven over the divine heads of Raphael.

But Hope has a holier signification. Sutton speaks,* very beautifully, of Christian happiness being folded up in the bosom of Hope. In the home of the good man, indeed, that angel is never absent; in the darkness of winter, and in the bloom of spring, it is alike present to cheer, to comfort, and to exhort. Nature becomes a lyre, on which its sacred fingers

"Play,
To chase the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away."†

It places before the eyes an object that fixes, with magical influence, the entire powers of the mind. We may see this illustrated, with remarkable beauty and clearness, in the history of the benevolent Howard.—"His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian Pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it were nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it." The illustration of Foster is beautiful and just. The eyes of Christian hope, so pure, so heavenly, pierce through the cloud and tempest of life; they look into the hard and stony troubles of the world, and behold deeply buried, as it were, in that rugged flint, the precious jewels of blessing and gladness. This confidence alone can sustain the traveller through the valley of tears, when he seems to hope even against hope; can alone take him by the hand when he stumbles, and pour the wine of comfort into his heart; can alone array him in the purple garment of honour, and bind an undying garland about his head, while he lies at the gate of Poverty,—

"Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!"

"I am not altogether agreed," wrote Gray to Wharton, "as to your historical consolation in time of trouble. A calm melancholy it may produce, a stiller sort of despair (and that only in some circumstances, and on some constitutions); but I doubt no real comfort or content can ever arise in the human mind but from *hope*."

*August* 19.—I have been looking over some of the many recent publications on Shakspeare.

Pope, whose prose Warburton said would last as long as his poetry, has an acute remark in his preface to Shakspeare,—"Poets are always afraid of envy; but surely they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration." They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one often fall by the other. "*Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*," says Tacitus; and Virgil desires to wear

* Preface to *Disce Vivere*.
† Campbell.

a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason:—

> "Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat."

When Dryden wished to extol the genius of the moderns above the ancients, he told his patron, the accomplished Lord Dorset,—

> "Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,"*

"I would instance your lordship in satire, and Shakspeare in tragedy." Could absurdity sink lower? Could an enemy have given the peer a more deadly blow? If people will not leave Shakspeare alone, it will really be necessary to criticise, since we cannot ostracise, him. The couplet of Peter Pindar, with the alteration of a word, becomes appropriate,—

> "From beggars to the great who rule the helm,
> One Shakspeare-mania raged through all the realm."

Why will the mob of critics and gentlemen, who write with such laborious ease, persist in calling Shakspeare the Just? Is it, to borrow the smart saying of a very ingenious man, that, like a fine day, they can commend his genius without envy? Or is it because they wish to realise Pope's description,—

> "Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
> It is the rust we value, not the gold"!
> *Im. Hor.*, b. ii. ep. i.

When the poet Shenstone was in London, in the spring of 1740, he wrote to a friend,—"Chimney-sweepers damn the convention, and black-shoe boys cry up the genius of Shakspeare." Yet the penny edition had not then appeared; and Sir John Falstaff could never have entertained the hope of meeting Mrs. Page through the Meadows. Is there no flower in the garden of English poetry but Sweet-William! One of Burney's recollections of Johnson's conversation, during those nights at Streatham when they sat out fire and candle, was concerning epitaphs.—"In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath." But then let us not forget that it *is* a lapidary inscription. Martin Sherlock has very sensibly said,—"The only view of Shakspeare was to make his fortune; and for that it were necessary to fill the play-house. At the same time that he caused the duchess to enter the boxes, he would cause her servants to enter the pit. The people have always money; to make them spend it, they must be diverted. There never existed three men who had more taste than Raphael, Moliere, and Shakspeare. All three have erred against good taste. But let us not, therefore, say that they were unacquainted with it; let us rather say that they sacrificed it to the desire of making their fortunes."† Now, if Sherlock is to be censured for his opinion, let him stand in the pillory in good society. Pope, in his *Imitations of Horace*, had long before declared,—

> "Shakspeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
> Style the divine, the matchless, what you will),
> *For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,*
> *And grew immortal in his own despite.*"

Nor was this an opinion hitched in for the sake of rhyme; it was the deliberate judgment of Pope, who reiterates it in his excellent preface to the poet's works:—"One cannot wonder if Shakspeare, having at his first appearance, no *other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence*, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank." And further on he resumes the same argument; and after alluding to the buoyancy of the poet's genius, which keeps him from sinking in this oppressive and thick atmosphere of low humour, he continues: "He writ to the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them,—in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality." I am aware that Pope did not shine as an editor of Shakspeare. He has himself spoken of the dull duty of an editor. He was not deeply versed in the trash of antiquarian collectors; he was not like the doctor who inserted in his bills that "he delighted in matters of difficulty."* He was not a word-catcher, living on syllables. But upon a question of *criticism* he deserves to be heard.

Voltaire remarked to Sherlock, when he visited him at Ferney, in 1776, after pointing out two or three disgraceful expressions in one of Shakspeare's plays, "See what it is to be an author; he will do any thing to get money." To be sure he will; that is, when he condescends to write to a sixpenny gallery, and to solicit the vote of a dustman. I do not attach any value to Voltaire's judgment of English poetry, of which he was a most incompetent judge; but upon a simple point of common sense his testimony may certainly be admitted. His observation to a visitor, upon the reverence shewn in England to the memory of Shakspeare, has even beauty in it. "He has been," he said of Shakspeare, "the taste of the nation for two hundred years; and what is the taste of a nation for two hundred years will be so for two thousand. *This taste becomes a religion.*" The concluding sentence seems to me to contain a wise and philosophical sentiment. Voltaire, when he uttered it, was in his eighty-third year.

"A general and long-continued reputation," says Rochefoucald, "is rarely false." There is truth in the remark. The glory of Shakspeare is fixed and indestructible, except with the human heart. New stars must be lighted, and a new intellectual heaven must be created, before his brightness can be extinguished. But in lifting up my voice against the Shakspeare epidemic, I am not disposed to slide into contumelious flippancy, from a desire to avoid the fulsomeness of panegyric. We do not deny the beauty of the sun, because it happens to be overclouded for a moment. Neither am I going to emulate the criticism

* Pope.

† Fragment on Shakspeare, 3. 1786.

* See note on *Dunciad*, b. iii. 192.

of the father of Mrs. Carter. "Mr. Pope's reputation," wrote the doctor to his learned daughter, "seems to be on the decline. It has had its run; and it is no wonder *that it is out of breath.*" Shakspeare's reputation will never be out of breath, however it may be goaded forward.

"The best pieces of Shakspeare," says Sherlock, not in his *Fragment*, but in *Letters from a Traveller* (1780), "have some faults; but each of his good ones seems to me to resemble the church of St. Peter. This temple, the most wonderful in the world, has a thousand faults, a thousand bad things in sculpture, painting; but I pity the man who thinks of looking for them. When a fault presents itself, let him take a step further,—a sublime beauty awaits him." —p. 60. Very good—by all means take a step further; but, in passing by the *faults*, don't assert them to be *beauties*, and pelt out of the temple of poetry all who presume to assert the rights of critical Protestantism. There is a class of writers who regard the works of Shakspeare as the metropolis of poetical orthodoxy; and who would not hesitate in burning any recusant Servetus, who might be caught in their Geneva. Before I take leave of Shakspeare, let me make my peace with his devotees by an anecdote from the same book of Sherlock (p. 48), and which pleasingly illustrates the naturalness of that greatest of our poets. While Sherlock was at Naples, the queen lost her son, and continually exclaimed, in her sorrow, "Ah! if my son had not been pretty, my loss would have been less severe; but it was the most charming child." Now, it is curious that Shakspeare has put the same sentiment—an expansion of the same words—into the mouth of a queen in his tragedy of *King John*. Constance says,—

"Had he been ugly,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offencing marks,
I would not care; I then would be content.
But since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
There was not such a gracious creature born."

Mr. Hallam wrote his account of Romeo and Juliet in one of those tranquil intervals that sometimes relieve the Shakspeare epidemic, as well as other fevers. The faults he admits to be in prodigious number: "The conceits, the phrases that jar on the mind's ear, and interfere with the very emotion the poet would excite, occur, at least, in the first three acts without intermission. It seems to have formed part of his conception of this youthful and ardent pair, that they should talk irrationally. The extravagance of their fancy, however, not only forgets reason, but wastes itself in frigid metaphors, and incongruous conceptions. The tone of Romeo is that of the most bombastic commonplace of gallantry; and the young lady differs only in being one degree more mad. The voice of virgin love has been counterfeited by the authors of many fictions; I know none who have thought the style of Juliet would represent it. Nor is this confined to the happier moments of their intercourse. False thoughts and misplaced phrases deform the whole of the third act."* This is written in a manly vein of independent criticism.

The stooping of his disenchanted wings† to the sordid ignorance of the age, is perceptible throughout the works of Shakspeare. Perhaps I ought rather to say that the atmosphere in which he lived exerted its natural influence upon the constitution of his mind, and that he sometimes involuntarily sunk under it. His drums, his trumpets, his mock fights, his attenuated witticisms,—what were these but stops to the Cerberus of the pit! Harlequin leaps into the middle of his tragic pageant; the full cheeks of Laughter are seen by the pallid face of Grief; and even Hamlet himself is carried off with "a peal of ordnance." Something of this ought, as I have remarked, to be ascribed to the temper of the audience. If Shakspeare played with Dalilah, her fascination was soon broken. He did not, as Prior represents the fourth Henry with the fair D'Estree, forsake entirely the fields of his victory,—

"Or in his pleasure lose his fame."‡

He is alone amid all the poets who block up the gates of Fame, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In stature, in nerve, in arms, he overtops and outglitters all. Mezentius did not advance against Æneas with more grandeur and disdain, than Shakspeare moved among the wits and rivals of his day,—

"Quam magnus Orion,
Quum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam scindens, humero supereminet undas;
Aut, summis referens annosam montibus ornum,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."—
*Æn.*, b. x. v. 767.

Pope says, very tersely, "He is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him." He could transport himself into the world of the *heart*, or the world of *history*, with almost equal success. Let him describe a Roman, and you would swear that he lived with Cæsar, and sat in the tent with Brutus at Philippi. "The story of Agis," said Gray, alluding to Home's tragedy, "is an antique statue painted white and red, frized and dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantuamaker." No critic will ever venture to say so of Shakspeare:—

"In Rubens' course we trace each wide extreme,
Its dazzling lustre or its doubtful gleam;
But though, like Avon's bard, its orb displays
Some darker parts amidst the general blaze,
Struck by his splendour each rapt eye admires,
*For while we see his spots, we feel his fires.*"§

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe, t. ii. 393.
† Sir John Denham.
‡ *Alma.* Canto II.
§ Sir Martin Archer Shee.

From the Britannia.

## MR. GREEN'S AERIAL VOYAGE FROM VAUXHALL GARDENS ON MONDAY LAST.

A LADY who accompanied Mr. Green in his ascent from Vauxhall Gardens on Monday evening last, has furnished the following lively account of the voyage:

"The evening was delightfully calm, the heavens beautifully serene, and of that lovely blue which the Italian masters have so delighted in transferring from their own sunny skies, speckled over with numerous light and fleecy clouds, and scarcely a breath of wind stirred. By veterans in aerial voyages it was considered that a more favourable evening for a trip could not have been selected.

"At ten minutes past seven o'clock, Mr. Green completed the act of separation from our friends, and we embarked, impressed with loftier views and every prospect of a pleasing voyage, taking a north-easterly direction, which current, with but little variation, bore us throughout. It is utterly impossible for persons on their first adventure to give expression to their feelings. There is a something awful in the very novelty of the situation that, to a great degree, paralyses the language of description, and yet the awe may be considered imaginary; for the balloon that Benjamin Franklin recognised as a boy, appears to have reached its manhood. On leaving the gardens we were somewhat flattered by the cheers of those we left behind us, and they changed notes in proportion as we towered over the lanes and thoroughfares adjoining. The motion of the machine was so imperceptible, that it seemed not to us as if we were leaving the gardens, but as if the gardens left us. The first blush of observation presented to us a something like a schoolboy map—everything flat, diminished in dimensions, and curiously compact. The motion of heads, and turning up of faces, partly indicating animation, but more especially reminding us of bas-relief sculpture. We soon triumphantly o'ertopped the orientalists of the metropolis, and then the scene changed shades, and assumed a different shape. The river Thames became like an animated reptile, of ponderous growth, serpentining along, and seeming to encircle in its coils, the mighty London, the mistress of the world. Crossing the river between the Tower and Blackwall, and surveying the scene we were passing from, the lights sprang up in rapid succession like glow-worms in the twilight. The objects became more compact, and the bridges bore the semblance of beautiful and sparkling fillets, encircling here and there an immense boa constrictor, and fettered, as it were, or controlled, by white and riband-looking roads, the inlets and outlets of the great city. Shortly after this we attained our highest altitude—6,200 feet, or nearly two miles and a quarter. We had expected from what we had often heard, that some difficulty of respiration would have been experienced; but so far from this, we fancied that it was more free than usual, added to a buoyancy of feeling perfectly delicious; and, instead of the cold usually resulting from a great elevation and a rarefied atmosphere, the heat was unusually oppressive. We next passed over the forest of Epping. We now commenced rapidly to descend, till within 2,300 feet of the earth, as indicated by the barometer. For the first time we became sensible of the motion of the balloon, our gradual approach to objects enabling us by comparison to form a judgment of the swiftness of our course.

"The most sublime object that accompanied us throughout our trip, when night had set in, was the moon, and its effects on the scene beneath. The reflection of the moonbeams upon the river—now bursting upon the vision, now coquettishly disappearing—leaving this in darkness, and suddenly presenting the same appearance in a thousand different quarters, rescuing solitary scraps or sheets of water from obscurity, rather as if it were artificially produced than the mere result of accident. As an artist I was delighted with the light and shade of the scene. Although at the great elevation at which we then were, we were much surprised to find with what exceeding and clear distinctness we could hear the voices and distinguish the words of those who, attracted by the novelty of the object, were assembled beneath, the conversation, mundane and celestial, if not very *edifying*, was, at least, highly amusing.

"Mr. Green now became anxious to descend, but finding from information afforded by the good folks below that the ground was not well adapted for his purpose, we rose considerably, but still in the same direction, until we found a fitter spot, at least as well as the obscurity enabled Mr. Green to judge, being without the guide-line. Having arrived, however, at a place that he thought would be suitable, he encountered a difficulty from the sudden springing up of a ground breeze. The grappling iron was thrown out, but, from the nature of the surface, a hold could not be retained, until after two or three attempts, when, with the assistance of the country people, the iron was properly planted, and we owed especial thanks to sundry little urchins, who bounded over hedge and ditch to our assistance. We were sorry to find the balloon considerably injured, from having been a short time entangled in the embraces of a solitary ash tree. Our descent was, however, effected scathless, barring sundry bumps and thumps, which, however, formed but a slight alloy to the pleasure of our trip. The gentlemen of the party then assisted us to alight, precisely at 20 minutes to 9, having been in the air exactly an hour and ten minutes.

"We were now on *terra firma* at Knavestock, near Brentwood, in Essex, 23 miles from Vauxhall. We were kindly invited to the house of Mr. J. Crouchman, by his good lady who was attracted to the ground, and to her kindness and the efficient services of her husband we were much indebted. Finding we were in a part of the country abounding in cross roads, and the cattle being engaged in the harvest, it was three hours before a conveyance for the balloon could be obtained. A very unpleasant incident occurred after landing, some one having abstracted the ornamental drapery of the car; but through the vigilance of the police a fine young fellow was presented to us manacled as the thief. Mr. Green had previously handsomely rewarded him. It was our opinion that the poor fellow did not wish so much to take it for its value as to obtain a relic. A postchaise was obtained shortly afterwards, and we reached town in the morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, delighted with our excursion, nothing the worse for an adventure or two, and looking forward with much pleasure to our next trip to the Isle of 'Sky.'

"I have the honour to remain yours, &c.,

"*Bloomsbury.* "JOANNA FORREST."

## MEMOIR OF A CASE OF BLINDNESS.

(READ BEFORE THE ROYAL SOCIETY.)

"Memoir of the case of a gentleman born blind, and successfully operated upon in the eighteenth year of his age, with Physiological Observations and Experiments," by J. C. August Franz, M. D.—The young gentleman who is the subject of this memoir had been affected from birth with strabismus of both eyes; the right eye was amaurotic, and the left deprived of sight by the opacity both of the crystalline lens and of its capsule. At the age of seventeen, an operation for the removal of the cataract of the left eye was performed by the author with complete success. On opening the eye for the first time, on the third day after the operation, the patient described his visual perception as being that of an extensive field of light, in which every thing appeared dull, confused, and in motion, and in which no object was distinguishable. On repeating the experiment two days afterwards, he described what he saw as a number of opake watery spheres, which moved with the movements of the eye, but when the eye was at rest remained stationary, and their margins partially covering one another. Two days after this the same phenomena were observed, but the spheres were less opake and somewhat transparent; their movements were more steady, and they appeared to cover each other more than before. He was now for the first time capable, as he said, of looking through these spheres, and of perceiving a difference, but merely a difference, in the surrounding objects. The appearance of spheres diminished daily; they became smaller, clearer, and more pellucid, allowed objects to be seen more distinctly, and disappeared entirely after two weeks. As soon as the sensibility of the retina had so far diminished as to allow the patient to view objects deliberately without pain, ribands differently coloured were presented to his eye. These different colours he could recognize with the exception of yellow and green, which he frequently confounded when apart, but could distinguish when both were before him at the same time. Of all colours, gray produced the most grateful sensation: red, orange, and yellow, though they excited pain, were not in themselves disagreeable; while the effect of violet and of brown was exactly the reverse, being very disagreeable, though not painful. Brown he called an ugly colour: black produced subjective colours; and white gave rise to a profusion of *muscæ volitantes*. When geometrical figures of different kinds were offered to his view, he succeeded in pointing them out correctly, although he never moved his hand directly and decidedly, but always as if feeling with the greatest caution. When a cube and a sphere were presented to him, after examining these bodies with great attention, he said that he saw a quadrangular and a circular figure, and after further consideration described the one as being a square, and the other a disc, but confessed that he had not been able to form these ideas until he perceived a sensation of what he saw in the points of his fingers, as if he really touched the objects. Subsequent experiments showed that he could not discriminate a solid body from a plane surface of similar shape; thus a pyramid placed before him, with one of its sides towards his eye, appeared as a plane triangle. Two months after the above-mentioned operation, another was performed on both eyes, for the cure of the congenital strabismus, by the division of the tendons of the rect. interni muscles, which produced a very beneficial effect on the vision of the left eye; and even the right eye, which had been amaurotic, gained some power of perceiving light, and from being atrophied, became more prominent. Still it was only by slow degrees that the power of recognizing the true forms, magnitudes, and situations of external objects was acquired. In course of time the eye gained greater power of converging the rays of light, as was shown by the continually increasing capacity of distinct vision by the aid of spectacles of given powers.—*Athenæum.*

---

## NEW VERSES FOR THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

[The following verses for the Queen's Anthem were written for the sixty-sixth anniversary (1838) of the Society of the Sons of St. George, by Joseph Sill, Esq., secretary of the society. The Sons of St. George are a patriotic band of Englishmen settled in Philadelphia, who meet annually on the 23d of April, to keep alive their recollections of their native country. The verses appear to us to have much merit, and, with a little change upon the last, to suit our own country, would form a good substitute for the obsolete defiance of the Pope and Pretender, which we still stupidly continue to sing.]

God save fair England's Queen,
Long live our noble Queen—
God save the Queen!
Far as her laws extend,
Thy choicest blessings send,
For which our prayers ascend—
God save the Queen!

On her still youthful head
Richly thy mercies shed—
God save the Queen!
Mould all her thoughts aright,
Let mercy temper might,
And England bless the sight
Of our great Queen!

So may she wield her trust,
That men may hail her just—
God save the Queen!
And all the nations see,
Worthy she is to be
Queen of the great and free—
God save the Queen!

May England's future page
Make hers the Golden Age—
God save the Queen!
Be it Victoria's praise
To dim, by brighter rays,
Great Bess's splendid days—
God save the Queen!

These prayers we offer thee,
Far o'er the boundless sea—
God save the Queen!
Peace!—with her influence bland—
This, and our native land,
Unite with heart and hand—
God save the Queen!

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

From the Monthly Review.

*A History of Harvard University; from its Foundation in the Year* 1636, *to the Period of the American Revolution.* By Benjamin Peirce. Cambridge, U. S.

THE history of the literary institutions of any country must, to a considerable extent, be the history of that country. It cannot but embrace an interesting portion of the lives of most of the distinguished men in it, whether churchmen or civilians; a portion, at least, when the powers of the mind are pliant, and may be moulded by wise direction to future valuable purposes. The pupils go forth prepared in part to sustain the duties of professional and active existence, under the influences which the establishment lent and fostered from which they proceed, and to reflect back upon the place of their education the character and distinction of riper years. The quality of instruction is a measure of the general intelligence and refinement of the community; for no seminary of learning can be sustained, that lags in the rear of an improved condition of literature, science, and the arts in the public around. Hence the higher institutions, in their combination of learning and distinguished men, with the means of knowledge abundantly within their reach, form an important part of the great whole, and become of indispensable and incalculable value to the permanency of national welfare and the progress of national character. Such an aggregation of men embraces the aspiring of every rank and condition in life, and therefore lend impulses even to the most enterprising.

With these views of the importance of literary institutions, we can never but take pleasure in noticing any attempt to sketch their history, whatever be the country to which they belong, especially if it be one which may be regarded as a mighty offshoot of our own, morally as well as naturally speaking; and therefore we seize the present opportunity of introducing some instructive and also entertaining account of, we believe, the most celebrated university in the United States of America; the period embraced enabling us to obtain striking glimpses of a young and rapidly rising nation, and also of the indications it offered of the time to come.

The late Mr. Peirce was librarian of the University, and an educated man; and he also possessed the other qualifications (as Mr. Pickering, the editor of the posthumous publication, informs us, and as the volume itself demonstrates) essential to the successful execution of a work of this kind. We are told that he had an industry and an accuracy which steadily and faithfully carry us back to the scholars of another age. Thorough research into a subject in which he was interested, was to him a pleasure and not a task, as a catalogue of the library is said abundantly to testify. He never rested content with second-hand information, but went always to the original sources. He scrupulously weighed and sifted evidence, and never formed nor changed his opinions upon slight grounds. He was always a lover of books. In his youth he was a distinguished scholar; and in the midst of his daily business he found some time for the gratification and the assiduous cultivation of his mind by study. His modest and retiring habits prevented him from offering his acquisitions to the public view; but the present work was found at his death, nearly ready for the press, and supports the eulogy bestowed on the author. It is thorough, exact, lucid, and learned. Not a stone seems to have been left unturned; not a scrap of information, useful or amusing, relating to the first one hundred and thirty years of the history of the University, has been left ungathered. It is evidently, in short, the production of one whose heart was in what he was doing. He must have taken a deep interest in the institution, for he has traced with a filial affection its progress from a grammar-school to a flourishing and well-endowed college.

Nor is the work a mere register of events connected with the institution itself, but it gives frequent glimpses into the state of manners and the opinions of other days, and occasional sketches also of the distinguished men who yet live in their works. As an instance of this, we may mention the discriminating account of the famous Cotton Mather, who, if his sense had been equal to his talents, and his digestive powers on a par with his appetite, would have been truly a great man.

The present work is a history of Harvard University, from its foundation to the last important epoch previous to the American revolution. It comprises the whole of the author's original plan; but the editor of it thinks that, had Mr. Peirce lived, he would, perhaps, at some future time have brought his work down to a later period. Nevertheless the book is complete in itself, its subjects being included within well-defined marks and periods; while it comprehends a space, which from its antiquity and other causes, affords more materials than any other to gratify the natural desire of men to look back to the illustrious deeds of their fathers.

The style of the work is good and pleasing. The editor informs us that Mr. Peirce was a diligent reader and hearty admirer of the English Classics, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Swift, and their contemporaries; and that he took these for his models, although he was in some degree tinctured with the plainness of still older writers. The style, indeed, is unostentatiously simple; it is also correctly severe, without being harsh, or descending into feebleness and tameness. It is condensed, not attenuated.

In an age of magazine and novel writing such tricks are played with our mother tongue, such uncouth words and phrases are pressed into it, such involved sentences are manufactured, while there is such a love of the monstrous, fancy for the artificial, or yielding to the sentimental, that it is really refreshing when, on turning away from the distorted, the dazzling, or the mawkish and twaddling, one alights upon the green, the natural, and the healthy.

As already intimated, the work has been published under the editorship of a Mr. Pickering, who was an early and an attached friend of the author, and who has enriched the volume by assembling in an Appendix a great variety of miscellaneous and illustrative matter relating to the University.

Without attempting to give an analysis or an abstract of the volume, we shall present a few things to be found in it that will engage attention.

The University dates its existence from an act of the General Court, in 1636, by which there was voted £400, towards the erection of a public "school or college," to be situated at Newtown (which name

was afterwards changed to Cambridge,) "a place very pleasant and accommodate," and "then under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Sheaphard." This most liberal appropriation, taking into consideration also the time at which it was made, speaks volumes in praise of the founders; illustrating also the general feeling which must have countenanced the measure. The transaction took place only six years from the first settlement of Boston, and only sixteen years from the landing at Plymouth, at a time when they were struggling for very existence, surrounded with vast and unexplored wildernesses, inhabited by savage foes, whom imagination invested with more than their real terrors. One would have supposed that the sustenance and protection of their bodily lives would have engrossed their whole time and thoughts; but with what moral purpose and far-sightedness did they set about providing the mind with convenient and enduring food; and with what highminded disinterestedness did they give up so large a portion of their scanty means for the good of posterity, and "that learning might not sleep in the graves of their fathers!" Mr. Peirce remarks well and becomingly on this subject when he says, "To minds less enlightened, less impressed with the value of liberal studies, and less resolved on achieving whatever duty commanded, such a project would have presented itself in vain; but from the fathers of New England it was precisely the measure which was to have been expected; it flowed from their principles and character, as an effect from its legitimate cause; and while the qualities of a stream are a test of the nature of its source, this venerable institution must be regarded as a memorial of the wisdom and virtue of its pious founders."

The regular course of academic instruction began in 1638, and in 1639 it was ordered that the college should be called Harvard College, in honour of its great founder, the Rev. John Harvard. It was at first under the charge of Nathaniel Eaton, who, as Cotton Mather says, "was a brave scholar, but cruel withal, and was fined 100 marks for beating a young gentleman (his usher) unmercifully with a cudgel." That this ruffianly, rather than brave, master should have attempted to beat his usher, shows the spirit of subordination much more than that of equality. Indeed the former sentiment was as prevalent at one period as the latter is now in that country. Eaton was also accused of ill-treating the students in various ways, and of giving them bad and scanty diet, a source of complaint which curiously enough began at the very foundation of the college, and has continued to break out from time to time to the present day.

There is some very amusing matter in the Appendix touching this same cudgelling Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, extracted from several quarters. We learn that he beat his unfortunate usher with a walnut-tree cudgel, "a yard in length, and big enough to have killed a horse," he being, as may be supposed from this statement, harder to kill than a horse, as indeed may also be inferred from the result; for it seems that his savage master gave him "two hundred stripes about the head and shoulders, and so kept him under blows (with some two or three short intermissions) about the space of two hours." No head, made as heads are made in our degenerate days, could have survived such a *flailing*; but if not poetical, there must be some lawyer-like exaggeration in the statement of the usher's case. Eaton was interrogated *anent* the ill and scanty diet of his boarders. "for although their friends gave large allowance, yet their diet was ordinarily nothing but porridge and pudding, and that very homely." Nathaniel, with that want of manliness and gallantry which might be expected from his cruelty towards the weak, laid all the blame upon his wife. A curious paper is furnished, which, no doubt, contains the statement given by this Mrs. Eaton, relative to the charges brought against her domestic economy. It is a very amusing document, and we should extract it, if we had room. It is full of contrition and humble acknowledgment; yet laughable as the whole affair may be to those readers who have been and are exempted from all such abuses, yet we cannot help being touched with the conjugal affection which made the woman so prompt to transfer all the blame to herself, and to exonerate her *dear* husband. From the very submissive tone of her confessions, we have a fear that Nathaniel was woman's master, and that he had long kept a "walnut-tree cudgel" at home, and one too of much more than the orthodox thickness of a man's little finger. This trouble about the diet of the students at Harvard was gravely investigated by the government of the state, and rightly so it was. The institution's interests might have been disastrously affected by the ferocity and baseness of teachers, not to speak of the lives of pupils.

The wheel of time has brought about strange revolutions in the character of the Commencement exercises. Orations, dissertations, and forensics in the vernacular language, are reliefs and luxuries of modern introduction and growth. Within the memory of some who are now alive, the principal exercises consisted of a Syllogistic discourse in Latin, in which four or five distinguised scholars were appointed respondents, to whom was assigned the task of defending certain positions which the rest of the class severally opposed and attacked. All this was done in Latin, and in the form of Syllogisms and Theses, and might have been *very edifying*. In the old institutions of a similar kind in Europe, and down to a comparatively recent date, the same method of sharpening the intellect, and making combatants expert, as it was thought, and also of rendering them dexterous in the universal language, was in vogue; the Americans but followed and imitated us in their first foundations.

A list is preserved of the Theses which were defended by the first graduates in 1642, from which we cull a few specimens, which may well make the young scholars at Harvard College, at the present day, bless their stars that they were not born in the times of which we speak:—"Causa *sine qua non*, non est peculiaris causa a quatuor reliquis generalibus;" "Axioma contingens est, quod ita verum est ut aliquando falsum esse possit;" "Forma est principium individuationis;" "Unius rei non est nisi unica forma constitutiva," &c., &c. How would one of our spruce, learned, modern orators at the bar or in the senate, or even at some academical debating club, with all his scholastic lore at his fingers' ends, and his Latinity upon his tongue, look, were he called upon to defend "pro virili parte," as the

order of performances was wont to word it, one of the above Theses in Latin Syllogisms? But the masters were, of course, expected to soar to a higher sphere of disputation, or to plunge into a deeper and darker well of scholastic metaphysics, as will be seen from the following questions, "methodically to be discussed by the candidates for the degree of Master of Arts," at the Commencement in 1743:—"An ex operibus Sanctificationi comitantibus, optimæ exquiratur Justificatio;" "An conscientia invincibiliter erronea sit inculpabilis." But we presume even our learned readers have enough of these scholastic puzzles, and therefore we proceed to some more interesting matters.

The sons of Harvard must have read with great pleasure and sympathy the indications scattered through Mr. Peirce's volume, of the pride and affection with which their forerunners looked upon the University, and the large space it occupied in the public mind. Life has become so crowded with stirring interests, and men are whirled now with such rail-road velocity, through such a multitude and variety of excitements, that a peaceful literary institution does not obtain its due share of consideration or respect by the many, and is only adequately thought of by the scholars who have anchored their barks in those placid recesses to which the turmoil and the foam of the world of noise and of traffic seldom reach. But it was not so in America some hundred years ago. Its people formed then but a "feeble folk,"—an infant colony, supporting their tottering and impeded steps, by clinging to their mother on this side of the deep. The peculiar character of the Pilgrim Fathers and their more immediate successors in general, and the clergy in particular, possessed a great influence out of their sphere. Harvard College was long the eye of New England. It was regarded with pride and veneration. Every leading man felt a strong personal interest in it, and considered the prosperity of the colony as largely involved in its own. Thus the death of president Leverett is spoken of as a "dark and awful providence," a "heavy judgment of God," a "token of his anger," a "sore frown upon the College." When President Wadsworth died, it was voted by the Corporation, that, "whereas the choosing of a President is a matter of great concern, it be proposed to the Honourable and Reverend Overseers, that they with the Corporation might spend some convenient time in prayer to God for his gracious direction in that important affair." We find the General Court voting to President Wadsworth, one hundred and fifty pounds, "to enable him to enter upon and manage the great affair of President of Harvard College, to which he is appointed." The sense of the value and the importance of the institution which was cherished, may be learned from the liberal appropriations made to it from time to time by the General Court, and by the amount of private benefactions. The great number of small gifts, donations, and legacies, from men of humble fortunes, shows at once the high respect in which learning was held, and the spirit of generous self-sacrifice which distinguished the times. It would be doing injustice to Mr. Peirce, to withhold from the reader his appropriate and feeling remarks on this subject.

"In looking over the list of early benefactions to the College," he observes, "we are amused, when we read of a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, a quantity of cotton-cloth worth nine shillings by another, a pewter flagon worth ten shillings by a third, a fruit-dish, a sugar-spoon, a silver-tipt jug, one great salt, one small trencher-salt, by others; and of presents and legacies amounting severally to five shillings, nine shillings, one pound, two pounds, &c., all faithfully recorded, with the names of their respective donors. How soon does a little reflection change any disposition we may have to smile, into a feeling of respect, and even of admiration! What, in fact were these humble benefactions? They were contributions from the 'res angusta domi;' from pious, virtuous, enlightened penury, to the noblest of all causes, the advancement of education. The donations were *small*, for the people were *poor*; they leave no doubt as to the motive which actuated the donors; they remind us of the offering, from 'every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation;' and, like the widow's mite, indicate a respect and zeal for the object, which would have done greater things, had the means been more abundant."

It is a curious trait, and characteristic of the stern discipline of the times, that personal chastisement was for a long period tolerated and practised in the College. It is related in Judge Sewell's MS. diary, that in June, 1674, Thomas Sargeant, having been convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the Holy Ghost, was, among other punishments, publicly whipped before all the scholars in the library, *prayer being had before and after by the President!* Notwithstanding the barbarity of this law, and the constant troubles it produced, it for a long time mantained its place in the statute-book; for in the revised body of laws, made in the year 1784, this article occurs,—"Notwithstanding the preceding pecuniary mulcts, it shall be lawful for the president, tutors, and professors, to punish under-graduates by boxing, when they shall judge the nature or circumstances of the offence call for it." It soon after however, fell into disuse, and at length, as Mr. Peirce states, "was expunged from the code, never, we trust, to be recalled from the rubbish of past absurdities."

In the earliest annals of the College, the students seem to have indulged very little in those wild freaks which now so often perplex professors. In those puritan days youths ripened apace into austere men. A dissipated or even frolicksome descendant of the fathers presents a paradoxical idea to the mind. One can hardly but imagine that their infants wore long faces, or that their knee-buckled urchins could ever think of hoops and marbles when pacing to school. As the country grew older and richer, however, livelier fancies began to stir in the stiff-skirted youth. Thus in 1740, a committee appointed to inquire into the state of the College, reported a long list of grievances and enormities. The students are accused of "*improving* persons in fetching liquors," and of wearing silk night-gowns. A curious law was passed in 1761, "that it shall be deemed an offence if the scholars shall in a *sober manner* entertain one

another and strangers with *punch*, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

But we must bring our paper to a close, although we could profitably and pleasantly linger longer among the monuments and the recollections of the past in the New World. Who can look back, be he a son of this Alma Mater, or an entire stranger to her, without taking an interest and feeling delight in her honourable career! Often assailed as we believe she has been by evil tongues, and no doubt not only liable to many imperfections, but sometimes chargeable with errors, her course, we learn, has been almost uniformly high, consistent, and upright. The light that was kindled at Harvard in darkness, and which long glimmered or shone with a faint lustre, now burns with a steady and powerful gleam, and thousands have lighted their lamps by it. Emulous and answering flames have now kindled throughout the union, throwing the bright yet mellow beams of letters and science athwart the land—to the remote south and the far west. May Harvard University flourish perpetually!

## DOUBLE SEA COCOA-NUT.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 19.—Professor Wilson in the chair.—The Secretary read an interesting botanical "Description of the *Lodoicea Sechellarum*," by M. Bernard, President of the Committee of Natural History of the Sechelles Islands. This production, which has been long known under the appellation of the double sea cocoa-nut, grows only on two small islands of the Sechelles group, lying nearly under the equator. Many centuries before the place of its growth was known, portions of this nut have been frequently carried by the oceanic currents to the Maldive Islands and the Malabar coast; and the most absurd fables were current respecting its origin and virtues. It was generally supposed to grow at the bottom of the sea; and the votaries of Vishnu devoutly believed that when that deity was churning the ocean, he broke off several of the branches from the tree, that they might float upon the surface, and be a specific for all the ills that afflict mankind. The lodoicea attains a height of eighty or ninety feet, and is surmounted by a beautiful crown of winged and palmated leaves. The diameter of the stem varies from twelve to fifteen inches, and the whole is so flexible, that the tops of those trees which stand in each others' vicinity strike against and chafe each other in a strong breeze, making an extraordinary noise. The leaves open like a fan; they are of large size, often attaining to a length of twenty feet, with a breadth of twelve, and, in some cases, to thirty feet in length, including the petiole, which is of sufficient strength to support the weight of a man. The fruit is generally double, sometimes triple, and even quadruple; and, with its enclosing drupe, attains a length of fifteen inches, with a circumference of three feet, and sometimes weighs from forty to fifty pounds. [A full-grown specimen, placed on the Society's table during the reading of the paper, measured twenty inches in length.] The immature fruit, called by the colonists "coco tendre," is easily cut with a knife; and it then affords a sweet and melting aliment of an agreeable taste. When the fruit is ripe it drops on the ground, and is no longer fit for food. In a few months, if not buried in the earth nor exposed to the rays of the sun, the fallen nut begins to germinate, and a new plant is formed. A remarkable circumstance connected with this tree is the length of time necessary to mature its fruit, and the long duration of its bloom. It bears only one spadix in each year, and yet has often above ten in bloom at once: it has flowers and fruits of all ages at one time. The tree grows on all kinds of soil, from the sandy shore to the arid mountain-top; but the finest are found in deep gorges, on damp platforms, covered with vegetable matter. In such situations the great height and slender diameter of the stem, and the length of its enormous leaves, produce a fine effect; though, near the sea-shore, its leaves torn by the storms, and hanging in long strips, give it a desolate appearance. It is to be regretted that the tree is not cultivated; and that a practice has prevailed of cutting it down in order to get at the fruit and tender leaves. The writer of the notice, in fact, expresses his fears that the species will be, ere long, entirely lost. The uses of the lodoicea are numerous. When young, its fruit is a refreshing article of food; when ripe it furnishes oil. Its germ when developed is a sweet dish. The hard shell is formed into excellent vessels for drawing and carrying water; and the whole nut is used in India as a medicine. The wood is used for building, and is split open to form good water channels, and excellent palisades for fencing. Its leaves are used for thatching; and when platted they are made into hats, bonnets, baskets, fans, and a number of tasteful works for which the ladies of the Sechelles are celebrated.—The meetings were adjourned till November.—*Literary Gazette.*

## PRESERVATION OF CRAYON DRAWINGS.

HITHERTO the principal objection to crayon drawings has been the difficulty of preventing them from being damaged by rubbing, no varnish being applicable to the surface of such drawings without injuring the colours. The Marquis de Varenes, a distinguished amateur of the fine arts, has hit on the happy idea of applying varnish to the back of such drawings, and has found the experiment to succeed perfectly. The varnish, after saturating the paper, is sucked up by the particles of colour, in virtue of their capillary attraction, and the alcohol of the varnish, evaporating speedily, leaves the resinous particles firmly adhering to the colours, and giving them such tenacity that the drawing may be rolled, and even rubbed, without injury. The proportions of such varnish should be one part of ordinary gum-lac to twelve parts of spirits of wine, rendered colourless by the application of animal charcoal; or else one part of the white tincture of gum-lac to two parts of rectified spirits of wine.—*Athenæum.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ENGLAND AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES.

At a period when a temporary check has been given to the progress of misrule at home, and England is again at liberty to assume her position among the great Conservative powers of Europe, it is not a fruitless speculation to direct attention to the present condition and interests of the Conservative party on the Continent, and to offer, for the consideration of the British aristocracy, some general remarks on the actual state of the same class in other European nations. We are not of those politicians who think that England can ever, consistently with her own best interests, pursue a line of policy which is to be always unconnected with that of other powers; we hold a policy of isolation, notwithstanding the physical impregnability of our island-home, to be an impossibility—for even though we should endeavour to abstract ourselves from the influence of foreign events, those events would affect us in spite of all our efforts; other nations would not let us alone, though we were to protest for ever our deepest admiration for the non-interference system; and our multitudinous interests—spread abroad like the feelers of a molluscous inhabitant of the deep, to take cognizance of all around it—would be made to vibrate with many an unforeseen event, which might call on the instant into fiery exertion all the efforts of the nation. In fact, we have nothing to gain and every thing to lose by a policy of isolation; in territorial extent, as far as Europe is concerned, we can hardly rank as a first-rate power—it is by our dense and industrious population, by our wide-spread colonies, and by our universal trade, that we extend our name and our influence wherever waves can beat or foot can tread; it is by our very ubiquity that we hold the high rank among nations which it has pleased Providence that we should attain. England is, and has long been, so essentially a civilizing nation—she has done so much good for mankind—she has taught men so many arts, has made for them so many discoveries, has protected them from so much evil, and, on the whole, has used her great and honourably acquired power so humanely, so nobly, that she would be wanting to herself were she to abdicate that exalted station, which, in the opinion of three-fourths of the world, she so fairly holds. England is intimately connected with every nation, and every nation is intimately connected with her; whether for good or evil, for friendship or for enmity; she has her lot in the bag with every nation under the sun; and at the present moment, her navies are afloat in the Chinese seas as well as in the Mediterranean, while her travellers and expeditionists are exploring the frozen regions of either pole. It may be a laborious task for British statesmen to have to deal with the destinies of the whole world, but it is also a high and perilous honour; it requires men of no common knowledge and ability to move the levers of our mighty empire; and the honour and credit of the nation itself are at stake every day in some portion or other of our wide-scattered possessions; but such is the state of the case—the task cannot be refused, the labour cannot be lightened—the energies of the mind must be called forth to meet the difficulties of the undertaking, and England must never be wanting in a supply of men duly qualified to serve their sovereign and their country. Away, then, with the narrow policy which would make us believe that England has only herself to care for, only herself to govern; the Ocean Queen, the mistress of the world in arts and civilizing energies, has to think and act for mankind; she has to supply their wants, to guide their labours, to cultivate their minds, to confer an interchange of benefits on them all, and to unite them, if it were possible, in one common bond of good sense and good-will. She has to ally herself with good men wherever she finds them; she has to encourage the lovers of peaceful and upright government wherever they are to be met with; she has to set them a good example, and to imitate good conduct wherever it exists; she has, in fact, not only to be conservative at home, but she has to connect herself with all that is conservative abroad.

That an aristocracy is always a conservative body, is true in various senses; it is conservative, at all times and in all cases, of its own rights and privileges, except when the terrors of revolution have arisen from its misconduct or factious ambition, and are sweeping away the foundations of society; in many instances, and at various periods, it is conservative of the true interests and welfare of the people, and is in fact the stay and safeguard of a nation. It is in this latter sense that the aristocracy of Great Britain has shown itself pre-eminently one of the most conservative bodies that Europe has ever possessed; for the nobles of our three kingdoms, while they have maintained their own privileges, and asserted their own independence, have ever been mindful of the duly regulated liberties of the people, and have guarded the sacred deposit of national honour and happiness, with a constancy and a courage that have weathered the severest political storms to which the nation has been exposed. The nobility of England have not deserted their posts, like those of France at the outbreak of the great Revolution, nor have they sunk into a state of cowardly and corrupt degeneracy, like those of Spain and Portugal, who look unmoved at the calamities of their wretched countries, and peril not their persons or their fortunes in an attempt to save them. The British aristocracy have remained a far more united and active body than that of the old Germanic Empire, or the heterogeneous aristocracies of the actual German Confederation; they are not lost in indolence and sensuality, like the nobles of Italy, nor do they form a rude untractable body, like the potentates of the Russian empire:—they are essentially the best and most energetic class of the nation; they have the truest perceptions of what constitutes the national good, and the steadiest determination to bring that good into effect; they keep up the tone and character of the community to their proper pitch; and they are the real leaders of the people in all that requires the exercise of courage, talent, and virtue. It is true that the aristocracy suffers by the political divisions of party which afflict the nation at large; but, with some minor differences removed, they have, as a body, the welfare of the whole people seriously at heart, and they devote their best powers to promote and preserve whatever tends to advance it. One of the most striking instances in which the forethought of the British nobility was displayed, and their efforts exerted with the most complete success, was in the noble stand which they made against the

influence of the French Revolution, and the wide-spreading power of Napoleon; when almost all Europe had given way to the pernicious doctrines that issued forth from France, and when the crown of many a monarch had been trodden under foot by the ambitious and unsparing conqueror. Had not the British nobility themselves, under the guidance of the great man who then swayed the destinies of our country, come forward to check the career of political degeneracy at home, and to withstand the march of republican or imperial tyranny abroad, all Europe had sunk beneath the influence of France; and the honour and independence of every state which now exists in it had been utterly annihilated. It was this, the last great European act of the nobles of our land, that saved our own country and re-established the prosperity of the continent: it was this that consolidated and exalted our national power; and it was this that raised to its high and enviable post the untarnished honour of the British name.

The great act of conservatism then accomplished, should, we contend, be the mark and text for our nobles and statesmen of the present day. It is not enough to have once accomplished so great, so illustrious a work. The necessity for persevering in a similar course not only exists, but has received fresh force from recent events; and the aristocracy of England, the Conservative party of the British Empire, should be prepared to maintain their position in the foremost ranks of all that is noble and conservative in Europe, whenever it is a question of opposing the insidious progress of political degeneracy, or the open demonstrations of democratical profligacy. During the last ten years the Conservative party at home have been too much occupied in redeeming the faults that led to the check of 1830, and the subsequent years, to allow of their attention being turned, as much as was required, to Conservative interests on the Continent: the reins of power, too, had escaped from their hands. All that could be done was, by firm and honourable persistance in the good cause which had won for them the cordial support of all classes, to advance with steady steps to the position from which they had been momentarily forced. Now, however, that their efforts have been crowned with success, it behoves them to look well abroad, and to see with what friends they should ally themselves, in what course they should steer the noble vessel of the state, and what policy they should adopt with regard to our Continental neighbours. The seeds of mischief have too long been sown on soils near our own doors, and the sowers have been too much tampered with by the friends of mischief at home, not to render this a precaution and a duty of great importance; and the readiest way to prevent the calamities of a future conflagration, will be to extinguish the sparks as they show themselves near the *foci* of combustible matter, while at the same time all fuel for the flames should be carefully removed.

A review of the present political condition of the states of Europe, and of the position in which the aristocratical and Conservative parties in each are situated, will show what should be the foreign policy of our own aristocracy and Conservatives, and in what quarter they should look for the most beneficial alliances. It cannot be denied, that the most likely source from whence danger to England and to the other states of Europe may arise, is France, in her present anomalous and unsettled condition. That country, blessed with natural gifts beyond many others in Europe, with a varied fertility of soil, and with a geographical conformation that ought to make her one of the most agricultural, and at the same time commercial, districts of the world, peopled with a peasantry who are capable of being led to more good than they have hitherto been to mischief, and are endowed with a degree of national talent and acuteness, that might bring about the most happy results, if directed to right ends,—that country seems of late to have been only a slumbering volcano, ready to launch forth its fires of devastation upon the first shock which shall break through the thin crust that covers its crater. The political faults and crimes that produced and accompanied the great Revolution, have, through the vicissitudes of the empire and the restoration, and the present period of citizen misrule, led to such a state of unsound political organization and morbid public feeling, that on the first removal of the restraint, now kept up by the wary despotism of a suspicious government, the nation, nominally a monarchy, is ready again to assume the form of a military republic, to whose existence war and conquest are essentially necessary. The aristocracy of France, if it has not ceased to exist, is in a dormant or rather torpid state—stripped of political power, void of moral influence, and holding its territorial possessions by the tenure of a few short lives. It has no voice in the state—for the Chamber of Peers is the most ludicrous libel on a chamber of nobles that can be imagined—and it has no hold on the affections or respect of the people. It is not an active, a leading, or protecting body, like that of England; but it shrinks beneath the rod of the citizen king, and quails before the frown of an armed people, like the meanest classes of the community.—Never, in fact, since the reign of Louis XIII., has the aristocracy of France done any thing to protect the people from the sovereign or from themselves; on the contrary, it has commonly joined with the crown in oppressing them, and, like the clergy, forgot to practise those moral duties which would alone ensure respect and sympathy in the day of danger. Since the accomplishment of the revolution of the last century, and since the second destruction of any hopes the French nobles might afterwards have formed by the successful insurrection of 1830, the practical power of the aristocracy in France has been altogether null; the nobility made no stand worthy of the name, in behalf of the unfortunate Charles X., nor have they since opposed with any courage or activity, the swarms of political adventurers who have been preying upon the entrails of the country; they have not attempted to make any foreign alliances for the recovery of the power they ought to hold, but, on the contrary, have shown the meanest and most ridiculous jealousy of those nations to whom, and to Great Britain more especially, they were once indebted even for their lives and fortunes.* For the people they have shown but

* The ingratitude shown towards England by the French nobility, is proverbial; and the language of the French Legitimist press, is not less hostile to Great Britain and all that is British, than that of the Republican papers. The fact is, that a feeling of deep-rooted and insensate, because causeless, hostility to England, pervades many classes of the French people.

little sympathy, or, at all events, have not evinced it by any sacrifices of personal wealth and comfort; they have allowed the shock of government to come upon the lower classes unchecked by their own mediation; and they have not protested against the legal despotism, or the fiscal exactions, under which the common people in France have been groaning more and more the longer they have been blessed with a citizen-dynasty. The consequence has been, what we have said above, that they have neither gained nor retained any hold on the respect and affections of the nation; and that at the present moment their existence is almost unthought of except by the republican party, who always look upon them as legitimate subjects for future spoliation. The nobles of France, no doubt, constitute a Conservative party of a peculiar kind; but they have no leader, nor any avowed line of policy, and are, therefore, incapable of making any effective *point d'appui* for the friends of order, in the event of a new revolution. There is another Conservative party in France, which, though much less numerous, is far more effective, and, in fact, forms the only portion of the nation upon whom the just and tranquillizing policy of the more sober states of Europe can have any influence: we mean the commercial and financial classes. The merchants, manufacturers, and bankers of France, are any thing but speculators in the English sense of the word: they are laborious, plodding, and on the whole upright, worthy men, who are contented with small but sure gains: who are by no means advocates of any free-trade doctrines, and who conduct their dealings very much upon the ready money and bird-in-the-hand principle. Ever since the peace of 1814, they have been gradually but surely amassing money; and at the present moment the trading interests of France, though they will not bear a comparison for extent to those of our own country, are based on a solid foundation, that reflects great honour on those who laid it. Political power has necessarily flowed largely into their hands, for they have practically held the purse-strings of the state; and it was to them, and them only, that Louis Philippe was indebted for support when he opposed the *soi-disant* liberal party last year, and succeeded in staying the clamour for war. The monied interests were the first, or rather the only interests in the country, that were alarmed by the headlong madness of the profligate minister who was hurrying the country on to its ruin; and it was by the cordial co-operation of the manufacturers and capitalists, that the Chamber of Deputies was enabled to pluck up a little courage, and throw Thiers and his crew out of office. The third Conservative party in France is the agricultural portion of the population, and more particularly the smaller farmers and peasants; who, like all persons engaged in similar pursuits, are inclined to be orderly and contented if tolerably well governed, and to whom war and revolution are words synonymous with misery and ruin. The peasantry of France form a solid substratum of a rude and ignorant, but not an evil-disposed race; and, under the guidance of a properly constituted aristocracy, and a truly national and paternal government, might form a source of strength and prosperity, which would elevate the country to a high degree of importance and power. The fourth party in France which assumes the title of a Conservative one, though often without any just claims, is that which comprises all the adherents and supporters of the present dynasty: a motley gang, including not only the often transformed Liberals and Imperialists of former days—the men of a hundred adhesions to a hundred parties; but also the hungry expectants of place and power, who have been drawn from obscurity by the events of 1830, and are dependent for existence on the system which they then raised, and are now forced to support. These men are conservative of nothing but what appears to be their own immediate interest: they submit with blind optimism to the tortuous policy of the crown: they are prepared to go any lengths in departing from what they professed, eleven years ago, to be the only true principles of enlightened government, if they are only allowed to fatten on the ever-growing budget of "the cheapest and best of republics;" and they are ready to support with the same servility any other government that may be established on the ruins of the present one, provided that it holds out sufficient guarantees of stability and gain. The statesmen who guide the destinies of that country at the present day—a ruined set of *effete* Liberals and *ci-devant* Imperialists—have no line of policy other than what suits the views of their able and vigilant master. This policy has happily found its ends answered by maintaining friendship with England, and therefore peace is the order of the day:—but if the views of the Orleans family had been better suited by an alliance with any other European power, or if the support of any other nation would be purchased on easier terms, English friendship and English alliance would be thrown overboard, by these official followers, and the French would be encouraged to indulge, if they dared, in their national hostility against their insular neighbours. This party is neither conservative towards the people, nor conservative towards the foreign alliances of the country; it is conservative only of itself: and it cannot be counted on with any security by the aristocratical and really conservative parties of other nations.

If, on the other hand, we reflect upon what is the extent and power of the openly avowed destructive party in France—what is its activity, its perpetual ambition, its restless energy—we are compelled to confess that very few hopes of a permanent friendship with France can be entertained by England.—The Republicans of the former country, and the Radicals of the latter, may indeed entertain sympathies of evil; but the people of England are not represented by the Radicals, and the really solid and respectable bulk of the British nation could never coalesce with the supporters of anarchy and tyranny on the other side of the Channel. There is no chance, until the national character of the French is altered and improved by a better system of government, of any thing like a permanent alliance existing between the two countries; and however desirous British Conservatives may be of maintaining relations of peace with their Gallic neighbours, we are convinced that the tranquillity of Europe, if it depends on such a peace alone, stands on a very uncertain and dangerous foundation. The French government, as things are at present constituted in that country, is at best but the organ of the individual opinion of Louis Philippe; but should any fortuitous or natural circumstances remove from the throne a monarch, to whose pacific policy we owe so much, there is no

doubt whatever that power will almost immediately, if not instantaneously, revert into the hands of the Radical, or Republican, or War party, and a general conflagration will be the consequence. We confess our distrust of the stability and honesty of parties in France is so extreme, that we do not think any overtures or concessions from the Conservatives, consistent with the honour of England, would ensure a single year of peace after the decease of Louis Philippe. We foresee an inevitable hurricane arising in that quarter; and we should be glad to find the Conservatives of England firmly linked in bonds of honourable friendship and good understanding with the great Conservative powers of Europe, before the wild play of the political whirlwind begins. That the consequences of a war of aggression on the part of France would be fatally disastrous to that country, and a source of additional honour and prosperity to "the Allies,"—we use an old term which may soon again be brought on the *tapis*,—is as certain as the commencement of such a war is eventually too probable. There is nothing for us to apprehend from it; but it is of essential importance, that all countries likely to be involved in a war of principle and conservative independence, should be previously possessed of ample means to make the war as short as possible, and to exterminate the causes of the political and social nuisance. England and her Allies, in another war against France, must not act the good-natured part which the moderation and magnanimity of the great sovereigns of the Holy Alliance assigned to each at the end of the late war. They must this time take ample securities, and retain them, for the good behaviour of their troublesome neighbours, for a full century to come; and they must teach them a sound lesson of political and social good conduct, which they will have time and opportunity not only to recollect, but to practise. For all this, however, a previous understanding, and a virtual, if not an open alliance between the friends who will hereafter have to act together, is decidedly necessary; and in every view such a combination in the cause of peace and good order, would be the best preservative either against the occurrence or against the consequences of the eventual outbreak to which we have referred.

We do not see that the aristocracy and the Conservatives of England have to expect any sympathy or alliance from those of the Iberian peninsula. Spain and Portugal are still in a state of revolution, of anarchy, of moral and of financial bankruptcy, and the nobles in either country form such disunited, spiritless bands, that any foreign friends would find it hard to co-operate with them for the regeneration of their unfortunate nations; much less could their influence be of any value or weight in an European contest. The policy of the Whigs towards those countries has been so fatal to their best interests, and has brought so much misery upon them, that the Conservatives will find it no easy task to undo some of the evil that has been effected. But now that the Radical party is in power at Madrid, with the consciousness of having been brought into that situation by the counsels and intrigues of the British legation in that capital, and the suspicious instructions issued from Downing Street, it is evident that a Conservative government would be miscalculating its own interests if it were to seek for friendship from such men as Espartero and his ministers.

We do not think that the policy of England towards Spain should be a passive one—far from it. With a nation which can so far forget its ancient renown, and even what modern honours remained to it, as Spain has done, no other than a plain straightforward, determined line of conduct will succeed. The Conservatives should make up their own minds clearly as to what sort of government they consider necessary to be established in the Peninsula, for the peace and safety of Europe, and then, in concert with the great powers of the Continent, order their wishes to be carried into effect: the Don might talk a little loud at first, but a ship of war and a regiment in each of the ports of Passages, Bilboa, Corunna, Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, would ensure submission within a month. The same for Portugal, if there be need;—but that country is rather the more reasonable of the two: there can be no doubt, however, that it would be a blameable neglect to give any encouragement to a set of chattering, empty-headed, unprincipled Radicals, whether they call themselves a government by the golden sands of the Tagus, or by the gravelly bed of the Manzanares.—Those of the Spanish nobility who are in forced or voluntary exile, might be encouraged to return home, and protected when there: nor would it be beneath the dignity of the British aristocracy, elevated as they are above their Spanish brethren, to hold out to them such marks of friendship as might tend to revive their courage, and aid them in regaining the power they have so long lost. At present, the spirit of anarchy is predominant in the Peninsula; the power of the crown, once omnipotent, is now nearly annihilated, and the influence of the aristocracy is altogether dormant: these two great branches of public force are in need of being raised up; but, unless the helpling hand comes from without, centuries may yet elapse ere Spain and Portugal shall re-attain a healthy state of political existence.

The condition of the aristocratical party in Italy is by no means analogous to that of the same party in Spain and Portugal:—no doubt the Italian nobility have not that degree of sound political strength which we could desire to witness among them; but they have infinitely more than those we have just been mentioning. Italy, broken as it is into so many small states, cannot form a great and united power, like the people of other languages in Europe—at least, it has not yet done so; but, on the other hand, the spirit of national independence, which is strong in each of these states, and the abilities of the princes who are at the head of the several governments, are likely to preserve that country from the horrors of revolution for a long period. There is a republican party at work in various parts of Italy, but its numbers are inconsiderable, and it has no leaders of importance: while, on the other hand, the nobles are untouched in their territorial possessions, the governments, without making much parade, are working in earnest at social improvement, and the commercial condition of the country in general is so rapidly improving, that the mass of the people are, and with much reason, contented. It would be difficult to single out three small governments in Europe which are governed by more amiable sovereigns, directed by more honest and able men, or are effecting more silent and solid good, than those of Tuscany, Sardinia, and Lombardy. Naples comes next

in the scale; and then Rome—poor, anile, imbecile, decrepit Rome!—and yet, weak and destitute as she is, we doubt whether her subjects are not, on the whole, as equitably governed as the magnanimous citizen of Paris, or the immaculate patriots of Madrid. The weak point of Italy is the feebleness of her moral and social virtues: what she wants is not political, but moral regeneration; and this she is slowly gaining, from the continual admixture of foreign blood pouring into her fertile plains. It will not be hastened by political convulsion, but it may be ultimately effected by dint of example, and by the continuance of that commercial prosperity which will propagate habits of more strenuous industry among her indolent populations. The nobility and the Conservative party in each state of Italy, should certainly receive the countenance and support of those in England, and the benefit would be mutual: but there is not so much need for active interference, on the part of Great Britain, in the internal politics of Italy, as in those of other countries, since, independently of the healthy vigour of the local governments, a considerable portion of the peninsula is under the direct sovereignty and protection of the most stable and Conservative government on the Continent. We allude, of course, to Austria: that great power—which, though strict in its police regulations, is on the whole exceedingly mild and equitable in its dispensations of justice—is the safeguard and keystone of the Italian community. The steady sobriety of the German character has, in all ages since the tenth century, produced the effect that might be anticipated on the less rigid inhabitants of Cisalpine countries. The iron crown at Monza is a good type of the moral strength of the German ruler, as compared with the golden malleability of the Italian subject; and much as it is the fashion, (and perhaps an excusable propensity,) on the part of Italian historians, to lament the predominance of Austrian influence, it must be confessed that, for the rest of Europe, this admixture of the Germanic element with the Italian family, confers upon it a degree of strength and dignity which alone it would not possess. Austria is in reality a good friend to Italy; and, were any proof wanting of the noble use she can make of her immense power, we would appeal to the generous amnesty granted by the present Emperor, on his coronation, as one of the most magnanimous acts of authority ever performed by an European monarch. It should not be forgotten that France keeps a most covetous eye on Italy, and always counts upon that country as one of the levers by which she may work upon the rest of Europe. Last year, when things were daily approaching the point beyond which nothing but war remained, M. Thiers openly expressed his determination to commence his course of aggression by a campaign of propagandism on the southern side of the Alps—a ferocious idea, which was applauded in France as one, the realization of which was a fair object of anticipation; and there is every reason to believe that the French Republican party would try to act over again the Italian campaigns of the end of the last century, whenever the opportunity occurred for their flying in the face of Conservative Europe. Austria has her attention actively turned to the possibility of this event, and with Sardinia, is ready at all times to repel such an attack; but the eyes of other nations should be open to the true state of feeling in France on this subject, and the permanent independence of Italy should be made one of the main points of European international law.

We now come naturally to the state and prospects of the aristocracy and the Conservative party in the states of the German Confederation—a motley assemblage of nations speaking so many dialects of the same mother tongue, but resembling each other in nothing so much as in their intense love for their fatherland, and their respect for constituted authority. The Germans are certainly the easiest people to be governed in the civilized world—to be governed well, that is to say; and the happy calm that prevails throughout the centre of Europe, is at once an honourable proof of the integrity of the rulers, and virtuous honesty of their subjects. Local disputes, arising from local circumstances and from causes of a purely temporary nature, no doubt exist; but, on the whole, the Germanic states present a solid mass of sober-minded, well-conducted people, upon whom the repose of Europe may be said principally to depend. They form a decided counterpoise to the restless demoralized nations on the west and south-west, and to the rude uncultivated tribes on the east and south-east. They form the centre of gravity, round which the more volatile members of the European body revolve and agitate themselves; and it may be said that, by their very immovableness, they give consistency to the system, and unite together its discordant parts. Were it otherwise, were the Germans a set of restless *brouillons* like the French, were they no better than Russian serfs, or were they like the degenerate Spaniards, the old world would be a pandemonium, and we should be living in a state of perpetual war. The German aristocracies, like the German sovereigns, have long had the happy faculty of making themselves beloved by those who are dependent upon them; and the monarchical as well as feudal relations of the middle ages—which had a great deal more wisdom in them than we superficial moderns are generally disposed to admit—have come down to the present day in Germany less changed than in any other part of Europe. There is a natural nobleness of character in a German lord of the soil, a natural magnanimity in a German prince, and a corresponding feeling of respect and attachment on the part of the citizens and vassals, which render intercourse between the various classes of society in those countries of the most enviable description. That the Germans should have been exposed to the taunt of being slow to make political changes—to effect political progress, as the deceitful phraseology of French statesmen runs—is no cause of reproach; on the contrary, it is a legitimate subject of praise. It is a proof not only that the Germanic institutions are good in themselves, but that they suit the people by whom they are framed, and that the people are happy under them: and what else is the end of all government? We should deeply regret to see the day when the spirit of revolutionary madness should prevail on the banks of the Rhine, (which ought to flow altogether through the German territories,) or on those of the Elbe and the Danube. The nobility are so firmly seated in Germany, not only in their castles, but in the hearts and affections of the people, that there is little danger of Radicalism ever making head there, as long as the upper classes do their duty as

honestly as at the present moment; and in the same way the royal and princely families which hold sway over the various states, use their power with so much amenity and beneficent regard for the interests of all who are subjected to their rule, that no violent subversions of thrones are to be apprehended. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to suggest that the obvious interest of the nobility and the Conservatives of England is, to form a close alliance of amity and good understanding with their Teutonic brethren, and to make part of that solid mass of northern Conservative nations, which, if united, are able to guarantee the peace of the world. There is, however, this distinction to be made—Austria, from the magnitude of her possessions, from the station she has ever held at the head of European powers, and from the innate solidity and respectability of her social condition, is by far the first of the Germanic states in stability and in foreign influence. The nobility, too, are more numerous, more rich, and more powerful than those of any other member of the Confederation, and they constitute precisely that class of continental nobles with whom it is most desirable that the aristocracy of Great Britain should be the most closely connected. The nobles of Prussia, and of the western states of Germany, partly from internal political changes, partly from the revolts of foreign invasion, have been more subject to vicissitudes of fortune than those of Austria; and they have not the same degree of power and consideration. The laws, too, of Prussia and the eastern states are not so feudal in their form as those of Austria; and, if a secret leaning towards French ideas is to be found any where in Germany, it is among those smaller states that it is to be looked for. A most satisfactory feeling towards England pervades all classes of Germans, and especially the upper ones; so that it would be a matter of much regret if this disposition should meet with no adequate return from those in whose favour it has been formed. The Germans appreciate the efforts made by England during the Napoleonic war; and the cordiality with which German and English soldiers have ever acted together, should be remembered as an earnest of the warm-hearted sympathy which either people should excite in the breasts of the other. The noble spirit shown by the Germans last year, when the idea of French aggression was again started in Europe; the energetic but prudent measures adopted by the various states for thwarting the designs of France; and the soul-stirring cry of "No! they shall never have the free, the German Rhine;"—all this entitles them to the warm respect and hearty good-will of the sound portion of the British public. An Anglo-Germanic alliance is worth ten times as much as a hollow friendship with France, any day in the week.

Of the smaller states in the north of Europe, there is one to which especial reparation is due from England for the unfriendly part she took against it in the affair of Antwerp—we mean Holland. Could events be made to occur over again, there is little doubt that the British people would never consent to espouse the cause of Belgium against Holland, nor to grasp at the shadowy friendship of a bastard race—neither French nor German nor Dutch, but a bad copy of all of them—instead of holding fast by the secular attachment and long tried esteem of those sturdy sailors, farmers, and traders, who, with less of the spirit of romance in their composition than any other race in Europe, can claim for themselves some of the most heroic pages of modern history. It was a great mistake to have approved of the French Revolution of 1830, but it was a still greater to have encouraged that of Belgium; and it was a crying injustice to aid France in driving back the Dutch, when they were on the point of reconquering what had been solemnly awarded to them by the voice of Europe. It is not too late to win back the friendship of Holland, especially if the upper classes in that country and in England hold out to each other that right hand of fellowship which is so natural to them both. Old connexions, old recollections, near alliances of blood, similarity of ideas and language—all dictate the policy of keeping up a good understanding with Holland. Though that country be not very aristocratic in its form of government, it possesses that really aristocratic and conservative virtue of practical good sense, and aversion to needless change, which renders a close intercourse with England most desirable for them both. Many an English noble may learn a good lesson from a Dutch merchant; and there are as few faults in the political character of our estimable neighbours and cousins as in that of any people in Europe. The Dutch, when they have been at war with us, have been honourable enemies; when at peace they have been upright, plain-spoken, good sort of friends:—to be on terms of amity with Holland, is a credit to any nation; and a Dutch endorsement to an English draft is just the kind of security which the real friends of Great Britain would be glad to accept.

There is no reason in the world why Sweden and Denmark should not only be friends with England, but very good friends too; close national relationship, near resemblance of national character, geographical position, and political interests—all are calculated to draw the ties of friendship between these countries very tight. That they are so indeed, we admit; but we would wish to see rather more intercourse kept up between the upper classes in each country. We would wish that British nobles, instead of flocking to Paris or Rome, would turn their steps rather more frequently to Copenhagen or Stockholm; and that they would consent to forget a while the Pyrenees or the Alps for a visit to the Doverfield, and the magnificent scenery of Norway and Sweden. The Scandinavian nations, which once made so much noise in modern Europe, are for the time being suffering a kind of political eclipse; and the rising sun of the east shines so brightly, that our eyes are dazzled, and we forget the nations on the western shores of the Baltic. They constitute, nevertheless, a powerful and valuable part of the European family; and there is no reason why in future days the fate of the old world may not again depend upon the sword of a Scandinavian prince. The people of these countries are on the whole happy and well governed; they form a sturdy and energetic race, full of patriotic affection for their native land, and holding honourable positions both in arts and arms. Sweden, it is true, has been deeply affected by the revolutionary events of the end of the last century; and that her throne should be held by the present possessor, is a still greater anomaly than that the crown of France should be retained by the family in whose grasp it now remains. If, indeed, any danger of future revolution is to be apprehended for Sweden, it is in this very circum-

stance; for it is impossible that either the nobles or the people can have that intuitive respect for a monarch of yesterday, which they would have for an ancient line of native princes, and without which the tranquillity of a state is always liable to be disturbed at the death of the king for the time being. Strong though the Norwegian and Swedish nobility may be, they may not be able to keep the country quiet at the decease of Bernadotte; and they may yet have to expiate the fault they committed in caballing against the descendants of the illustrious Wasa. Denmark is more settled in this respect, and the personal virtues of the reigning family are a good guarantee for her future tranquillity. For either of these countries an intimate alliance with England must always be desirable; and we are sure that British Conservatives would do well to encourage and keep in countenance a strong conservative party in this portion of Europe.

There are two petty states in Europe, an alliance with which is of little value to Conservative England—an alliance, that is to say, of moral and political sympathies. One is Switzerland—a confederation greatly fallen off from its ancient valour and virtue; broken up into a number of impotent, factious democracies, in which the aristocratic and conservative party is without spirit and unity; while the radical portion, like the liberals of Belgium, are nothing but apes of the French. Their country is picturesque, and worthy of admiration for its physical attractions; but, in the scale of political alliances, Switzerland may be set down at zero. The other country is Greece—a state which, in the same scale, must be put below zero: it is a regular negative quantity; and, like an algebraic expression with a minus sign, will tend grievously to diminish the credit and respectability of any nation venturing to enter with it into a political function. In Greece there can hardly be said to be any parties at all: the natives are without any political knowledge that can entitle them to form an European opinion; they must organize themselves into a respectable community before their alliance can be worth having. In the mean time, until they have paid their debts, and mended their manners, they may consider themselves lucky to have fallen into the hands of an honourable man like his Bavarian majesty, and to have an amiable prince at their head like King Otho. Greeks ought not to be encouraged in the respectable establishment of John Bull and Co.; they had better apply at the *Cafe de la Republique*, on the other side of the Channel.

The last, but not the least, of the European powers to which we intend to advert, (for Turkey is still so Oriental, if not Asiatic, as hardly to come within our scope,) is the great colossus of Russia. It is of no use for British statesmen to divert their attention from a close consideration of the present and future condition of that mighty nation; it is of no use either to underrate or to overrate its strength and resources. Russia possesses a good territorial moiety of this quarter of the globe, besides a fair third of Asia, and part of America; and, whatever may be her relative position in times to come, she is certainly at the present day second only to Great Britain in foreign influence. We are not of those who view the unwieldy mass of "all the Russias" with undue alarm; we have no apprehension of her playing the old dramas of the Assyrian, the Persian, the Macedonian, the Roman, or the Tartaric empires over again; we do not believe such an event to be now possible according to the destinies of Providence; on the contrary, we confess that we expect an internal disruption of this immense power, rather than any future extensive aggrandizement. Had the size of the Russian empire been caused by the subjugation of civilized nations, there might be some cause for apprehension; but this has taken place on a very small scale—Poland and Finland being the only instances. Turkey has indeed lost provinces to her more warlike neighbour; but those provinces could hardly be called civilized; and Russian aggrandizement has taken place more in the Asiatic and American continents than in that of Europe. Long before the population of her territories can come to be formidable to those of her western neighbours, the whole course of Asiatic politics may be changed, and Russia may find herself reduced to more moderate limits, without any diminution of real strength. As it is, however, the empire of the Czars is one of great power; governed with consummate skill and ability; rapidly progressing in trade, arts, and manufactures; with the people happy, and, on the whole, well governed; with the nobility at once numerous, rich, and territorially powerful; and with a princely family at its head, which cannot be surpassed, in public or private virtues, by any reigning house in the world.

The weight of the Russian sceptre, sword, and caduceus, must be felt in all questions of general European politics; and it would be blindness on the part of Great Britain not to act with perfect openness and fixity of purpose with regard to her great and not unworthy rival. It is not our intention to go into the endless question of English policy towards Russia—a subject upon which volumes may be written when the proper data have been collected—a thing as yet not done; we shall content ourselves with observing, as a general principle of international right and public equity, that Russia has every right without being therefore accused of inordinate ambition, to follow out the great destinies which Providence seems to be opening for her, and to develope those resources which are the natural concequences of her territorial and numerical size. That Russia is great, and will become still greater, are facts against which it is useless to argue; it is rather for England to see how such circumstances may be made conducive to her own welfare, and how she may improve events which she cannot oppose. The most obvious policy is one of peace and of fair commercial competition, which, if persevered in with uprightness and candid liberality, will not fail to produce corresponding results on the part of Russia. Whereas a policy of perpetual jealousy and hostility can only retard the progress of either nation, and may ultimately bring worse calamities on their heads than the fancied evils they wish to avoid. Our present concern is with the nobles of Russia, and with their imperial master. The aristocracy in the Muscovite dominions forms such distinct classes, and they are so essentially the acting, influential part of the nation, that an alliance with Russia means an alliance with the nobles of that country. The upper classes of the nobility are too well and too generally known, both in England and all over the continent, to need any eulogium in their favour —the lower classes of the nobility may be comparatively deficient in refinement, but they have the

sterling good qualities of sincerity and open-hearted frankness, which makes them desirable friends. The Russian aristocracy of all ranks are too much interested in the improvement of their nation, not to be concervative in the full sense of the word, both at home and abroad—their main fault is that of ambition, which is apt to split them into cabals, and to make them dangerous to the monarch; with this single exception, however, they possess most of the qualifications that render their alliance and their amity things to be coveted. They have all such large stakes in the suppression of radicalism, wherever it is to be met with, at home or abroad, that their interests on this point are identical with those of our own nobility; and if the connexions which already exist between these classes should continue to increase in intimacy for a few years to come, the world would gain greatly in the guarantees of general peace which it would thence derive. As far as strictly European politics are concerned, we know of no obstacle to the cultivation of mutual friendship between the Conservative party, both in our own country and in the dominions of the Czar. His imperial majesty is in himself a host on the side of whatever cause he leans to; and in his public capacity as a monarch, has conducted himself with so much enlightened humanity and justice, that his alliance is a great honour to whatever people possesses it. Notwithstanding the exaggerated and false accounts of the Polish insurrection, in spite of the oft-repeated and never-fulfilled predictions of treachery and desire of aggrandizement towards Turkey, it cannot be denied that the Emperor Nicholas has swayed the sceptre of his ancestors with a mild dignity, and a certain moderation as well as firmness of purpose, which do him the greatest credit both as a sovereign and politician. He has advanced the prosperity of his subjects in the most remarkable manner—he has promoted their internal comforts and welfare, without injuring those of their neighbours—he has quelled a formidable insurrection in Poland, with fewer acts of severity than any similar revolt of equal extent and duration ever before produced: and he has observed the stipulations of public treaties with a scrupulousness and delicacy that cannot be too highly appreciated. The mildness and purity of his public character will be instantly perceived by whoever will take the trouble of comparing him with Napoleon, or with Louis XIV.—the two characters most in vogue with his political enemies; and the manner in which Russia has conducted herself under his special guidance, during the recent settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question, is a striking instance of public honour and moderation.

The domestic simplicity and unambitious good sense of the Emperor's heart, have been twice shown in the matrimonial alliances he has formed for his children. An ambitious monarch would have acted far otherwise; but a good and affectionate father would have done like the Emperor. It must be confessed, however, that two purely love-matches, and those too, rather romantic ones, are altogether anomalies, not merely in royal, but even in noble families of the present day. We place our own Royal Lady and Sovereign, as bound both by affection and duty, at the head of the ladies whose brows are girt with diadems: but of the male monarchs of Europe, we know of none who can claim a higher station in the respect of the world than the Emperor Nicholas. For these and for other obvious reasons, resulting from the relative positions of England and Russia, we confess ourselves anxious to see a good understanding kept up between the friends and supporters of order and proper government in each country; being convinced that it is better for both to be honourable and sincere friends, rather than concealed and insidious enemies; and believing that there is still plenty of room in the world for both peoples to pursue their own legitimate lines of conduct, without thwarting or running foul of each other. The advantages of a good understanding with such a power are obvious—the results of a blind rivalry and hostility are altogether problematical.

On terminating this review of the policy of the aristocracy and the Conservatives of Great Britain, with regard to the nobles and the friends of order on the Continent of Europe, we cannot avoid repeating, that the present juncture of affairs is one of great importance for putting things on a proper footing with regard to our foreign relations. The faults and mistakes of the last ten years have to be corrected, and a better course of policy chalked out for the future. The quarters in which our real friends in Europe lie should be well examined, and those friends should be properly cultivated and encouraged; the allies of pseudo-liberalism and disorganization should no longer be tampered with, but should be sent to the right-about—while the supporters of order and good national conduct should be sought out, and attached to us. The nobles and the Conservatives of England have now the destinies of the country in their own hands: they have the opportunity of raising her credit among other nations to the high pitch it had attained before they left office eleven years back; and it only depends upon them whether the Conservative interest of Europe should be formed into a strong and dignified combination for good, which may overawe the promoters of disorder, to whatever people they belong, and may give a sufficient security for a long continuance of peace to the civilized world. We have the fullest confidence in the nobles and the Conservatives of our land, and we have no fear but that they will both know and do their duty. This is what England expects.

---

## AN HONEST CALLAN.

It too frequently happens that young men who board with their parents fall behind with their board wages, and compound with their mothers, to the no small injury of the family stock. As an illustration of this, the following dialogue took place between a young man and his mother. "Noo, Willie, thou kens brawly, that since the last time that thee an' me counted, tu's awn me fifteen shilings, an' I'm needin't the noo, to mak up the price o' the cow." Willie, who knew his mother's weak side—and what young man does not?—replied, "Deed, mither, ye're gaun to wrang yoursel', for I'm awn you aughteen;" so saying, he slid quietly out of the apartment. "Is na he really an honest callan, our Willie?" quo' the indulgent mother; "though he disna pay, he aye counts fair."—*Laird of Logan.*

From the Britannia.

*On Sex in the World to Come. An Essay.* By the Rev. G. D. Haughton, B. A. London: Boone, New Bond-street.

THE publication of this ingenious essay is one proof out of many of the hold which the writings of Coleridge have taken on the public mind. It was impossible that the freedom and originality of that philosophic poet's speculations could long remain without fruit. He taught men to enquire into the hidden mysteries of the spiritual world, but to enquire in a reverent spirit—to think on them profoundly, but to think within the limits marked out by revelation. The charm of his style ensured the popularity of his reflections, while it in some measure concealed their profundity and merit. Playful, elegant, flexible, and imaginative, it invented metaphysical disquisitions with the graces of poetry, and poured into the mind ideas which could never be forgotten, in discourses very eloquent and full of matter, but yet of so light a texture and entirely unmethodical that they attracted the attention of those who would have shrunk from the perusal of philosophy if presented in a more formal shape. The emblem of his wisdom was, not the grim, harsh-voiced, night-loving owl which the ancients set in the helmet of Minerva; but the melodious nightingale, whose sweet strains entrance the ear, and fill the heart with images of love and beauty, or the joyous lark which wings his way to heaven, "still singing as he mounts." We do not say that there is any marked similarity between this Essay of Mr. Haughton, and the more discursive speculations of Coleridge; but only that it contains within itself abundant evidence that it owes its existence to the stimulative power in which all the works of the author of the "Table Talk" are so fertile.

To quiet apprehensions which we ourselves experienced on first taking up a volume with the startling title, "On Sex in the World to Come," it is necessary at once to state explicitly that the author confines himself throughout purely to the mental and spiritual characteristics of the two sexes, which he considers are so strongly marked and so entirely distinct as to be incapable, according to human apprehension, of being confounded in another world without the loss of that identity which we possess on earth. This is the whole foundation of his argument; and he illustrates it, often with great beauty, by a comparison of the spiritual qualities of the male and female, and by a reference to those passages of Scripture, which seem to countenance, by the opposite employments assigned to angelic beings, the idea of distinct natures existing even among the denizens of heaven. We can hardly imagine, he thinks, that the avenging angel who smote the sleeping army of the Assyrians, could be one in feeling with those gentler spirits who came and administered to the necessities of our Lord after his temptation in the wilderness.

We do not know whether the idea with which our author sets out is a new one, though it is so to us, that when at the beginning of the world GOD created man in his own image, "*male* and *female* created he them," either sex alone would have been but a most imperfect and mutilated shadow of the Divine qualities. These following passages seem to us very worthy of serious meditation:—

"It was His will that our elder brethren of Creation, the various orders of the unseen world should admire, as reflected from the face of our first parents—

"A full-orbed Deity
In His whole round of attributes complete."

That they should not see Judgment divorced from Mercy, Reason from the Affections, Valour from Pity, Authority from Tenderness and Endearment. He desired to see a true resemblance of His own unutterable Perfections, and either sex would have presented by itself but a darkened and deformed likeness. It may be that man would have formed the less imperfect copy of the divine Original, but still one extremely defective. For to woman has been vouchsafed one of the brightest manifestations of the Creator's moral nature. That intense love and pity which still yearned over a lost and ungrateful world, and which no amount of its guilt and pollution was able entirely to quench—that unrestrainable compassion of our Heavenly Father to a ruined race, 'The sounding of His bowels, and of His mercies towards us,' which after all our rebellion and defiance still made him say, 'Surely they are my children, so He was their Saviour,' these qualities have no adequate counterpart in the nature of man.—He may forgive several times, but at length he may be completely steeled against further access of pity—after a certain extent of transgression, he may become quite implacable.

"But it is not so with his mild companion. Her kindness is quite inexhaustible. The deadliest injury can scarcely overpower it.

"The Almighty, then, has made woman the chief depositary of His most godlike attributes—Mercy and Long-suffering. In *her* breast they endure the longest, and burn the brightest. But their most wonderful effulgence is seen in Maternal Love. For that is proof against all the causes which usually extinguish affection in the heart of man."

Pursuing this idea, Mr. Haughton supposes that when our Lord took upon him the nature and form of humanity, he united the spiritual characteristics of the male and female in the very highest and most perfect degree; that the elements of each were in Him so intermingled, as to present in one person those moral beauties and graces which were not before and have not been since combined:—

"Hence we may observe in Him a marvellous and unique perfection. As His garment was without seam, woven from the top throughout, so did His character present a smoothness and entireness which has never been approached. Hence, also, we may remark a want of prominence in any one faculty: no one quality stood out in contrast with the rest, but all appeared in due order and proportion, as occasion served. Activity and meditation, gentleness and fervour, patriotism and universal philanthropy, absolute self-denial in one who mingled easily and constantly in society, and who made a generous allowance for the infirmities of men—an humble outward lot with godlike majesty—a delight in the quiet scenes of domestic love and friendship with a capacity of facing the rudest trials and most appalling dangers—these qualities were all reconciled and ap-

peared in Him in unbroken harmony. Having ever in view the horrors of the 'second death,' and therefore mainly eager for the salvation of souls, He yet felt humbler cares, and would not suffer his followers to feel the inconvenience of the loss of a single meal; He displayed the character of the Jehovah of the first covenant, who, amid His refulgent greatness and the government of His unbounded empire, was yet alive to earth's lowest wants, and made a humane provision for the comfortable sleep of the meanest Israelite. 'If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down; for that is his covering only, it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep? and it shall come to pass, when he crieth unto me, that I will hear; for I am gracious.' —(Exod. chap. xxii.)

"While our Lord at one time could describe in terrific images His second coming (a congenial subject as it seems,) at another we see how profound and thrilling was His admiration of flowers, a subject akin to all gentler feelings. All qualities in Him were so blended as to make him the bright mirror of *our whole humanity*. He was at once—

'Our sun and soothing moon.'

"And being such he became the 'express image' of the unseen God. Now this was what our first parents, not individually, but together, were designed to be.

"Such appear the natural inferences from that first passage which contains the divine decree for the existence of our race. As Jesus afterwards said (from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female,) and not an intimation is any where given that this distinction shall hereafter be confused."

With the caution that Mr. Haughton's essay contains some startling and, if his intention be over looked, irreverent phrases; that he is frequently led by his discursive style into speculations wholly unprofitable, such as, for example, on the infinity of time and space; and that his imagination is so lively as to induce him to worship even superstitious errors when they are recommended by the sanction of antiquity or the beauty of their forms—with a caution on these points, we solicit attention to the work as a remarkably ingenious and eloquent essay on a subject of the very highest interest.

---

*Fragments from German Prose Writers.* Translated by Sarah Austin. Illustrated with Notes. 12mo. pp. 359. London, 1841. Murray.

Some of these fragments have appeared in a periodical publication, and the whole collection, though not formed with any express design or orderly object, is well calculated to afford a taste of the beauties and peculiarities of the principal German prose writers. There is not enough, perhaps, to enable us to frame an opinion of the characteristics of the nation and its literature, but there is enough to mark their distinctions from the rest of the world, and to amuse and inform the readers of other countries. Mrs. Austin considers the prominent quality of Germany to be *earnestness*; and that wit, humour, or persiflage (so eminently French,) do not belong to them. The pet phrase "*suggestive*," is applied to the whole, as well as to Goethe; and a number of biographical notes respecting these suggestive authors adds much to the merit with which our intelligent translator has endowed her desultory and pleasant volume. We have nothing further to offer by way of introduction; and can only quote a few of the shorter extracts as specimens of the rest:—

*Lessing.*—"If the world is to be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, are just as good as the new."

*Merkel.*—"Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lapdog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them."

*Novalis.*—"The most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute and distinct perception of all the boundary lines of every-day existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed. No new ideas—but new clothes. Fundamental monotony—superficial excitement. They love dancing, on account of its light, vain, and sensual character. The highest sort of wit is insufferable to them—as well as the beautiful, the great, the noble; middling or even bad books, actors, pictures, and the like, delight them."

*Von Knebel.*—"He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it."

*The same.*—"There are in certain heads a kind of established errors against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these mere assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense."

*Jean Paul.*—"We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds."

*A. W. v. Schlegel.*—"Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shews itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must in time crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue."

*The same.*—"There are days in which we are in a most felicitous vein for the conception of new images and projects, but can neither communicate nor mature any of them. These are not thoughts, they are only the ghosts of thoughts."

*Lessing.*—"I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth—which causes the unhappiness of mankind."

*Rahel.*—"It is indifferent in what condition we are, if we are not in that we wish for."

*Oehlenschlager.*—"The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in the world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see."—*Lit. Gazette.*

From the Quarterly Review.

*Letters of Mrs. Adams, the Wife of John Adams; with an Introductory Memoir* by her Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Second Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston. 1840.

THE filial partiality of the introductory memoir raised in our minds expectations which the work itself has by no means realized. The editor observes that in great political convulsions the state of domestic manners, and the feelings and opinions of women, have an important, though in general silent and unobtrusive influence:—

"If it were possible to get at the expression of feelings by women in the heart of a community, at a moment of extraordinary trial, recorded in a shape evidently designed to be secret and confidential, this would seem to present the surest and most unfailing index to its general character. Hitherto we have not gathered much of this material in the United States. . . . . The heroism of the females of the Revolution has gone from memory with the generation that witnessed it, and nothing, absolutely nothing, remains upon the ear of the young of the present day but the faint echo of an expiring general tradition. Neither is there much remembrance of the domestic manners of the last century, *when, with more of admitted distinctions than at present, there was more of general equality*; nor of the state of social feeling, or of that simplicity of intercourse which, in colonial times, constituted in New England *as near an approach to the successful exemplification of the democratic theory* as the irregularity in the natural gifts of men will, in all probability, ever practically allow.

"It is the purpose of the present volumes to contribute something to the supply of this deficiency by giving to tradition a form partially palpable. The present is believed to be the first attempt in the United States to lay before the public a series of private letters, written without the remotest idea of publication, by a woman to her husband and others of her nearest and dearest relations. Their greatest value consists in the fact, susceptible of no misconception, that they furnish an exact transcript of the feelings of the writer in times of no ordinary trial. Independently of this, the variety of scenes in which she wrote, and the opportunities furnished for observation in the situations in which she was placed by the elevation of her husband to high official positions in the country, may contribute to sustain the interest with which they will be read."—pp. xviii.–xx.

This, our readers see, is very promising. Mrs. Adams was, we are told, a clever and strong-minded woman. When she was about thirty, and in the tenth year of her marriage, the American revolution began, in which her husband, the able and respectable John Adams, already a lawyer of some eminence, took an early and prominent part. He was subsequently one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Independence, and the first American minister to the British court, whither he was accompanied by his wife. He was also the first Vice-President of the United States, and, finally, the immediate successor of Washington as President. We expected therefore no small pleasure in tracing this distinguished man and clever woman from the respectable mediocrity of private and professional life through the great and exciting struggle for national independence, and finally in observing their manners and opinions when elevated to a position corresponding to that of the *grandees* and even of the *sovereigns* of the old world. A play-writer or novelist could hardly have imagined for a hero and heroine more striking vicissitudes, more interesting trials, or a more happy and honourable conclusion. We have, however, been sadly disappointed. Two very trifling letters before marriage, and one very short and equally trifling after, bring us from 1764 to 1774, without the slightest trace of the domestic manners or character of the period or the persons. When in 1774 Mr. Adams left his residence at Braintree, near Boston, to join the first Congress as one of the delegates of Massachusetts, his wife began a series of letters to him, which, like "The Memoirs of P. P.," are "all a-foam with politics," but contain little more than a few local events and many apocryphal rumours of her own neighbourhood, affording at this time of day little information and less amusement. A few letters written to her American friends during her diplomatic residence in France and England are the most, indeed we may say the only, entertaining pages in the work: her correspondence while her husband was President, and she at the head of American society, is singularly scanty, poor, and trivial, and has no interest except from a kind of droll contrast which it exhibits between her own homely tastes and habits and her public position. But in all this there are no traces of "the heroism of the females of the revolution," no development of "the domestic manners of the last century," beyond Mrs. Adams's own very narrow and insulated circle. Of this, though it manifestly disappoints the expectations raised by the editor, we should not complain, if Mrs. Adams's own story were well told—that is clearly, lightly, amusingly, as one expects from the pen of a lady; but Mrs. Adams seems to us to have had few of the peculiar qualifications of an agreeable letter-writer. She was no doubt a sensible worthy woman, but of a grave and didactic turn of mind—of no wit—no pleasantry—not even liveliness—of a scanty acquaintance with her own provincial world, and little knowledge of what was going on elsewhere—with just such a smattering of literature as the daughter of the puritanical minister of a village in Massachusetts might be supposed to attain a century ago, which just served to make her style *awfully* pedantic, and her epistles *awfully* commonplace and tedious. This, to be sure, was no fault of the good lady's; she wrote after her own fashion to her own family and friends, and her letters, no doubt, fully satisfied them. They are, indeed (bating their formality and pedantry,) not ill written, and are (with, however, some marked exceptions) creditable to her feelings and good sense; but they seem to us to have intrinsically very small pretensions to the honour of publication—though, as the first specimen, as the editor describes them, of this class of literature in America, they may not be undeserving notice.

Abigail Smith, born on the 22nd of November, 1744, was by both her parents descended, says her grandson, "from the genuine stock of Massachusetts puritan settlers;" and there "were few persons," he adds, "who had more exclusively imbibed their character." Her father, William Smith, was minister

of the Congregational church at Weymouth (Massachusetts,) and her mother, Elizabeth Quincy, was maternally descended from pastors of the same denomination. She was married in 1764 to John Adams, who had been a *schoolmaster*, and was reproached, as we find from a hint in one of her letters, of being a severe one, but who was then a practising lawyer. A portrait painted when she was twenty, and engraved for these volumes, must, we suppose, have been like, for it seems characteristic—it is stiff, formal, and *plain*—with no expression, unless of resolution and gravity, and wholly devoid of elegance, vivacity, or grace:—her countenance is even less attractive than her style, and both afford a very marked contrast to the brilliant vivacity of Lady Mary Wortley, or the amiable gaiety of Madame de Sevigné.

The prominent feature and fault of her letters is a kind of childish yet lumbering pedantry, that deals largely in trivial commonplaces, and trite quotations, This the editor rather accounts for than excuses by stating that the education of the young ladies of America at that day was very narrow, and that the best read amongst them had formed themselves "on the *Spectator* and the poets." But the *Spectator*—though it might, as the editor suggests, have influenced Miss Smith and her young friends to correspond under the names of "*Myra*," "*Aspasia*," and "*Aurelia*," and may have accustomed them to intersperse their lucubrations with mottos and quotations—ought rather to have given them, as it has certainly done to some of their countrymen—Mr. Washington Irving for instance—that unaffected, easy, and familiar style of which Addison was the great master and the most powerful preceptor: but the truth we believe is, that the natural turn of Mrs. Adams's mind was formal and pompous—for we find that she carried the same style even into her mature age and severest trials, when girlish impressions, if they had been only *impressions*, would probably have worn away. Miss Smith, it seems, was not much pleased with her own proper name of *Abigail*, at which we are not surprised—but she showed no great judgment in the choice of the substitute under which her maiden letters were written. She could have been, at best, but an awkward "*Diana*."* On her marriage she seems to have reverted for ten years to her own unromantic appellative, but on the breaking out of the revolutionary troubles she, no doubt, saw in Mr. Adams a new Brutus, and—*discarding the Abigail*—she for some years signed herself *Portia*—generally with some preliminary flourish, which may have looked fine at the time, but seems to our present taste rather absurd; for instance, a letter of July, 1775, concludes with these incongruous sentences:—

"I hope we shall not now have famine added to war. Grain, grain is what we want here. Meat we have enough, and to spare. Pray don't let Bass forget my pins. Hardwick has applied to me for Mr. Bass to get him a hundred of needles, number six, to carry on his stocking weaving. We shall very soon have no coffee, nor sugar, nor pepper here; but whortleberries and milk we are not obliged to commerce for. Good night. *With thoughts of thee do I close my eyes. Angels guard and protect thee; and may a safe return ere long bless thy* PORTIA."
—vol. i. p. 50.

And, be it observed that at the time she penned this childish conclusion she was more than thirty years old, and the gentleman whose couch *angels were to guard* was a practising lawyer, considerably above forty. Even in a letter to Mr. Adams, written in great anguish on the death of her mother, and particularly commended by the editor, her grief and her piety are much too rhetorical for our taste:—

"Have pity upon me. Have pity upon me, O thou my beloved, for the hand of God presseth me sore.

"Yet will I be dumb and silent, and not open my mouth, because thou, O Lord, hast done it.

"How can I tell you (*O my bursting heart!*) that my dear mother has left me?—this day, about five o'clock, she left this world for an infinitely better. . . .

"'Tis a most dreadful time with the whole province. Sickness and death are in almost every family. I have no more shocking and terrible idea of any distemper, except the plague, than this.

"Almighty God! restrain the pestilence which walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday, and which has laid in the dust one of the dearest of parents. May the life of the other be lengthened out to his afflicted children.

"From your distressed PORTIA."

If every other letter in the collection had been subscribed "*Diana*" or "*Portia*," *this* one ought to have been signed with the sober reality of *Abigail Adams*. In the same style, when her and Mr. Adams's intimate friend, Dr. Warren, was killed at Bunker's Hill, her grief stalks upon poetic stilts:—

"*My bursting heart must* find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, *better to die honourably in the field than ignominiously hang upon the gallows*. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. . . .

"I wish I could contradict the report of the doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory: *those favourite lines of Collins* continually sound in my ears:—

'How sleep the brave,' &c."

And then she proceeds to copy out the whole of Collins's ode, which, however, the editor kindly spares us, with a most sagacious observation, *that* "*Collins's ode is too well known to need insertion*"—(vol. i. p. 39;) but he takes no notice of the strange speech put into the mouth of the dying hero, as if the mainspring of his courage was the fear of the *gallows*; an ignoble motive which no man would avow, and which we dare say Dr. Warren never felt.

One of her letters to Mr. Adams in France is peculiarly characteristic:—

"How insupportable the idea that three thousand miles and the vast ocean now divide us! but divide only our persons, for the heart of my friend is in the

*We wonder that the editor, who, we suppose, was, like his father and uncle, educated at Harvard College, should not have erased the clumsy attempt at pleasantry (almost the only one in the volumes) in one of the early letters—"Enter Diana, *solus*."

bosom of his partner. More than half a score of years has so riveted it there, that the fabric which contains it must crumble into dust ere the particles can be separated; for

'in one fate,
Our hearts, our fortunes, and our beings blend.'

"I cannot describe to you how much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song, which was sung to me by a young lady in order to divert a melancholy hour; but it had quite a different effect, and the native simplicity of it had all the power of a well-wrought tragedy. When I could conquer my sensibility I begged the song, and Master Charles has learned it, and consoles his mamma by singing it to her. *I will enclose it to you.* It has beauties in it to me which an indifferent person would not feel perhaps:

'His very foot has music in 't,
As he comes up the stairs.'

"Gracious Heaven! hear and answer my daily petition by banishing all my grief."—vol. i. p. 134.

It seems now-a-days strange enough that Mrs. Adams should take the trouble of copying "*There's nae luck about the house*" for the American Envoy in Europe—but it is still stranger that the good taste which admired and adapted to her own case the tender simplicity of the whole ballad, and particularly the exquisite couplet which she quoted, should not have preserved her from such laboured metaphors, such hackneyed quotations, and such theatrical declamation as other parts of this very letter exhibit. She goes on—

"So many vessels are taken that there is little chance of a letter's reaching your hands. . . . . If this finds its way to you it will go by the Alliance. By her I have written before. She has not yet sailed, and I love to amuse myself with my pen, and pour out some of the tender sentiments of a heart overflowing with affection, *not for the eye of a cruel enemy, who, no doubt, would ridicule every humane and social sentiment, long ago grown callous to the finer sensibilities, but for the sympathetic heart that beats in unison with* PORTIA'S."

We see that Mrs. Adams had herself a judicious suspicion that all this high-flown stuff was fit only for the sympathetic eye of Brutus, and she would probably have considered as her "*cruelest enemy*" him who should expose these effusions to the *ridicule* with which she was conscious that strangers must read them. We really cannot understand upon what principle of either taste or duty the editor has published such passages as these, after so strong an indication of his grandmother's own opinion that they were likely to excite "the ridicule of cruel enemies." *We*, assuredly, are not the cruel enemies she anticipated—she has found them nearer home. We shall be more generous, and shall close with these specimens our observations on Mrs. Adams's literary style, and proceed to the more substantial parts of her correspondence.

It will be recollected that the first collision between the insurgents and the authorities took place at Boston, within 10 or 12 miles of which Mrs. Adams resided. Her earlier letters are of course full of those transactions, but they are too desultory and irregular to afford any connected view of the progress of affairs, and are, besides, so much the echo of the first and generally erroneous rumours of the moment, and so influenced by the strong and enthusiastic prejudices of the writer, that they are of no historical value at all. Indeed the misinformation and prejudices are so glaring that the editor himself feels obliged occasionally to subjoin a corrective observation; as, when she says that at Bunker's Hill, while the British, by their own admission, lost 1500, the Provincials lost but sixty, the editor subjoins—"this was below the truth, but *accuracy in those details will not be looked for in a letter written at the moment upon information necessarily defective.*"—vol. i. p. 45.

Now, craving the editor's pardon, we know not why Mrs. Adams's information should have been "*necessarily* defective." She was within a few miles—within hearing—and almost within sight of the affair: many of her friends, and some of her relations, took an active part in the operations (vol. i. p. 42.) She was a distinguished person in the neighbourhood—the wife of the delegate of the State in Congress; and her letter is dated the eighth day after the battle—an interval in which the first and natural exaggerations would have had time to subside, and when something like the truth might be expected to have reached a person in Mrs. Adams's position: we confess, therefore, that we do not feel the force of the editor's apology, while, on the other hand, the avowal that we are not to look for accuracy in Mrs. Adams's statement of facts occurring under her own eyes, though made on one point, casts a kind of shade over others, and must certainly tend to diminish the value, whatever it might otherwise be, of her letters.

We are as far as the editor from suspecting the good lady of an intention to deceive any one, much less her husband; but the truth seems to be that to very "defective information" were superadded such strong prejudices that the portion of the work which deals with political matters must be regarded as indicating rather the feelings of the party than the facts of the case. But now that the American struggle is matter of moral retrospect, the *feelings* by which the people, and particularly people of Mrs. Adams's class, were actuated, is a much more interesting and instructive object of contemplation than the mere events of the contest. Indeed, what has struck us as most remarkable in these letters is the evidence they both directly and indirectly afford of the ripeness of America for the revolution. The state of society and the system of government in the provinces were already essentially republican. Our readers will have observed in our first extract, the editor's statement that under the old colonial system there was, "with more admitted *distinctions*, more general *equality than at present*," and that society in New England "constituted as near an approach to a rational *democracy* as mankind can probably attain." The prevalent religion of those parts was *dissent* in various forms and under various names, but all preserving the traditional leaven of the great rebellion, and an instinctive enmity to *Church and King*. Much, therefore, as we may regret the grand original mistakes in the system of colonial polity, and blame the conduct, at once rash and weak, of the British ministers, which drove the provinces to revolt, it is clear that their independence could not in the natural course of things have been long postponed. A wise

and long-sighted government would, many years before the revolt occurred, have seen how rapidly the down of the new-fledged colonies was ripening into plumage, and how soon their wings would become strong enough to raise them into independence. Their growth was inevitable, and equally so their ultimate separation from the parent country.

Lord Chatham, as we observed in our late review of his *Life*, had, even in the height of the contest, some vague idea of a modified independence—some theory for reconciling American rights with British sovereignty—founded on a concession to the provinces of the powers of internal government and taxation, while the mother country should maintain her imperial supremacy. But though he actually brought in a bill founded on this theory, he does not appear to have had, certainly he did not state, any practical and solid scheme by which these apparent contradictions were to be harmonized; and we have already expressed our opinion that the scheme was visionary, and only advanced by Lord Chatham to screen the inconsistencies of his own conduct and position. The colonies, like other children, must sooner or later have outgrown the parental authority; and while we deplore the injustice which created, and the imbecility which conducted, and the miseries which accompanied, and the bad feeling which survived our efforts to reduce the colonies, we are far from regretting, and still farther from thinking that it was possible by any course of policy to have escaped the ultimate result—the independence of America and the creation of a power which must, more rapidly and effectually than could have been otherwise accomplished, spread civilization, and we trust happiness, over the vast Transatlantic world.

These thoughts are naturally suggested by the spirit of independence which, in the very dawn of the differences, exhibits itself in Mrs. Adams's letters, and which no doubt pervaded that important class of society to which she belonged. Her very first letter, just after Mr. Adams set out for the first Congress in August, 1774, is of this character, and we shall extract it *in extenso*, not merely as an additional specimen of her style (of which it is a very fair one,) but as a proof how easily, how readily, and how earnestly the ideas of republican independence had been adopted in New England:—

"*Braintree, 19th August*, 1774.

"The great distance between us makes the time appear very long to me. It seems already a month since you left me. *The great anxiety I feel for my country*, for you, and for our family, renders the day tedious and the night unpleasant. The rocks and quicksands appear upon every side. What course you can or will take is all wrapped in the bosom of futurity. Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great scope. *Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed?* I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of *Sparta* were occasioned by their too great solicitude for present tranquillity, and, from an excessive love of peace, they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting. They ought to have reflected, says *Polybius*, that, "as there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace, when founded in justice and honour, so there is nothing more shameful, and at the same time more pernicious, when attained by bad measures and purchased at the price of liberty." I have received a most charming letter from our friend Mrs. Warren. She desires me to tell you that her best wishes attend you through your journey, both as a friend and a patriot—hopes you will have no uncommon difficulties to surmount or hostile movements to impede you—but, if the *Locrians* should interrupt you, she hopes that you will beware that no future annals may say you chose an ambitious *Philip* for your leader, who subverted the noble order of the American *Amphictyons*, and *built up a monarchy on the ruins of the happy institution.*

"I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny [her eldest son] to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it. We have had a charming rain, which lasted twelve hours, and has greatly revived the dying fruits of the earth.

"I want much to hear from you. *I long impatiently to have you upon the stage of action. The first of September, or the month of September, perhaps, may be of as much importance to Great Britain as the Ides of March were to Cæsar.* I wish you every public as well as private blessing, and that wisdom which is profitable both for instruction and edification, to conduct you in this difficult day. The little flock remember papa, and kindly wish to see him; so does your most affectionate ABIGAIL ADAMS.

—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

With these sentiments in the summer of 1774, we are not so much surprised at finding *Abigail Adams* transmuted in the spring of 1775 into *Portia*. The following, dated about a month later, is specially recommended to our notice by the editor:—

"In consequence of the powder being taken from Charlestown,* a general alarm spread through many towns and was caught pretty soon here. The report took here on Friday, and on Sunday a soldier was seen lurking about the Common, supposed to be a spy, but most likely a deserter. However, intelligence of it was communicated to the other parishes, and about eight o'clock Sunday evening there passed by here about two hundred men, preceded by a horse-cart, and marched down to the powder-house, from whence they took the powder, and carried it into the other parish and there secreted it. I opened the window upon their return. They passed without any noise; not a word among them till they came against this house, when some of them, perceiving me, asked me if I wanted any powder. I replied, *No, since it was in so good hands.* The reason they gave for taking it was, that we had so many Tories [Loyalists] here, they dared not trust us with it; they had taken Vinton [the sheriff of the county] in their train, and upon their return they stopped between Cleverly's and Etter's, and called upon him to deliver two warrants [for summoning juries]. Upon his producing them they put it to vote whether they

* A measure of precaution of General Gage, who removed the gunpowder from Charlestown, a kind of suburb to Boston, into the latter town.

should burn them, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. They then called a vote whether *they should huzza, but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative.* They called upon Vinton to swear that he would never be instrumental in carrying into execution any of these new acts. They were not satisfied with his answers; however, they let him rest. A few days afterwards, upon his making some foolish speeches, they assembled to the amount of two or three hundred and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath. Accordingly, they chose a committee and sent it with him to Major Miller's to see that he complied; and they waited his return, which proving satisfactory, they dispersed. This town appears as high as you can well imagine, and, if necessary, would soon be in arms. Not a Tory but hides his head. The *Church parson* thought they were coming after him, and ran up garret; they say another jumped out of his window and hid among the corn, whilst a third crept under his board-fence and told his beads."—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The editor admires "the highly characteristic trait of New England, of refusing to cheer on a Sunday"—but does not seem to see that it would have been rather more consistent with a devotional feeling if they had selected any other day *than the Sabbath* to plunder the magazine, and to endeavour to force a magistrate to swear that he would not do a legal duty which he was already sworn to perform. Our readers will also observe Mrs. Adams's sarcastic mention of *church parsons*—which, though the clergy were not personally injured on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the hostile and intolerant spirit of the predominant sect towards them, and that the *Church* was as obnoxious to the revolters as the *King*. Nor does it create any favourable impression of Mrs. Adams herself that she, who on every occasion indulges in devotional—we might say puritanical—ejaculations, sneers at a clergyman of the church for "*telling his beads*," as she malevolently terms it, when he thought himself in danger from a lawless mob.

Mrs. Adams was certainly not at this period of her life, and probably not at any, very charitable towards those who differed from her in politics. It seems that a couple of years before the troubles Mr. Adams was a candidate for a place in the provincial council, and in 1774 some letters of Governor Hutchinson were published, by which it appeared that, if Adams had been elected, Hutchinson would have exercised his negative against him; on this discovery Mrs. Adams calls him "*a forlorn wretch*," and piously exclaims, "*May the fate of Mordecai be his!*" (vol. i. p. 30.) So a gentleman of the first congress who happened to remain a Loyalist is stigmatized as a *Judas* (vol. i. p. 49;) and, sometimes, the pedantic vehemence of her ire becomes alternately ludicrous and disgusting. A common soldier deserts from the British army and goes to Philadelphia:—

"I think I should be cautious of him. No one can tell the secret designs of such fellows, whom no oath binds. He may be sent with assassinating designs. 'I can credit any villany that a *Cæsar Borgia* would have been guilty of, or *Satan* himself would rejoice in."—vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

And again:—

"We learn from one of these deserters that our ever-valued friend Warren [killed at Bunker's Hill,] dear to us even in death, was not treated with any more respect than a common soldier; but the savage wretches, called officers, consulted together, and agreed to sever his head from his body and carry it in triumph to Gage, who no doubt would have 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' instead of imitating Cæsar, who, far from being gratified with so horrid a spectacle as the head even of his enemy, turned away from Pompey's with disgust, and gave vent to his pity in a flood of tears. What humanity could not obtain, the rites and ceremonies of a *mason* demanded. An officer, who it seems was one of the brotherhood, requested that as a *mason* he might have the body unmangled, and find a decent interment for it. He obtained his request, but, upon returning to secure it, he found it already thrown into the earth, only with the ceremony of being first placed there with many bodies over him."—vol. i. p. 64.

We need not insist on the improbability of the brutal propositions and acts here imputed to British officers, because it appears by Mrs. Adams's own letters that Dr. Warren was not huddled into an undistinguishable grave, for, ten months later, his body was disinterred and reburied with military honours and a funeral service and sermon in the town of Boston. Nay, if we could believe Mrs. Adams's poetical relation, the body was in a state to be recognized and exposed to the eyes of the people:—

"The dead body, like that of Cæsar, before their eyes, whilst each wound,

> 'Like dumb mouths, did ope their ruby lips,
> To beg the voice and utterance of a tongue.
> Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
> A curse shall light, upon their line."

—vol. i. p. 94.

But this, we presume, was as imaginary as the indignities which she before related.

When in 1778 Mr. Adams sailed on his mission to France, she writes:—

"*8th March*, 1778.

"'Tis a little more than three weeks since the dearest of friends and tenderest of husbands left his solitary partner, and quitted all the fond endearments of domestic felicity for the dangers of the sea, exposed, perhaps, to the attack of a hostile foe, and, O good Heaven! can I add, to the *dark assassin, to the secret murderer, and the bloody emissary of as cruel a tyrant* [King George III.] *as God, in his righteous judgments, ever suffered to disgrace the throne of Britain.*"—vol. i. p. 116.

We notice these violent and uncharitable ebullitions—of which we could produce a large assortment—not to derogate from Mrs. Adams's personal character—for great allowances must be made for a high and enthusiastic spirit pouring itself out in such anxious circumstances, and in the *abandon* (we wish we had an English term for this idea) of conjugal confidence; but now that these conjugal confidences are published to the world, and with so much parade of historical importance, it becomes our duty to enter our protest against evidence so obviously biassed, and to warn our readers of the temper and feeling in which the letters were originally penned. We must, however, in justice to Mrs. Adams's memory, observe that the letters here published have been *selected* by

the editor, and we have good reason to suspect that he may have *selected* those parts of the correspondence which he thought most palatable to the present taste of America, and which are naturally the least so to ours. Indeed, the editor confesses as much. Mrs. Adams's letters are (as we have before stated) singularly rare and barren during the periods in which we should have expected them to be the most interesting—the vice-presidency and presidency of Mr. Adams, and the subsequent struggle between the Democratic and Moderate parties, in which her husband and her son were so distinguished. The editor tells us that "Her interest in public affairs did not diminish, and that the period furnishes abundance of letters:"—

"She continued to write to her friends her free opinions, both of men and measures, perhaps with a more sustained hand on account of the share her son was then taking in politics. But these letters *bring us down to times so recent*, and *they contain so many allusions to existing persons* and matters of a domestic and wholly private nature, that they are not deemed suitable for publication, at least at present."—vol. i. p. lxxv.

This may be very prudent, but we think it is hardly fair: when a witness is produced, we have a right to the *whole* of his or her testimony: those whom one part of the evidence may seem to criminate have a right to complain if that which affects others be suppressed, for the parts suppressed might—and in this case evidently would—impugn the credit of the witness: for instance, the violent party in America are no doubt much pleased with Mrs. Adams's frequent invectives against England, and as she belonged to that which afterwards became the *moderate* party, they would quote her as conclusive authority against us; but if the whole of her correspondence were given, and if it were found that she was still more violent against her own countrymen of the opposite faction, these gentlemen would not in that case consider her authority quite so conclusive as they may be now disposed to do. With this observation we dismiss all Mrs. Adams's statements and opinions on parties and politics, and proceed to lighter matter.

To us—and we presume to any European reader—the most amusing parts of the correspondence are those descriptive of her visits to England and France, though she seems to have been a more inaccurate observer than we should have supposed. Landing at Deal, the first English town she sees is Canterbury:—

"Canterbury is a larger town than Boston. It contains a *number of old Gothic cathedrals*, which are *all* of stone, very heavy, with *but few windows, which are grated with large bars of iron*, and look more like gaols for criminals than places designed for the worship of the Deity. One would suppose, from the manner in which they are guarded, that they apprehended devotion would be stolen. They have a most gloomy appearance, and really made me shudder."—vol. ii. p. 23.

We beg leave to inform our American readers that Canterbury has but *one cathedral*; and further, that we firmly believe that Mrs. Adams never saw even that one—she certainly could never have been within it. It is not visible from the streets that the post-road traverses, and she does not say she visited it; but what she did see was probably those ancient *Gate-houses*, by and through which the road passes, which had no doubt a few grated windows, and looked like gaols because they, or some of them at least, were used as gaols.* Mrs. Adams, having heard or read that there was a cathedral at Canterbury, and never before having seen any ancient edifice, mistook the prison for the church, and her old dissenting prejudices acquiesced readily and without inquiry in a delusion which made a cathedral an object to "shudder" at.

On getting nearer town Mrs. Adams had what we may almost term the good luck of seeing what was in those days one of the special curiosities of England—a highwayman:—

"From Chatham we proceeded on our way as fast as possible, wishing to pass Blackheath before dark. Upon this road, a gentleman alone in a chaise passed us, and very soon a coach before us stopped, and there was a hue and cry, "A robbery, a robbery!" The man in the chaise was the person robbed, and this in open day with carriages constantly passing. We were not a little alarmed, and every one was concealing his money. Every place we passed and every post-chaise we met was crying out, "A robbery!" Where the thing is so common, I was surprised to see such an alarm. The robber was pursued and taken in about two miles, and we saw the poor wretch, ghastly and horrible, brought along on foot; his horse ridden by a person who took him, who also had his pistol. He looked like a youth of twenty only, attempted to lift his hat, and looked despair. You can form some idea of my feelings when they told him, "Ay, you have but a short time; the assize sits next month; and then, my lad, you swing." Though every robber may deserve death, yet to exult over the wretched is what *our* country is not accustomed to. *Long may it be free from such villanies, and long may it preserve a commiseration for the wretched!*"—vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

This tenderness of heart (though perhaps a little misplaced on this occasion) is very amiable; but not so the uncharitable inference which she draws, that England is more disposed to exult over the *wretched* than *her* country. We have not forgotten—though Mrs. Adams had—her own exultation over that "*forlorn wretch*," Governor Hutchinson, and her wish that he might be *hanged on a gibbet fifty cubits high*, "like Mordecai," not for any moral crime, but only because, being a public servant, he had done a public duty in a way distasteful to Mrs. Adams. The fellow who simply *predicted* the gallows to the robber was, we think, more excusable than she who *prayed* that it might be inflicted on an innocent gentleman.

Mrs. Adams's first stay in London was very short, as she accompanied Mr. Adams to France. We shall postpone, therefore, her observations on our capital till we arrive at her diplomatic residence with us, and in the mean time follow her to Paris, which we doubt whether she saw with more accurate eyes than Canterbury:—

"You enquire of me how I like Paris. Why,

* One of these Gate-houses had, in its upper story, an ancient chapel—perhaps this (if by chance she heard of it) may have helped to mislead Mrs. Adams.

they tell me I am no judge, for that I have not seen it yet. One thing I know, and that is that I have smelt it. If I was agreeably disappointed in London, I am as much disappointed in Paris. It is the very dirtiest place I ever saw. There are some buildings and some squares which are tolerable; but in general the streets are narrow, the shops, the houses, in elegant, and dirty, the streets full of lumber and stone, with which they build. Boston cannot boast so elegant public buildings; but, in every other respect, it is as much superior in my eyes to Paris as London is to Boston. To have had Paris tolerable to me, I should not have gone to London."—vol. ii. pp. 54, 55.

We, who may be supposed not to be prejudiced against our own metropolis, can hardly understand this—the London of that day was miserably deficient in architectural objects; except the Banqueting-room at Whitehall, the Royal Exchange, the Abbey, St. Paul's, and half-a-dozen churches, we had no buildings worth looking at, while Paris possessed *then* every considerable edifice that it does *now*, except the façade of the Chamber of Deputies, which has replaced the old façade of the Palais Bourbon, and the Magdalene, now just finished: Buonaparte, as we have often had occasion to remark, having added *nothing* to Paris in the way of architecture but two monuments to himself—the arch at the Carrousel, and the column of the Place Vendôme. Paris, as a city to look at, had and has two or three grand features which give it a vast superiority over London—the Quays and the Boulevards—and that magnificent *Place* Louis XV., where the Quays and the Boulevards unite with the garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées; and though this *Place* has been recently made still more splendid by the ornamental works of Louis Philippe, it was, even in Mrs. Adams's day, infinitely superior to any thing which London could show.

The following picture of manners, exemplified in the deportment of Madame Helvétius, widow of the atheist philosopher, and herself a *savante*, is more accurate, and in an easier vein than usual; indeed, it must be observed that the pedantry and stiffness of her style wore off very perceptibly during her residence in Europe:—

"This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, 'Ah mon Dieu, where is Franklin! Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?' You must suppose her speaking all this in French. 'How I look!' said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lutestring, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze than ever my maids wore was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Hélas! Franklin;" then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

"I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman; wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lapdog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favourite. This she kissed, and when he wet the floor she wiped it up with her chemise. This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbour; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse."—vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

On the other hand, we have the portrait of a lady of rank and character of a better order—Madame de la Fayette:—

"The Marquise met me at the door, and with the freedom of an old acquaintance, and the rapture peculiar to the ladies of this nation, caught me by the hand and gave me a salute upon each cheek, most heartily rejoiced to see me. You would have supposed I had been some long absent friend, whom she dearly loved. She presented me to her mother and sister, who were present with her, all sitting together in her bed-room, quite *en famille*. One of the ladies was knitting. The Marquise herself was in a chintz gown. She is a middle-sized lady, sprightly and agreeable; and professes herself strongly attached to Americans. She supports an amiable character, is fond of her children, and very attentive to them, which is not the general character of ladies of high rank in Europe. In a few days she returned my visit, upon which we sent her a card of invitation to dine. She came; we had a large company. There is not a lady in our country who would have gone abroad to dine so little dressed; and one of our fine American ladies, who sat by me, whispered to me, "*Good heavens! how awfully she is dressed!*" I could not forbear returning the whisper, which I most sincerely despised, by replying that the lady's rank set her above the little formalities of dress. She had on a brown Florence gown and petticoat,—which is the only silk, excepting satins, which are worn here in winter,—a plain double gauze handkerchief, a pretty cap, with a white ribbon in it, and looked very neat. The rouge, it is true, was not so artfully laid on as upon the faces of the American ladies who were present. Whilst they were glittering with diamonds, watch-chains, girdle-buckles, &c., the Marquise was nowise ruffled by her own different appearance. A really well-bred French lady has the most ease in her manners that you can possibly conceive of. It is studied by

them as an art, and they render it nature."—vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

The following confession of the contagious effect of the manners of her new society on her own puritan feelings is candid and amusing:—

"I have felt the force of an observation which I have read, that daily example is the most subtile of poisons. I have found my taste reconciling itself to habits, customs, and fashions, which at first disgusted me. The first dance which I saw upon the stage shocked me; the dresses and beauty of the performers were enchanting; but, no sooner did the dance commence, than I felt my delicacy wounded, and I was ashamed to be seen to look at them. Girls, clothed in the thinnest silk and gauze, with their petticoats short, springing two feet from the floor, poising themselves in the air, with their feet flying, and as perfectly showing their garters and drawers as though no petticoat had been worn, was a sight altogether new to me. Their motions are as light as air, and as quick as lightning; they balance themselves to astonishment. No description can equal the reality. They are daily trained to it, from early infancy, at a royal academy instituted for this purpose. You will very often see little creatures, not more than seven or eight years old, as undauntedly performing their parts as the eldest among them. Shall I speak a truth, and say that repeatedly seeing these dances has worn off that disgust which I at first felt, and that I see them now with pleasure? Yet, when I consider the tendency of these things, the passions they must excite, and the known character, even to a proverb, which is attached to an opera-girl, my abhorrence is not lessened, and neither my reason nor judgment has accompanied *my sensibility in acquiring any degree of callousness.*"—vol. ii. pp. 81, 82.

Our readers, recollecting a former extract, will smile at finding that it was not the *cruel* English *only* whose hearts could "*grow callous;*" and that the philosophic *Portia* herself had lost something of her "*finer sensibilities.*"

But we must return to England, where Mr. Adams was now named Minister from the United States.

Mrs. Adams's account of the reception of the new Minister at St. James's and in London society is meagre:—

"The foreign ministers, and several *English lords and earls*, have paid their compliments here, and all hitherto is civil and polite. . . . . The Tory* venom has begun to spit itself forth in the public papers, as I expected, bursting with envy that an American minister should be received here with the same marks of attention, politeness, and civility, which are shown to the ministers of any other power. When a minister delivers his credentials to the King, it is always in his private closet, attended only by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which is called a private audience, and the minister presented makes some little address to his Majesty, and the same ceremony to the Queen, whose reply was in these words, 'Sir, I thank you for your civility to me and my family, and I am glad to see you in this country;' then she very politely enquired whether he had got a house yet. The answer of his Majesty was much longer; but I am not at liberty to say more respecting it than that it was civil and polite, and that his Majesty said he was glad the choice of his country had fallen upon him. The news-liars know nothing of the matter; they represent it just to answer their purpose."—vol. ii. pp. 96, 98, 99.

As Mrs. Adams insinuates that the common report of the King's "civil and polite speech" to Mr. Adams is not true, we wish she or the editor had given us their version of it. We have always understood, and we believe correctly, that his Majesty said with a dignified frankness, that, though he had been very reluctant to recognize the United States, he would be the last man in England to attempt or sanction any thing derogatory to their independence and national honour, or inconsistent with the feelings of good will and amity which ought to exist between the two countries.

The reception of Mrs. Adams and her daughter is thus told:—

"It was more than two hours after this before it came to my turn to be presented to the Queen. The circle was so large that the company were four hours standing. The Queen was evidently embarrassed when I was presented to her. I had disagreeable feelings too. She, however, said, 'Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?' whilst the Princess Royal looked compassionate, and asked me if I was not much fatigued; and observed that it was a very full drawing-room. Her sister, who came next, Princess Augusta, after having asked your niece if she was ever in England before, and her answering 'Yes,' enquired of me how long ago, and supposed it was when she was very young. And all this is said with much affability, and the ease and freedom of old acquaintance."—vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

Three months later Mrs. Adams writes:—

"His Majesty and the ministry show *every personal respect and civility which we have any right to expect.* The Marquis de la Fayette writes that he had always heard his Majesty was a great dissembler, but he never was so thoroughly convinced of it as by the reception given to the American minister."—vol. ii. p. 114.

But, in spite of, and in contradiction to, this recorded testimony, the *editor* says—

"George and his queen could not get over the mortification attending the loss of the American colonies, *nor at all suppress the manifestation of it* when the presence of their minister forced the subject on their recollection. Mrs. Adams's account of her presentation is among the letters of this period. It was not more than civilly met on the part of the Queen, whose subsequent conduct was hardly so good as on that occasion. Mrs. Adams appears never to have forgotten it; for at a much later period, when, in consequence of the French Revolution, the throne of England was thought to be in danger, she writes to her daughter with regret at the prospect for the country, but without sympathy for the Queen. 'Humi-

* By *Tory* Mrs. Adams does not, we believe, here mean the *Tory party in England*, but the American *Royalists*, to whom especially the designation of Tory was given by the insurgents.

liation for Charlotte,' she says, 'is no sorrow for me. She richly deserves her full portion for the contempt and scorn which she took pains to discover.' Of course the courtiers followed the lead thus given to them, and the impression made against America at the very outset of its national career has hardly been effaced down to this day."—vol. i. pp. liv., lv.

Now we believe that of all this nothing is true—except that Mrs. Adams thought that they had not received as much personal attention as they perhaps expected. We know, and indeed have sometimes witnessed, the unaffected courtesy of both George III. and his queen to American ministers, and we have heard from eye-witnesses that both their Majesties used to be more than civil to Mr. Adams; we have just seen Mrs. Adams's own recorded and repeated testimony to the same effect—and we should not have believed on any less authority than that of the editor himself that Mrs. Adams could have penned the rancorous passage quoted. It does not do her any honour: but her own humiliation and mortification at finding her malevolent anticipations so signally disappointed must have been a sufficient punishment—and we shall say no more on such an unamiable topic, which we very much regret that the editor's strange indiscretion has forced upon us.

But there can be no doubt that Mrs. Adams was vexed at her general reception in England: she that could assume the name of Portia must have been ambitious, and we discover a little touch of aristocratic vanity as early as Mr. Adams's first election as a delegate. Having paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Samuel Adams, also a delegate, she writes—

"I had the pleasure of spending the day with my namesake and *sister delegate*. Why should we not assume your titles when we give you up our names?"—vol. i. p. 62.

She would have wished, we presume, to have been called a *Delegatess*. We are therefore not surprised that she was flattered by the visits of "*English lords and earls*," nor that she should be offended at not meeting a like civility from any English *ladies*—for the special mention she makes of the single visit of the Countess of Effingham, and many other indications, lead us to doubt whether she had any other English visitor. This seems strange; for though we are well aware of the inaccessibility of good London society to mere strangers, we should have expected that Mrs. Adams's diplomatic position would have opened the doors of the ministerial or opposition drawing-rooms; but this seems, from whatever cause, not to have been the case; and even Lady Effingham's small and dry civility was rather political than personal—for her son, Lord Effingham, was so far a partisan of the American cause as to have resigned his commission rather than serve against it. (Vol. ii. p. 99.)

"This afternoon I have had a visit from Madame Pinto, the lady of the Portuguese minister. They have all visited now, and I have returned their visits; but this is the only lady that I have seen."—vol. ii. p. 121.

This, we presume, means that Madame Pinto was the only lady of a *foreign minister* that she had seen; but we suspect it was also true in the larger sense, from the observation which follows:—

"Some years hence it may be a pleasure to reside here in the character of American minister; but with the present salary and the *present temper of the English* no one need envy the embassy."—*ib.*

And again—

"St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens are two other fashionable walks, which I am very sensible I ought to *improve* oftener than I do. One wants society in these places. Mrs. Temple is the only person near me with whom I can use the freedom of calling upon her to *ride* or walk with me, and her, to my no small regret, I am going to lose. Mrs. Hay resides out at Hampstead, about four miles from London. We visit, but they have such a *paltry* custom of dining here at night [what would she have said to our present dinner-hours?] that it ruins that *true American sociability* which *only* I delight in."—vol. ii. pp. 106, 107.

Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Hay seem to have been Americans, as indeed was every other person mentioned as an acquaintance.

Our surprise that Mrs. Adams was not more generally visited is somewhat diminished when we see evidence of the temper with which she herself regarded English society—*it* may have been neglectful, but she also may have been repulsive,—and if her countenance and manner betrayed the feelings which she expresses in her letters, we do not wonder that she should not have been popular. The natural consequence of all this would be, that Mrs. Adams's first favourable impressions of England changed very remarkably on her second visit, and that her opinion of the English *ladies* in particular fell *very low* indeed—they had, it seems, in her eyes, very little of personal beauty, or even of good manners:—

"Notwithstanding the English boast so much of their beauties, I do not think they have really so much of it as you will find amongst the same proportion of people in America. It is true that their complexions are undoubtedly fairer than the French, and in general their figure is good. Of this they make the best; but I have not seen a lady in England who can bear a comparison with Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Platt, and a Miss Hamilton, who is a Philadelphia young lady."—vol. ii. p. 118.

This is very well, and may be very true; but when she goes on to say, "Amongst the most celebrated of their beauties stands the Duchess of Devonshire, who is masculine in her appearance; Lady Salisbury is small and genteel, but her complexion is bad"—*ib.*—we must be permitted to doubt that she ever saw either of these ladies. She had heard, we suppose, of the Duchess of Devonshire's canvassing for Mr. Fox at the Westminster election, and kissing a butcher as a bribe for his vote, and therefore presumed she must be *masculine*—but no one, we think, who had ever seen her or Lady Salisbury could have thought of *distinguishing* the first as *masculine* and the second as *small*.

"I am sure I never saw an assembly-room in America which did not exceed that at St. James's in point of elegance and decoration; and, as to its fair visiters, not all their blaze of diamonds set off with Parisian rouge can match the blooming health, the sparkling eye, and modest deportment of the dear girls of my native land."—vol. ii. p. 130.

We have no inclination at all to imitate Mrs. Adams by depreciating the beauty of the American ladies; we have often expressed our admiration of it, and its peculiar character of intellect and delicacy; but we have never before heard that the *bloom* of their complexion exceeded that of the young women of England. But matters take in the progress of Mrs. Adams's ill-humour a still worse turn:—

"With us, in point of *education and manners*, the learned professions, and many merchants, *farmers, and tradesmen*, are upon an equality with *the gentry* of this country. It would be *degrading* to compare them with many of the *nobility* here. *As to the* LADIES *of this country, their manners appear to be totally* DEPRAVED. It is in the middle ranks of society that virtue and morality are yet to be found. Nothing does more injury to the female character than frequenting public places; and the rage which prevails now for the watering-places, and the increased number of them, are become a national evil, as they promote and encourage dissipation, mix all characters promiscuously, and are the resort of the most unprincipled female characters, who are not ashamed to show their faces wherever men dare to go. Modesty and diffidence are called ill-breeding and ignorance of the world; an impudent stare is substituted in lieu of that modest deportment and that retiring grace which awes whilst it enchants. I have never seen a female model here of such unaffected, modest, and sweetly amiable manners as Mrs. Guild, Mrs. Russell, and many other American females exhibit."—vol. ii. pp. 189, 190.

These are rather hard words, and somewhat adventurous, we think, from a person who had hardly a female acquaintance in England. But amidst the general mass of ugliness and *depravity* which constituted the female society of England in that day, it is some small consolation to find that Mrs. Adams met *two* Englishwomen to whom she could allow some merit:—

"The finest Englishwoman I have seen is the eldest daughter of Mr. Dana. . . . I saw her first at Ranelagh. I was struck with her appearance, and endeavoured to find who she was; for she appeared like *Calypso* amongst her nymphs, *delicate and modest* [new attributes of *Calypso*.] She was easily known from the crowd *as a stranger*. I had not long admired her before she was brought by her father and introduced to me, after which she made me a visit with her sister, who was much out of health. At the same time that she has the best title of any Englishwoman I have seen to the rank of a divinity, I would not have it forgotten that *her father is an American*, and, as he was remarkably handsome, no doubt she owes a large share of her beauty to him."—vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

The other was a Mrs. Burnell, whom Mrs. Adams was so fortunate to meet in a tour she made into Devonshire:—

"She is a genteel woman, and easy and polite."—vol. ii. p. 189.

"We confess we had some curiosity to learn something more of a lady in whom Mrs. Adams found qualities which she denied to all the female gentry and nobility of England, and we were proportionably delighted to find that Mrs. Burnell was the wife of a *shoemaker in the little village of Kingsbridge*—and the sister, as it seems, of a Mr. Cranch, who had emigrated to America and married Mrs. Adams's sister. This is charming.

But we are not less amused by another incident of this tour—to understand which our readers must be apprized that Mrs. Adams's mother was the daughter of a congregational minister of a village near Boston, of the name of *Quincy*. She writes to her sister, Mrs. Cranch aforesaid—

"I promised you to visit Mr. Cranch's friends and relatives. This we did, as I shall relate to you. We were absent a month, and made a tour of about six hundred miles. The first place we made any stay at was Winchester. There was formerly an Earl of Winchester by the name of Saer de *Quincy*. He was created Earl of Winchester by King John, in 1224, and signed Magna Charta, which I have seen; the original being now in the British Museum, with his handwriting to it.

"It is said that in the year 1321 the title became extinct through failure of male heirs, *but I rather think through the poverty of some branch unable to contend for it*. The family originally came from Normandy in the time of William the Conqueror. They bear the same arms with those of our ancestors, *except that ours substituted an animal for the crest in lieu of an earl's coronet*. I have a perfect remembrance of a parchment in our grandmother's possession, which, when quite a child, I used to amuse myself with. This was a genealogical table, which gave the *descent of the family from the time of William the Conqueror*. [*'The Slys came in with the Conqueror!'* O thou prophetic Shakspeare!] This parchment Mr. Edmund Quincy borrowed on some occasion, and I have often heard our grandmother say, with some anger, that she could never recover it. As the old gentleman is still living, I wish Mr. Cranch would question him about it, and know what hands it went into, and whether there is any probability of its ever being recovered; and be so good as to ask uncle Quincy how our grandfather came by it, and from whence our great-grandfather came, where he first settled, and take down in writing all you can learn from him and Mr. Edmund Quincy respecting the family. You will smile at my zeal, perhaps, on this occasion; but can it be wondered at that I should wish to trace an ancestor amongst the signers of Magna Charta? . . I do not expect either titles or estate from the recovery of the genealogical table, were there any probability of obtaining it. Yet, if I was in possession of it, *money should not purchase it from me*."—vol. ii. pp. 180–182.

We are sorry to blight any hopes which the editor may have of the *earldom of Winchester*, but we can venture to assure him that the Earl of Winchester of 1321 did not, as his grandmother "*rather thought*," leave any male issue, and that the good lady was also egregiously mistaken in imagining that an *earl's coronet* is a *crest* for which an *animal* might by any possible accident have been substituted. All this is very ridiculous; but the chief ridicule is to find this republican matron—this philosophic PORTIA—railing at and disparaging the British nobility in the very same letter in which she indulges herself in these empty visions of aristocratical vanity. How could

the editor persuade himself that he did any honour to his grandmother's memory by publishing such inconsistent absurdities?

There is another apparently trivial incident of Mrs. Adams's London life, which is worth noticing as a singular proof of the state of feeling in America as to the negro population: —

"The first piece I saw Mrs. Siddons in was Shakspeare's 'Othello.' She was interesting beyond any actress I had ever seen; but I lost much of the pleasure of the play from the sooty appearance of the Moor. Perhaps it may be early prejudice; but I could not separate the African colour from the man, nor prevent *that disgust and horror which filled my mind every time I saw him touch the gentle Desdemona*; nor did I wonder that Brabantio thought some love-potion or some witchcraft had been practised to make his daughter fall in love with what she scarcely dared to look upon."—vol. ii. p. 125.

We were well aware of, and have heretofore observed upon, this antipathy and its powerful operation in America, but we were not prepared to find it crossing the Atlantic—extending itself to the imaginary beings of a drama in Drury Lane, and resisting with "*disgust and horror*" the combined influence of Kemble, Siddons, and Shakspeare. It would have been in vain, we suppose, to have told Mrs. Adams that Othello was not a *negro* but a *Moor*—the early "*prejudice*" would not have been conquered. The strength of this feeling has surprised us the more in Mrs. Adams, for, to her honour be it stated, she was one of the earliest enemies of negro slavery. In September, 1774, many years before the voices of Clarkson or Wilberforce were heard, we find her addressing to her husband the following just and energetic observation on the gross inconsistency of preaching liberty and practising slavery:—

"I wish most sincerely there was not a slave in the province; it always appeared a most iniquitous scheme to me to fight ourselves for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this subject."—vol. i. p. 24.

Here we close our extracts. The few letters written after her return to America and during the vice-presidency and presidency of her husband which the prudence of the editor has allowed him to publish, are very insignificant, running chiefly on the discomfort of the official houses assigned to them—the inconvenience of a residence at Washington, and the inadequacy of the salaries to the due maintenance of those dignities. It is no affair of ours to pass any judgment on such details, but it seems inconsistent with the dignity or well-understood interests of a great nation to starve its chief magistrate, as they seem to do in America. General Washington had a private property, which enabled him to fill his office with decency, and to retire from it with comfort; but all his successors, if we are not misinformed, were, even during their administration, pinched to maintain the decencies of their station, and have relapsed into a private life of narrow circumstances. We gather from these volumes that the prudent economy of Mrs. Adams preserved her husband from the almost poverty into which some of his successors, after a long public service, have been ungratefully and unwisely permitted to fall.

We have heard that General Jackson is almost in want—if it be true it is honourable to him, but disgraceful to his country, and the first act of American policy and justice ought to be to secure *to him*, as well as to all future retiring presidents, a competent, nay a liberal, provision for their latter days. Even if the economical policy of the republic should refuse any retiring allowance to its other servants, the President should be an exception. The country who has raised an individual to so eminent a station should surely, for its own sake even more than his, guard his old age from the inconvenience and humiliation of poverty.

It is remarkable that Mr. Adams, and his son John Quincy Adams, chosen president in 1825, should have been—till the recent instance of Mr. Van Buren—the only persons who were not re-elected to that office for a second period; but we must say, of the elder Adams at least, that the causes of his loss of popular favour appear to us at least as honourable to him as his re-election would have been. In truth, we look on this power of *re-election* as the greatest of the many defects in the present constitution of the United States: it aggravates in a peculiar way the inherent disadvantages of a popular election, by biassing the President, during the first term, towards such measures as may insure his own re-election, to the neglect or postponement of the public interests. It is not till the second term that he can be considered as a free agent and independent authority, and even then he must be embarrassed by the pledges previously incurred. The late short-lived President, General Hamilton, had, we believe, declared his resolution not to accept of re-election, and we have little doubt that his opinion and example would have led to a permanent adoption of that reasonable principle; which, combined with some extension of the period—as from four to five or six years—would, we think, have a most beneficial influence not only on the councils of the President, but on the temper and character of the electoral body itself, and would tend to give more consistent views, a more dignified position, and more independent action, to the general government.

Mrs. Adams lived to hail the nomination of her son as Secretary of State, but she was not granted the gratification of seeing him chosen to the Presidency. She died in October 1818, much beloved and honoured, we are told, for her private virtues, and with a reputation in her own circle for general cleverness, and particularly as a letter-writer, which this publication will not, we think, extend nor even confirm.

---

## NAMES IN YORKSHIRE.

"Family genealogies are kept by the enumeration of the given, or, as they are called, the Christian, names of the ancestors. 'Jack o' Dick o' Bob, top o' t' hill:' that is, Jack is the son of Dick, and grandson of Bob, who resides on the top of the hill. Surnames are little used in the districts where this registration serves. 'Olive o' Susan's o' Mary's o' Bill's o' Matthew's o' th' Mount: she wed Robert o' Bob's, at Foster Clough, Far Lane Ends, near Midgley."

*Hamilton's Nugæ Literariæ.*

From the Athenæum.

*Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians.* By George Catlin. In 2 vols., with 400 illustrations: Vol. I. Published by the Author, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Mr. Catlin must be known personally, or by name and fame, to most of our readers. It is now nearly three years (No. 609) since an American correspondent first awakened our curiosity respecting this enterprising artist and traveller; two years (No. 640) since we visited his Indian Gallery. The public have since fully confirmed the judgment we then pronounced on it, as the most interesting Exhibition which, in our recollection, had been opened in London. The publication of the work before us will, therefore, be most acceptable—to those who have seen the Exhibition, as serving to refresh their memories—to those who have not, as helping to explain that of which they have heard so much—to all, as a pleasant narrative of adventure, and a circumstantial and detailed history of the manners and customs of an interesting people, whose fate is sealed—whose days are numbered—whose extinction is certain. The work is not, of course, to be examined critically. An artist who has spent years some thousands of miles beyond the limits of civilized life; who has dragged his weary way through the trackless wilderness, floated for days together down unknown rivers, and this often at the hazard of his life, with his pencil in one hand and his rifle in the other, is not to be questioned about minor matters. A man so situated could have had but little leisure to write at all, even to record passing events and observation,—little time even to think; and yet there is no trace of the vague, faint, bodiless forms which usually characterize scenes when described from memory—the strangeness of all surrounding nature appears to have impressed itself deeply on memory—and no wonder, for it was strange enough, as Mr. Catlin briefly but graphically represents it, "a vast country of green fields, where the *men* are all *red*—where *meat* is the staff of life—where no *laws*, but those of *honour*, are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton-wood and peccan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain-sheep, and the fleet-bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering parroquettes supply the place of the red-breast and the blue-bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns!—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in looks. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords; where the *sun* and *rats* alone (of all the list of old acquaintance,) could be recognized in this country of strange metamorphose." The reader will feel, as we have, that something of interest arises from the very absence of all art in this narrative.

The value of the collection gathered by Mr. Catlin is greatly enhanced by the admitted fact, that the race of red men is fast perishing, and must soon be extinct. It is but a few hundred years since white men first set foot in their country, and when their numbers exceeded, it is believed, sixteen millions: when, as Mr. Catlin expresses it, "sixteen millions sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for his goodness and protection:" happy and contented beings, according to their limited views and capacities, enjoying all the luxuries they knew of, and therefore cared for: and now, of these sixteen millions, not two remain in all that vast continent! and of these the greater part have been degraded and demoralized by their intercourse with white men. It is doubtful, indeed, whether those which yet remain uncontaminated in the far wilderness exceed half a million, and whiskey and white men, and disease and demoralization are already on their trail. Of the Mandans, "the gentle and courteous Mandans," as they were designated even by the traders and trappers, two thousand in number in 1837, when Mr. Catlin visited them, not a single man remains—the race is extinct! The small pox, unknown till their intercourse with white men, broke out among them; only thirty-five escaped its ravages, and these were forthwith butchered by a hostile tribe!

But it is time that we should formally introduce the traveller to our readers. Mr. Catlin is, it appears, a native of Wyoming—"fair Wyoming,"—his parents entered the valley as settlers soon after the "Indian Massacre." The influences of the poet were not unfelt by the boy artist; the picture which the one had drawn of the Oneidee chief first awakened in the other a desire to visit the red men:

"The sad tale of my native 'valley,' (says Mr. Catlin) has been beautifully sung; and from the flight of 'Gertrude's' soul, my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleaded, and admiration worked a charm."

While Mr. Catlin was studying his art at Philadelphia, a delegation of Indians arrived there, arrayed and equipped, as he says, "in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet—with tunic and manteau—tinted and tasselled off exactly for the painter's palette." The early passion was thus again revived, and he resolved to be off to the "Far West," and to become the historian of the red man. The "Far West"—what a vague idea these words convey, even to the Americans. We cannot do Mr. Catlin better service than to give here the dramatic sketch with which he illustrates these words:—

"In the commencement of my Tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo a steamboat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out.—'Where from?'—'From the West.' In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me 'Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth, it is not far enough West.'—In St. Louis, 1,400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the 'West.' I there asked,—Whence come those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?—From the West.—Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?—They

come from Santa Fee, from the West.—Whence goes this steam-boat so richly laden with dry-goods, steam engines, &c.!—She goes to Jefferson city.—Jefferson city!—Where is that!—Far to the West.—And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone!—She goes still farther to the West.—'Then,' said I, 'I'll go to the West.' I went on the Yellow Stone— * * Two thousand miles on her, and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone river—at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West! And those strange looking, long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey. Who are they!—Oh! they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West.—And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods!—These, Sir, are outfits starting for the *West*.—Going to the *West*, ha! 'Then,' said I, 'I'll try it again. I will try and see if I can go to the West.' * * What, a Fort here, too!—Oui, Monsieur—oui, Monsieur (as a dauntless, and *semi-barbarian*-looking, jolly fellow, dashed forth in advance of his party on his wild horse to meet me.) * * Ne parlez vous l'Anglais!—Non, Monsr. I speaks de French and de Americaine; mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais.—Well then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine.—Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks putty coct Americaine.—You live here, I suppose!—Non, Monsieur, I comes fair from de West.—What, from the West! Where under the heavens is that!—Wat, diable! de West! well, you shall see, Monsieur, he is putty fair off, suppose.—Do you see anything of the 'Flatheads' in your country!—Non, Monsieur, ils demeurent very, *very* fair to de West."

But we must proceed more soberly. Perhaps the reader, after this outline map of our long journey, will permit us to clear at a bound some fifteen hundred miles, and embark at once on the Missouri—two thousand miles are yet before us:—

"The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2,000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting-place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling of its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having at all seasons of the year the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it. To give a better definition of its density and opacity, I have tried a number of simple experiments with it at this place, and at other points below, at the results of which I was exceedingly surprised. By placing a piece of silver (and afterwards a piece of shell, which is a much whiter substance) in a tumbler of this water, and looking through the side of the glass, I ascertained that those substances could not be seen through the eighth part of an inch; this, however, is in the spring of the year, when the freshet is upon the river, rendering the water, undoubtedly, much more turbid than it would be at other seasons; though it is always muddy and yellow, and from its boiling and wild character and uncommon colour, a stranger would think, even in its lowest state, that there was a freshet upon it. For the distance of 1,000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyageur. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift wood; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers, on their way up the river. The scene is not, however, all so dreary; there is a redeeming beauty in the green carpeted shores, which hem in this huge and terrible deformity of waters. There is much of the way through, where the mighty forests of stately cotton wood stand, and frown in horrid dark and coolness over the filthy abyss below; into which they are ready to plunge headlong, when the mud and soil in which they were germed and reared has been washed out from underneath them, and is with the rolling current mixed, and on its way to the ocean. The greater part of the shores of this river, however, are without timber, where the eye is delightfully relieved by wandering over the beautiful prairies; most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance, softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. Such is the character of the upper part of the river especially; and as one advances towards its source, and through its upper half, it becomes more pleasing to the eye, for snags and raft are no longer to be seen; yet the current holds its stiff and onward turbid character. It has been, heretofore, very erroneously represented to the world that the scenery on this river was monotonous, and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence is surely incorrect, and that because it has been brought perhaps, by men who are not the best judges in the world of Nature's beautiful works; and if they were, they always pass them by, in pain or desperate distress, in toil and trembling fear for the safety of their furs and peltries, or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country. One thousand miles or more, of the upper part of the river, was, to my eye, like fairy-land; and during our transit through that part of our voyage, I was most of the time riveted to the deck of the boat, indulging my eyes in the boundless and tireless pleasure of roaming over the thousand hills, and bluffs, and dales, and ravines; where the astonished herds of buffaloes, of elk, and antelopes, and sneaking wolves, and mountain-goats were seen bounding up and down and over the green fields; each one and each tribe, band, and gang, taking their own way, and using their own means to the greatest advantage possible, to leave the sight and sound of the puffing of our boat; which was, for the first time, saluting the green wild shores of the Missouri with the din of mighty steam. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2,600 miles,

is one continued prairie; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The summit level of the great prairies stretching off to the west and the east from the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two to three hundred feet above the level of the river; which has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel or valley has been evidently produced by the force of the current, which has gradually excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its débris into the ocean. By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other; which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours imaginable —some with their green sides gracefully sloped down in the most lovely groups to the water's edge, whilst others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colours, which arrest the eye of the traveller, with the most curious views in the world. These strange and picturesque appearances have been produced by the rains and frosts, which are continually changing the dimensions, and varying the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides and carrying them into the river. Amongst these groups may be seen tens and hundreds of thousands of different forms and figures, of the sublime and the picturesque; in many places for miles together, as the boat glides along, there is one continued appearance, before and behind us, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles may be seen,—cupolas, and magnificent porticoes, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay which stand alone—and glistening in distance, as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements (as one is compelled to imagine them,) the sun sends his long and gilding rays, at morn or in the evening; giving life and light, by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these clay-built ruins; shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild country, which no one can realize unless he travels here and looks upon it."

This is a picture in words, hardly less vivid than the artist's more legitimate sketches with his pencil. Even the steam-boat was three months puffing and blowing and tugging and toiling up this river. "If any thing," says Mr. Catlin, "ever did astonish the Indians, it was the steamer:—

"These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2,000 miles, had never before seen or heard of a steam-boat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act; they had no name for it—so it was, like every thing else (with them,) which is mysterious and unaccountable, called *medicine* (mystery.) We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs; whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young —all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures amongst their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Amongst the Mandans, some called it the 'big thunder canoe;' for, when in the distance below the village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it the 'big medicine canoe with eyes;' it was *medicine* (mystery) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, for said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.' They had no idea of the boat being steered by the man at the wheel, and well they might have been astonished at its taking the deepest water."

Mr. Catlin has now arrived at one of the trading forts of the American Fur Company—some three thousand five hundred miles distant from his American home; and yet even here he met with an Englishman who had travelled thousands of mile further, and crossed the broad Atlantic, in search of adventure. Here he was welcomed, of course, and, as he says, to a hospitable table, groaning under the luxuries of the country—"buffalo meat and tongues, beavers' tails, and marrow-fat," but *sans* coffee, *sans* even bread and butter. Provisions, however, sometimes fall short even in this land of plenty, where "catching is having;" and soon after Mr. Catlin's arrival, a party was summoned, not, in European phrase, "to hunt," but "to go for meat." The parties start, carts follow on their trail, the rivers are passed, the bluffs mounted, and before them is a fine herd of four or five hundred buffaloes:—

"Mons. Chardon 'tossed the feather' (a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind,) and we commenced 'stripping' as it is termed (*i. e.* every man strips himself and his horse of every extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c. that might be an incumbrance in running:) hats are laid off, and coats—and bullet pouches; sleeves are rolled up, a handkerchief tied lightly around the head, and another around the waist—cartridges are prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half dozen bullets 'throwed into the mouth,' &c. &c., all of which takes up some ten or fifteen minutes, and is not, in appearance or in effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase,

and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit as their riders themselves. * * * We carefully and silently marched, until within some forty or fifty rods; when the herd, discovering us, wheeled and laid their course in a mass. At this instant we started! (and all must start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,) and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, in a cloud of dust which was raised by their trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for 'meat,' but for a trophy; I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot, as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. * * * I turned my eyes in the direction where the herd had gone, and our companions in pursuit, and nothing could be seen of them, nor indication, except the cloud of dust which they left behind them. At a little distance on the right, however, I beheld my huge victim endeavoring to make as much headway as he possibly could, from this dangerous ground, upon three legs. I galloped off to him, and at my approach he wheeled around—and bristled up for battle; he seemed to know perfectly well that he could not escape from me, and resolved to meet his enemy and death as bravely as possible. I found that my shot had entered him a little too far forward, breaking one of his shoulders, and lodging in his breast, and from his very great weight it was impossible for him to make much advance upon me. As I rode up within a few paces of him, he would bristle up with fury enough in his *looks* alone, almost to annihilate me; and making one lunge at me, would fall upon his neck and nose, so that I found the sagacity of my horse alone enough to keep me out of reach of danger; and I drew from my pocket my sketch-book, laid my gun across my lap, and commenced taking his likeness. He stood stiffened up, and swelling with awful vengeance, which was sublime for a picture, but which he could not vent upon me. I rode around him and sketched him in numerous attitudes; sometimes he would lie down, and I would then sketch him; then throw my cap at him, and rousing him on his legs, rally a new expression, and sketch him again."

A fine subject this, it must be admitted, for an artist, but, as Mr. Catlin soon learned from the laughter of his friend, a fine old bull buffalo is not exactly fitted for human food.

Mr. Catlin now introduces the reader to the Indian tribes, who from time to time visit the Fort, for the purposes of trade. One of the Indian superstitions, of which the reader has most frequently heard, is the Medicine Bag. "Medicine," says Mr. Catlin, "in common parlance among the Indians, means mystery and nothing more:—

"The 'medicine-bag' then, is a mystery-bag; and its meaning and importance necessary to be understood, as it may be said to be the key of Indian life and Indian character. These bags are constructed of the skins of animals, of birds, or of reptiles, and ornamented and preserved in a thousand different ways, as suits the taste or freak of the person who constructs them. These skins are generally attached to some part of the clothing of the Indian, or carried in his hand. * * * Every Indian in his primitive state, carries his medicine-bag in some form or other, to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for safety and protection through life—and in fact it might almost be called a species of idolatry; for it would seem in some instances, as if he actually worshipped it. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed to a man's medicine; and days, and even weeks, of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered, to appease his medicine, which he imagines he has in some way offended. * * * The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this: a boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or 'forming his medicine,' when he wanders away from his father's lodge, and absents himself for the space of two or three, and sometimes even four or five days; lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird or reptile, of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps,) he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father's lodge, and relates his success; and after allaying his thirst, and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire, and ornaments it according to his own fancy, and carries it with him through life, for 'good luck' (as he calls it;) as his strength in battle—and in death his guardian *Spirit*, that is buried with him; and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting grounds, which he contemplates in the world to come. The value of the medicine-bag to the Indian is beyond all price; for to sell it, or give it away, would subject him to such signal disgrace in his tribe, that he could never rise above it; and again, his superstition would stand in the way of any such disposition of it, for he considers it the gift of the Great Spirit. An Indian carries his *medicine-bag* into battle, and trusts to it for his protection; and if he loses it thus, when fighting ever so bravely for his country, he suffers a disgrace scarcely less than that which occurs in case he sells or gives it away; his enemy carries it off and displays it to his own people as a trophy; whilst the loser is cut short of the respect that is due to other young men of his tribe, and for ever subjected to the degrading epithet of 'a man without medicine,' or 'he who has lost his medicine;' until he can replace it again, which can only be done by rushing into battle and plundering one from an enemy whom he slays with his own hand."

This superstition, it will be observed, tends very

strongly to make heroes after the savage model; which, by-the-bye, is the model common to all the world, for in civilized as in savage life, all heroes must be fighting men. Every savage is thus, as it were, intrusted with a sacred standard, which he cannot lose without dishonour, and must recover at any possible hazard.

The manner in which an encampment of Indians strike their tents and transport them, is singular:—

"Whilst ascending the river to this place, I saw an encampment of Sioux, consisting of six hundred of these lodges, struck, and all things packed and on the move in a very few minutes. The chief sends his runners or criers (for such all chiefs keep in their employment) through the village, a few hours before they are to start; announcing his determination to move, and the hour fixed upon, and the necessary preparations are in the mean time making; and at the time announced, the lodge of the chief is seen flapping in the wind, a part of the poles having been taken out from under it; this is the signal, and in one minute, six hundred of them (on a level and beautiful prairie,) which before had been strained tight and fixed, were seen waving and flapping in the wind, and in one minute more all were flat upon the ground. Their horses and dogs, of which they had a vast number, had all been secured upon the spot in readiness; and each one was speedily loaded with the burthen allotted to it, and ready to fall into the grand procession. For this strange cavalcade, preparation is made in the following manner: the poles of a lodge are divided into two bunches, and the little ends of each bunch fastened upon the shoulders or withers of a horse, leaving the butt ends to drag behind on the ground on either side; just behind the horse, a brace or pole is tied across, which keeps the poles in their respective places; and then upon that and the poles behind the horse, is placed the lodge or tent, which is rolled up, and also numerous other articles of household and domestic furniture, and on the top of all, two, three, and even (sometimes) four women and children! Each one of these horses has a conductress, who sometimes walks before and leads him, with a tremendous pack upon her own back; and at others she sits astride of his back, with a child, perhaps, at her breast, and another astride of the horse's back behind her; clinging to her waist with one arm, while it affectionately embraces a sneaking dog-pup in the other. In this way five or six hundred wigwams, with all their furniture, may be seen drawn out for miles, creeping over the grass-covered plains of this country; and three times that number of men, on good horses, strolling along in front or on the flank, and, in some tribes, in the rear of this heterogeneous caravan; at least five times that number of dogs, which fall into the rank, and follow in the train and company of the women; and every cur of them, who is large enough, and not too cunning to be enslaved, is encumbered with a car or sled (or whatever it may be better called,) on which he patiently drags his load—a part of the household goods and furniture of the lodge to which he belongs. Two poles, about fifteen feet long, are placed upon the dog's shoulder, in the same manner as the lodge poles are attached to the horses, leaving the larger ends to drag upon the ground behind him; on which is placed a bundle or wallet which is allotted to him to carry, and with which he trots off amid the throng of dogs and squaws; faithfully and cheerfully dragging his load till night."

The fashion of long hair prevails among all the tribes of Western Indians; but contrary to European usage, the women cannot, or are not permitted to indulge in this luxury. The Crows are in this way the admiration of all other tribes—the length of the hair of the chief, who received his name and office in consequence, measured ten feet six inches.

Mr. Catlin chanced to be present when the son of the chief of the Assinneboins, Wi-jun-jon (the Pigeon's egg head) arrived on his return from Washington, whither he had accompanied the Indian agent:

"On his way home from St. Louis to this place, a distance of 2000 miles, I travelled with this gentleman, on the steamer Yellow-stone; and saw him step ashore (on a beautiful prairie, where several thousands of his people were encamped,) with a complete suit *en militaire*, a colonel's uniform of blue, presented to him by the President of the United States, with a beaver hat and feather, with epaulettes of gold—with sash and belt, and broadsword; with high-heeled boots—with a keg of whiskey under his arm, and a blue umbrella in his hand. In this plight and metamorphose, he took his position on the bank, amongst his friends—his wife and other relations; not one of whom exhibited, for an half-hour or more, the least symptoms of recognition, although they knew well who was before them. He also gazed upon them—upon his wife and parents, and little children, who were about, as if they were foreign to him, and he had not a feeling or thought to interchange with them. Thus the mutual gazings upon and from this would-be-stranger, lasted for full half an hour; when a gradual, but cold and exceedingly formal recognition began to take place, and an acquaintance ensued, which ultimately and smoothly resolved itself, without the least apparent emotion, into its former state; and the mutual kindred intercourse seemed to flow on exactly where it had been broken off, as if it had been but for a moment, and nothing had transpired in the interim to check or change its character or expression. Such is one of the stoic instances of a custom which belongs to all the North American Indians, forming one of the most striking features in their character; valued, cherished and practised, like many others of their strange notions, for reasons which are difficult to be learned or understood; and which probably will never be justly appreciated by others than themselves. This man, at this time, is creating a wonderful sensation amongst his tribe, who are daily and nightly gathered in gaping and listless crowds around him, whilst he is descanting upon what he has seen in the fashionable world; and which to them is unintelligible and beyond their comprehension; for which I find they are already setting him down as a liar and impostor. * * * * He is in disgrace, and spurned by the leading men of the tribe, and rather to be pitied than envied, for the advantages which one might have supposed would have flown from his fashionable tour."

So much for foreign travel and superior knowledge! In his after wanderings Mr. Catlin again met with this tribe, and there, in the midst of a listening group, was Wi-jun-jon, still discoursing, without any apparent exhaustion, on the manners and cus-

toms of the "pale-faces," and the marvellous things he had seen at Washington. His grand military costume, however was by this time terribly tattered: as nobody could understand the use of the skirts of his coat, his wife had prudentially cut them off to make herself a pair of leggins, and for like reasons, the silver band round his hat she had converted into a pair of garters. Wi-jun-jon, however, retained his umbrella, for nobody could either understand the use of it, or devise a use to which it might be put, and the owner therefore still strutted about with it, open on all occasions, whether wet or dry. This poor fellow, like all who have presumed to know more than the people amongst whom their fortunes have been cast, or the age in which they chanced to be born, was first wondered at, then despised, then persecuted, and at length formally condemned as an inveterate liar, and put to death.

The grandeur of the scenery about the Clay Bluffs it is impossible for words to describe—and we must therefore leave Mr. Catlin's pen-and-ink descriptions to be helped out with the pencil. The villages, as they are called, of the prairie dog, have been described by Washington Irving. We shall therefore proceed, and join company with the Mandans, "the first created people," according to their traditions, but now extinct; a people whom Mr. Catlin thinks, from some peculiarities, may have been the descendants of the famous Welsh colony which migrated somewhere, some centuries before America was known, out of the principality. He has, however, reserved his evidence and his speculations for the second volume, and we can wait for them with becoming patience. With this tribe Mr. Catlin resided for some time, and became intimately acquainted; and he has described in great detail their manners, customs, ceremonies, and peculiarities; we, however, must be content with a few general words:—

"Their village has a most novel appearance to the eye of a stranger; their lodges are closely grouped together, leaving but just room enough for walking and riding between them; and appear from without, to be built entirely of dirt; but one is surprised when he enters them, to see the neatness, comfort, and spacious dimensions of these earth-covered dwellings. They all have a circular form, and are from forty to sixty feet in diameter."

They are, in brief, built of timber, roofed with logs, and covered all over two or three feet thick with earth,—

"Which with long use becomes quite hard, and a lounging place for the whole family in pleasant weather—for sage—for wooing lovers—for dogs and all; an airing place—a look-out—a place for gossip and mirth—a seat for the solitary gaze and meditations of the stern warrior, who sits and contemplates the peaceful mirth and happiness that is breathed beneath him, fruits of his hard-fought battles on fields of desperate combat with bristling Red Men. * * These cabins are so spacious, that they hold from twenty to forty persons—a family and all their connexions. They all sleep on bedsteads similar in form to ours, but generally not quite so high; made of round poles rudely lashed together with thongs. A buffalo skin, fresh stripped from the animal, is stretched across the bottom poles, and about two feet from the floor; which, when it dries, becomes much contracted, and forms a perfect sacking-bottom. The fur side of this skin is placed uppermost, on which they lie with great comfort, with a buffalo-robe folded up for a pillow, and others drawn over them instead of blankets. These beds, as far as I have seen them (and I have visited almost every lodge in the village,) are uniformly screened with a covering of buffalo or elk skins, oftentimes beautifully dressed and placed over the upright poles or frame, like a suit of curtains; leaving a hole in front, sufficiently spacious for the occupant to pass in and out, to and from his or her bed. * * * In the centre is a large post, fixed quite firm in the ground, and six or seven feet high, with large wooden pegs or bolts in it, on which are hung and grouped, with a wild and startling taste, the arms and armour of the respective proprietor; consisting of his whitened shield, embossed and emblazoned with the figure of his protecting *medicine* (or mystery,) his bow and quiver, his war-club or battle-axe, his dart or javelin—his tobacco pouch and pipe—his medicine-bag—and his eagle, ermine, or raven headdress; and over all, and on the top of the post (as if placed by some conjuror or Indian magician, to guard and protect the spell of wildness that reigns in this strange place,) stands forth and in full relief the head and horns of a buffalo, which is, by a village regulation, owned and possessed by every man in the nation, and hung at the head of his bed, which he uses as a mask when called upon by the chiefs to join in the buffalo-dance, of which I shall say more in a future epistle. This arrangement of beds, of arms, &c., combining the most vivid display and arrangement of colours, of furs, of trinkets—of barbed and glistening points and steel—of mysteries and hocus pocus, together with the sombre and smoked colour of the roof and sides of the lodge; and the wild, and rude and red—the graceful (though uncivil) conversational, garrulous, story-telling and happy, though ignorant and untutored groups, that are smoking their pipes, wooing their sweethearts, and embracing their little ones about their peaceful and endeared fire-sides; together with their pots and kettles, spoons, and other culinary articles of their own manufacture, around them; present altogether, one of the most picturesque scenes to the eye of a stranger that can be possibly seen; and far more wild and vivid than could ever be imagined."

Mr. Catlin observes, and truly, that great misapprehension prevails as to the character of the Indians; and no wonder—

"An Indian is a beggar in Washington City, and a white man is almost equally so in the Mandan village. An Indian in Washington is mute, is dumb and embarrassed; and so is a white man (and for the very same reasons) in this place—he has nobody to talk to. A wild Indian, to reach the civilized world, must needs travel some thousands of miles in vehicles of conveyance, to which he is unaccustomed—through latitudes and longitudes which are new to him—living on food that he is unused to—stared and gazed at by the thousands and tens of thousands whom he cannot talk to—his heart grieving and his body sickening at the exhibition of white men's wealth and luxuries, which are enjoyed on the land, and over the bones of his ancestors. And at the end of his journey he stands (like a caged

animal) to be scanned—to be criticized—to be pitied—and heralded to the world as a mute—as a brute, and a beggar. A white man, to reach this village, must travel by steam-boat—by canoes—on horseback and on foot; swim rivers—wade quagmires—fight mosquitoes—patch his moccassins, and patch them again, and his breeches; live on meat alone—sleep on the ground the whole way, and think and dream of his friends he has left behind; and when he gets here, half-starved and half-naked, and more than half sick, he finds himself a beggar for a place to sleep, and for something to eat; a mute amongst thousands who flock about him, to look and to criticize, and to laugh at him for his jaded appearance, and to speak of him as they do of all white men (without distinction) as liars. These people are in the habit of seeing no white men in their country but traders, and know of no other; deeming us all alike, and receiving us all under the presumption that we come to trade or barter; applying to us indiscriminately, the epithet of 'liars' or traders."

But small-talk, gossip, garrulity and story-telling are, he says, especially characteristic of the Indians—and he gives us a pleasant sketch of Indian life as it appeared in the Mandan village, where he was residing:—

"One has but to walk or ride about this little town and its environs for a few hours in a pleasant day, and overlook the numerous games and gambols, where their notes and yelps of exultation are unceasingly vibrating in the atmosphere; or peep into their wigwams (and watch the glistening fun that's beaming from the noses, cheeks, and chins, of the crouching, cross-legged, and prostrate groups around the fire; where the pipe is passed, and jokes and anecdote and laughter are excessive) to become convinced that it is natural to laugh and be merry. Indeed it would be strange if a race of people like these, who have little else to do or relish in life, should be curtailed in that source of pleasure and amusement; and it would also be strange, if a lifetime of indulgence and practice in so innocent and productive a mode of amusement, free from the cares and anxieties of business or professions, should not advance them in their modes, and enable them to draw far greater pleasure from such sources, than we in the civilized and business world can possibly feel. If the uncultivated condition of their minds curtails the number of their enjoyments; yet they are free from, and independent of, a thousand cares and jealousies, which arise from mercenary motives in the civilized world; and are yet far ahead of us (in my opinion) in the real and uninterrupted enjoyment of their simple natural faculties. They live in a country and communities, where it is not customary to look forward into the future with concern, for they live without incurring the expenses of life, which are absolutely neccessary and unavoidable in the enlightened world; and of course their inclinations and faculties are solely directed to the enjoyment of the present day, without the sober reflection of the past or apprehensions of the future. With minds thus unexpanded and uninfluenced by the thousand passions and ambitions of civilized life, it is easy and natural to concentrate their thoughts and their conversation upon the little and trifling occurrences of their lives. They are fond of fun and good cheer, and can laugh easily and heartily at a slight joke, of which their peculiar modes of life furnish them an inexhaustible fund, and enable them to cheer their little circle about the wigwam fire-side with endless laughter and garrulity. * * *

"The Mandans are certainly a very interesting and pleasing people in their personal appearance and manners; differing in many respects, both in looks and customs, from all other tribes which I have seen. They are not a warlike people; for they seldom, if ever, carry war into their enemies' country; but when invaded, show their valour and courage to be equal to that of any people on earth. Being a small tribe, and unable to contend on the wide prairies with the Sioux and other roaming tribes, who are ten times more numerous; they have very judiciously located themselves in a permanent village, which is strongly fortified, and ensures their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in the arts of manufacture; have supplied their lodges more abundantly with the comforts and even luxuries of life, than any Indian nation I know of. The consequence of this is, that this tribe have taken many steps ahead of the other tribes in manners and refinements (if I may be allowed to apply the word refinement to Indian life;) and are therefore familiarly (and correctly) denominated by the traders and others, who have been amongst them, 'the polite and friendly Mandans.'"

With the fearful tortures voluntarily undergone, which mark the religious ceremonies of this tribe, we shall not concern ourselves. Portrait painting, with its influences, is a pleasanter picture to dwell on:

"Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operation of my *brush*. The art of portrait painting was a subject entirely new to them, and of course, unthought of; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of *medicine* or mystery. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence (a custom amongst most tribes, when any thing surprises them very much;) looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colours with which these unaccountable effects had been produced. They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip; with head and eyes inclined downwards, and in a tone a little above a whisper—pronounced the words 'te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee!' and walked off. That moment conferred an honour on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of hocus pocus. I was recognized in that short sentence as a 'great *medicine white man*;' and since that time,

have been regularly installed *medicine* or mystery, which is the most honourable degree that could be conferred upon me here; and I now hold a place amongst the most eminent and envied personages, the doctors and conjurati of this titled community. * * * After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two (according to an universal custom,) they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. An hour or more passed in this way, and the soft and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung, and piled about my wigwam like a swarm of bees hanging on the front and sides of their hive. During this time, not a man made his appearance about the premises—after a while, however, they could be seen, folded in their robes, gradually *siding* up towards the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed at once that curiosity was leading them reluctantly, where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general, and the chiefs and medicine men took possession of my room, placing *soldiers* (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one, but such as were allowed by the chiefs, to come in. Monsr. Kipp (the agent of the Fur Company, who has lived here eight years, and to whom, for his politeness and hospitality, I am much indebted,) at this time took a seat with the chiefs, and, speaking their language fluently, he explained to them my views and the objects for which I was painting these portraits; and also expounded to them the manner in which they were made,—at which they seemed to be all very much pleased. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognize their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognized, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams. * * * * The squaws generally agreed, that they had discovered life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture, and they could see it move, could see it stir. This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community; and they commenced a mournful and doleful chaunt against me, crying and weeping bitterly, through the village, proclaiming me a most 'dangerous man; one who could make living persons by looking at them; and at the same time, could, as a matter of course, destroy life in the same way, if I chose. That my medicine was dangerous to their lives, and that I must leave the village immediately. That bad luck would happen to those whom I painted—that I was to take part of the existence of those whom I painted, and carry it home with me amongst the white people, and that when they died they would never sleep quiet in their graves.' "

In this way the women and the old quack medicine men (one would really suppose we were describing matters which concerned us much more nearly,) contrived to raise alarm and opposition; and at length a council was called to take the subject into consideration. Mr. Catlin attended; his explanations were held to be satisfactory, and he was forthwith installed as a medicine:—

"I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the *medicine-men*, who received me upon the old adage, 'Similis simili gaudet.' I was invited to a feast, and they presented me a *she-shee-quoi*, or a doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand, or a doctor's staff, strung with claws of the grizzly bear, with hoofs of the antelope—with ermine—with wild sage and bat's wings—and perfumed withal with the *choice* and *savoury* odour of the pole-cat—a dog was sacrificed and hung by the legs over my wigwam, and I was therefore and thereby initiated into (and countenanced in the practice of) the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a Fellow of the Extraordinary Society of *Conjurati*.' "

We have already so far exceeded our usual bounds, that we must pause for a week at least.

---

## PROTESTANT SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This society, of recent origin, has lately had the high honour conferred on them of the patronage of the Queen Dowager, who has kindly consented to become a subscriber and to allow her name to appear as patroness of the institution, which is now supported by a great number of ladies and gentlemen of distinction. The present station of the society is in Raven-row, Mile-end, where a home is provided for the sisters when unemployed as nurses, after they have passed through a probationary course at the public hospitals, and their moral and religious character approved of by a committee of ladies. The objects of this society are to provide experienced nurses for the sick of trustworthy reputation; and, when unengaged by those who can pay for their services, they are engaged in visiting the sick poor in their neighbourhood, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Champneys, the Rector of Whitechapel. They are engaged by the society for a term of three or five years, and are paid weekly, whether employed or not, as well as provided with suitable clothing. It is intended to erect a building for them to retire to in their old age, when no longer able to perform the arduous duties of their profession, where they are to be supported at the expense of the society.—*Britannia.*

From the Athenæum.

## SIR DAVID WILKIE.

It was but the other day that we rejoiced in the departure of this great painter for the East, and saw in fancy a series of delightful pictures, in which the Eastern costume and character were brightly stamped. Letters arrived both from Turkey and Palestine, wherein he expressed his delight in the strange lands and nations he was visiting; nor were his communications without their devout sympathy with the hills and vales which, when a boy, he had seen by the light of Scripture. His pleasure when, on entering the harbour of St. Jean d'Acre, he saw the hills of the Holy Land, he described as amounting to rapture.

It has for some time been reported in the newspapers that Sir David was ill, yet he could scarcely be called ailing, either during his voyage to Egypt, or his residence there, where he painted the portrait of Mehemet Ali, and made numberless sketches; indeed, so far as we can learn, his health did not appear to have suffered till he reached Malta, where, oppressed it is said by the heat, he ate freely of fruit, and drank some iced lemonade. According to the published accounts, on the 31st of May, the *Oriental* steamer, on board of which Sir David and his friend Mr. Woodburne were passengers, entered Gibraltar Bay, and received her despatches.—"Shortly after she had got under weigh, 6 o'clock A. M., Mr. Woodburne went into Sir David Wilkie's berth to request he would come up and breakfast with the company; he replied that he should like to see the doctor. Mr. Gattie, a medical gentleman, then came to him, and soon returned to Mr. Woodburne, with an assurance that his friend was in a very dangerous state. Mr. Woodburne, being greatly alarmed, asked Dr. Brown (who was with Sir James Carnac) to consult Mr. Gattie as to what could be done to save his friend; and the two medical gentlemen made every exertion, and applied all the usual remedies within their reach, without avail. Sir David kept gradually sinking, but did not appear to experience any bodily suffering, and became unconscious about half-past 7, and at 8 o'clock he ceased to breathe, his friends and the physicians being with him all the time. The passengers assembled to consult what was to be done, and they requested the captain to return and land the body at Gibraltar. He did return, but the orders of the Governor are so strict, that the remains could not be allowed to come on shore, and therefore the last sad office of committing his body to the deep was performed in the most solemn and impressive manner, as the *Oriental* stood out of the bay on her way to England."

Sir David Wilkie was the son of the Rev. David Wilkie, the minister of Cults, near Cupar, in Fife, and the author of a work entitled 'Theory of Interest, Simple and Compound, derived from First Principles and applied to Annuities of all Descriptions.' David was, we believe, one of four children, and was born in the manse, or minister's house, celebrated in former times for the retreat there of the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe. Sir David always spoke of his father with the highest filial affection, and when his name was before the world and some of its money in his pocket, he erected a monument to his memory, from the hand of his friend Sir Francis Chantrey.

How or when Wilkie first evinced a love for art, we have never heard; it is likely that few now remember, and that he himself never thought it worth telling. A story, however, of his love for character when very young has been told before in this paper (*Athenæum*, No. 166,) and we cannot do better than reprint it here:—"We happened, some time ago, to be living near Canterbury," says an old and well-known writer, "when we were accosted by a north-country peasant, or wandering gardener, from the county of Fife, who took a paper from his pocket-book and desired us to read it. This was a certificate of character, written by the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of Cults, in Fife, setting forth that the bearer was sober and so forth. 'I have heard,' said the Scot, 'that the minister has a son in London, who is grown a great man. I wonder which of his sons it can be.'—'It is David,' we answered, 'and a far-famed man he is.'—'David!' he exclaimed, 'what, wee curly-headed David?—wha would have thought that now! And what is he great for, can ye tell me?'—'For painting,' we replied.—'Painting!' the man of Fife turned up his eyes: 'painting! now that brings to my mind that he used to draw the heads of the boys in the school, and me among the rest—and when he saw a boy mounting the furm for no saying his psalm, he just gloried—I maun see him some of these days.'" His first models Wilkie rewarded with a tune on his fiddle, such as 'Clean pea strae' or 'Maggie Lauder;' his London models were not so cheaply remunerated for their time.

In his fifteenth year (1800) his love for art and his skill with the pencil was such that his father and his friends thought that both merited cultivation; and young Wilkie was sent to Edinburgh, where he was regularly entered a student of the Trustees Academy, then under the direction of Mr. John Graham. This Academy had been originally instituted for the encouragement of design in manufactures, but Graham, in extending its uses to the advance of the Fine Arts, was intrusted with the power of naming subjects for competition and distributing prizes. For one of these prizes, the subject was a scene in 'Macbeth,' and Wilkie obtained the second prize; the first was awarded to an individual of the name of Thomson. Of Graham's general kindness, Wilkie always entertained a grateful remembrance, and gratitude extended itself to a predilection for a few of his works; and an engraving, from a picture by his first master, was one of the ornaments of the pupil's house at Kensington. Here Wilkie had for his fellow-students William Allan, the present Academician and successful follower in his footsteps, and John Burnet, whose engravings, after Wilkie, have done so much to increase the reputations of both.

At this early spring-time of life, Wilkie had given some promise of his after excellencies. One of his first pictures was an 'Inside of a Public House,' and another called 'Pitlassie Fair.' It was at Pitlassie that he saw his Blind Fiddler led from booth to booth, and there he gained the leading features of that inimitable picture. "Both," said Graham, are in the style of Ostade, with great breadth, great character, and great expression." Wilkie at this time had never seen an Ostade. One of his early works was for many years a public sign in the town of Cupar,—it has now found a more honourable and less perishable station.

Two years at the Trustees Academy was then the usual period of study, but Wilkie stayed there two years longer (as did Burnet and others,) and in 1804 came to London with the ambition and the talents of an artist. He was for some time here unknown and unencouraged, but still toiling away at his art with all the confidence of true genius and the certainty of success. His first pictures found no very profitable market, through a common enough exhibition,—a place in a frame-maker's window at Charing-Cross. He had left a few of his works, without his name or address, to be sold at stated prices for ready money. A week after Wilkie called, to see how Fortune had favoured him, and found that his works, with their merit and low prices, had met with an immediate sale.

His first picture exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy was his 'Village Politicians,' in 1806, when little more than one-and-twenty. This was an order from Lord Mansfield, who named no sum, and hesitated at the price when the picture was produced, as too great for a young and unknown artist. But this was previous to its exhibition, and it was not before public admiration had named five times the amount as its value, that his Lordship paid the purchase-money or was reconciled to his bargain. Never was such a second picture sent to the Academy Exhibition as Wilkie sent in 1807, for in that year his 'Blind Fiddler' was exhibited on the walls of Somerset House. Hundreds then crowded around it, and thousands have since seen it with untiring admiration. It is now in the National Gallery, and was Wilkie's execution of an order from the late Sir George Beaumont of a picture to the value of *fifty pounds!* Would it not sell for a thousand now? Wilkie's first lodging in London was at 11, Norton Street, Oxford Street; when he painted the 'Blind Fiddler' his address was 10, Sol's Row, Hampstead. He thence removed to Kensington, and never left that neighbourhood.

In 1808 he exhibited his 'Card Players;' for a good picture, *an early Wilkie* is not produced without great thought and great labour, and the artist knew that he must first learn to do well whatsoever he desired to do with ease. He soon however mastered freedom of touch and finish, for in 1809, he exhibited his 'Cut Finger' and his 'Rent Day.' The latter was bought by Lord Mulgrave for 300 guineas, and offered for sale at Christie's some ten years back, but bought in. The colours had faded greatly, but the character and expression were there even beyond what Raimbach has reached in his excellent engraving. Wilkie's portrait, by Beechy, was one of the attractions of the same Exhibition.

In November, 1809, he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and, seemingly content with his first honour, had no picture in the Exhibition of the following May. In February, 1811, he was made an Academician and an Esquire: the presentation picture was his 'Boys digging for Rats.' In the same year he exhibited 'A Gamekeeper' (now at Coleorton,) and 'A Humorous Scene.' His pencil was never idle, and in 1812 he had on the walls of Somerset House 'The Village Festival,' and a sketch of his 'Blindman's Buff.' The 'Festival' was sold to Mr. Angerstein for 900 guineas, and is now in the National Gallery. These were followed in 1813 by 'Blindman's Buff' (in the Royal Collection,) and in 1814 by 'The Letter of Introduction,' and 'Duncan Gray,' or 'The Refusal.' For 'The Letter of Introduction' Wilkie received from Mr. Dobree of Walthamstow 200 guineas, and his 'Duncan Gray,' at Lord Charles Townshend's sale, passed, at the price of £450, into the collection of Mr. Sheepshanks.

In 1815 he exhibited his 'Distraining for Rent.' The history of this picture is curious: it was bought by the Governors of the British Institution for 600 guineas, sold to Raimbach for engraving for the same sum, and, when engraved, was brought from Raimbach by Mr. Wells of Redleaf for 700 guineas. In 1816 he exhibited his 'Rabbit on the Wall,' in 1817 'The Breakfast,' in 1818 'The Errand Boy,' and 'The Abbotsford Family,' now at Huntly-Burn. No picture was allowed to remain on his hands, and he had orders faster than he could execute them. 'The Penny Wedding,' exhibited in 1819, was a commission from the Prince Regent, and 'The Reading of the Will,' of the following year, a commission to the amount of 450 guineas from the King of Bavaria. But one year had occurred as yet without a *Wilkie* in the annual Exhibition. In 1821 he exhibited 'Guess my Name' and 'Newsmongers,' and in 1822 his 'Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo,' painted for the Duke of Wellington at the cost of £1,200, by far the largest sum that he had then received. These were followed in 1823 by his 'Parish Beadle,' in 1824 by his 'Smugglers offering run goods for sale or concealment,' and his scene from 'The Gentle Shepherd,' called in the catalogue 'The Cottage Toilet,' and in 1825 by 'The Highland Family.'

To all lovers of art, and all the frequenters of the great London Exhibition, the years 1826, 1827, and 1828 were sadly wanting in pictures, for there was nothing there from Wilkie's hand. These were the years of his memorable visit to Rome and Madrid, that wrought such changes in his style, and in the selection of his subjects. Italy had been a beaten ground for painters of all grades of merit, and Wilkie thought it advisable to take to a new field, and find in Spanish subjects a picturesque novelty that would attract and command attention. Nor was he wrong,—he returned laden with sketches, and several pictures all but complete; among the latter were 'The Spanish Posada,' 'The Maid of Saragossa,' 'The Guerilla's Departure,' and 'The Guerilla's Return;' the four pictures that George IV. made his on the unpacking of the painter's foreign labours.

On the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie, then busy with his portrait of George IV. in his Highland dress, and his royal patron's reception at Holyrood, was appointed to succeed Sir Thomas in the office of principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty. There was something of Spain in all that he now did, and his portraits (for he took to portraiture on his return,) had a dash of his favourite Velasquez about them all. Among the best of his portraits we would instance his 'Lady Lyndhurst' (at the Duke of Wellington's,) for its colour and treatment, not for its likeness, and the 'Duke of Sussex' as Earl of Inverness (exhibited in 1833,) for its general breadth, and as a portrait which Vandyke would have admired.

With all his passion for portrait-painting, or rather, perhaps, its profits, which he now manifested, he did not neglect the higher branch of his art, and his 'John Knox preaching' was of a more elevated class

of picture than he had before attempted. The Knox was exhibited in 1832, and purchased by Sir Robert Peel for £1,500. To carry on, however, the stream of his works, he exhibited, in 1833, his 'Spanish Monks,' a scene witnessed in a Capuchin convent at Toledo; in 1834 his 'Not at Home,' and his 'Spanish Mother and Child;' in 1835 his 'Columbus,' (now at Mr. Holford's, in the Regent's Park—the price 1,100 guineas;) in 1836 (the year in which he was knighted) his 'Peep-o'day-boy's Cabin;' in 1837 his 'Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Lochleven Castle,' 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' and 'The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller;' in 1838 'Queen Victoria's First Council;' in 1839 'Sir David Baird finding the Body of Tippoo Saib,' and 'Grace before Meat;' in 1840 'Benvenuto Cellini and the Pope,' and 'The Irish Whiskey Still;' and in 1841 two portraits, the last that he has lived to send. The Baird was a commission from the hero's widow, to the amount of £1,500. Among his unfinished works was 'Nelson sealing a Letter,' and 'John Knox administering the Sacrament.'

Such are a few of the works of this eminent painter, which require enumeration rather than description, for the gravers of our best artists have been employed to widen the world's intimacy with them. Sir David was but fifty-six when he died. There was time for many a fine picture before he had attained the scriptural three score and ten. "Hogg met him in 1816," says Mr. Lockhart, "with a graceful greeting. He eyed the great painter for a moment in silence, and then, stretching out his hand, said,—'Thank God for it; I did not know that you were so young a man!'" Hogg felt as we all have felt, but did not live to participate in our regrets.

Into all his earlier pictures Wilkie introduced characters such as his native land readily supplied. No strolling fiddler, wandering tinker, or mendicant bagpiper passed him, it is said, while he was but a boy, without a record in the sure sketch-book of his memory. He took sittings, too, of the husbandmen and matrons of the land, and illustrated with them the social manners of Scotland. So wisely had he studied, and so happily had he singled out scenes in sympathy with his own powers and the popular feeling, that his two first pictures may be said to have established his fame. These were followed by a succession of pictures in the same spirit, in which not only all and more than the fine grouping, and life, and social character, of the best Dutch painters appeared, but a purity and moral purpose unknown to that school.

When at the height of his fame, he visited Spain and Italy, and his genius received fresh impulse and a new direction from the great painters of those countries. We have heard him speak with delight which brightened in his eyes of the wonders wrought by Velasquez, by Tintoretto and by Titian. From this time forward his reach was higher and his subjects of a nobler order. His ascent was gradual and regular. His 'Waterloo Gazette' was the earliest intimation which we had of his rise: his 'Knox' was a step into the historic, but his 'Maid of Saragossa' his 'Josephine' and his 'Columbus' was a stride, and a long one. Yet critics were not wanting who regarded each fine proof of the variety of genius as a descent from his first style and his homelier pictures; that he had deviated like Turner from the right path which he was once so far advanced in; and that he had plumed himself for flights for which he had not the reach or strength of wing. This however is certain, that he could never have attained a fame, for that style of painting, greater than his first pictures had procured him.

There is a reason for every thing in Wilkie's pictures; he has no accessory without its propriety. In dramatic skill in telling a story he is only equalled by Hogarth, while in the brightness of expression and variety of his productions, he approaches and sometimes walks side by side with Burns. In mingled humour and seriousness, in open mirth and that tenderness which inclines to tears, they resembled each other, and equally so in that moral feeling which lends such lustre to both poetry and painting. His fine taste came as much from nature as from study: there was thought impressed on all his compositions; and the sentiment of the scene was ever uppermost. He had the finest sense of propriety of any modern painter, and an insight into human nature which he has stamped on all he touched. The Arts have not suffered such a loss since the death of Sir Joshua.

No one ever worked harder for fame than Wilkie. Every large picture that he painted had its fifty subsidiary sketches and studies, for light and shade, for heads and for hands, and all of masterly touch and finish. He had clay-figures for every picture, to shift for light or composition's sake. He had acquired all the secrets of his art, but with all the liberality of genius made no secret of what he knew. An instance of his liberality in teaching others to arrive at his own excellencies before recorded in this paper, (*Athen.* No. 166,) deserves transcription here. "A young man—now a painter of eminence—when the fit of art fell upon him, came to London, resolved to commence painter at once. He had a letter of introduction to a member of the Royal Academy, a distinguished one—he was received with politeness, and was emboldened to request some information concerning the mode of making up a palette and employing colours. 'Young man,' said this person, 'there are mysteries in my art—these are of them, which are not to be told, and must be discovered by long study—I wish you a good morning!' Thus repulsed, said our informant, I resolved to be more wary with Wilkie, to whom I had a letter also—I saw him, was received kindly, and as soon as possible I began to hunt for the information I wanted as ingeniously as I could. Wilkie turned sharply round, and said, 'Oh, you want to know how to prepare your palette, and commence on canvas? had you said so at first, it would have saved going round the bush—come with me.' He took me into his painting room, and would not let me go away, till he saw that I had mastered the difficulty to a certain extent. As we parted he said, smiling, 'Come back, if I can help you further—come back at any rate.'"

From the Spectator.

## STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION OF POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.

This new edition of Pope's Poetry has, we think, been somewhat late in reaching us; but it is never too late to recommend such a collection to any one who has five shillings to lay out in literature. The *universal* genius of Shakspeare, the dramatic form into which he threw his productions, the interest of the story, the intensity of the passion, the popular and practical spirit which for the most part he infuses into the loftiest poetry, and the opportunity a narrative furnishes for instructing mankind in the affairs of life, have given him an attraction with all kinds of readers, whether capable or incapable of appreciating his more refined excellences, which no other author can attempt to rival. But next to Shakspeare we should rank Pope, for the utility of his works, and the practical application we can make of them. In acquired learning, in vigour and sublimity of genius, as well as in elevation of mind and of poetical spirit, Pope must be placed below Milton; and we agree with Johnson in thinking that the balance is in favour of Dryden as regards natural ability and bounding animation of style, though the difference is not great. But the subjects of Milton are too remote, and his thoughts too elevated for the mass of mankind, (although the religious world read his two epics as a kind of duty;) whilst the negligence and consequent inequality of Dryden, together with the temporary nature of most of his subjects, render him unattractive to those who do not bring some critical taste and some acquired knowledge to his perusal. But the untiring industry and attention of Pope, which, as Johnson observes, never allowed an error or fault to pass, or if it escaped his vigilance in a first edition was corrected in a second—his independence, which enabled him always to choose subjects adapted to his genius, and saved him from keeping a "shop of condolence and congratulation"—his happily constituted intellect, where great and in a measure opposite qualities were so nicely balanced, but a keen *sense* and worldly sagacity perhaps predominated—have, all united, given a closeness, weight, and instructiveness to his works, that no other author, at least no other modern author, can approach. Like his prototype Horace, the more we learn and the more we see, the more we appreciate his productions; but the English poet had a fancy, as in the "Rape of the Lock," and a pathos and tenderness, as in the "Eloisa to Abelard," in which the critical, philosophical, and courtier-like Roman was deficient.

The "Standard Library" edition of this great and thoroughly *English* author is complete, and sufficiently illustrated; containing several "Miscellanies" which are sometimes not inserted in his works, including one or two he never finished, but used up their best thoughts in other poems. The only omission we have observed is the fragment addressed to Lady Wortley Montagu—

> "As the struck deer, in some sequestered part,
> Lies down to die"—

It has been usual, however, to print the *originals* of the "Imitations" of Horace and Donne: which are omitted in the present volume, perhaps to save expense.

The edition is also sufficiently illustrated; which in Pope, as in all satirists, is essential to make their satire fully apprehended; and it is necessary even in his moral poems. As Reynolds remarks of Raphael, he copied accurately what he had before him, without taking upon himself to improve nature; and though he selected instances which contained a general truth, the instances themselves were particular. It is true the text alone may be understood, but it is read with greater relish when the personal allusion is known; besides which, we get an insight into the manners of the age, and learn somewhat of its private history. For instance, when the poet adduces as proof of his forbearance, the long silence and patience he had displayed under attacks, we seem to comprehend the couplet,

> "Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
> And write, whate'er he pleas'd, except my will."

The envenomed sting of the exception, however, is lost to those who do not know that Budgell was a conveyancer by profession, and vehemently suspected of fraudulently making Tindal's will in his own favour; at all events, he got the property to the exclusion of Tindal's nephew and heir.

Again, the well-known satire at fashionable religion—

> "To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
> Who never mentions Hell to ears polite"—

though general enough, was derived from fact. A reverend Dean, preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he did not think it decent to name in so polite an assembly." The curious examples in his various moral essays or epistles are almost all drawn from particular individuals—perhaps all, though the anecdote or character may not have survived. The reader, indeed, infers that the text is founded on fact, but the note gratifies him with the certainty, and also with some curious anecdotes. We quote a few instances from the "Epistle on the Use of Riches."

> "P. What riches give us let us then inquire:
> Meat, fire, and clothes.
> B. What more?
> P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
> Is this too little? would you more than live?
> Alas, 'tis more than Turner* finds they give.
> Alas, 'tis more than (all his visions past)
> Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
> What can they give to dying Hopkin's† heirs?

* "One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his conch because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the charitable corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expenses.

† "A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds;* which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, 'They would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it.' But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law."

Again—

"Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor,‡ and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop with a meeker air
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care."

‡ "This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers that it became a Parlimentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers; and three of the managers, who were Members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the Committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, *Damn the poor!* That 'God hates the poor,' and, 'that every man in want is either knave or fool,' &c., were the genuine apophthegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

"Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South Sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *avarice* in great and noble persons; of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732."

As respects the notes illustrative of the text, it will be understood that they have no claim to the merit of original annotations: they tell nothing but what had previously appeared in former editions of the author, and for the most part in those of his own age. We have referred to the notes because some reprints are without any, except in the *Dunciad*, and several do not contain nearly so much commentary as the single volume before us.

---

## THE REBELLION OF '98.

Some forty years ago, when the French, by landing at Killala, had induced the population of Mayo to rise in rebellion, and when, after early success and subsequent defeat, the hopes of the insurgents were altogether extinguished by the defeat and surrender of the French at Ballinamuck—and, after the surrender of Killala to the king's forces, the hour of retribution came down on the poor misguided people, and the curse of martial law, domiciliary visits and free q..arters, wasted all around. There is a village in the Laggan not far from Downpatrick, and the young and able of that community had, in the general rising, gone out—and why should not they, when told by their betters, in whom they entirely trusted, that their country and their religion called them to the field? They had been at the taking of Killala and Ballina, and were active—as all Roman Catholic Mayo was—in defeating General Lake at Castlebar; and now they had come home to reap their corn, and their wives and families had given God thanks that, with but one or two exceptions, all had returned safe, and the wise and prudent had asked what good had been gained by all this *ruxtion*, and the answer still was, "It's well it's no worse." When the hard word came one day, as the whole village population was busy stooking the oats, that the army from Killala was coming, that the terrible Frazer's fencibles were at hand—hard, stern, plundering men, who gave no quarter, of course—the men's consciences told them that, as insurgents, they were amenable to the law, and their fears urged their flight—but where? The red coats were too near to give them time to flee to the mountains, and so they made to the cliffs.

Here, often these young and active men were accustomed to go a-fowling, and along the great precipice of Downpatrick, pluck the young sea bird from the ledges of the rock, rob the sea pigeon's nest, or surprise the young seal in the recesses of Poolnashanthana. In pursuit of these wild sports, their practice was to let themselves down by ropes, and, trusting to the steadiness and vigour of their companion above, to hang along the face of the cliff, or descend to holes and caves otherwise inaccessible. On this occasion they recollected the Poolnashanthana, and aware that the tide was out, considered that they might safely resort to the ledge of rock that remained for some hours uncovered below, and there stay concealed until the soldiers had scoured their village and retired, under the conviction that their victims had escaped. Accordingly, they, to the number of twenty-five, took an active and able bodied woman with them; and, by means of her holding a rope from above, all successively descended the chasm, and seated themselves on the rock, while the woman went back to the village, having received strong injunctions to return and draw them up again when the army had gone away; or, at any rate, before the tide should rise and cover their resting place.

It may be imagined the suspense of those poor men: they were near enough to hear in the still autumn day the musket shots; they thought of their houses fired, their corn in flames, their cattle driven off, and, what was worse than all, their defenceless women abused; the day wore away; and the westering sun sent its slanting beams more and more faintly down the chasm; the tide was coming in fast, the ripple became a wave as it boomed in, and rose gradually so as to touch and cover their feet. But why go on? The woman went, but returned not; frightened out of her wits by the fury and license of the soldiery, she forgot her trust, and fled away towards the inland hills; the army had retired; night came on, and the tide rose to its accustomed limits, and it covered higher than any human head that populous rock; and when another sun arose, and the women and the graybeards of the doomed village came to Poolnashanthana, they could see some corpses lying dry and bloated here and there in the caves and chasms; others had floated out to sea. The sun has seldom shone on a more melancholy sight! But it avails not to continue the subject—a generation of the males of that poor hamlet was swept away, and at this day not an old man is to be found there.—*Otway's Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

# ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

## GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE IN LONDON, AMERICA, AND SCOTLAND.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

"To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."—SHAKSPEARE.

### COOKE IN LONDON.

It was always remarkable that Mr. Cooke, when in a state of sobriety—which lasted sometimes for months together after any excess, deplored more by himself than others, and which never failed to be followed by shame and repentance—was, without any effort, a *gentleman* in the most extended sense of the word,—in ideas, words, habits, and actions; perfectly benevolent in his feelings, and moderate alike in judgment and opinion; peculiarly modest of his own merits, and liberal in his estimate of those of others. Yet, let him swallow but one drop beyond the wholesome limit, and the honey was turned to gall. The Bottle Imp mastered his better nature; and he became vulgar, noisy, intolerant, and intolerable; apt to injure, quick to take offence, and still quicker to resent it. The following facts will illustrate these observations:—

In the early part of Cooke's London career, when his popularity was at its apex, he was, of course, a great card in the hands of the manager of Covent Garden theatre; and Mr. Harris (father of the late Mr. Henry Harris,) the then proprietor of the establishment, found himself disposed to be exceedingly courteous and obliging to the great favourite of the public who was so amply filling his treasury; although this kindly disposition was, truth to say, put sometimes to rather too severe a test by Mr. Cooke, who had many favours to ask, not only on his own account, but for the pleasure and profit of others, for whom Mr. Harris felt neither interest nor necessity to oblige. Still Mr. Cooke was not a person to be refused; and the scruples that would at the first blush of the actor's request arise, would eventually give way to the petitioner, and his wish acceded to by the polite and politic manager. Indeed Mr. Harris was often a sufferer by such concessions. Cooke frequently urged the beneficial effects of his performance in the country for some indigent brother actor; and permission would be given for a night's absence, by which indulgence the interests of Covent Garden were too apt to be injured, either from the tragedian's tardiness of return at the due period of his London duties, or by his appearing at the last moment when the greatest suspense and anxiety had been suffered by all connected with the theatre, and presenting himself in a state of intoxication upon the stage, and thus disappointing the assembled "multitude" of their expected treat,—a disappointment not unfrequently manifested by unequivocal signs and tokens, such as actors cannot under any circumstances or by any sophistry mistake for compliment.*

In the season of 1803 or 4, Mr. Cooper, the American tragedian, had been performing a series of characters at Drury Lane theatre; and being extremely intimate with Cooke, it naturally occurred to him that his performance with him in *Othello* on his benefit night would be a great attraction, if Mr. Harris's permission could be obtained. Cooke who, in his natural character, was one of the kindest of men, instantly undertook to apply to Mr. Harris, giving Cooper some hope of success, although both felt the awkwardness, if not indelicacy, of soliciting the loan of an actor for the benefit of a rival theatre whose performance was drawing such enormous receipts into his own. But Cooke's friendship mastered these considerations, and the attempt at least must be made.

Mr. Harris resided at this period at Belmont, near Uxbridge, where one afternoon Mr. Cooke was announced. The weather was intensely severe, and the visit augured some pressing cause not more genial than the day to the manager's feelings; for Cooke seldom called but to make some request, however difficult to be reconciled or granted. Still, on the present occasion, Mr. Harris was "very happy to see Mr. Cooke," and "hoped he came to stay dinner;" which hope was unnoticed by the actor, who nervously proceeded to break the unreasonable nature of his visit, and began in broken accents to explain his errand:—"My *dear* sir!—Cooper—the best creature in the world—been acting at Drury Lane—going to take a benefit—*Othello*—*Iago*—bring him a great house. In fine, *would* Mr. Harris allow him (Cooke) to perform the character of *Iago* for his friend on his benefit night?"

Mr. Harris looked very blank at this certainly unfair demand upon his self-interest. He shook his head ominously, and gravely asked Mr. Cooke whether he did not think it *rather* more than he ought to grant, considering the vast importance of his exclusive services, and the numbers that would naturally follow him to Drury Lane who would otherwise reserve themselves for Covent Garden, where the receipts must necessarily be injured on the particular night by the great drag in favour of the other theatre, &c.

These and other arguments were mildly but determinately combatted by Cooke in his best and most gentlemanlike manner; for "Cooper, the best creature in the world," was to be served; and Mr. Harris being at length overcome, Cooke's heart and eyes overflowed with generous delight and gratitude for the power thus afforded him to benefit a friend. Mr. Harris now reminded him of dinner; but Cooke declined the invitation. "No—he would take a crust, and *one* glass of wine to warm him, and then return to town." After a polite struggle, Mr. Harris yielded to his visitor's determination; and a tray was produced accompanied by a bottle of madeira. Of this Cooke sipped and sipped with the most imperturbable self-

* On one occasion when Cooke fell under the merited rebuke of a crowded house by a repeated instance of gross intemperance, having vainly tried to recollect the beginning of *Richard's* first soliloquy, he tottered forward with a cunning yet maudlin intent to divert the indignation expressed into a false channel; and laying his hand impressively upon his chest, to insinuate that illness was the only cause of his failure, with upturned eyes supplicating all the sympathy of his audience, he hiccupped out the unlucky words, "*My old complaint!*" which were applied so aptly, that a simultaneous burst of derisive laughter followed "the weak invention," and renewed hisses at length dismissed him from the stage for the night.

complacency, until he nearly finished the bottle; when, by his master's order, the butler brought in another, of which Cooke had swallowed a few glasses, when a sudden recollection operated upon his mind, as Mr. Harris made some remark upon the increasing severity of the weather. Cooke, a little "*warmed*" by what he had taken, now bethought himself of a circumstance which his fervour for his friend's interest and the madeira together, had totally obliterated for the time, for he arose abruptly, and, taking Mr. Harris's hand, broke to him this new matter. "My *dear sir*, your goodness so overpowered all other recollections, that it made me entirely forget that I left my friend, dear Cooper, the best creature in the world, at the gate when I came in. Let me send for him, to thank you for your generous permission in his favour."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Harris, in much distress, "has Mr. Cooper been out in the cold of this dreadful day all this time? How sorry I am that you did not mention this before! I am quite ashamed that I have seemed so rude and inhospitable." And, spite of Cooke's assuring him that "dear Cooper" would not mind it, he being "the best creature in the world," Mr. Harris rang the bell, and desired the servant to request Mr. Cooper's company within doors. By this time, the madeira might be said to have *warmed* Mr. Cooke more than half through; the second bottle was rapidly diminishing, and he was full of feelings generous as the wine. Again and again he clasped his liberal manager's hands in thankfulness for his kindness, reiterating, "My *dear sir*, you're *too good* to me! I can never repay such friendly treatment; I'm bound to you eternally," &c.

[*Enter the "best creature in the world," blue with stagnation, and frozen to his finger-ends.*]

Mr. Harris apologized to Mr. Cooper, and explained the cause of his tardy invitation, placing a chair for him near the fire. Cooke, without noticing him, continued his maudlin praise of his host's hospitality and goodness; afterwards informing Cooper of his having given consent to the performance in question; for which favour Mr. Cooper also expressed, as well as his shivering state would permit, his thanks, and, at the recommendation of Mr. Harris, accepted a glass of madeira, in order to thaw his congealed faculties. Cooke was now all hilarity and happiness. Another bottle was suggested, and promptly supplied; and immediately the servant returned to announce the dinner, to which Mr. Harris again pressed Cooke, and invited Cooper. Mr. Cooke, however, would not hear of it. He *must*, he said, return to town to dinner, and "dear Cooper" *must* accompany him; and he insisted upon Mr. Harris leaving him and the "best creature in the world" together in the library, where they would take "just *one* glass more, and then depart." Mr. Harris was not sorry that Mr. Cooke still refused to dine with him, it being sufficiently evident that he had anticipated his share of the wine at table, and might not prove as desirable a companion as he would otherwise have been to his family and friends, and now took his leave, but not before Cooke had iterated his enduring sense of the favour shewn him, and renewed his fervent protestations of everlasting gratitude to his "*esteemed friend*." During dinner, Mr. Harris related the occasion of Mr. Cooke's visit; and in the course of the time, enquired of the servants whether the gentlemen were gone. He was answered in the negative, and informed that Mr. Cooke had called for more wine, and that Mr. Cooper had vainly pressed him to depart. At this moment, a guest enquired whether Mr. Cooke performed that night, which question made Mr. Harris start from his chair in sudden alarm, exclaiming, "Is this Wednesday! He *does* play! What is it o'clock?" at the same time taking out his watch in great agitation, he exclaimed, "Take away the wine; don't let him drink *a drop* more! He must go away *directly*, or I shall have the theatre pulled down. He is advertised for *Richard the Third*, and he can barely get back in time to dress!"

Back rushed the agitated proprietor to the library, where he found Cooper using every argument in his power to dissuade his indiscreet friend from drinking any more. But Cooke had already put too much of the enemy into his mouth not to be completely minus of brains, and, as usual under such privation, was utterly irrational and impersuasible.

"Do you forget," urged the unfortunate proprietor, "that this is a play-night, Mr. Cooke? Even now you are expected in town. I entreat you will go without further delay, or you will be too late, and the consequences will be terrible!"

Cooke, in what he meant to be a most insinuating tone of voice, *blessed* his "excellent friend;" again lauded his liberality and kindness, which he declared could never be forgotten or repaid by the devotion of his whole life, and finally begged the additional favour of *one* more bottle of his madeira for himself and "dear Cooper," who, he repeated for the twentieth time, was "the best creature in the world." To this request Mr. Harris gave a positive and concise negative, afterwards apologizing for such seeming breach of hospitality, placing before Mr. Cooke's view the danger he was hazarding by delay, and rendering himself unfit for his evening's duty. All was in vain; for Cooke, though equally civil, was also determined, and again and again coaxingly urged his request for *one* more bottle. At length, finding Mr. Harris inflexible, the madeira he *had* drank began to proclaim the indignation it had engendered in Mr. Cooke's grateful bosom; and as the liquor fermented, it raised the recipient up to a state of inflation which threatened to burst all bounds, and he now assailed his host with the most opprobrious epithets; so that, eventually, by the potency of "the drink," his late "excellent friend" Mr. Harris was converted into a "vulgar, old, soap-boiling scoundrel," who did not know how to treat a *gentleman* when one condescended to visit him; and Mr. Harris was imperiously asked, "Do you know who I am, sir? Am I not George Frederick Cooke?—without whose talents you would be confined to your own grease-tub; and who will never more darken your inhospitable doors while he lives, or uphold your contemptible theatre any longer after this night!" And with many other threats and delicate inuendoes in relation to Mr. Harris's soap-boiling pursuits not herein set down, he staggered out of the room with the assistance of the "best creature in the world," whom he now distinguished by every ill name that drunkenness could remember or invent, for daring to direct or control *him, George Frederick Cooke!* when the great tragedian reeled into the attendant chaise, and was driven to town with his grieved and much-abused friend, "Dear Cooper!"

That night the audience did *not* mistake "the drunkard for a god," for the great "George Frederick Cooke" was hissed off the stage, and obliged to leave his performance unfinished; and it was some time ere "Richard was himself again."*

COOKE IN AMERICA.

"*It stands not safe with us*—
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, and doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes."—SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Cooke had made an extraordinary impression on the American stage, and his society was anxiously sought in private. Early after his arrival he was invited to dine with a large party, and during the first portion of the time he delighted every body present with his urbanity, politeness, and the marked intelligence of his mind. There were no ladies of the party, and the bottle remained rather too long "in hand;" and in its course the wine suddenly turning to vinegar by the process of fermentation upon the stomach of Cooke, he all at once began to curve his lip, round his elbows, and draw up his head, in scorn of his entertainer and his friends—a transition which confounded every body; in short, Mr. Cooke's natural manner was entirely reversed. He contradicted all that was said; and became altogether so rude and offensive that those present, who had been previously charmed with his bland and well-bred manner and conversation, were now disgusted with his coarseness, and one by one fell off in their notice of him, and entering upon local themes, conversed with each other upon the passing events of their own particular circle. Cooke had discernment enough left to be conscious that he had committed himself, and lost *caste* with the persons present; and as he filled his glass, on each occasion gathered new ground of dissatisfaction. He felt himself neglected—overlooked. Resentment grew by what it fed on, and promised vengeance in due course; while his hoarded discontent only waited for opportunity to vent itself. It appeared from the conversation that a robbery had recently taken place in the house of a gentleman present—a very uncommon event in an American city; and he was questioned as to the particulars, which he detailed at some length, and with a minuteness which Cooke deemed quite unworthy the occasion, especially as no part of the account was addressed to *him*. In fact, his very presence seemed to be forgotten. This mortified him to the quick, and excited his indignation, which was in proportion to his consciousness, notwithstanding the wine he had taken, that the neglect he experienced had been drawn upon him by himself. The relater of the robbery coming to the close of his account, Cooke vainly hoped for a cue which might enable him to exhibit the contempt he now felt for his American associates, but he was in despair of a fitting opportunity for venting his disgust. At this crisis the gentleman observed, in conclusion of his story, that the only serious part of his regret, in relation to the described event, arose from the irreparable loss of the family jewels.

Here Cooke's malice found an opening; and uttering an exclamation that startled almost every man upon his legs by its violence, in his most grinding and sarcastic tones, with his face puckered up to an expression of the direst scorn, he bellowed forth,—"Your *what*, sir! Your *family jewels!*" adding, in an actor's aside, with a gritty laugh, by way of parenthesis, "A Yankee Doodle's family jewels!—what are they, sir? An American's family jewels! I can tell you,—*the handcuffs and fetters!*"

With a mildness which speaks honourably of their forbearance, the party suffered the temporary madman to depart at the close of this outrageous attack without any indication of resentment, though they might have addressed him in the language of the grieved Othello, more in sorrow than in anger,—

"I love thee, Cassio, but never more be officer of mine."

Cooke never was invited again by the same party.

COOKE IN SCOTLAND.

"One cup more, an' thou lovedst me!"

Cooke, one day calling upon a friend in Edinburgh who had ordered an early dinner for the purpose of being at the theatre in good time to witness the great tragedian's performance, invited himself to partake of what was just then upon the table. His host, who on the *present* occasion would rather have dispensed with the *tête-à-tête*, could not do otherwise than receive the visit; but, knowing the necessity of his friend being very abstemious and collected for his coming duty, and being aware of the plague-spot with which Cooke was marked, and could not at all times conceal, he was cautious not to offer him enough to inflame it; and, therefore, "not to task his weakness," the host was very chary of his bottle, taking little from it himself, by way of excuse for not passing it often to his guest. Notwithstanding his friendly reserve, Cooke contrived to obtain sufficient wine to render him desirous of more; but the prudent master of the house, who felt his own responsibility at the moment to the whole of the Edinburgh audience, was blind and deaf to the actor's hints, and Cooke, though quite aware that his friend's non-convivial behaviour was wisely and kindly occasioned, nevertheless felt much teased and tantalized by such reserve, and became moody and silent for a time in his discontent. Thus

"We often see, against some storms, the bold winds
speechless."

At the close of the dinner, the servant, in compliance with Scottish custom, was about to hand the *farintosh*, which his master had unluckily forgotten to countermand. On the present occasion he caused the delicious poison to be placed near him, and looking anxiously at Cooke, as if he would have said, "I am afraid to give you any of this," and at the same time perceiving that his guest waited with expectant lips for the accustomed potion, the host slowly and reluctantly poured out about a third part of the usual quantity, and timidly presenting the *sine drappie* to his visitor, observed, with a faint smile, "You may venture to drink *that*, Mr. Cooke, it cannot, I think, *hurt* you." Cooke was unprepared for this; he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and then an awful frown gathered on his stern brow as he surveyed, with the most sovereign contempt, the

* Mr. Cooke performed Iago for Mr. Cooper on the appointed night, which witnessed a double tragedy. Mrs. Pope, while performing one of the scenes of Desdemona, was suddenly death-struck, and fell back into the arms of Mr. Cooke, and conveyed home, where she expired soon after!

mere *thimble-full* offered of the liquor that he loved, and with a rueful expression of disappointment, he neglected to take the offered glass; which his friend mistaking for prudent forbearance, again observed that he thought "it would not *hurt* him." "No, sir!" replied his indignant guest, in grating tones of irony, as he held it up, "nor would it if it were *aqua fortis!*" adding with an authoritative voice, which seemed to be borrowed from Jove's thunder, and loud enough "to fright the isle from its propriety," "*Fill the glass, sir!* Am I not George Frederick Cooke? born to command ten thousand slaves like thee! *Fill the glass, I say*, and refuse me at your peril!"

He was *obeyed*, and Melpomene wept the while! The *whiskey* acted *that* night instead of *Cooke!*

It was very surprising how Cooke escaped the rigorous chastisement which his offensive cup-valour so often merited. Impunity seemed his peculiar privilege under the most flagrant occasions.

The following instance of Christian-like meekness and forbearance occured one night in Liverpool, which is worthy of record. Cooke had appeared upon the stage one night while under the influence of the demon *drink*. He was, as in most places, an immense favourite with the Liverpool audience, who fully appreciated his vast powers and were entirely disposed to regard the failings of the man as venial and accidental, while his intrinsic qualities were solid and positive; indulgence, therefore, to his *one occasional* infirmity was willingly shewn. But there are limits, unhappily, to human charity, and on the evening alluded to Cooke's *dark hour* overshadowed his professional and private excellences; he was, is fact, incapable of proceeding in his performance with bearable propriety, and public favour was suddenly obscured by public resentment, elicited by his disgusting state, and manifested at length by indications of a pretty general and expressive nature, which, dimmed as Cooke's perceptions were by his situation and the "potations pottle-deep" which he had swallowed, proved comprehensive enough to his practised experience, and stepping forward to the stage lamps, with his powerful brow contracted with disdain, he addressed his reprovers in the following pithy sentence:—"What! do you hiss me?—hiss George Frederick Cooke?—you contemptible money-getters! you shall never again have the *honour* of hissing me! Farewell! *I* banish *you!*" And concentrating into one vast heap all the malice of his offended feelings, he added, after a pause of intense meaning, "*There is not a brick in your dirty town but what is cemented by the blood of a negro!*"

This shameful address was suffered without notice, and the utterer of it was allowed to retire without further manifestation of resentment—a moderation which spoke volumes in proof of the good sense and good temper of the Liverpool public.

---

## SALE OF GEMS.

On Thursday, Mr. Foster submitted to his hammer, in Pall Mall, the collection of gems advertised in the *Literary Gazette* of 11th August. There were nearly two hundred stones, of many kinds, but chiefly cornelian, sardonyx, onyx, jasper, garnet, and agate; and they were sold, apparently, at fair prices. Some seemed to be cheap ancient rings indeed; but others, with fine intaglio impressions, or fine cameos, brought a price. The sale was an honest one, and no vamping up of the articles, whose value was pretty well known to dealers and amateurs.

It is so long since we have visited an auction of this description, that we venture to make a few remarks on the subject. The art of cutting on stone was lost from about the year 900 to the time of Vasari, in the brilliant days of Lorenzo de' Medici, when, upon examining a gem or monument, lines were observed as if cut with the point of a diamond by the rotatory motion of a wheel—*la traccia della rota e della punta di diamante:* the use of which, applying to certain *rules*, they discovered the methods employed by the ancients in working on gems, and in the end imitated them to the nicest perfection in cameos and intaglios.

The number of persons engaged in fabricating ancient gems in Rome, at the present day, is, we believe, considerable; and there is consequently great difficulty in ascertaining the genuine from the imitations, when the latter are finely executed. But the appearance of antiquity,—that must be copied too; and ingenuity has devised a very curious and extraordinary process for producing the effect. The fresh-cut cameo is crammed down the throat of a turkey, and left in its intestines for a sufficient length of time, when the fowl is killed; and it is found that the stone, subjected to the trituration of the gizzard, presents every semblance of a Grecian treasure which has been buried two thousand years.—*Literary Gazette.*

---

## A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.

Dr. Ford, the Rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humourist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston Toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the Cross in the Belgrave Gate. I think it was at a Birmingham Festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear *you* sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain."—*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

## FUNGI.

The Fungi, which are usually placed at the very bottom of the vegetable scale, are observable in a great variety of forms, and, among others, mushrooms, toad-stools, puff-balls, the fungous dry rot, fermentation, mildew, and mould. We may take the last mentioned as about the lowest in the group. Mould, as most persons are aware, makes its appearance on the surface of various familiar objects—decaying paste, fruit-preserves, cheese, and old shoes. It never appears on any thing which is new or fresh, but is always a harbinger of decay, and may be considered a first step towards the decomposition of the substance into its constituent elements. How vegetation should appear in so secluded a situation as the inner cracks in cheese, or in a jar of preserves placed carefully away in a cupboard, or on the leather of an old boot in the remote corner of a bed closet, is at first sight incomprehensible; but a consideration of the reproductive powers of fungi at once explains the circumstance. The whole of the fungous tribe possess the most extraordinary productive powers. Instead of propagating by the ordinary and slow process of elaborating and throwing off seeds, they increase by the dispersal of their entire substance. Every particle in their mass is a germ, or technically a *spore*, which, though smaller in bulk than a particle of fine dust, and mostly so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye, is the embryo of a new plant, and will develope its powers of vegetation as soon as placed in an appropriate situation for its growth. In this manner, a toad-stool having performed its office and exhausted its means of nourishment, shrinks, dries, and dissolves in millions of atoms, which, being liberated and floated away in the atmosphere, are deposited in every imaginable situation. Some are inhaled into the lungs of animals, while others enter into the fabric of trees and herbs, and, in short, they find admission into every exposed and penetrable substance. It is, however, a distinct principle in fungous vegetation, that it can develope itself only in decaying bodies. Decay, or liability to decay, is necessary for its fructification, and when this condition ensues, and other circumstances are suitable, the embryo expands and rises into notice with surprising rapidity.

A very remarkable kind of fungous vegetation is known to make its appearance in wine cellars, the substance which supplies the growth being the vapour from the wine in the casks or bottles. If the cellar be airy and dry, the vapour escapes, and no fungous vegetation is manifested; but if it be somewhat damp and secluded from air and light, the fungous growth becomes at once apparent. Round every cork a mould-like vegetation will exhibit itself, and the vapour from the casks rising to the vaulted roof, will there afford nourishment to great festoons and waving banners of fungi. In the wine vaults of the London docks, this kind of vinous fungi hangs like dark woolly clouds from the roof, completely shrouding the brick arches from observation. On a small piece being torn off and applied to the flame of a candle, it burns like a piece of tinder. Should wine escape from a cask in a moist and ill-ventilated cellar, it will altogether resolve itself into fungi of a substantial kind. A circumstance of this nature once came under the notice of Sir Joseph Banks. Having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he ordered that it should be placed in a cellar to ripen. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine; when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was therefore cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a firm fungous vegetable production, so substantial as to require an axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposed particles of the wine, the cask being empty and buoyed up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus.

This disease called rust, which affects grain in the ear, particularly in moist seasons, is well known to be a fungous vegetation, proceeding from germs which had previously existed in the substance of the plants. In a dry season, and on a favourable soil, rust rarely makes its appearance; certain conditions are necessary for its developement, and it is to obviating these that the farmer must look for exemption from this destructive malady in his crops. It is now placed beyond a doubt that rust arises in many cases from the over-manuring of fields; the grain is overloaded with nourishment, and the dormant fungi, brought into a condition of development, speedily show their destructive properties. The tendency to rust may be neutralized by steeping the seeds before sowing in a corrosive solution, or strong brine; but the same end may be better secured by not over-manuring, or by a free use of saline manures. Salt, as is well known, is an enemy to corruption, and when applied to the soil, it prevents the injury which plants receive from the fungus tribe. Skilful agriculturists are now fully aware of these facts.—*Chambers.*

---

## BOOKS.

I have no friends on earth save *these*,
The silent ones that cheer my dreary youth,
Making me half forget its bitterness.
Oh ye unconscious ministers to thought!
Ye speechless orators! ye sightless seers!
Much do I owe to you. Without your aid
To solace and sustain, this life had been
A burden heavier than I could bear.
Had ye not shewn me, could I e'er have found
The path which leadeth upward unto God!
No longer will I sigh for other friends.
Man may deceive; but ye will not deceive.
Man may grow cold; but ye will ne'er grow cold.
He changes as the ever-changing wind:
To-day he loves—to-morrow he will hate;
But ye do never change: therefore am I
Contented with my lot. To hope no more
For human sympathy; to have no friend
Through life but these, save the Almighty One
Who gave that life, and, infinite in goodness,
With it gave, too, a higher, better gift,—
A mind to look beyond it. J. M. W.

*Literary Gazette.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

# RUY LOPEZ, THE CHESS-BISHOP.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

"The flood of time is rolling on—
We stand upon its brink, whilst THEY are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
— Have YE done well? They moulder flesh and bone
Who might have made this life's envenomed dream
A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem."
SHELLEY.

ALL the world believes that Ruy Lopez was created a bishop by Philip II. for his transcendant skill in chess; but the real circumstances of his investiture with the mitre have been hitherto enveloped in that veil of time which darkens over so many romantic incidents of the past. Common report is a common liar. The lowly priest rose not to cope and stole through chess alone, but was indebted for his rank to a freak of fortune, as wildly extravagant as any one frolic of the laughter-loving fiend of the Hartz mountain. Romance has been well styled tame, compared with the incidents of real life. Since the laying bare to public view the records of Spain's oldest monastic libraries, consequent upon the reign of anarchy in which that fine kingdom has been plunged for the few last years, many curious scenes of the past have emerged from Cimmerian darkness to the light of modern day. Listen to one of the least of them.

King Philip sat in the Escurial, playing chess with Ruy Lopez, that great master of our mighty art, who knelt by especial favour with one knee on a cushion of brocade, while a party of nobles were standing around, in varied attitudes of sorrowful and serious attention. The morn was bright as the orange-groves of Granada; and the sun streamed through the lofty arches of the windows upon the gorgeously decorated hall, shaded by curtains of violet coloured velvet, light as the dreams of hope upon the mind of sanguine youth. But the day-star of heaven seemed at that moment hardly congenial with the deep gloom which evidently hung upon the royal presence; for the brow of Philip was dark as the thunder-cloud, ere it breaks on the hills of the Alpuxarres. The monarch glanced from beneath his bushy eyebrows frequently and fiercely towards the arched doors of entrance; the chiefs exchanged, stealthily, many sad looks of meaning intelligence; and THE CHESSE was clearly not uppermost in the mind of any one man present, saving our priest, Ruy Lopez, the learned clerk of Zafra, who was plodding out a certain forced checkmate in some half-dozen moves, and in whose inward soul was working a warm struggle as to which ought to be allowed to take the upper hand upon this occasion,—his own proper and dear reputation as the first chess-player in the country, or the politic deference due to Europe's most Catholic majesty, Philip, lord of the fair lands of Spain and her dependencies.

The portals swung suddenly open, and a coarse, sinister-looking man, presented himself somewhat abruptly before the king, awaiting silently the royal command to speak. The intruder's appearance was highly unprepossessing; and the courtiers imperceptibly drew up as though a serpent had glided in among them. Of sturdy frame, attired in a doublet of shabby black leather, the face of the man presented the low-arched forehead and sordid mouth peculiar to the habitual exercise of vulgar passions, while his features acquired a cast of increased brutality from the deep scar which traversed them obliquely from brow to chin, burying itself in a huge uncombed beard, as coarse as hemp. Philip trembled as he made an effort to speak, and a quivering galvanic shudder passed around. The new comer was Fernando Calavar, Spain's chief executioner.

"Is he dead?" *choked* Philip, in hoarse and smothered tones.

"My liege, he lives as yet. A grandee of Spain, he pleads the privileges of his order; and I may not deal with one of the pure Hidalgo strain, without more especial bidding from your majesty."

A subdued murmur of approbation broke from the proud peers around, and the blood of old Castile danced brighter upon lip and cheek. The young Alonzo d'Ossuna suddenly donned his cap of estate; and his bold example was followed by the majority of those present, their white plumes towering forest-like in the air, as they thus appeared to enter a tacit protest in defence of their rights at large, by availing themselves of the privilege immutably held by Spain's grandees to stand covered at will before their sovereign. The sullen Philip knit his brows yet closer, and struck his clenched hand heavily upon the chess-board,—

"By our own council has he been tried and condemned to death. What dares the traitor now demand?" inquired the king.

"Sire, he asks to die by axe and block, and to be left alone in solitude during the last three hours of life with a priest."

"Granted," said Philip. "Is not our own confessor in attendance upon him, as I commanded?"

"He is, may it please your majesty; but the duke is contumacious, and laughs the holy Diaz di Zilva to scorn. He says he will take absolution from none under the rank of a bishop in Spain's church, such being the prerogative of a noble doomed to die by sentence of law for high treason."

"Certainly, such is our privilege," boldly interposed the gallant D'Ossuna; "and we claim our cousin's rights at the hand of our king."

"Our rights and the justice of the king are indissoluble," repeated Don Diego de Tarraxas, count of Valencia, an aged man of gigantic height, with flowing silvery hair and beard; who, clothed in steel, and bearing the baton of Spain's high-constable, stood carelessly leaning on his sheathed Toledo.

"Our rights and privileges!" cried half-a-dozen nobles in a breath.

Philip started up from his ebony throne, and the thunder-cloud exploded,—

"By the bones of Campeador, by the soul of St. Iago, have I sworn," cried the monarch, sternly and collectedly, "neither to eat nor to drink, at board or banquet, until I have looked upon the head of Guzman the traitor! But Tarraxas has well spoken,—the justice of the king binds up the rights of all his subjects. Time flies. Lord-constable, where nearest dwells a bishop?"

"I have had ever more to do with the camp than the church," bluntly replied De Tarraxas. "Your majesty's royal almoner, Don Silas, here present, may surely better answer the question."

Don Silvas y Mendez tremblingly took up the word,—

"May the king live!—the Bishop of Segovia is attached to his majesty's household; but he died last week, and the fiat to appoint his successor even now lies on the council-table, subject to the pope's veto. A convocation of the heads of the church is being held at Valladolid, and all the bishops will doubtless be at this time there. I know that the Bishop of Madrid left his palace yesterday to attend that meeting."

A faint smile played across the lip of D'Ossuna. He was of the Guzman blood, and the condemned duke was his dearest friend. The king caught his glance, and a new expression shone in his own leaden eye.

"We are king," said Philip, slowly and austerely, "and our throne may not be altogether mocked. This sceptre is, it may be, light in weight, but the fool that sports with it will find it crush him like an iron pillar. Our holy father the pope is somewhat in my debt on the score of obligation, and we fear not his disapproval of the step we are about to take. If the King of Spain can beget a prince, he can surely create a bishop. Stand forth, Ruy Lopez, bishop of Segovia! Stand forth, priest, I command, and assume thy rank in the church!"

Ruy Lopez arose from his footstool, but hesitated,—"May it please your majesty——"

"Peace, lord-bishop, and obey thy sovereign's word! The formalities of thy instalment remain for a future day. Our subjects cannot fail to respect the will of the king in this matter. Bishop of Segovia, away with Calavar to the chamber of the condemned! Shrive the soul from sin, and at the end of three hours give up the body to our axe of justice. Don Guzman de Montez, prince of Calatrava and duke of Medina Sidonia, surely dies the death this day. And hark ye, Calavar, in this apartment do we await thy return with the head of the traitor; and if thou fail us in exact obedience, better were it for thee never to have been born. Ruy Lopez, I invest thee with mine own signet-ring, lest the duke doubt thy word. Ha, gentlemen!" added the monarch tauntingly, "dare ye now question the justice of your king!"

No voice responded. Ruy Lopez followed Calavar from the presence; and the king, quietly resuming his seat, waved to one of his chief favourites, Don Ramirez, count of Biscay, to face him at the chess-board. "With chess, my lords, and your good and loyal company, will I pass away this tiresome interval, and none of ye will leave the hall, until the return of Calavar."

So the king and Don Ramirez commenced a fresh game of chess; and the nobles, leaning as they best might to support their wearied limbs, stood pensively grouped in similar postures and attitudes as when our tale began.

Meanwhile Calavar led the newly created father of the church through many a winding hall, and gloomy arch. Ruy Lopez walked as one walks in a dream. His was not the heart to harm even bird, or flower, or fly. In the silence of that heart he cursed both court and king. True, he was Bishop of Segovia; but heavy was the price at which he felt the dignity had to be purchased. The Guzman, too, his own esteemed patron—the first chess amateur in Spain! Ruy Lopez prayed, as he passed over the cold marble corridor which led to the prisons of state, that its deeps would open and swallow him alive.

In a narrow oaken-panelled chamber, its iron door strongly guarded with bolt and bar, paced the doomed Prince of Calatrava, with agitated and most unequal steps. The floor was covered with thick, coarse matting; the cell's only furniture, besides, being a massive table, a couple of heavy wooden stools, and a rudely carved crucifix, fixed in a small recess opposite the one narrow arched window which lighted the apartment. The lattice was at lofty elevation, and crossed carefully with iron bars; through whose slender apertures played even then the sunbeams, as if in mockery of man, his tortunings, and his agonies. Ruy Lopez faced the duke, and the noble captive courteously saluted his visiter. O vanity of earthly possessions! Yes, he, the gallant Guzman, the king's especial favourite, the noble and the brave, was bidden unto death, most innocently, in the full pride of youth and vigour. Heavy were the proofs of his alleged treason; the chief being an intercepted despatch in the Guzman's own handwriting to the throne of France, in which a plan was proposed to take the life of Philip. Firm in the strength of rectitude, the duke's contemptuous silence upon accusal had filled up apparently the measure of his treason. He faced the storm as a column of granite; but the thunder-stroke had dashed him earthwards. Don Guzman had braved death in every form, and blenched not for himself at this sudden beckoning away of its pale, pale arm; but his soul sank when he thought of the lady of his love, his betrothed bride, the beautiful and young Estella, who as yet knew nought of woe or suffering, as she trustingly awaited Calatrava's coming to claim her hand, in the hall of her sires, on the banks of the Guadalquiver.

Calavar, the executioner, bluntly reported the monarch's mandate, and the priest sorrowfully confirmed the tidings. Don Guzman acknowledged the presence of a bishop, and bent his knee to receive the blessing of our chess-player. "In three hours, then, I am thine," said the duke, with majesty, as he waved Calavar forth. The ruffian retired, and Ruy Lopez and the Hidalgo were left alone, the bishop trembling as though palsy-stricken. The duke pressed his confessor's hand in silence. It is something to think we have yet one friend.

"You and I have met," said Don Guzman, after a long pause, "under happier circumstances."

"We have," faltered out the new-born bishop. A stranger would have thought Ruy Lopez the doomed man of the two.

"Yes!—and when in the presence of Philip and the court you played your great match with Paolo Boi, the Sicilian, it was upon my right arm our monarch leaned. And now!"

"I wish to Heaven I were in Nova Hispania!" thought Ruy Lopez; but nerving himself, he continued, aloud, "All these, dear son and friend, are idle thoughts. Lose not the time allowed to make your peace with Heaven; but let us pray together hopefully that the holy offices of the church may cleanse the soul from spot, and thus prepare it for the mighty change."

"A change indeed!" exclaimed the noble captain. "And yet, let but a few short years pass away,

and what will it have mattered? Chess-players as we both are, how well comes home Cervantes' words, that life is but a game of chess. I forget the exact passage, but its meaning is that whereas on earth men play different parts, like chess-pieces, some being kings, peasants, or knights, according to fate, talent, or birth, so after a season enters Death upon the scene, and levels them all in the grave; as we replace the chess equipment in its coffer."

"Well do I remember those words of the Don," said Lopez; "and equally pat is honest Sancho's answer, that, however good the parallel, the idea was not so new but that he had heard it before. But Heaven pardon this our sin of trifling!"

"I was your favourite pupil, your strongest antagonist, remarked the duke, the words falling meaningless from his lips, as if he sought but to pass the time away.

"You were—you are!" cried the bishop, impatiently. "But again I say, let us kneel in prayer, dear son."

And they knelt, the priest and the peer, before that humble crucifix; and many were the words of Don Guzman's confession, hidden by the sacred seal of the church deep in the torn soul of the weeping bishop. Ruy Lopez blessed the prisoner, and absolved his spirit from guilt, according to the holy Catholic rite. The last word appeared to have been spoken, and the solemn subject closed; but an hour remained of the allotted time. The manner of the dying man was marked by dignity, divested of bravado.

"This delay is horrible!" cried the duke.—"Wherefore do they tarry? An eternity of torture drags its hideous length in every second of time! The world and I have parted—would that all were over!" And Don Guzman strode rapidly across the cell, looking involuntarily upon the door continually, as if expecting to see it suddenly give way to the apparition of Calavar and his assistants, with all their frightful apparatus. The noble duke's firmness was evidently yielding to the agony of that awful soul-rack.

Now it happened, that Ruy Lopez, although a bishop, was yet a man; and in man the workings of nature go regularly on like the wheels of a clock. The priest had recovered his own self-possession, yielding to that which he felt to be inevitable. He was struck with this last exclamation, so pitiable, of the duke, and marked the clammy death-sweat dropping from the victim's marble brow. Ruy Lopez heartily wished the scene over for the sakes of both, and a sudden thought gave vent to his own ruling passion. The hour was to be slain before the man.

"If a game of chess, now, were not profane!" faltered forth the priest.

"A good thought!" cried Don Guzman, recalled again to earth, and braced once more to energy by the singularity of the proposition. "Clever bishop! dear confessor! a truly capital idea, and a most original conception! A farewell chess-party—a last Lopez Gambit! How can we better pass the time? But the chess-men, dear friend!"

Ruy Lopez kindled like flame from gunpowder. He all but laughed outright.

"Pardon me, noble duke," said the bishop, "but my clerical gown always holds the weapons of war." And he produced a miniature chess equipage accordingly; drawing the two massive oaken settles to the table, and hastily setting up the pieces. "Our lady forgive me!" continued Ruy Lopez; "but I sometimes amuse myself with examining a chess position in the confessional."

"Many curious problems are doubtless solved there," retorted the prisoner, with a smile.

So the two grandees, spiritual and temporal, sat down to chess, and were speedily engaged in a game of remarkable interest. What a painter's theme were now that little cell! What a subject for the pencil of Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa! The one narrow, confined window, with its lofty stream of sunlight pouring in full flood adown the manly features of Don Guzman, as if in mockery of God's own image, so soon to be blood-marked by cruel man. The chess-board,—the benevolent countenance of Ruy Lopez, now eagerly calculating his move, with every thought abstracted from earth, and confined to the chess position before him, and now that face bedewed with pity's tear, as its ken glanced unmarked upon the noble victim,—the muscular shiver at intervals thrilling fearfully through both peer and priest at the slightest coming of sound—ay, even at the beating of their own hearts! This last, I say, was not the least fearful feature of the scene.

As I have but now remarked, and as I in fact remark to myself every day of the week, and every hour of the day, human nature is a very curious sort of nature, and its workings are ofttimes most capriciously inexplicable. The varied emotions of our two chess-players presently ran into a different channel to what might have been perhaps expected. While, in his tremor of spirit, Ruy Lopez played nearly a rook below his proper force; the intense excitement of the moment stimulated the pride of the Guzman, and appeared to endow him with preternatural skill. The high and generous blood of old Castile responded to the call, and never had the duke played a game with such tremendous strength of purpose, such lucidity of calculation. The taper burns brightest as it flashes forth its latest spark,—the song of the swan in death is ever most musical. The mind of the gallant noble appeared already to have disenthralled itself from earth, and to have become that purely spiritual essence, into which it was about to be resolved by steel and headsman. The duke opened his game skilfully, dashed impetuously into attack, and acquired a position of all but certain victory. Ruy Lopez had not set his heart much upon the matter; how could he? and his best energies seemed now all unequal to meet the unwonted powers of the assault. Chess-players will understand this description. More and more complicated became the situation of the pieces, and never did fancy carve chess problem more scientifically intricate than that into which our combatants had interwoven their battle array. The bishop buckled to work in earnest, and tasked his brain almost to bursting, for a mode of parrying the almost inevitable, though it might be remote, checkmate. Don Guzman, on his part, poured his soul into the fray with that glow of approaching conquest hardly appreciable in this our icy clime of the north; and never, never was chess enthusiasm more vividly developed. The world without was forgotten,—time and space no longer perceptibly existed. The uni-

verse was the chess-board—a life was in each move. Happy the delusion, could it but endure; but, alas! for the good and the brave, the minutes and the seconds were numbered. The door flew open, and the duke was startlingly re-awakened from his dream, by the all too horrible reality which presented itself! The very beast of the desert can be more merciful than man.

With the lightning swiftness which marks the change of scene at a theatre, was the holy solitude of that peaceful chamber transformed into a very hall of hell. The stern Calavar was again upon his prey, backed by three dark ruffians with sword and torch, as if heaven's proper light was all unfit for the destroyer. A block, covered with black cloth, was wheeled suddenly forwards; and the short axe placed thereon told fearful tidings of that which was to follow. In stern silence, as men used to labour in blood, did the satellites of the doomster fix their torches in the appointed niches, and strew the floor around with the dust of the cedar. All this was the work of a moment; life is but a breath of the nostril. Ruy Lopez sprang tremblingly to his feet as Calavar advanced to the chess-table; but the duke stirred neither limb nor muscle, remaining in eager gaze fixed upon the board, caring not for the intrusion of man or fiend. Don Guzman had to move.

The workers of woe completed their preparations, and stood sullenly leaning upon their swords of office. Their gloomy chief laid his hand upon the duke's shoulder.

"Come!" croaked the husky Calavar. Oh! what fearful meaning can be conveyed in one poor word!

The prisoner started, as though serpent-bitten.

"Let me finish my game!" said Don Guzman, authoritatively.

"Impossible!"

"But I have won it, fellow! I have a certainly forced mate; I must play it out."

"Impossible!" repeated the dark one.

"Are the three hours really expired!" asked the Guzman.

"Their sand has run out. We are the king's servants, and we have a duty to perform!" And Calavar accordingly beckoned to his band, who advanced a few steps.

Now the duke was sitting in the recess under the one little window facing the portal, and both bishop and chess-table were consequently placed between him and his appointed blood-spillers. Don Guzman raised his voice, and spoke haughtily, in the tone becoming one who succeeded an ancestral line of twelve hundred years.

"This game to me, and my head to thee; but until it be played out I stir not. One short half-hour will give me victory.

"Duke, I respect thee," responded Calavar; "but this may not be: my own life hangs in the balance. Come!"

Don Guzman drew from his fingers half-a-dozen gemmed rings of brilliants, and carelessly tossed them to the ruffians, as if to stay their thirst for gore. "I say I will finish the game," said he calmly. The jewels lay peacefully untouched among the saw-dust, and the headsmen looked at each other doubtingly.

"This is but trifling; our orders are peremptory!" cried Calavar, more impetuously. "Forgive me, noble duke, do you respect the will of your suzerain, or must we use force? The bidding of the monarch shall be done; the sentence of Spain's law must be executed: leave then your seat in peace, prince, and ruffle not your last moments by unavailing opposition. Speak to the duke, reverend father, most holy bishop! Bid Don Guzman bow to his fate."

The reply of Ruy Lopez was eager as unexpected. He snatched the curtal axe from off the billet, and, waving it over his head, shouted, like the captain of a thousand men in battle:

"He shall finish the game, by G—!" cried the bishop.

Startled at the action accompanying these words, Calavar recoiled, and nearly fell down over his myrmidons. The scene may be imagined better than described. Swords were presented, and the band were about to rush like wolves upon their prey. Ruy Lopez seemed transformed into Hercules. He dashed his heavy oaken stool upon the floor before his feet.

"The first man who passes bounds thus fixed by the church," said the bishop, "I cleave his impious skull. Up, noble duke, up, and to the work! there are but four of the miscreants. I say your highness shall not be balked of your last wish, though it cost me life! And woe, ye villains! unutterable woe, to the wretch who shall dare to lay bloody hands upon a bishop of the church of Christ! Anathema Maranatha! Accursed be he, utterly and for ever. Cut off eternally from the faithful fold,—a leper here, a howling fiend hereafter. Lower your steel, bloodhounds, and respect the Lord's anointed!" And Ruy Lopez continued to pour forth, in a jargon of Latin and Spanish, one of those sublime forms of damnation visited by his church upon the excommunicated,—codes of cursing which so well entitle the pope of Rome to be hailed as the prince of bully-boys and rufflers.

The effect of our bishop's eloquence was splendidly emphatic. The men were awe-struck and tranquil, as if changed to stone. Even the sturdy Calavar felt that to slay a bishop of the church was not lightly to be thought of, without a more solemnly legal warrant.

"I go to the king," said Calavar.

"You may go to—Hades!" responded the bishop, in phrase of purest Doric.

What course remained for adoption? Calavar was in heart all averse to reporting these untoward matters to majesty. Philip was uncertain of mood, and was, besides, awaiting, like the daughter of Herodias, for her victim's head on a charger. To approach a wild animal at feeding time is ever dangerous. The chief executioner rapidly ran over the several chances. To butcher the duke and priest as they stood, was an undertaking not hastily to be entered upon, however great the preponderance of force upon the side of the law. Ruy Lopez was a powerful man, and his blood was up. Don Guzman was unarmed, but desperate, and seemed amazingly to enjoy the idea of a battle. Prudence suggested the idea of temporizing, rather than at once rushing to extremity. Calavar was bidden to bear the duke's head to the foot of the throne, and felt a natural disinclination to mar his skilful carving. The time lost might be accounted for by a falsehood, and even were

this impossible, the same half-hour would be equally consumed, if expended in a brutal and hazardous struggle. The Guzman had a large following; his friends at court were powerful; their vengeance was to be dreaded. Calavar resolved upon keeping the peace, and his decision was, in my humble opinion, both just and natural.

"Will you promise, really and truly, to finish this accursed game in half an hour, duke?" said Calavar after a long pause.

"I will," answered Don Guzman.

"In the name of the devil, play on, then!" replied the executioner.

The truce being thus perfected, the players resumed their seats, and were instantly reabsorbed in the conduct of their game. Calavar was himself a chess-player, and while he mentally anathematized both duke and prelate, by every saint in the calendar, was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and looked on with a face of flint. The varied attitudes of his followers, grouped as they were around the more interested party, were in strict accordance with the scene. The executioners seemed to form a wall of steel and muscle, dividing the doomed chess-player from earth utterly and for ever. Don Guzman glanced carelessly round, and even at that sad moment his gallant spirit quailed not.

"Never played I chess in so goodly a presence before," said the duke, with a smile. "Bear witness, fellows, when I am gone, that once in my life I mated Ruy Lopez!"* And he addressed himself again to his task, with flushed features, lighted up yet by that cold, sad smile, like a sunbeam on Alpine snows.

The bishop made no comment aloud on this remark; but he kept fast hold of the trenchant axe, and scanned ever and anon the rugged features of the men around, as if longing in his heart for an opportunity to stir up the sleeping fray. "Were the duke and I," thought Ruy Lopez, "but sure of passage from this blood-stained tiger-den, by the sacred cross! I I should think but little of braining the whole four of ye!"

And so went on their chess, and frightful was it to see the yet living dead await with such calm content the stroke of the slayer;—fancy depicting the outlines of the scene constantly to Ruy Lopez through his many varied years of after-life,—death hovering the while on vulture wings above the group, eager to clutch his destined prey.

* * * * * *

But how passed the time during this interval in the halls of majesty? How fared it with the lord of the Escurial, while his most devoted servant was thus passing through his death-agony? If the three hours had dragged out their coil but tardily in that dark tower where groaned imprisoned innocence, their waning in the court of Philip had been yet more tedious. Condemned by form to remain in standing posture, and forbidden under any pretence to quit the royal presence, the nobles of the court, many of them in complete armour, were, despite the hardy habits of the times, almost sinking with fatigue, as they forcedly made pretence of watching THE CHESSE going on between the monarch and Don Ramirez, count of Biscay, a fine, tall figure, but whose courtly and varnished smile at the present moment was hardly in keeping with the general aspect. De Tarraxas, with half-closed eyes, stood still as the rock of Calpe; resembling rather one of those gigantic suits of steel one sees in Gothic halls, than a man of real bone and blood.

The youthful Alonzo d'Ossuna, wanting the iron frame of the lord high constable, and palsied with heart-sickness at the cruel fate of him he had loved so well—his leader in war, his model of every great quality which may adorn a man—D'Ossuna (my legend runs) leaned against a marble pillar in a most pitiable state of depression, like a flower-stalk snapped by the cutting tempest of the east. Suddenly Philip started up, and began to pace the floor again with unequal steps, as at the commencement of our chapter, at times pausing to catch the most distant echo of sound, at others turning and watching the sand-glass, which marked the passing flight of day. All was silent as the chamber of Azrael, the angel of death; for none present, however high in rank, dared break in upon their ruler's iron command. In accordance with the gloomy superstition of the age, Philip would occasionally address a brief and muttered prayer to the jewelled figure of Mary-mother, which stood forth in ostentatious relief upon a pedestal of porphyry taken from the ruins of the Alhambra. Bowing his head to the dust, and crossing repeatedly brow and breast, did Spain's king thus humble himself, as if to deprecate the anger of the Virgin, and to bid her bless his deed of blood. Neither bread nor meat were broken, neither wine nor water were borne to the lip; but the stillness of the great desert of Zahara reigned over and upon the hour, even until the last grain of sand in the glass had run out its race, and the cruel measure of time was full. Philip was then satisfied. He threw himself upon a couch. "The traitor dies!" ejaculated the king. An audible murmur ran around in response. "The time has expired some minutes!" continued the king; "and your enemy, Count of Biscay, has passed with it away, like the leaves of the olive before the blast of the sirocco!"

"My enemy, sire!" replied Don Ramirez, with some affectation of surprise.

"Yes, man!" said Philip, almost maliciously. "Why echo our words? Were you not his rival in the affections of the Lady Estella; and can two claim the same bride, and be friends? True, hitherto we have not spoken in council upon this matter; but our royal word is pledged, and the maid and her vast possessions are yours. Oh, count! men may talk of the ingratitude of kings, but never can we forget the services of that real friend of Spain, who first discovered the treasonable correspondence with France of this our pampered minion, the ingrate Guzman!"

---

* Seneca gives an anecdote of one Caius Julius, which I quote from Lodge's translation, 1614, presenting a curious parallel. Lodge, however, is wrong in assuming the game to have been chess, the Romans having been certainly ignorant of that sport; and the presumption is that it was a species of backgammon. "Hee was playinge at Chesse (*Ludebat latrunculis*) at such a time as the centurion who ledde a troope of condemned men to deathe commanded him likewise to be cited. Hauing scarce finished his game, he counted his men (*numerarit calculos*), and said to him with whom he played, *Beware*, saith he, *when I am dead, that thou belyest me not, and sayest thou hast wonne the game.* Then, nodding his head to the centurion, followinge forthe, he added. *Bear me witnesse, that I have the vantage of one.*"

It seemed that Biscay's count could have spared this premature declaration of his devotedness. Shame is ever the informer's portion, gild it as he may.

"With deep reluctance was my sad duty to your majesty performed," was the answer of Don Ramirez; but he faltered in accent as he spoke, feeling that although he looked not in the faces of the chiefs around, their general expression was aught but friendly. A pause ensued. Tarraxas coughed audibly, while the hot blood of D'Ossuna rekindled in his veins at the words just spoken. The sensation was unbearable. Alonzo struck his sheathed sword with his gauntlet, as he sought in vain to catch the eye of Don Ramirez.

"Before the betrothed of my murdered friend shall be the bride of this proud man," thought the youth, "will I also lie in the Guzman tomb! To-morrow be my day of reckoning."

The conversation was resumed by Spain:—

"Your zeal, Don Ramirez, shall not pass unrequited. The saviour of a throne, and it may be of our dynasty, must be rewarded in no vulgar manner. At early morn we bade you arrange with our heralds-in-chief the patent of creation to the rank of Duke and Governor of fair Valencia. Is the parchment yet ready for signature!"

Trembling with the full tide of emotions consequent upon the complete success of long-cherished aspirations—agitated with the natural feelings of gratified ambition—eagerly grasping at the prizes of beauty, wealth, and rank, now poured around him—Don Ramirez hurriedly drew from his vest a vellum scroll, and presented it reverentially to the king.

"To sign this," said Philip, taking the roll with an air of mingled grace and majesty—"to subscribe this patent be our first public act to-day. The headsman has long since dealt the traitor his meed, and no other moment of time can be so fitting in which to reward the faithful saviour of our crown and life;" and the king displayed the parchment. "Ha!" cried Philip, suddenly and impetuously; "Mother of Jesus! what have we here!"

* * * * *

Again the legend carries us to the cell of the doomed. That fearful chess-game is over at last. Don Guzman has checkmated Ruy Lopez, and his awful triumph is perfected. The duke rises from his seat.

"I am once more the devoted servant of my king," said the condemned prince to Calavar, in accents of dignity, and it might be pride.

The executioners prepared rapidly to work forth their calling. Billet and blade were speedily made ready. The preparations were completed. The duke advanced to the altar of sacrifice, with that profound air of tranquillity only to be based on conscious innocence within.

"Let not this act of rashness be visited as guilt upon my king, O God!" prayed the Guzman, audibly. Ruy Lopez prostrated himself in a corner of the chamber, and with his face wrapped in his robes, poured forth almost hysterically the service of the church for the dying and the dead. The unhappy bishop could not bear to look upon innocent blood poured forth as water.

Calavar laid his rough hand upon the duke's shoulder, in order to remove the ruff from his neck. Don Guzman drew back gravely.

"No part of thee or thine may touch a Guzman, saving that steel!" said the duke, as he himself tore off the impediment, and bared his finely moulded throat for the blow.

Don Guzman, we say, reclined his head upon the billet, and gave the word to strike; but a shout like the coming of a mighty band of warriors rang through the distant halls, and the door was dashed open, ere the thirsty axe could drink its draught. At the head of many nobles, D'Ossuna rushed in and threw himself upon the rescued duke, while the narrow cell thrilled with the loud hurrah of Don Tarraxas.

"The noble and the innocent!" cried the young Alonzo. "He lives, and he is saved! My own loved cousin! I durst not hope to find thy spirit yet on earth!"

"But just in time, dear boy," whispered the duke, as he swooned away upon the block. Death could be better borne by that bold heart than the stunning consciousness of life and honourable acquittal!

Ruy Lopez lifted the noble Guzman exultingly in his arms, and the duke recovered sense but to find himself in the hall of majesty, his friends warmly crowding around, and Philip himself hanging over the couch with an eager expression of delight and satisfaction.

To dwell on the close of this scene were tedious as unnecessary. Don Ramirez, in his agitated triumph, had given a wrong parchment to the king, and its contents proved the forgeries and treasons of its owner. The whole exposed a plot to remove the Guzman; and thereby not only weaken the chief defences of the throne, but extinguish for ever a most hated rival. Sickening were it in the moment of joy to dwell on this in more minute detail. The duke's innocence was completely proved, and formally proclaimed in loudest tones by the high constable. Calavar and his gloomy band were first recalled from their stunning sense of stupefaction and bewilderment, to consign the black-hearted Count of Biscay to the Guzman's late keep of stone, and three days afterwards Madrid witnessed the traitor's well-deserved death on the public scaffold.

The joy of the court, meanwhile, knew no bounds. The noble Guzman was overwhelmed with embraces and congratulations; and the passages of the critical chess-game were minutely and even superstitiously dwelt upon.

"My friend once more!" cried Philip. "How could I be so blind, so hasty, so ungrateful to thy long and tried services? Never may my folly be expiated!"

"Sire," replied the duke, "name it not again. Such words of kindness from my sovereign outweigh a thousand lives!"

The king took the arm of Don Guzman.

"Friend," said Philip, "be thou very sure we may not be thus twice unjust. The finger of God is marked in this matter, and his interposition has been indeed miraculous. To offer thee additional rank or wealth were vain, and would be an insult to thy pure soul of honour. To hand down to thy posterity this providential escape, it is our royal will that the Guzman shield do henceforth bear a bright axe argent, on a chess-field azure; and be it our duty to provide that thy nuptials with the fair Donna Estella be held with fitting pomp and splendour, within the month, in the halls of our own Escurial

here. Jesu Maria assoilzie our soul from the sin of blood so nearly laid upon us!"

The monarch crossed himself in silence, and turned to Ruy Lopez. Gloomy and bad as was unhappily Philip's general deportment, there were not wanting moments through life in which the virtuous principle strove successfully for the ascendancy. None are all good, and surely of men none are altogether wicked. We are fearfully fashioned.

"Ruy Lopez," said Philip, with a smile, "methinks the church of Spain has gained a stalwart defender in her new bishop. Thou shalt be consecrated lord-prelate in a jewelled robe, for the chess-game thou hast this day played!"

"May it please your majesty," replied Ruy Lopez, "never before felt I joy at receiving checkmate."

The king laughed, and of course the courtiers all laughed too. The humour of the moment was to make mirth at but little. Their hearts were full.

"And now, gentlemen, we bid ye forthwith to the banquet," resumed the monarch. "Of all Spain's kings, never had she one so famished for food as Philip at this present happy moment. Let the cover for our noble friend, Don Guzman, be placed at our right hand, and be the trusty Bishop of Segovia seated on our left. To dinner, to dinner, and that right speedily! Your arm, my Guzman!"

* * * * * * * *

And thus did chess save an innocent man, and thus did Ruy Lopez get his bishoprick. Doubtless was it meant as a retrospect of this event, that Ruy Lopez, subsequently, in his *Treatise on Chess*, printed in Alcala, 1561, heads his second chapter with these words:—"En que se tracta el juego e ocio loable, no solo permitirse, pero ser necessario para la conservacio dela vida humana." Can enthusiasm go farther? and are not all real chess-players enthusiasts, from the very nature and constitution of our noble and bewitching pastime?

---

## IN VAIN.

Is vain how many hearts are spent,
And long years worn away!
And oh, how much to hope is lent,
It never will repay!
For who can tell the weight of toil,
The waste of heart and brain,
And weary travel of the soul,
Which hath been borne in vain?

The sleepless Sage some star hath sought,
Till hope and sight grew dim;
It shone for eyes that loved it not,
But never looked on him.
Thus fate hath flung the pearls away,
Which all was sold to gain,
Or freely poured the priceless ray
Where it might shine in vain.

The Poet's song, it hath gone forth
To every sea and shore,
And shed around his land of birth
A glory evermore:
But o'er the lyre hung clouds and gloom,
Whence rose that matchless strain;
And the minstrel only found a tomb,
With bright bays crowned in vain.

The Chief, whose name hath endless life,
His country's trust and might,
Who found his fame through days of strife,
And watchings of the night;
Whose voice the powers of earth could shake,
In senate, field, or fane:
Alas! and must the high hearts break—
The faithful fall in vain?

And Love, the pure, the true, that clings
In spite of chill or check;
Oh, many give their precious things,
But it kept nothing back!
Yet woe for well-springs of the heart,
Poured unto dust like rain,
When world's wealth could not purchase part
Of what was given in vain.

And some have borne the blast unbowed,
But sunk beneath the wave—
Even when the bow was in the cloud,
Or life-boat near to save:
Thus upon human skill and care
Some blight will still remain;
Then let us lay up treasures where
They are not heaped in vain.

F. B.

*Athenæum.*

---

## DEAF.

Deaf is commonly applied to the ear, and so it is in this part, but it is to the *ear of corn*. When wheat is unripened and injured, it is said to be *deaf*. In this case it is primitively applied; for *deaf*, in the Anglo-Saxon, signifies sterile. When we use it of a disease in the human ear it is metaphorically, because we can get no grain of sense or suitableness in the answers. So, *absurd* is derived from the Latin word for deafness,—the answer, being made without hearing the question, must be wide of it, and therefore foolish.—*Hamilton's Nugæ Literariæ.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE SALE OF A TRUMPET.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."
*Old Ballad.*

Of all old women hard of hearing
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That serv'd for a pair of gold rings to go through,
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature ask'd a query;
A look that said in a silent way
Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
"I'd give my ears to know what you say!"

And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott-street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen,
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclin'd,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
But as for hearing wisdom or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish!
She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
For her all human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come—
Unless the Devil that had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no farther could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death,")
Or the Felon's ear that was stuffed with Cotton—
Or Charles the First, in statue quo;
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy,
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into, for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer
So formed to worry,
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's Work,
Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern;
And learning whatever there was to learn,
In the prattling, tattling Village of Tringham—
As who wore silk? and who wore gingham?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em.

How Smiths contrived to live, and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigged together—
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners—
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady!

Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown!
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope,
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?

If the Snobbs had furnished their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares;
And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows!
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys
By courtesy call'd Statistical Fellows—

A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the Labouring Class's riches;
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertain'd that a working-man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

But this, alas! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing;
And often her tears would rise to their founts—
Supposing little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. An Fait—
That she couldn't audit the Gossip's accounts.
'Tis true, to her cottage still they came;
And ate her muffins just the same;
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
Who *saw* them talk and chuckle and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have liv'd, you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,

Near the New River Head, with its water cut off!
And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in;
But all remedies fail'd; and though some it was clear
(Like the brandy and salt
We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear!

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune;
For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a spinning-jennyish operation,
It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her mistress heard no more of that,
Than if it had been a boastwain's cat:
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—
But saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turned its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo! a man!—a pedlar! ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair;
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the "regular trader,"
Who luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay pannels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,
If he isn't a pedlar, at least is a showman!

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago,
And presto! before she could utter "Jack"—
Much less Robinson—open'd his pack—
And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—
Popp'd a trumpet into her ear.

"There, ma'am, try it!
You needn't buy it—
The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the Deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!
A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dumby to all creation.
And only looking to conversation—
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears are as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers
Sharp as knives but double as scissors,
That get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes."
("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again! No harm in trying—
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Ev'ry syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't.
And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear!—O dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy but an ear:
Only think, and you'll find on reflection,
You're bargaining, ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Ev'ry sound that Echo mocks—
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.

Why in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter blows
At the Queen's Levees, or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound,
Or the one-key'd bugles all the year round—
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

"Come," said the talkative Man of the Pack,
"Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

Only a pound! it's only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
It's only the fee
You might give Mr. C.,
And after all not hear his advice.
But common prudence would bid you stump it;
For, not to enlarge,
It's the regular charge
At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"
("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound's a pound there's no denying;
But think what thousands and thousands of pounds,
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds:
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
Pious cant, and moral saw,
Hocus-pocus, and Mon-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw—
Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner!
One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle!
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's
prong!

It's not the thing for me—I know it,
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it
snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not!

Eighteen shillings! it's worth the price,
Supposing you're delicate-minded and rather nice,
To have the medical man of your choice,
Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
Who comes and asks you how's your liver,
And where you ache, and where you shiver;
And as to your nerves so apt to quiver,
As if he was hailing a boat on the river!

And then with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
Tell's you to keep yourself perfectly quiet!

Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,
Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you're deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,
In a vulgar voice that goes over the way,
Down the street, and round the corner!
Come—speak your mind—it's No or Yes."
("I've half a mind," said Dame Eleanor S.)

Try it again—no harm in trying,
Of course you hear me, as easy as lying—
No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
To make you squall and struggle and kick,
Like Juno and Rose,
Whose ear undergoes
Such horrid tugs as membrane and gristle,
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle!

You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-
day;
And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
"There you go with your tonsils out!"
Why I knew a deaf Welshman who came from
Glamorgan
On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
Have called a monkey into his organ!
For the aurist only took a mug
And pour'd in his ear some acoustical drug,
That instead of curing deafened him rather,
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father!
That's the way with your surgical gentry!
And happy your luck
If you don't get stuck
Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answered the sentry.

Try it again, dear madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or not,—
That's the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not!

Why bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was "shod with felt,"
Till he rushes against you with all his force;
And then I needn't describe of course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse!

Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he probes his horn right into your ear,

Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet!

I'm not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,
Expos'd to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,
Instead of a song that's very improper!

Or just suppose in a public place
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he's calling 'Green Peas,' or calling her names!"

'Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,—
The very high pressure in fact of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing!
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-O! (an ominous name!)
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits*;
A Mechi's Razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn!

"Try it again, Ma'am, only try!"
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry;
"It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And hear no more of the pro and con,
And how society's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *Sine Quâ Non*:
Whereas with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,
At least as a mere malicious act,
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *Charity*-school:
Or, may be, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would rather object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.

"It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge,
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter:
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit;
The Pies and Jays, that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum
As many *Beaks* who belong to the Quorum.

"Try it—buy it—say ten and six—
The lowest price a miser could fix!
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To "*magnify sounds*" on such marvellous scales
That the Sounds of a Cod seem as big as a Whale's;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,
Charity Sermons, short or long,
Lecture, Speech, Concerto, or Song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear;
Or supposing by chance,
You wish to dance,
Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear!

"Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it
For guiding the sounds to the proper tunnel!
Only try till the end of June,
And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune,
I'll turn it—gratis—into a Funnel!"

In short, the Pedlar so beset her—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf Old Woman bought the Trumpet.

---

## CONSUMPTION OF ANIMAL FOOD IN LONDON.

Of the quantity of cattle disposed of in Smithfield Market, the numbers are ascertained to amount to 156,000 beasts, 21,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 29,000 pigs. This does not, however, by any means, form the total consumed in London, as large quantities of meat in carcasses, particularly pork, are daily brought from the counties round the metropolis. The total value of cattle sold in Smithfield annually is calculated at £8,250,000. The quantity of poultry annually consumed in London is supposed to cost between £70,000 and £80,000; that of game depends on the plentifulness of the season. There is nothing, however, more surprising than the sale of rabbits; one salesman in Leadenhall Market, during a considerable portion of the year, is said to have sold 14,000 rabbits weekly. It is supposed that a million a-year is expended on fruits and vegetables. The consumption of wheat amounts to a million of quarters annually; of this four-fifths are supposed to be made into bread, being a consumption of sixty-four millions of quartern loaves every year, in the metropolis alone. The annual consumption of butter in London amounts to about 11,000, and that of cheese to 13,000 tons. The money paid annually for milk is supposed to amount to nearly £1,250,000.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## STAVOREN.

BY J. H. MERIVALE, ESQ.

In the collection of popular tales and traditions, of which the following is a translated specimen,* no reference is made to the historical legend on which it is founded, but which I have since happened to meet in Grimeston's "General Historie of the Netherlands," 1608; and having had no opportunity of referring to the original sources to which that compiler, or his French author, Jean François Petit, resorted, and which they have failed to specify, I shall perhaps be pardoned for simply stating the portentous occurrence in the words in which it is there set down.

"At the same time," (namely, about the year 1120, under the reign of Floris the Second, Count of Holland,) "Stavoren, the chiefe towne of all Friseland, rich and abounding in all wealth, the which had been the only staple for all merchandize, whither ships came from all parts, whose inhabitants through ease knew not what to doe, nor desire; showing themselves in all things excessive and licentious, not only in their apparel, but also in the furniture of their houses, gilding the seats before their lodgings; so as they were commonly called *the debauched children of Stavoren*. As it is in the common course of this world, when as things are at the highest, or that men are at the height of their prosperitie, to decline and fall againe; even so it happened to this town of Stavoren, by a wonderfull, or rather miraculous accident, proceeding from the providence of God, enemie to all pride and contempt; which was in this manner:—There was in the said towne a widow, who knew no end of her wealth, the which made her proud and insolent: Shee did fraight out a shippe for Danswicke, giving the master charge to returne her in exchange of her merchandize, the rarest stuffe he could find. The master of the shippe finding no better commoditie than good wheat, fraighted his shippe therewith, with the which he returned to Stavoren; the which did so discontent this foolish and glorious widow, as shee said unto the master, that if hee had laden the said corne on the starreboord side, he should cast it into the sea on the larboord, the which was done, and all the wheat powred into the sea. But note the wonders of God's just judgment! the whole towne—yea, all the province, did smart for one woman's errour: for presently, in the same place where as the mariners had cast the corne into the sea, there grew a great barre of sand, wherewith the haven was so stopped, as no great shippe could enter: and at this day the smallest vessells that will anker there, must bee very careful, least they strike against this slate, or sand; the which since hath been called *Vrauce Sandt*, that is to say, the woman's sand; whereby the towne (loosing their staple and traffique of merchandize by little and little) came to decline: and by the intestine warres which have since happened in Friseland, the inhabitants, by reason of their wealth and pride, being growne intolerable to the nobilitie, who, in sumptuousness could not endure to be braved by them, the said towne is now become one of the poorest of the province, although it bee at this day, one that hath the greatest privileges amongst all the Hans townes."

Divested of romance, the simple truth, as regards the past and present state of this unfortunate seaport, appears to be stated in the following article of the "*Gazetteer*:"

"*Staveren*, a small town of the Netherlands, in the province of Friseland. It is a very ancient place, having been once the residence of the Kings of Friseland, and at a later period, one of the Hanse towns. Its harbour was large and commodious, but repeated inundations of the sea have choked it up, reducing its trade to insignificance, and its population to 1100."

Ox the Zuyder Zee Stavoren—who hath the city found!
With turrets and with gates full proudly girdled round;
And palaces of state thou still may'st there behold,
Albe' the boundless ocean flood have long time o'er them roll'd.

When thy bark is softly cradled, and all the winds asleep,
The mariner will show thee where she lies beneath the deep;
Thou look'st o'er street and market, where voiceless echoes dwell,
And the pike darts forth, awaken'd by the sound of the muffled bell.

Of old time, in Stavoren did pride and plenty reign:
Then feasted they in gladness, and dreamed of pleasures vain;
While proud o'er every sea their galleons tall did ride,
For the children of Stavoren plenteous treasures to provide.

Spoiled children were they, truly,—their fortune all too kind—
Their entrance halls and gates with gold profusely lined—
Their banquet rooms and courts with ducats paved throughout,
And o'er passages and stairs bright heaps of dollars strewed about.

As stores were heaped on stores, so grew proud Surquedry,
As though by worldly riches, high Heaven might purchased be;
But when the cup ran over, came the city to the ground,
And whom the sea had prospered well, the sea now closed around.

Above all in Stavoren a wealthy maid did dwell—
No monarch could her match, so far did she excel;
And so she waxed withal in arrogance and pride,
As that she worshipped gold, and owned no other gods beside.

When thus to her ship's captain bespoke that haughty fair—
"Go, heave thine anchor straight! for a twelvemonth's cruise prepare—
And return not to Stavoren, unless thou laden be
With the noblest and the best of wares thou can'st on earth-ball see."

Then spoke that captain old—a prudent man was he—
"I bring whate'er thou biddest—but more plainly tell to me,
What *is* the best and noblest? In the world is much to choose,
And I full fain would know what wares to take and what refuse.

"Let but thy lips pronounce—and, be it corn or wine,
Or amber, silk, or spice, or gold, or jewels' shine,
Or emerald or pearl,—'tis but thy speech's worth,
To freight my ship with all that's best and noblest on the earth."

* "Rheinsagen aus dem Munde des Volks und Deutscher Dichter. Von Dr. Karl Simrock."

"Nay," said she, "if thou guess not, why art thou held for wise?
Who e'er would choose my service, him must a wink suffice!
Wherewith shall it be freighted?—now, by my wrath, to sea—
And bring the noblest and the best—'tis all I'll say to thee!"

Now must he fain obey; yet stands he on the brink,
Like one who ponders much, scarce knowing what to think.
That lady's pride austere 'twas his full well to know,
And how to do her pleasure best, he ponders to and fro.

At length he thus resolves to meet her haughty scorn—
"The best of things on earth, the noblest too, is corn;
'Tis corn men honour most—the noblest and the best—
Therewith will I my vessel freight, and do her high behest."

With that he steers for Dantzic, his cargo to provide,
Ten thousand loads of wheat from Poland far and wide,
The choicest wheat of all that land did ever grow—
Such wheat as whoso tasted, it would give him strength enow.

Then homeward to Stavoren with favouring gale he sped,
And reached the harbour safely or ere six months were fled.
Straight stepped he to the lady, at table where she sat,
And looked as if she wondered much what could the fool be at?

"What ho, my noble captain! full soon thou art come back—
No doubt, the whole world's treasure you carry in your sack;
Your ship must be an eagle, and every sail a wing,
So swift its precious cargo home from Guinea's coast to bring."

Then spake that valiant sailor—(he from the lady's scowl
Perceived, as well experienced, the weather somewhat foul—)
"I bring the best of wheat, dread lady, unto thee—
The best and noblest ever grown on land, or shipped by sea."

Quoth she, "What's this I hear? I surely must mistake
What! wretched, vulgar wheat, whereof men simnels make?
Think'st thou to cheat me thus? Thou canst not serious be—
The noblest and the best of wares I bade thee bring to me."

"If it so wretched be, whence comes"—the old man said—
"Our daily prayer we make, 'God give us daily bread!'"
"Soon shalt thou prove," quoth she, "how I such prating scorn—
Say from what point of heaven above did'st ship this filthy corn!"

"On star-board side," he answered, "my ship was laden."
—"Good!
Then turn thee to the lar-board, and fling it to the flood.
Ay, the whole cargo, mark me—and be it instant done!
I come myself to see it well performed ere set of sun."

The sailor went, but did not that thing the lady bade;
Such sin against high Heaven to commit he was afraid;
So he gathered all the poor and half-starved people round
To try if aught of pity might in that hard heart be found.

She came as she had spoken—"My bidding hast thou done!"
Then fell they at her feet those poor people, one by one—
"Give us the wheat," they begged, "ere you cast it in the sea;
That we our hunger may appease,"—but nothing answered she.

A nod alone, for mandate, to the standers-by she gave,
And they whelmed God's blessed gifts remorseless in the wave.
The famished crowd stood wringing their hands in speechless grief,
And at length the brave old captain for his anger found relief.

Full loud before the people, in the lady's face he cried—
"Nay, verily, unpunish'd such sin can ne'er abide.
As God the good rewardeth, and the wicked bringeth low,
So will he one day make thee this crime's just judgment know.

"So will the hour arrive, when thou shalt yet be fain
From the streets this noble corn to pick up grain by grain,
Thine hunger to appease, since none will give them thee."
With laughter loud she answer'd, "Friend, that day shall never be.

"To Stavoren's richest heiress, bread ne'er will wanting be;
Look! this ring—this golden ring, I cast into the sea.
Not till it back returneth, may this thing hap to me."
That it will back return ere night, full little weeneth she.

Lo! in a fish's belly the cook that ring hath found,
And ere she laid her down to rest, the fatal news came round,
How that the argosies that she had eastward sent
All foundered were, and those no less that to the westward went—

How that the Moors and Turks, to work her sore annoy,
Their forces joined; and, more her fortune to destroy,
A princely house had failed—thus followed post on post,
Till she was doomed to starve, or ere a year had passed at most.

From door to door she went to beg her daily bread;
And thus it was fulfilled as that valiant seaman said.
By none was she lamented, by many held in scorn,
And she moaned her wretched life away, unpitied and forlorn.

Yet Stavoren revelled on in sinful, idle pride,
Since riches still her navies brought in with every tide:
The warning no man heeded—so grew the penance-seed
For all the godless city from that maiden's cruel deed.

There where the noble wheat was sunk by her command,
Arose a fearful sand-bank, men call the "Frauen Sand,"
And therefrom, through the waves a meagre plant did shoot,
Like wheat it show'd in stalk and head, save that it bore no fruit.

Yet higher rose the sand-bank, and higher o'er the tide—
The harbour barred, no ships therein might longer ride:
The springs of wealth throughout that gluttonous city died;
Yet still they revelled on in their wantonness and pride;

Until one day a shoal of herrings came to light
Out of the deep draw-well, and on the self-same night
The sea another channel chose, and with a fearful swell,
Its flood o'erwhelmed the streets, and the market-place as well.

On the Zuyder Zee Stavoren—who hath the city found?
With turrets and with gates full proudly circled round;
And palaces of state thou still might there behold,
Albe' the boundless ocean have for ages o'er them rolled.

From the United Service Journal.

## THE SEA-PIECE.

The spring of the year 1800-and-no-matter-what found me, as its predecessor had done, the hard-fagging curate of a large parish in a northern county, upon the exuberant salary of 30*l.* a-year, when an official-looking document was laid upon my table one fine morning, which, on being opened, turned out to be the presentation to a living about twenty miles off, just then vacant, the patron of which I had been happy enough to make a friend of. My establishment not being on a very ample or overcharged scale, I was not long in completing my preparations for entering upon my new sphere of action, and taking possession of a neat parsonage-house in the Elizabethan style, the grounds of which were separated only by a low wall from the church-yard. Amongst the earliest visitors who came, "on hospitable thought intent," to pay the compliments of that part of the country to the new incumbent, was a gentleman of quiet but most friendly and agreeable demeanour, who announced himself as one of my nearest neighbours, though not a parishioner, and pointed out his house to me from the drawing-room window, distant about two miles, on the opposite side of the valley, with a tall fir wood and winding stream between. He was accompanied by his lady, in whom it required no extraordinary share of penetration to discover the richness of a highly cultivated mind, softened by all the moonlight graces of the kind and accomplished gentlewoman. I was not long in returning that call: a few days found me riding through lanes of honeysuckle and holly, to the winding avenue which brought me in front of Ernsdale Hall. I was ushered into the saloon, where a cordial reception awaited me, and where, too, I found that there were other inmates of that quiet home,—that those sloping lawns and grassy terraces were trod by light and youthful feet,—that an abode which nothing could have made look dull while such a mistress was the presiding genius of the scene, was rendered yet more sunshiny and delightful by the presence of her attendant nymphs and graces. With such a family it did not take long for me to find myself upon a footing of easy friendliness and intimacy; and my gray mare would at any time have proved herself "the better horse," had she had to run a race in the direction of the Hall. There were some curious pictures in some of the chambers, and in looking over them one day there was one which particularly attracted my attention. It was not for its age or particular beauty of execution, for it was evidently the production of a modern hand, and, though dashed off with considerable spirit, it certainly could not pretend to compare with the illustrious reliques of the olden time which graced the walls around it. It was the subject of it which caught my eye, and appeared to connect it with some tale of stirring interest. It was a sea-piece—the water was agitated and discoloured, and the sky had a look of wild and storm-like grandeur. In the middle ground, or rather middle water, of the picture, was a sloop-of-war, or, at least, small armed three-master, showing British colours, under press of sail, careening heavily to the gale, and close to her a much larger vessel, carrying still more sail, and apparently French colours, in the very act of upsetting. I am come of a naval family, and, though my lot is now cast in the Church, hereditary predilection seems to run strong in me. I have sailed over many a long mile of blue water, and love the very smell of it dearly. My curiosity, therefore, was strongly excited to know whether my host could tell me how he came by the picture, and whether he knew any thing as to the seeming catastrophe it pourtrayed. "Oh, yes," he said, "that picture was painted by my order, and it has a story connected with it too long to tell you now; but come over some day soon, when we are alone, and you shall have it to your heart's content after dinner. I was on board that foremost vessel."

As I was not aware that the worthy Squire knew more of navigation than that highly respectable and thoroughly well-bred individual the man in the moon, my curiosity, already excited by the picture, was wound up to the highest pitch by this unexpected *début* of his in the character of a navigator and wanderer on the mountain wave, and, accordingly, a very few days found my feet under his hospitable mahogany; from which, when the cloth was removed and the ladies retired, he thus began his tale:—

"I dare say you had little conception that I had ever been any long voyages; nor, indeed, can my present habits be said to savour much of the sea. I live now, as you know, like a quiet man in the country, and keep up a neighbourly acquaintance with the people about me, as my father did before me. I call upon those upon whom it is proper to call, and give dinners to those to whom it is proper to give dinners. I go regularly to church on Sunday, always walking there, by-the-by, with my family, both for the sake of example and to rest my horses and servants,—and the rest of my time I ride about, and busy myself in looking after my tenants and attending to the improvement of my estate,—and, for any thing most people know to the contrary, I may have gone on in the same jog-trot way all my life, without experiencing any adventure beyond a roll into a ditch in hunting, or knowing any misfortune greater than the wetting of my hay, (a misfortune, by-the-by, which I am very cautious of encountering; and let me advise you, while I am upon that subject, my young friend, always to look well after your hay yourself, and see that your people make hay while the sun shines.) But this is not my story, and I can see you are fidgetty till I get on to it. Well, as I was saying, few people suppose that I have been the traveller I have been, and probably think the sum total of my nautical adventures, if they think at all about it, to have been summed up in a summer day's run in a cockney steamer. I tell you, however, that never were people more mistaken. I have been a great traveller in my time, and it was upon one of my voyages that the circumstance occurred which afforded the subject for the picture about which you are anxious to hear.

"It was about the height of the last war that the state of a large property which I then possessed in America imperatively demanded my personal presence. Just then however, I laboured under a most violent disinclination to leave the country. At another time I should have liked nothing better than an excuse for such a trip: and the chance of a brush with an enemy's privateer would only have put me in greater spirits for the run; but now the case was

different. I began to think my life of great importance to society; thought much upon the great truth that good people are scarce, and that it behoved those who did exist to take more than ordinary care of themselves: and then, going out in the heat of the war, through swarms of the enemy's cruisers, seemed so much like tempting Providence; and then—but, to cut the matter short, for I see by your smile you have guessed how the case stood, I was desperately, violently, and uncontrollably in love—and what was still more, on the very eve of marriage. But what was to be done? The property I could not afford to lose, and, as the mountain could not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain; so taking a tender and heavy-hearted farewell of my bride that was to be, with many promises of being back in less than three months, (for, of course, I was certain I would drive the lawyers about, and settle my affairs in something less than no time,) I took my departure for America. I arrived there without accident or adventure of any sort, and though three months passed, and another weary three months rolled round, yet I was chained to the sluggish wheels of the law. At length the wished-for emancipation came; my affairs were settled to my entire content and satisfaction, and joyfully I turned my face towards home. Of course it was an object with me to secure the quickest and most promising mode of conveyance, (the Great Western, you know, was then undreamt of,) and, therefore, though a large fleet was preparing to sail under convoy, as I knew it would be upwards of three weeks before they would be all collected, I determined to take my passage in the packet which carried the mail,—trusting to her light heels to escape the larger privateers or enemy's frigates, if we should meet any, and to her light 6-pounders, of which she mounted eight, to pepper the smaller craft. We sailed with the wind free, and nothing could be more agreeable than the early part of the passage. My fellow-passengers were many of them gentlemen, at least in manners, and all pleasantly disposed, each being willing to contribute his quota of amusement to the general stock. Among them was Sir Temple Monkton, who had some time before made such a noise in India by his honourable conduct regarding a duel, attempted to be forced upon him by some madman, about a lady whom they were both paying their addresses to, when he won the first fire and gave his antagonist his life (the distance being five paces, and himself a crack shot.)

"We had lighted our cigars one lovely breezy evening after dinner, and were lounging about the quarter-deck, listening with great interest to the particulars of this celebrated meeting, when the cry of 'A sail!' from the look-out at the mast-head broke up the conversation, and set every body on their legs.

"'How does she lie?' cried the Skipper.

"'Broad upon the weather-quarter,' was the reply.

"'Way aloft, Mr. Froth!' said the Captain to a Master's Mate. 'Way aloft, and see what you make of her.'

"The youth sprung into the rigging, and was soon in the topmast-crosstrees with his glass to his eye.

"'Can you make out her course?' sung out the Captain.

"'Ay, ay, Sir—steering right for us, or, perhaps, a point or two higher.'

"'That's to keep the weather-gage,' muttered an old Quartermaster, just loud enough for me to hear.

"'What do you make her out, Mr. Froth?'

"'Large armed craft, Sir—Frenchman, by the cut of her jib.'

"'Um!' said the Skipper; 'one of your heavy privateers, I suppose—no chance against that fellow's broadside. We must try what sort of a clean pair of heels we can show him: if he's one of our own cruisers, we want nothing with him, and if he's an enemy, the sooner we're out of his way the better. Turn the hands up—make sail!'

"In a few minutes, the gay little barky was staggering along under every string that would draw. But it was very evident that the stranger had seen us, and was not slow in following so good an example—as now, visible from the maintop, he presented the appearance of a cloudy pyramid of sail based upon the circle of the horizon. For a time he seemed to grow less and less: but, alas! the wish was father to the thought; for the broad clear above the sun, which had now gone down, showed at length, even from the deck, the rim of the world of waters distinctly dotted and broken by a rapidly increasing speck: before dark, she had lifted the head of her foretopsail. Some faces now began to look very blank; but the Captain, nothing daunted, declared he'd carry on if he ran us under water: I could not disguise from myself, however, that he took the precaution of getting out the despatches and signals, and loading the box with weights, preparatory to heaving it overboard. The Captain then returned upon deck. The enemy was no longer visible through the surrounding darkness, the evening having closed in murky and thick, though the breeze was still fresh and steady.

"'I shall haul up close to the wind, and stand on for an hour, Mr. Snatchblock,' addressing the officer of the watch, 'and then, if we see nothing of him, clew up all and lie still, and so give him the slip in the dark.'

"'Afraid that won't do Sir,' said the officer addressed; 'those fellows run confounded cunning; ten to one they expect the manœuvre, and are prepared to meet it. If I might be allowed to suggest—as a stern chase must be always a long chase—we shall gain more chances by trusting to our heels a bit yet, than by running, as it were, into the lion's mouth. While the breeze stands, and the sea keeps down, we may play him two or three tricks before he catches us up.'

"'I believe you're right, Mr. S.; we'll carry on till all's blue but what we'll get away.'

"The Captain now ordered the laniards of the standing rigging to be slacked, and the carpenter to knock the wedge-pins from the masts to allow them to play free. It was soon evident by the log that this manœuvre had told most favourably on the progress of the vessel; and as the night was now far advanced, and no enemy to be seen, most of us bundled off to our berths, with the newly-awakened hope of running her out of sight before morning. I was up long before the break of day; indeed, my toilette was soon made, for I had thrown myself into my birth dressed as I was. The look-out was busy making use of his eyes at the mast-head, but the fog-bank astern was too thick to penetrate. Meantime she gallantly sped on 9½ and 10 off the reel.

It was evident we had made a famous run in the night and now hope beat high. Towards eight o'clock the fog lifted; every eye was now turned in the direction where the enemy had last appeared, and judge our misery and disappointment, when she suddenly emerged into the clear—a towering pyramid of sail, visible down to her hull from the deck, and looming tremendously large in the partial haze. We looked at one another in mute anxiety, and some were evidently calculating what chances of comfort they were likely to meet with in a French prison. As for me, my thoughts were only of making a desperate defence: the thought of my pining out the prime of my days in captivity—separated from the being without whom life itself seemed but a questionable blessing; no, that was too much—I would not be taken—away with the thought.

"'Of course, you mean to defend the ship while a plank holds together, Captain?'

"'Mr. Dunnage!' he shouted to the Master, without taking any notice of my remark—'Mr. Dunnage! start the water all but the ground tier.'

"The command was speedily obeyed; a clear cataract rushed from her sides into the sea, and the lightened vessel flew over the wave with the freshened impetus of the courser when the spur touches his side. The Captain then turned to me with a cold, grim smile—

"'Fight the vessel, Mr. Fitzjames! why, that craft would blow us clean out of the water the first broadside: I'll be bound for it, he shows a pretty row of teeth if we let him alongside; a dozen long 18's, and more, of a side, on the main-deck, and goodness knows how many carronades and 9-pounders on the quarter-deck and fo'castle. No, no, show him our legs—that's the only chance—unless we can manage to wing him as he comes up. Blow, good breeze, blow! Egad! I begin to think she holds her own. Jump down, Mr. Dunnage; take the carpenter and his mates down with you, and saw through every third timber-head the whole length of the ship, except where they interfere with the masts: I'll be hanged if that won't squeeze another knot out of her; and if Johnny Crapaud takes us, it'll give his carpenters a job to keep their fingers warm setting her to rights again.' The sound of heavy sawing was now heard through the ship, and, in less than two hours, Mr. Dunnage reported the job complete. The ship, deprived of so much support, now creaked and groaned fearfully as she sped over the rising sea, but her increase of velocity was apparent to the most unpractised eye. 'Hurra!' said the Skipper, rubbing his hands, 'if the breeze only stands so, we may wish Mounseer Crapaud a very good morning, and better luck next time: thanks to goodness, we've a summer passage before us.'

"The parties who had eaten little at breakfast began now to do ample justice to a hearty lunch, and our appetite for dinner was much increased by the joyful appearance of the enemy hull-down. 'Sweethearts and wives' was drank with enthusiasm, and every one felt triumphantly, almost uproariously, happy; but alas! for poor human prosperity—towards ten o'clock the breeze freshened, and though it sent us along with almost miraculous velocity, it was very evident that, if it increased to a gale, the ship, already weakened by the sawing through so many of her main supports, must be under the necessity of shortening sail, and that, with a heavy sea, the advantage would be, of course, tremendously on the side of a larger vessel. Our prognostications were too painfully fulfilled; for morning showed us under double-reefed topsails, being the utmost we could dare to carry, and the enemy under only single reefs, careering over the seas, not more than three miles astern, and evidently coming up hand over hand. Escape by flight was now impossible; our only chance consisted in winging her; and, accordingly, we began, as she drew within gunshot, to make a target of her foretopsail, in the hope of knocking some of her sticks over the side; but the shot from a long 9-pounder in her fo'castle was now beginning to fly over us fast—whereupon, some of the youths who had been most diligent in looking out, displaying and overhauling their arms and pistols, examining, priming, touching up flints, &c., at the time we expected to escape, thought proper to disappear and vanish below. As for me, I thought not of shot; my mind was occupied by one absorbing feeling; and my sole relief was in working, with desperate assiduity, in serving our tiny stern-chasers. I was just stooping down to pick up a rammer, when, bang, came another shot: I heard the crash of timber behind me, and before I could turn myself, our foretopmast was over the side. The ship, of course, flew up immediately to the wind, and there we lay helpless, with our broadside right on to the enemy. The colours were hauled down in an instant, or he would have been right over us; and though he came instantly to the wind, he was scarcely time enough to save a collision, which would have sent us to the bottom. We were ordered to keep close under his lee till he could send a boat on board to take possession; and the weather moderating towards the afternoon, he sent one of the cutters, with a prize-crew, on board, and we found ourselves prisoners on the quarter-deck of La Belle Alliance, French cruiser, of 36 guns, and 320 men.

I will not trouble you with my feelings upon the occasion; indeed, I cannot tell you what they were: I suppose I was stupefied; but I know I wondered at my own indifference and coolness. I knew that the cruel policy of Buonaparte had kept multitudes of English civilians languishing in a French prison. From his clemency, therefore, there was nothing to hope for; so I quietly sat down in my despair. Day after day rolled on as we stretched across the broad Atlantic, and it is but justice to the French Captain to say that he treated his prisoners, especially the captive officers and passengers, with respect, courteously putting no immediate restraint upon our personal liberty. And now we could not have been above a week's sail from the British shore, for the passage was unusually fine, when, one night, swinging in my hammock in a feverish sort of slumber, after lying awake for hours, musing upon my situation till my brain turned round, I had a dream. And yet it seemed that, as Byron says, it could not have been all a dream. There stood by my couch the well-known form and features of one adored and loved beyond expression, from whom I had felt as it were separated for ever. 'There was'—to use the words of somebody, I think Lytton Bulwer (for I'm not good at describing young ladies myself,) which are remarkable, as one of my nieces observed, for their singular resemblance to the person described,—'there was the same wonderful innocence, and dove-like

softness of expression,—the same mild yet smiling eyes of the darkest blue, with that ingenuous breadth of brow, and the nose not cut in that sharp and clear symmetry which looks so lovely in marble, but usually gives to flesh and blood a hard and decided character, but small, delicate, with the least possible inclination to turn upwards, (the *nez un peu retroussee* of the French,) serving to give a prettier archness to the sweet flexible lips, which, from the gentleness of their repose, appeared to smile unconsciously, but rather from a happy constitutional serenity than from the giddiness of mirth.'

"Such was the character of the fair being who now bent over me, with a smile such as the guardian cherubim might cast over the objects of their mortal trust, whispering of hope, and happiness, and joy, when suddenly the vision changed. There was still the same features, the same liquid light in those lovely eyes, but the soft fair ringlets now appeared confined beneath the laced cocked hat of a naval officer; the sylph-like appearance expanded into the stately tread of martial manhood; and the flowing dress was suddenly exchanged for the heavy epaulettes and dark blue uniform of a Captain in the British Navy. The scene was the quarter-deck of an English 74; while to leeward lay a huge man-of-war, of foreign build, with the British union-jack displayed at the peak, waving proudly above the French ensign, and strains of triumphal music were floating on the wind, which gradually arranged themselves into the air of

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!

when I woke myself by shouting in chorus at the top of my vocal organs,

Britons never will be slaves!

I jumped up; it was broad day-light, and some of the officers and English gentlemen prisoners were already on deck.

"My misery was flown; it had given place to feelings of peace and hope. I felt a delightful state of contentment and triumphant good-humour: I felt certain that we should soon be free. The memory of the vision haunted me so strongly, that I could not avoid communicating it at breakfast to Sir Temple; and, adding that I was certain of being, in two days' time at furthest, under the protection of the British flag. He smiled incredulously, and said something about dreams being to be always interpreted by the rule of contrary, and expectations too sanguine to be realized. He could not succeed, however, in damping *my* ardour, though I had failed to inspire him with kindred enthusiasm, as, followed by my friend, I bounded upon deck with a feeling of lightness to which I had for weeks been a stranger. I here again renewed the subject of the conversation, and was in the midst of a strongly-contested argument on the absurdity of putting faith in dreams, when the man at the mast-head reported a sail broad upon the weatherbeam.

"'There she is!' I said triumphantly; 'in a few hours we shall be retaken,—I know it.'

"Sir Temple's incredulous glance to windward seemed to say, 'I wish we may get it!'

"The French officers now held a consultation, the result of which appeared to be a determination to hold on our course till we should see what the stranger was like, more especially as she looked at least two hundred tons smaller than ourselves. As she rapidly neared us she was soon visible from the deck. The general opinion seemed to be, that she was a French frigate that had been expected to sail from Havre about a fortnight before, to commit depredations on the coast of Ireland. The ship, however, as a precautionary measure, was cleared for action; and our Captain ordered English colours to be hoisted, to deceive her if an enemy, and the band to be in readiness to play 'Rule Britannia' the moment the sound was likely to be heard on board the stranger. On came the gallant vessel; but as she neared us the hopes of the prisoners fell. Being nearly end on, we could not see her ensign, but the sharpness of her hull, the hoist of her topsails, and the unusual rake of her tapering masts, all proclaimed her to be of French construction; and when, at length, the fly of the ensign blowing clear of the gaff, showed the tricolor of France, as she rounded-to, and shortened sail, a throb of disappointment ran through every English bosom.—Sir Temple whispering, with something that might have been mistaken for a smile,

"'Your dream, Fitzjames,—so much for your dream!'

"And now the air of the 'Marsellaise' came floating across the waters. The French Captain was delighted at this rencontre with a countryman. The British ensign had long been hauled down, and the French national flag substituted in its room; and we were all lost in conjecture why he did not drop down within hail, as we, too, had shortened sail the moment he set us the example, when a signal ascended to his main-mast head; but when the bunting blew out, the French officers exchanged glances, and instantly ordered the prisoners below. I had just time to see the French ensign descend from the stranger's peak, and the 'meteor flag' of old England shoot up to its place like a rocket into the sky, when I was hurried below; but I had scarcely reached the combings of the hatchway, when the report of a gun came booming across the waters, followed by a general broadside, the iron shower crashing through the bulwarks, and ripping up the planking, shivering ring-bolts, and strewing the decks with the dying and the dead. The broadside was quickly returned: the conflict had begun. The prisoners were stowed together in the ward-room, and a file of marines placed over them, with orders to shoot the first one who stirred. I cared not for this: I felt sure that a few hours, perhaps minutes, would set us free. But I could not resist giving Sir Temple a triumphant glance, and shouting in his ear amidst the din,

"'What think you *now* of the dream?'

"The nature of the trap into which the Frenchman had fallen was very evident. They had been deceived, in the first instance, by the French build of the vessel, (which turned out to be a cruiser captured from France and commissioned into our service,) assisted by the ruse of the French colours and French national air; and it was not till the private signal was displayed,—which, of course, they were unable to answer, that they discovered their mistake. Meantime broadside followed broadside in close and stunning succession; and for half an hour nothing was heard but the thunder of the cannon, intermingled with the lighter roll of musketry, the hurrahing of the combatants, the shrieks of the wounded, and the

groans of the dying,—when, of a sudden, all became still and silent as the grave. Most of us shook our heads, and supposed our Skipper had had enough, and was making sail to escape, for none dared to think he had taken his gallant foe. But my ardent hopes were not so to be quenched:

"'Depend upon it,' said I, 'John Bull is only knotting and splicing his rigging, that has been shot away in the action; we shall hear more of him by-and-by.'

"And, true enough, not more than an hour had elapsed when the welcome music of a distant cannonade again burst upon the ear. The sound grew nearer and louder, till, from the stunning peal and quick concussion, it was evident the vessels were yard-arm and yard-arm. Anon came a crashing thump, which made us reel through every joint and timber, followed by a wild hurrah, at which our guards rushed upon deck. The English frigate had evidently piped 'Boarders, away!' The roar of the heavy guns now ceased, but the crack of the first discharge of pistols, when there was no time to load again, was followed by the furious tramp of feet, the cold clash of steel, and the heavy fall of men. A few minutes more, and the French came tumbling down the hatchway, whilst three triumphant cheers, that rent the air, told that the day was won. As the hatches were immediately secured from above, we were left for another half hour literally in the dark upon the subject of our liberation, when, at length, the door of the ward-room opened, and a young man, in the dark-blue uniform of the British Navy, entered at the head of a party of jolly sons of Neptune, naked to the waist, black and grimy with the gunpowder, and seamed with alternate streaks and channels of blood and perspiration.

"'What cheer, ho!—Prisoners, away!'

"'Prisoners no longer, thanks to you!' said I, addressing the officer. 'It's a mighty pleasant thing to be on the right side of the hedge! as the Irishman said when the mad bull was coming across the lane.'

"A hearty laugh followed this stale joke; and where all were in such spirits, the same would have followed the most execrable one ever invented; in a moment we darted up the hatchway, and stood in the light of the blessed heaven once more. We hastened aft to the quarter-deck, and were presented to the Captain of the British frigate, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance, an officer of well-known name; but, oh! how laughably unlike was his genuine bluff countenance, shaded by enormous whiskers, to the fairy captain of my dream. But the dream had been fulfilled in all necessary particulars, and that was enough for me.

"We were now at liberty to attend to the scene around us: close to the captured vessel in which we were, two of whose topmasts were by the board, and mainmast with six 9-pound shot in it, lay the beautiful hull of the captor, her side bearing evident marks of the recent conflict: herself shorn of a topmast, sails in tatters, and rigging severely cut, but not so much otherwise the worse for wear. But the scene on the Frenchman's deck, especially at the six aftermost guns, which we were informed had been three times cleared, baffled all description. The effect produced by the grape, canister, and langridge, which our tars had crammed in at top of the round shot, in the heat of action, had been awfully tremendous. The wounded had all been removed to the cockpit, but the decks were slippery with gore, and the bulwarks spattered with blood, and fat, and brains; and as the vessel heaved heavily to the long swell, a puddle of blood and water slobbered and bubbled in the lee scuppers, with a strange and death-like plash. The crews, however, were hard at work, clearing this charnel-house; and the recaptured fore-mast-men, whom the British Captain had already marked for his own as not the least valuable part of his prize, setting to work with a will, she soon began to assume a different appearance.

"The work of transferring the prisoners to the frigate was rapidly going on, and all signs would soon be obliterated of the work of death and havoc. A prize crew being put on board the vessel, and spare topmasts rigged on both her and the British frigate, both ships made sail, and filled for the British shores.

"The Captain's cruise being up, he intended to run in himself, which would give him the additional advantage of acting as convoy to the prize; and as an old acquaintance, he kindly invited me to be his guest on board his own vessel, including Sir Temple Monkton in his invitation. This was joyfully accepted, and my heart bounded as we made sail once more for Old England's shores.

"We had not held our course however for forty-eight hours, during which, by-the-bye, we had run the prize out of sight, she having sprung her wounded mainmast in the night, when a small vessel hove in sight, steering our own course, which, when we closed with her, proved to be a mail packet homeward bound, with despatches for us from the Admiral, if he fell in with us at sea. These, on being opened, proved to be orders to cruise for a fortnight longer; so, by the advice of the Captain—though not liking the risk, after the former mishap, yet driven on the other hand by anxiety—I agreed to take my passage home in the mail packet, a small Government corvette of about 290 tons, and mounting eight light 6-pounders, like the one in which we had been taken, Sir Temple continuing my companion de voyage.

"As no enemy had been seen or heard of, however, by any of the vessels whom the corvette had spoken, and as her sailing qualities were highly commended, we thought we might reckon on being pretty safe for so short a run, as the sea was covered with English cruisers. And so indeed it appeared for a couple of days, during which we spoke only one vessel, and that a British 74, on her way to join the fleet; but as I was sitting in my berth, indulging in delicious reverie produced by a cigar I had just been smoking, and mentally inditing an epistle to one whom I so soon hoped to hold in my embrace, my ears caught the now rather unwelcome cry of 'A sail' from the mast head. I flew upon deck—a large vessel was reported seemingly in chase. It was blowing pretty fresh, and night coming on; but the Captain immediately clapped on all sail, which we could the better venture upon, as the wind was free, our course being about E. and by S., with wind at W. N. W. That was an anxious night; and as it continued clear, I remained all night on deck with most unpleasant misgivings as to the character of the pursuing vessel, who was evidently coming up hand over hand, and sailing like a witch, while her size showed the utter

hopelessness of escape by dint of fighting. I was now pretty well versed in manœuvres of escape; but though the Captain did all he could for the trim of the vessel, he refused to resort to the desperate expedient of sawing through timbers, and would not even allow the rigging to be slacked, as the wind threatened a gale, and the sea was getting up. By mid-day on the following day, during which I had never left the deck, the enemy was within gun-shot astern, cracking on stud-sails, and every thing set, and holding on through the squalls without starting tack or sheet; his colours now leaving no doubt as to his nation. The first puff of white smoke from his weather-bow had just heralded the roar and whiz consequent on the discharge of a long-nine, and the game seemed to be all up; for in ten minutes he could run us down if we did not strike, or luff to the wind, and pepper us at leisure, when I heard the Captain say to his first officer, 'Egad, Mr. Marline, I'll play him a trick; he's coming up under every thing, stun-sails and all, at the rate of thirteen and a half knots. I'll haul suddenly to the wind, letting every thing go by the run in the way of lighter hamper; and before he can stop himself, he'll shoot under our stern away to leeward, (his fire can't do us much harm in his hurry,) and we can make all snug, and go away to the northward, within eight points or so of the wind, which you know is our best point of sailing; and five hundred to one, he carries some of his spars away in following; by-the-bye, I see a sharp squall too, darkening to windward. Now, Mr. Brail, hands to the weather-braces, and topgallant sheets, and let all stun-sails go by the run. Now then,' cried Mr. Skipper, taking the command from the officer of the watch in the excitement of the moment; 'now then, steady my men,—down with the helm, quartermaster—down with it—hard down—and stand by to meet her.'

"Down went the helm, away flew the braces and topgallant sheets, as the ship darted to the wind with the speed of a race-horse; the stun-sail sheets were simultaneously let go, and away flew the whole covey in a cloud to leeward. The enemy saw our manœuvre, and with wonderful rapidity and daring hastened to defeat it. Down went his helm, and up he came to the wind under all sail; but at this instant of wild and maddening excitement, a mightier hand was spread abroad upon the waters. The squall came down in thunder, black as night, cutting off the tops of the billows, and ploughing the ocean into marbled sheets of foam.

"'Stand by, to let all go by the run,' cried our Skipper; 'stand by the sheets and halliards—keep her away, Mr. Brail.'

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the squall struck the Frenchman, who, maddened by the ardour of the pursuit, though heeling fearfully to the gale, or paralysed at the last moment, had never shortened sail. The squall struck him, he gave a sickly reel, his masts bent like willow wands to the shock; another instant, and his main-topgallant yard-arms dipped the wave: a furious sea came down: it broke over him—its spray flew mountains high;—a shrill cry mingled with the blast. The spray cleared, and we were alone upon the waters! The proud and gallant vessel had gone to the depths beneath; and the hearts that so late beat high with hope and anticipated conquest, were whelmed beneath the wave. The squall swept by—there was a pause in the blast, and our hearts stood still. We had had a narrow escape ourselves, and were all but on our beam ends; but the Captain's coolness and precaution saved the vessel, with the loss of some of our sails. At much hazard we ventured to put about, and retrace our way over the spot where the Frenchman had disappeared, as near as we could judge, thinking that some solitary wretches might be floating upon hen-coops or spars. But no, the work of destruction had been complete! and of all that proud crew, there lived no one to tell the tale.

"When the first thrill of horror had subsided, we could not of course but rejoice at our escape, and once more the helm was put up—the topsails filled—and away for home, away. A very short passage brought us in sight of the British shores. I need not tell you how soon I was whirling along the road at the back of four rattling posters; and I dare say you can form a tolerably acute guess as to which road I was going. My marriage took place soon after; and the sea-piece painted from my description, and under my directions, by a promising young artist from Liverpool, now hangs, as you know, over the mantel-piece in my bedroom."

---

## THE CANDID WOOING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I CANNOT give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady,—
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady.
But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;—
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou, rather, in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady.
And while thy gentle virtues live
Such is the love that I will give.
The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly;—
The storm of passion lasts a day,
But calm true love endures alway,
My sweet lady.

Accept then a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
*Faith*, *Friendship*, *Honour*, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
*Faith* shall but make us love the more:
And *Friendship*, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride:
And *Honour*, based on love and truth,
Shall last beyond the charms of youth,
My sweet lady. *Athenæum.*

## CHAPTER CXIV.—A Recognition.

The most pleasing part about retrospect is the memory of our by-gone hopes. The past, however happy, however blissful, few would wish to live over again; but who is there that does not long for, does not pine after the day-dream which gilded the future—which looked ever forward to the time to come as to a realization of all that was dear to us; lightening our present cares, soothing our passing sorrows by that one thought?

Life is marked out in periods in which, like stages in a journey, we rest and repose ourselves, casting a look now back upon the road we have been traveling; now throwing a keener glance toward the path left us. It is at such spots as these, remembrance comes full upon us, and that we feel how little our intentions have swayed our career or influenced our actions; the aspirations, the resolves of youth, are either looked upon as puerile follies, or a more distant day settled on for their realization. The principles we fondly looked to, like our guide-stars, are dimly visible, not seen; the friends we cherished are changed and gone; the scenes themselves seem no longer the sunshine and the shade we loved; and, in fact, we are living in a new world, where our own altered condition gives the type to all around us; the only link that binds us to the past being that same memory, that, like a sad curfew, tolls the twilight of our fairest dreams and most cherished wishes.

That these glimpses of the by-gone season of our youth should be but fitful and passing—tinging, not colouring, the landscape of our life—we should be engaged in all the active bustle and turmoil of the world, surrounded by the objects of hope, love, and ambition, stemming the strong tide in whose fountain is fortune.

He however, who lives apart, a dreamy and a passionless existence, will find that in the past, more than in the future, his thoughts have found their resting place; memory usurps the place of hope, and he travels through life like one walking onward; his eyes still turning toward some loved forsaken spot, teeming with all the associations of his happiest hours, and preserving, even in distance, the outline that he loved.

Distance in time, as in space, smooths down all the inequalities of surface; and, as the cragged and rugged mountain, darkened by cliff and precipice, shows to the far-off traveller but some blue and misty mass, so the long lost-sight-of hours lose all the cares and griefs that tinged them; and, to our mental eye, are but objects of uniform loveliness and beauty; and if we do not think of

> The smiles—the tears
> Of boyhood's years,

it is because, like April showers, they but chequer the spring of our existence.

For myself, baffled in hope at a period when most men but begin to feel it, I thought myself much older than I really was; the disappointments of the world, like the storms of the ocean, impart a false sense of experience to the young heart, as he sails forth upon his voyage, and it is an easy error to mistake trials for time.

The goods of fortune by which I was surrounded, took nothing from the bitterness of my retrospect: on the contrary, I could not help feeling that every luxury of my life was bought by my surrender of that career which had elated me in my own esteem; and which, setting a high and noble object of ambition before me, taught me to be a man.

To be happy, one must not only fulfil the duties and exactions of his station, but the station itself must answer to his views and aspirations in life. Now mine did not sustain this condition: all that my life had of promise was connected with the memory of her who never could share my fortunes; of her for whom I had earned praise and honour: becoming ambitious as the road to her affection, only to learn after, that my hopes were but a dream, and my paradise a wilderness.

While thus the inglorious current of my life ran on, I was not indifferent to the mighty events the great continent of Europe was witnessing: the successes of the Peninsular campaign; the triumphant entry of the British into France; the downfall of Napoleon; the restoration of the Bourbons, followed each other with the rapidity of the most commonplace occurrences; and in the few short years in which I had sprung from boyhood to man's estate, the whole condition of the world was altered: kings deposed; great armies disbanded; rightful sovereigns restored to their dominions; banished and exiled men returned to their country, invested with rank and riches; and peace, in the fullest tide of its blessings, poured down upon the earth, devastated and blood-stained.

Years passed on; and between the careless abandonment to the mere amusement of the hour, and the darker meditation upon the past, the time slipped away. From my old friends and brother officers I heard but rarely. Power, who at first wrote frequently, grew gradually less and less communicative. Webber, who had gone to Paris at the peace, had written but one letter; while, from the rest, a few straggling lines was all I received. In truth, be it told, my own negligence and inability to reply, cost me this apparent neglect.

It was a fine evening in May, when, rigging up a spritsail, I jumped into my yawl, and dropped easily down the river; the light wind gently curled the crested water; the trees waved gently and shook their branches in the breeze, and my little bark, bending slightly beneath, rustled on her foamy track with that joyous bounding motion so inspiriting to one's heart. The clouds were flying swiftly past, tinging with their shadows the mountains beneath; the Muster shore, glowing with a rich sunlight, showed every sheep-cot and every hedge-row clearly out, while the deep shadow of tall Scariff darkened the silent river where Holy Island, with its ruined churches and melancholy tower, were reflected in the still water.

It was a thoroughly Irish landscape; the changeful sky; the fast flitting shadows; the brilliant sunlight; the plenteous fields; the broad and swelling stream; the dark mountain, from whose brown crest a wreath of thin blue smoke was rising,—were all there smiling yet sadly, like her own sons, across whose louring brow some fitful flash of fancy ever playing, dallies like sunbeams on a darkening stream, nor marks the depth that lies below.

I sat musing over the strange harmony of nature with the temperament of man, every phase of his passionate existence seeming to have its type in things inanimate; when a loud cheer from the land aroused

me, and the words "Charley! cousin Charley!" came wafted over the water to where I lay.

For some time I could but distinguish the faint outline of some figures on the shore, but, as I came nearer, I recognized my fair cousin Baby, who with a younger brother of some eight or nine years old, was taking an evening walk.

"Do you know, Charley," said she, "the boys have gone over to the castle to look for you; particularly this evening."

"Indeed, Baby; well I fear you must make my excuses."

"Then once for all, I will not. I know this is one of your sulky moods, and I tell you frankly I'll not put up with them any more."

"No, no, Baby, not so: out of spirits if you will, but not out of temper."

"The distinction is much too fine for me, if there be any; but there now, do be a good fellow; come up with us—come up with *me!*"

As she said this she placed her arm within mine. I thought too—perhaps it was but a thought—she pressed me gently. I know she blushed and turned away her head to hide it.

"I don't pretend to be proof to your intreaty, cousin Baby," said I, with half-affected gallantry, putting her fingers to my lips.

"There, how can you be so foolish; look at William yonder; I am sure he must have seen you." But William, God bless him, was bird-nesting, or butterfly-hunting, or daisy-picking, or something of that kind.

Oh, ye young brothers, who, sufficiently old to be deemed companions and *chaperons*, but yet young enough to be regarded as having neither eyes nor ears, what mischief have ye to answer for! what a long reckoning of tender speeches—of soft looks—of pressed hands—lies at your door! what an incentive to flirtation is the wily imp who turns ever and anon from his careless gambols, to throw his laughter-loving eyes upon you, calling up the mantling blush to both your cheeks! He seems to chronicle the hours of your dalliance, making your secrets known unto each other; we have gone through our share of flirtation in this life: match-making mothers, prying aunts, choleric uncles, benevolent and open-hearted fathers, we understand to the life, and care no more for such man-traps, than a Melton man, well mounted on his strong-boned thorough-bred, does for a four-barred ox-fence that lies before him. Like him, we take them flying: never relaxing the slapping stride of our loose gallop, we go straight ahead, never turning aside, except for a laugh at those who flounder in the swamps we sneer at. But we confess honestly, we fear the little brother, the small urchin who, with nankeen trowsers and three rows of buttons, performs the part of Cupid; he strikes real terror into our heart; he it is, who, with a cunning wink, or sly smile, seems to confirm the soft nonsense we are weaving; by some slight gesture he seems to check off the long reckoning of our attentions, bringing us every moment nearer to the time when the score must be settled, and the debt paid: he it is, who, by a memory delightfully oblivious of his task and his table-book, is tenacious to the life of what you said to Fanny; how you put your head under Lucy's bonnet; he can imitate to perfection the way you kneeled upon the grass; and the wretch has learn to smack his lips like a *gourmand*, that he may convey another stage of your proceeding.

Oh, for infant schools for every thing under the age of ten! Oh, for factories for the children of the rich! The age of prying curiosity is from four-and-a-half to nine, and Fouché himself might get a lesson in *police* from an urchin in his alphabet.

I contrived soon, however, to forget the presence of even the little brother. The night was falling; Baby appeared getting fatigued with her walk, for she leaned somewhat more heavily upon my arm, and I—I cannot tell wherefore—fell into that train of thinking aloud, which somehow, upon a summer's eve, with a fair girl beside one, is the very nearest thing to love-making.

"There, Charley—don't now—ah, don't—do let go my hand—they are coming down the avenue."

I had scarcely time to obey the injunction, when Mr. Blake called out,

"Well indeed!—Charley, this is really fortunate, we have got a friend to take tea with us, and wanted you to meet him."

Muttering an internal prayer for something, not exactly the welfare of the aforesaid friend, whom I judged to be some Galway squire, I professed aloud the pleasure I felt in having come in so opportunely.

"He wishes particularly to make your acquaintance."

"So much the worse," thought I to myself; "it rarely happens that this feeling is mutual."

Evidently provoked at the little curiosity I exhibited, Blake added,

"He's on his way to Fermoy with a detachment."

"Indeed! what regiment, pray?"

"The twenty-eighth foot."

"Ah! I don't know them."

By this time we reached the steps of the hall-door, and just as we did so, the door opened suddenly, and a tall figure in uniform presented himself. With one spring he seized my hand and nearly wrung it off.

"Why, what," said I, "can this be? is it really——"

"Sparks," said he, "your old friend Sparks, my boy; I've changed into the infantry, and here I am. Heard by chance you were in the neighbourhood—met Mr. Blake, your friend here, at the inn, and accepted his invitation to meet you."

Poor Sparks, albeit the difference of his costume, was the same as ever. Having left the fourteenth soon after I quitted them, he knew but little of their fortunes; and he himself had been on recruiting stations nearly the whole time since we met before.

While we each continued to extol the good fortune of the other—he mine as being no longer in the service, and I his for being still so—we learned the various changes which had happened to each of us during our separation. Although his destination was ultimately Fermoy, Portumna was ordered to be his present quarter; and I felt delighted to have once more an old companion within reach, to chat over former days of campaigning and nights of merriment in the Peninsula.

Sparks soon became a constant visiter and guest at Gurtnamorra; his good temper, his easy habits, his simplicity of character, rapidly enabled him to fall into all their ways; and, although evidently not what Baby would call "the man for Galway," he

endeavored with all his might to please every one, and certainly succeeded to a considerable extent.

Baby alone seemed to take pleasure in tormenting the poor sub. Long before she met with him, having heard much from me of his exploits abroad, she was continually bringing up some anecdote of his unhappy loves or misplaced passion; which he evidently smarted under the more, from the circumstance that he appeared rather inclined to like my fair cousin.

As she continued this for some time, I remarked that Sparks, who at first was all gaiety and high spirits, grew gradually more depressed and dispirited. I became convinced that the poor fellow was in love; very little management on my part was necessary to obtain his confession; and accordingly, the same evening the thought first struck me, as we were riding slowly home towards O'Malley Castle, I touched at first generally upon the merits of the Blakes, their hospitality, &c.; then diverged to the accomplishments and perfections of the girls; and, lastly, Baby herself, in all form, came up for sentence.

"Ah, yes!" said Sparks, with a deep sigh, "it is quite as you say; she is a lovely girl; and that liveliness in her character, that elasticity in her temperament, chastened down as it might be by the feeling of respect for the man she loved. I say, Charley, is it a very long attachment of yours?"

"A long attachment of mine! Why, my dear Sparks, you can't suppose that there is any thing between us! I pledge you my word most faithfully."

"Oh, no, don't tell me that; what good can there be in mystifying me?"

"I have no such intention, believe me. My cousin Baby, however I like and admire her, has no other place in my affection than a very charming girl, who has lightened a great many dreary and tiresome hours, and made my banishment from the world less irksome than I should have found it without her."

"And you are really not in love!"

"Not a bit of it!"

"Nor going to marry her either?"

"Not the least notion of it!—a fact. Baby and I are excellent friends, for the very reason that we were never lovers; we have had no *petits jeux* of fallings out and making up; no hide and seek trials of affected indifference and real disappointments; no secrets, no griefs nor grudges; neither quarrels nor keepsakes. In fact, we are capital cousins; quizzing every one for our own amusement; riding, walking, boating together; in fact, doing and thinking of every thing save sighs and declarations; always happy to meet, and never broken-hearted when we parted. And I can only add, as a proof of my sincerity, that, if you feel as I suspect you do from your questions, I'll be your embassador to the court of Gurtnamorra with sincere pleasure."

"Will you really? Will you, indeed, Charley, do this for me? Will you strengthen my wishes by your aid, and give me all your influence with the family?"

I could scarcely help smiling at poor Sparks' eagerness, or the unwarrantable value he put upon my alliance, in a case where his own unassisted efforts did not threaten much failure.

"I repeat it, Sparks, I'll make a proposal for you in all form, aided and abetted by every thing recommendatory and laudatory I can think of; I'll talk of you as a Peninsular of no small note and promise; and observe rigid silence about your Welsh flirtation and your Spanish elopement."

"You'll not blab about the Dalrymples, I hope?"

"Trust me; I only hope you will be always equally discreet: but now—when shall it be?—Should you like to consider the matter more?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind; let it be to-morrow; at once, if I am to fail; even that, any thing's better than suspense."

"Well then to-morrow be it," said I.

So I wished him a good night, and a stout heart to bear his fortune withal.

---

## CHAPTER CXV.

I ORDERED my horses at an early hour, and long before Sparks—lover that he was—had opened his eyes to the light, was already on my way toward Gurtnamorra. Several miles slipped away before I well determined how I should open my negociations; whether to papa Blake, in the first instance, or to madam, to whose peculiar province these secrets of the home department belonged; or why not at once to Baby? because, after all, with her it rested finally to accept or to refuse. To address myself to the heads of the department seemed the more formal course, and, as I was acting entirely as an *envoyé extraordinaire*, I deemed this the fitting mode of proceeding.

It was exactly eight o'clock as I drove up to the door. Mr. Blake was standing at the open window of the breakfast-room, snuffing the fresh air of the morning. The Blake mother was busily engaged with the economy of the tea-table; a very simple style of morning costume, and a night-cap with a flounce like a petticoat, making her unaffected toilette. Above stairs, more than one head *en papillote*, took a furtive peep between the curtain; and the butler of the family, in corduroys and a fur cap, was weeding turnips in the lawn before the door.

Mrs. Blake had hardly time to take a hurried departure, when her husband came out upon the steps to bid me welcome. There is no physiognomist like your father of a family, or your mother with marriageable daughters. Lavater was nothing to them, in reading the secret springs of action—the hidden sources of all character. Had there been a good respectable bump allotted by Spurzheim to "honorable intentions," the matter had been all fair and easy—the very first salute of the gentleman would have pronounced upon his views: but, alas! no such guide is forthcoming; and the science, as it now exists, is enveloped in doubt and difficulty. The gay, laughing temperament of some; the dark and serious composure of others; the cautious and reserved, the open and the candid, the witty, the sententious, the clever, the dull, the prudent, the reckless—in a word, every variety which the innumerable hues of character imprint upon the human face divine, are their study. Their convictions are the slow and patient fruits of intense observation and great logical accuracy. Carefully noting down every lineament and feature—their change, their action, and their developement—

they track a lurking motive with the scent of a blood-hound, and run down a growing passion with an unrelenting speed. I have been in the witness-box, exposed to the licensed badgering and privileged impertinence of a lawyer; winked, leered, frowned, and sneered at with all the long practiced tact of a *nisi prius* torturer; I have stood before the cold, fish-like, but searching eye of a prefect of police, as he compared my passport with my person, and thought he could detect a discrepancy in both: but I never felt the same sense of total exposure as when glanced at by the half cautious, half prying look of a worthy father or mother in a family where there are daughters to marry, and "nobody coming to woo."

"You're early, Charley," said Mr. Blake, with an affected mixture of carelessness and warmth. "You have not had breakfast?"

"No, sir. I have come to claim a part of yours; and, if I mistake not, you seem a little later than usual."

Not more than a few minutes. The girls will be down presently; they're early risers, Charley: good habits are just as easy as bad ones; and, the Lord be praised! my girls were never brought up with any other."

"I am well aware of it, sir; and, indeed, if I may be permitted to take advantage of the *àpropos*, it was on the subject of one of your daughters that I wished to speak to you this morning, and which brought me over at this uncivilized hour, hoping to find you alone."

Mr. Blake's look for a moment was one of triumphant satisfaction: it was but a glance, however, and repressed the very instant after, as he said with a well-got-up indifference—

"Just step with me into the study, and we're sure not to be interrupted."

Now, although I have little time or space for such dallying, I cannot help dwelling for a moment upon the aspect of what Mr. Blake dignified with the name of his study. It was a small apartment with one window, the panes of which, independent of all aid from a curtain, tempered the daylight through the medium of cobwebs, dust, and the ill-trained branches of some wall tree without.

Three oak chairs and a small table were the only articles of furniture; while around, on all sides, lay the *disjecta membra* of Mr. Blake's hunting, fishing, shooting, and coursing equipments—old top boots, driving-whips, odd spurs, a racing saddle, a blunderbuss, the helmet of the Galway light-horse, a salmon net, a large map of the county with a marginal index to several mortgages marked with a cross, a stable lantern, the rudder of a boat, and several other articles representative of his daily associations; but not one book, save an odd volume of Watty Cox's Magazine, whose pages seemed as much the receptacle of brown hackles for trout fishing as the resource of literary leisure.

"Here we'll be quite cosey, and to ourselves," said Mr. Blake, as, placing a chair for me, he sat down himself, with the air of a man resolved to assist, by advice and counsel, the dilemma of some dear friend.

After a few preliminary observations, which, like a breathing canter before a race, serves to get your courage up, and settle you well in your seat, I opened my negotiation by some very broad and sweeping truism about the misfortunes of a bachelor existence, the discomforts of his position, his want of home and happiness, the necessity for his one day thinking seriously about marriage; it being in a measure almost as inevitable a termination of the free and easy career of his single life as transportation for seven years is to that of a poacher. "You cannot go on, sir," said I, "trespassing for ever upon your neighbours' preserves; you must be apprehended sooner or later; therefore, I think, the better way is to take out a license."

Never was a small sally of wit more thoroughly successful. Mr. Blake laughed till he cried, and when he had done, wiped his eyes with a snuffy handkerchief, and cried till he laughed again. As, somehow, I could not conceal from myself a suspicion as to the sincerity of my friend's mirth, I merely consoled myself with the French adage, that he laughs best who laughs last; and went on—

"It will not be deemed surprising, sir, that a man should come to the discovery I have just mentioned more rapidly by having enjoyed the pleasure of intimacy with your family; not only by the example of perfect domestic happiness presented to him, but by the prospect held out that a heritage of the fair gifts which adorn and grace married life, may reasonably be looked for among the daughters of those, themselves the realization of conjugal felicity.

Here was a canter, with a vengeance; and as I felt blown, I slackened my pace, coughed, and resumed.

"Miss Mary Blake, sir, is then the object of my present communication: she it is, who has made an existence that seemed fair and pleasurable before, appear blank and unprofitable without her. I have, therefore—to come at once to the point—visited you this morning, formally to ask her hand in marriage: her fortune, I may observe at once, is perfectly immaterial—a matter of no consequence; (so Mr. Blake thought also) a competence fully equal to every reasonable notion of expenditure——"

"There—there; don't," said Mr. Blake, wiping his eyes with a sob like a hiccup, "don't speak of money. I know what you'd say; a handsome settlement—a well-secured jointure, and all that. Yes, yes, I feel it all."

"Why, yes, sir, I believe I may add, that every thing in this respect will answer your expectations."

"Of course; to be sure. My poor dear Baby! how to do without her, that's the rub. You don't know, O'Malley, what that girl is to me—you can't know it; you'll feel it one day though—that you will."

"The devil I shall!" said I to myself.

"The point is, after all, to learn the lady's disposition in the matter——"

"Ah, Charley! none of this with me, you sly dog! You think I don't know you. Why I've been watching—that is, I have seen—no, I mean I've heard—they—they: people will talk, you know."

"Very true, sir. But, as I was going to remark——"

Just at this moment the door opened, and Miss Baby herself, looking most annoyingly handsome, put in her head.

"Papa, we're waiting breakfast. Ah, Charley, how d'ye do?

"Come in, Baby," said Mr Blake, "you haven't given me my kiss this morning"

The lovely girl threw her arms around his neck, while her bright and flowing locks fell richly upon his shoulder. I turned rather sulkily away: the thing always provokes me. There is as much cold selfish cruelty in such *coram publico* endearments, as in the luscious display of rich rounds and sirloins in a chop-house, to the eyes of the starved and penniless wretch without, who, with dripping rags and watering lip, eats imaginary slices, while the pains of hunger are torturing him.

"There's Tim!" said Mr. Blake, suddenly. "Tim Cronin! Tim!" shouted he to—as it seemed to me—an imaginary individual outside; while, in the eagerness of pursuit, he rushed out of the study, banging the door as he went, and leaving Baby and myself to our mutual edification.

I should have preferred it being otherwise; but as the Fates willed it thus, I took Baby's hand, and led her to the window. Now there is one feature of my countrymen which, having recognized strongly in myself, I would fain proclaim; and writing, as I do—however little people may suspect me—solely for the sake of a moral, would gladly warn the unsuspecting against. I mean, a very decided tendency to become the consoler, the confidant of young ladies; seeking out opportunities of assuaging their sorrow, reconciling their afflictions, breaking eventful passages to their ears; not from any inherent pleasure in the tragic phases of the intercourse, but for the semi-tenderness of manner, that harmless hand-squeezing, that innocent waist-pressing, without which consolation is but like salmon without lobster—a thing maimed, wanting, and imperfect.

Now whether this with me was a natural gift, or merely a "way we have in the army," as the song says, I shall not pretend to say; but I venture to affirm that few men could excel me in the practice I speak of some five-and-twenty years ago. Fair reader, do, pray, if I have the happiness of being known to you, deduct them from my age before you subtract from my merits.

"Well, Baby, dear, I have just been speaking about you to papa. Yes, dear—don't look so incredulous—even of your own sweet self. Well, do you know I almost prefer your hair worn that way; those same silky masses look better falling thus heavily——"

"There now, Charley! ah, don't."

"Well, Baby, as I was saying, before you stopped me, I have been asking your papa a very important question, and he has referred me to you for an answer. And now will you tell me, in all frankness and honesty, your mind on the matter?"

She grew deadly pale as I spoke these words; then suddenly flushed up again, but said not a word. I could perceive, however, from her heaving chest and restless manner, that no common agitation was stirring her bosom. It was cruelty to be silent, so I continued—

"One who loves you well, Baby dear, has asked his own heart the question, and learned that without you he has no chance of happiness; that your bright eyes are to him bluer than the deep sky above him; that your soft voice, your winning smile—and what a smile it is! have taught him that he loves, nay, adores you. Then dearest—what pretty fingers those are! Ah! what is this? whence came that emerald? I never saw that ring before, Baby."

"Oh, that—" said she blushing deeply, "that is a ring the foolish creature Sparks gave me a couple of days ago; but I don't like it—I don't intend to keep it."

So saying, she endeavored to draw it from her finger, but in vain.

"But why, Baby, why take it off? Is it to give him the pleasure of putting it on again? There, don't get angry; we must not fall out, surely."

"No, Charley, if you are not vexed with me—if you are not——"

"No, no, my dear Baby; nothing of the kind. Sparks was quite right in not trusting his entire fortune to my diplomacy; but, at least, he ought to have told me that he had opened the negotiation. Now the question simply is—Do you love him? or rather, because that shortens matters—Will you accept him?"

"Love who?"

"Love whom! why Sparks, to be sure."

A flash of indignant surprise passed across her features, now pale as marble; her lips were slightly parted; her large full eyes were fixed upon me steadfastly; and her hand, which I had held in mine, she suddenly withdrew from my grasp.

"And so—and so it is of Mr. Sparks' cause you are so ardently the advocate?" said she, at length, after a pause of most awkward duration.

"Why, of course, my dear cousin. It was at his suit and solicitation I called on your father; it was he himself who intreated me to take this step; it was he——"

But before I could conclude, she burst in a torrent of tears, and rushed from the room.

Here was a situation! What the deuce was the matter? Did she, or did she not, care for him? Was her pride or her delicacy hurt at my being made the means of the communication to her father? What had Sparks done or said to put himself and me in such a devil of a predicament? Could she care for any one else?"

"Well, Charley!" cried Mr. Blake, as he entered, rubbing his hands in a perfect paroxysm of good temper. "Well, Charley, has love-making driven breakfast out of your head?"

"Why, faith, sir, I greatly fear I have blundered my mission sadly. My cousin Mary does not appear so perfectly satisfied: her manner—"

"Don't tell me such nonsense—the girl's manner! Why, man, I thought you were too old a soldier to be taken in that way."

"Well, then, sir, the best thing, under the circumstances, is, to send over Sparks himself. Your consent, I may tell him, is already obtained."

"Yes, my boy; and my daughter's is equally sure. But I don't see what we want with Sparks at all: among old friends and relatives, as we are, there is, I think, no need of a stranger."

"A stranger! Very true, sir, he is a stranger; but when that stranger is about to become your son-in-law——"

"About to become what?" said Mr. Blake, rubbing his spectacles, and placing them leisurely on his nose to regard me, "to become what?"

"Your son-in-law. I hope I have been sufficiently explicit, sir, in making known Mr. Sparks' wishes to you."

"Mr. Sparks! Why, damn me, sir—that is—I

beg pardon for the warmth—you—you never mentioned his name to-day till now. You led me to suppose that—in fact, you told me most clearly——"

Here, from the united effects of rage and a struggle for concealment, Mr. Blake was unable to proceed, and walked the room with a melo-dramatic stamp perfectly awful.

"Really, sir," said I at last, "while I deeply regret any misconception or mistake I have been the cause of, I must in justice to myself say, that I am perfectly unconscious of having misled you. I came here this morning with a proposition for the hand of your daughter in behalf of——"

"Yourself, sir! Yes, yourself. I'll be——no! I'll not swear: but—but just answer me, if you ever mentioned one word of Mr. Sparks: if you ever alluded to him till the last few minutes?"

I was perfectly astounded. It might be: alas! it was exactly as he stated. In my unlucky effort at extreme delicacy, I became only so very mysterious, that I left the matter open for them to suppose that the Khan of Tartary was in love with Baby.

There was but one course now open. I most humbly apologized for my blunder; repeated, by every expression I could summon up, my sorrow for what had happened; and was beginning a renewal of negotiation "*in re* Sparks," when, overcome by his passion, Mr. Blake could hear no more, but snatched up his hat, and left the room.

Had it not been for Baby's share in the transaction, I should have laughed outright. As it was, I felt any thing but mirthful; and the only clear and collected idea in my mind was, to hurry home with all speed and fasten a quarrel on Sparks, the innocent cause of the whole mishap. Why this though struck me, let physiologists decide.

A few moments' reflection satisfied me, that, under present circumstances, it would be particularly awkward to meet with any others of the family. Ardently desiring to secure my retreat, I succeeded, after some little time, in opening the window sash; consoling myself for any injury I was about to inflict upon Mr. Blake's young plantation in my decent, by the thought of the service I was rendering him while admitting a little fresh air into his sanctum.

For my patriotism sake I will not record my sensations as I took my way through the shrubbery toward the stable. Men are ever so prone to revenge their faults and their follies upon such inoffensive agencies as time and place, wind or weather, that I was quite convinced that to any other but Galway ears, my *exposé* would have been perfectly clear and intelligible; and that in no other country under heaven would a man be expected to marry a young lady from a blunder in his grammer.

Baby may be quite right, thought I; but one thing is assuredly true, if I'll never do for Galway, Galway will never do for me. No, hang it! I have endured enough for about two years. I have lived in banishment, away from society, supposing that at least, if I isolated myself from the pleasures of the world, I was exempt from its annoyances: but no: in the seclusion of my remote abode troubles found their entrance as easily as elsewhere, so that I determined at once to leave home; wherefor, I knew not. If life had few charms, it had still fewer ties for me: if I was not bound by the bonds of kindred, I was untrammelled by their restraints.

The resolution once taken, I burned to put it into effect; and so impatiently did I press forward, as to call forth more than one remonstrance on the part of Mike at the pace we were proceeding at. As I neared home, the shrill but stirring sounds of drum and fife met me; and shortly after, a crowd of country people filled the road. Supposing it some mere recruiting party, I was endeavouring to press on, when the sounds of a full military band, in the exhilarating measure of a quick step, convinced me of my error; and, as I drew to one side of the road, the advanced guard of an infantry regiment came forward. The men's faces were flushed, their uniform dusty and travel-stained, their knapsacks strapped firmly on, and their gait the steady tramp of the march. Saluting the subaltern, I asked if any thing of consequence had occurred in the south, that the troops were so suddenly under orders. The officer stared at me for a moment or two without speaking; and while a slight smile half curled his lip, answered—

"Apparently, sir, you seem very indifferent to military news, otherwise you can scarcely be ignorant of the cause of our route."

"On the contrary," said I, "I am, though a young man, an old soldier, and feel most anxious about every thing connected with the service."

"Then it is very strange, sir, you should not have heard the news. Bonaparte has returned from Elba, has arrived at Paris, been received with the most overwhelming enthusiasm, and at this moment the preparations for war are resounding from Venice to the Vistula. All our forces, disposable, are on the march for embarkation. The Duke of Wellington has taken the command, and already I may say the campaign has begun."

The tone of enthusiasm in which the young officer spoke, the astounding intelligence itself, contrasting with the apathetic indolence of my own life, made me blush deeply, as I muttered some miserable apology for my ignorance.

"And you are now *en route?*"

"For Fermoy; from which we march to Cove for embarkation. The first battalion of our regiment sailed for the West Indies a week since, but a frigate has been sent after them to bring them back; and we hope all to meet in the Netherlands before the month is over. But I must beg your pardon for saying adieu. Good bye, sir."

"Good bye, sir; good bye," said I, as, still standing in the road, I was so overwhelmed with surprise that I could scarcely credit my senses.

A little farther on I came up with the main body of the regiment, from whom I learned the corroboration of the news, and also the additional intelligence that Sparks had been ordered off with his detachment early in the morning, a veteran battalion being sent into garrison in the various towns of the south and west.

"Do you happen to know a Mr. O'Malley, sir?" said the major, coming up with a note in his hand.

"I beg to present him to you," said I bowing.

"Well, sir, Sparks gave me this note, which he wrote with a pencil as we crossed each other on the road this morning. He told me you were an old Fourteenth man; but your regiment is in India, I believe; at least Power said they were under orders when we met him."

"Fred Power! are you acquainted with him? Where is he now pray?"

"Fred is on the staff with General Vandeleur—and is now in Belgium."

"Indeed!" said I, every moment increasing my surprise at some new piece of intelligence. "And the eighty-eighth?" said I, recurring to my old friends in that regiment.

"Oh, the eighty-eighth are at Gibraltar, or somewhere in the Mediterranean at least. I know they are not near enough to open the present campaign with us. But if you'd like to hear any more news, you must come over to Borrisokane; we stop there to-night."

"Then I'll certainly do so."

"Come at six, then, and dine with us."

"Agreed," said I; "and now good morning."

So saying, I once more drove on; my head full of all that I had been hearing, and my heart bursting with eagerness to join the gallant fellows now bound for the campaign.

---

## ALLEGED CASE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.

MONDAY an experiment of a very extraordinary character, and which had been adopted in order to ascertain and fully test the powers of abstinence to which the human frame is capable of attaining, took place by the release of a person named Bernard Cavannagh, who it will be remembered, was noticed a few weeks since as having exhibited himself as one who had gone without food for upwards of five years. A medical gentleman, who attended an exhibition which Bernard Cavannagh made of himself about three weeks since at the Assembly-rooms, Theobald's-road, expressing strong doubts as to the alleged powers of Cavannagh, the latter offered to be locked up in a room for ten days, under the care of any number of gentlemen of the medical profession. This offer was accepted; and the medical gentleman who disputed the powers of Cavannagh in this respect and Dr. Kenny were appointed to superintend the test. Cavannagh was, after having been carefully examined in order to see that he had no food whatever concealed about his person, placed in a room on the top floor of the medical gentleman's house, and the lock of the door was sealed up in order to prevent the slightest communication. Thursday, the term having expired, the seal was broken, and the door opened in the presence of upwards of thirty medical and scientific gentlemen. When Cavannagh came forward, who was found to be quite hearty, though apparently somewhat thinner than when he was locked up. The only communication that had been had with him during his confinement was knocking at the room door, and asking how he was; to which he invariably answered, "Perfectly well." Various questions were put to him by the medical gentlemen present, many of which he declined answering. He refused either to be weighed or to show his tongue when called upon to do so; and when he was asked how it was that he had attained such powers of abstinence, his reply was, "That it came gradually upon him, and he little thought that the Lord would have brought him to such a state." The case was looked upon by the medical gentlemen present as one of a very singular character; and while some expressed themselves satisfied with the test, others had strong doubts; the majority however, declined giving an opinion.—*Britannia, Sept.* 18.

---

## THE NEW CAVANNAGH DIET.

As you walk thro' the street, you may happen to meet
A very odd fellow, who lives without meat;
The carcass he owns is all skin and bones,
And to him the fresh air is an epicure's treat.

To live upon air,
Ye Britons! prepare,
And match, if you can, Mr. Cavannagh's feat!

Of days half a score, on a lofty third floor,
He fasted in state, with a seal on the door;
And then he was found as jolly and sound
As if he had fed on the brawn of the boar.
Brave Britons! prepare
To live upon air
Till people at Cavannagh wonder no more.

Mistaught from your birth that fruits of the earth
And beasts of the field are your natural diet,
With a surfeit of food inflaming your blood,
On good bread and cheese you would fatten and riot.
But, Britons! beware!
A meal of fresh air
Shall make you like Cavannagh, skinny and quiet.

Eternally thinking
Of eating and drinking,
Why don't you attend to your hedging and ditching!
You dream you were born to wallow in corn,
When you and your wives should be weaving and stitching.
But how you will stare
When you cook the fresh air,
And dress a light dinner in Cavannagh's kitchen!

A fig then for hunger! No fat famine-monger
Can trouble your peace and unfeelingly mar it.
Let him heap up his dishes with loaves and with fishes,
And pamper his paunch with his turtle and claret,
While your dainty fare
Shall be plenty of air,
Served up in the Cavannagh style—in a garret. R. P.

*Examiner, 9th Oct.*

---

## EDMUND SPENSER.

THE literary world will be glad to learn that the locality of the family of the illustrious author of "The Faery Queen" has been ascertained. Mr. F. F. Spenser, of Halifax, in making some researches into the ancient residence of his own family, has been fortunate in identifying it with that of the great Elizabethan bard, and we are informed is about to lay the particulars before the public. The little rural village of Hurtswood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, is the honoured locality, and in the romantic Alpine scenery of that neighbourhood it is probable Spenser took refuge, when he was driven, by academical disappointments, "to his relations in the north of England." The family of that great poet appear to have resided at Hurtswood about 400 years—that is, from the early part of the reign of Edward II. to the year 1690.—*Leeds paper.*

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-THIRD.

During the whole of this day, every regiment in or near the metropolis was on duty in one or the other part of the town; and the regulars and militia, in obedience to the orders which were sent to every barrack and station within twenty-four hours' journey, began to pour in by all the roads. But the disturbances had attained to such a formidable height, and the rioters had grown with impunity to be so audacious and so daring, that the sight of this new force, continually augmented by new arrivals, instead of operating as a check, stimulated them to outrages of greater hardihood than any they had yet committed; and helped to kindle a flame in London, the like of which had never been beheld, even in its ancient and rebellious times.

All yesterday, and on this day likewise, the commander-in-chief endeavoured to raise the magistrates to a sense of their duty, and in particular the Lord Mayor, who was the faintest-hearted and most timid of them all. With this object, large bodies of the soldiery were several times despatched to the Mansion House to await his orders; but as he could by no threats or persuasions be induced to give any; and as the men remained in the open street, fruitlessly for any good purpose, and thrivingly for a very bad one; these laudable attempts did harm rather than good. For the crowd, becoming speedily acquainted with the Lord Mayor's temper, did not fail to take advantage of it, by boasting that even the civil authorities were opposed to the Papists, and could not find it in their hearts to molest those who were guilty of no other offence. These vaunts they took care to make within the hearing of the soldiers: and they, being naturally loth to quarrel with the people, received their advances kindly enough; answering, when they were asked if they desired to fire upon their countrymen, "No, they would be damned if they did;" and showing much honest simplicity and good-nature. The feeling that the military were No Popery men, and were ripe for disobeying orders and joining the mob, soon became very prevalent in consequence. Rumours of their disaffection, and of their leaning towards the popular cause, spread from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity; and whenever they were drawn up idly in the streets or squares, there was sure to be a crowd about them, cheering, and shaking hands, and treating them with a great show of confidence and affection.

By this time, the crowd was everywhere; all concealment and disguise were laid aside, and they pervaded the whole town. If any man among them wanted money, he had but to knock at the door of a dwelling-house, or walk into a shop, and demand it in the rioters' name; and his demand was instantly complied with. The peaceable citizens being afraid to lay hands upon them, singly and alone, it may be easily supposed that when gathered together in bodies, they were perfectly secure from interruption. They assembled in the streets, traversed them at their will and pleasure, and publicly concerted their plans. Business was quite suspended; the greater part of the shops were closed; most of the houses displayed a blue flag in token of their adherence to the popular side; and even the Jews in Hounsditch, White-chapel, and those quarters, wrote upon their doors or window-shutters, "This House is a True Protestant." The crowd was the law, and never was the law held in greater dread, or more implicitly obeyed.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, when a vast mob poured into Lincoln's Inn Fields by every avenue, and divided—evidently in pursuance of a previous design—into several parties. It must not be understood that this arrangement was known to the whole crowd, but that it was the work of a few leaders; who, mingling with the men as they came upon the ground, and calling to them to fall into this or that party, effected it as rapidly as if it had been determined on by a council of the whole number, and every man had known his place.

It was perfectly notorious to the assemblage that the largest body, which comprehended about two-thirds of the whole, was designed for the attack on Newgate. It comprehended all the rioters who had been conspicuous in any of their former proceedings; all those whom they recommended as daring hands, and fit for the work; all those whose companions had been taken in the riots; and a great number of people who were relatives or friends of felons in the jail. This last class included, not only the most desperate and utterly abandoned villains in London, but some who were comparatively innocent. There was more than one woman there, disguised in man's attire, and bent upon the rescue of a child or brother. There were the two sons of a man who lay under sentence of death, and who was to be executed along with three others, only the next day but one. There was a great party of boys whose fellow-pickpockets were in the prison; and at the skirts of all, a score of miserable women, outcasts from the world, seeking to release some other fallen creature as miserable as themselves, or moved by a general sympathy perhaps—God knows—with all who were without hope, and wretched.

Old swords, and pistols without ball or powder; sledge-hammers, knives, axes, saws, and weapons pillaged from the butchers' shops; a forest of iron bars and wooden clubs; long ladders for scaling the walls, each carried on the shoulders of a dozen men; lighted torches; tow smeared with pitch, and tar, and brimstone; staves roughly plucked from fence and paling; and even crutches torn from crippled beggars in the streets, composed their arms. When all was ready, Hugh and Dennis, with Simon Tappertit between them, led the way. Roaring and chafing like an angry sea, the crowd pressed after them.

Instead of going straight down Holburn to the jail, as all expected, their leaders took the way to Clerkenwell, and rushing down a quiet street, halted before a locksmith's house—the Golden Key.

"Beat at the door," cried Hugh to the men about him. "We want one of his craft to-night. Beat it in, if no one answers."

The shop was shut. Both door and shutters were of a strong and sturdy kind, and they knocked without effect. But the impatient crowd raising a cry of "Set fire to the house!" and torches being passed to the front, an upper window was thrown open, and the stout old locksmith stood before them.

"What now, ye villains!" he demanded. "Where is my daughter!"

"Ask no questions of us, old man," retorted Hugh,

waving his comrades to be silent, "but come down, and bring the tools of your trade. We want you."

"Want me!" cried the locksmith, glancing at the regimental dress he wore: "Ay, and if some that I could name, possessed the hearts of mice, ye should have had me long ago. Mark me, my lad—and you about him do the same. There are a score among ye whom I see now and know, who are dead men from this hour. Begone! and rob an undertaker's while you can! You'll want some coffins before long."

"Will you come down?" cried Hugh.

"Will you give me my daughter, ruffian?" cried the locksmith.

"I know nothing of her," Hugh rejoined. "Burn the door!"

"Stop!" cried the locksmith, in a voice that made them falter—presenting, as he spoke, a gun. "Let an old man do that. You can spare him better."

The young fellow who held the light, and who was stooping down before the door, rose hastily at these words, and fell back. The locksmith ran his eye along the upturned faces, and kept the weapon levelled at the threshold of his house. It had no other rest than his shoulder, but was as steady as the house itself.

"Let the man who does it, take heed to his prayers," he said, firmly; "I warn him."

Snatching a torch from one who stood near him, Hugh was stepping forward with an oath, when he was arrested by a shrill and piercing shriek, and, looking upward, saw a fluttering garment on the house-top.

There was another shriek, and another, and then a shrill voice cried, "Is Simmun below?" At the same moment a lean neck was stretched over the parapet, and Miss Miggs, indistinctly seen in the gathering gloom of evening, screeched in a frenzied manner, "Oh! dear gentlemen, let me hear Simmun's answer from his own lips. Speak to me, Simmun. Speak to me!"

Mr. Tappertit, who was not at all flattered by this compliment, looked up, and bidding her hold her peace, ordered her to come down and open the door, for they wanted her master, and would take no denial.

"Oh good gentlemen!" cried Miss Miggs. "Oh my own precious, precious Simmun—"

"Hold your nonsense, will you!" retorted Mr. Tappertit; "and come down and open the door. G. Varden, drop that gun, or it will be worse for you."

"Don't mind his gun," screamed Miggs. "Simmun and gentlemen, I poured a mug of table-beer right down the barrel."

The crowd gave a loud shout, which was followed by a roar of laughter.

"It wouldn't go off, not if you was to load it up to the muzzle," screamed Miggs. "Simmun and gentlemen, I'm locked up in the front attic, through the little door on the right hand when you think you've got to the very top of the stairs—and up the flight of corner steps, being careful not to knock your heads against the rafters, and not to tread on one side in case you should fall into the two-pair bed-room through the lath and plasture, which do not bear, but the contrairy. Simmun and gentlemen, I've been locked up here for safety, but my endeavours has always been, and always will be, to be on the right side—the blessed side—and to prenounce the Pope of Babylon, and all her inward and her outward workings, which is Pagin. My sentiments is of little consequences, I know," cried Miggs with additional shrillness, "for my positions is but a servant, and as sich, of humilities; still I gives expressions to my feelings, and places my reliances on them which entertains my own opinions!"

Without taking much notice of these outpourings of Miss Miggs, after she had made her first announcement in relation to the gun, the crowd raised a ladder against the window where the locksmith stood, and notwithstanding that he closed, and fastened, and defended it manfully, soon forced an entrance by shivering the glass and breaking in the frame. After dealing a few stout blows about him, he found himself defenceless, in the midst of a furious crowd, which overflowed the room and softened off in a confused heap of faces at the door and window.

They were very wrathful with him, (for he had wounded two men,) and even called out to those in front, to bring him forth and hang him on a lamp-post. But Gabriel was quite undaunted, and looked from Hugh and Dennis, who held him by either arm, to Simon Tappertit, who confronted him.

"You have robbed me of my daughter," said the locksmith, "who is far, far dearer to me than my life; and you may take my life, if you will. I bless God that I have been enabled to keep my wife free of this scene; and that he has made me a man who will not ask mercy at such hands as yours."

"And a wery game old gentleman you are," said Mr. Dennis, approvingly: "and you express yourself like a man. What's the odds, brother, whether it's a lamp-post to-night, or a feather-bed ten year to come, eh?"

The locksmith glanced at him disdainfully, but returned no other answer.

"For my part," said the hangman, who particularly favoured the lamp-post suggestion, "I honour your principles. They're mine, exactly. In such sentiments as them," and here he emphasized his discourse with an oath, "I'm ready to meet you or any man half-way.—Have you got a bit of cord anywheres handy? Don't put yourself out of the way, if you haven't. A handkecher will do."

"Don't be a fool, master," whispered Hugh, seizing Varden roughly by the shoulder; "but do as you're bid. You'll soon hear what you're wanted for. Do it!"

"I'll do nothing at your request, or that of any scoundrel here," returned the locksmith. "If you want any service from me, you may spare yourselves the pains of telling me what it is. I tell you, beforehand, I'll do nothing for you."

Mr. Dennis was so affected by this constancy on the part of the staunch old man, that he protested—almost with tears in his eyes—that to balk his inclinations would be an act of cruelty and hard dealing to which he, for one, never could reconcile his conscience. The gentleman, he said, had avowed in so many words that he was ready for working off; such being the case, he considered it their duty, as a civilized and enlightened crowd, to work him off. It was not often, he observed, that they had it in their power to accommodate themselves to the wishes of those from whom they had the misfortune to differ. Having now found an individual who ex-

pressed a desire which they could reasonably indulge, (and for himself he was free to confess that in his opinion that desire did honour to his feelings,) he hoped they would decide to accede to his proposition without going any further. It was an experiment which, skilfully and dexterously performed, would be over in five minutes, with great comfort and satisfaction to all parties; and though it did not become him (Mr. Dennis) to speak well of himself, he trusted he might be allowed to say that he had practical knowledge of the subject, and, being naturally of an obliging and friendly disposition, would work the gentleman off with a deal of pleasure.

These remarks, which were addressed in the midst of a frightful din and turmoil to those immediately about him, were received with great favour; not so much, perhaps, because of the hangman's eloquence, as on account of the locksmith's obstinacy. Gabriel was in imminent peril, and he knew it; but he preserved a steady silence; and would have done so, if they had been debating whether they should roast him at a slow fire.

As the hangman spoke, there was some stir and confusion on the ladder; and directly he was silent —so immediately upon his holding his peace, that the crowd below had no time to learn what he had been saying, or to shout in response—some one at the window cried:

"He has a grey head. He is an old man: Don't hurt him!"

The locksmith turned, with a start, towards the place from which the words had come, and looked hurriedly at the people who were hanging on the ladder and clinging to each other.

"Pay no respect to my grey hair, young man," he said, answering the voice and not any one he saw. "I don't ask it. My heart is green enough to scorn and despise every man among you,—band of robbers that you are!"

This incautious speech by no means tended to appease the ferocity of the crowd. They cried again to have him brought out; and it would have gone hard with the honest locksmith, but that Hugh reminded them, in answer, that they wanted his services, and must have them.

"So, tell him what we want," he said to Simon Tappertit, "and quickly. And open your ears, master, if you would ever use them after to-night."

Gabriel folded his arms, which were now at liberty, and eyed his old 'prentice in silence.

"Lookye, Varden," said Sim, "we're bound for Newgate."

"I know you are," returned the locksmith. "You never said a truer word than that."

"To burn it down, I mean," said Simon, "and force the gates, and set the prisoners at liberty. You helped to make the lock of the great door."

"I did," said the locksmith. "You owe me no thanks for that—as you'll find before long."

"May be," returned his journeyman, "but you must show us how to force it."

"Must I?'

"Yes; for you know, and I don't. You must come along with us, and pick it with your own hands."

"When I do," said the locksmith quietly, "my hands shall drop off at the wrists, and you shall wear them, Simon Tappertit, on your shoulders for epaulettes."

"We'll see that," cried Hugh, interposing, as the indignation of the crowd again burst forth. "You fill a basket with the tools he'll want, while I bring him down stairs. Open the doors below, some of you. And light the great captain, others! Is there no business afoot, my lads, that you can do nothing but stand and grumble?"

They looked at one another, and quickly dispersing, swarmed over the house, plundering and breaking, according to their custom, and carrying off such articles of value as happened to please their fancy. They had no great length of time for these proceedings, for the basket of tools was soon prepared and slung over a man's shoulders. The preparations being now completed, and every thing ready for the attack, those who were pillaging and destroying in the other rooms were called down to the workshop. They were about to issue forth, when the man who had been last up stairs, stepped forward, and asked if the young woman in the garret (who was making a terrible noise, he said, and kept on screaming without the least cessation) was to be released?

For his own part, Simon Tappertit would certainly have replied in the negative, but the mass of his companions, mindful of the good service she had done in the matter of the gun, being of a different opinion, he had nothing for it but to answer, Yes. The man, accordingly, went back again to the rescue, and presently returned with Miss Miggs, limp and doubled up, and very damp from much weeping.

As the young lady had given no tokens of consciousness on their way down stairs, the bearer reported her either dead or dying; and being at some loss what to do with her, was looking round for a convenient bench or heap of ashes on which to place her senseless form, when she suddenly came upon her feet by some mysterious means, thrust back her hair, stared wildly at Mr. Tappertit, cried "My Simmuns's life is not a victim!" and dropped into his arms with such promptitude that he staggered and reeled some paces back, beneath his lovely burden.

"Oh bother!" said Mr. Tappertit. "Here. Catch hold of her, somebody. Lock her up again; she never ought to have been let out."

"Mr. Simmun!" cried Miss Miggs, in tears, and faintly. "My for ever, ever blessed Simmun!"

"Hold up, will you," said Mr. Tappertit, in a very unresponsive tone, "I'll let you fall if you don't. What are you sliding your feet off the ground for?"

"My angel Simmuns!" murmured Miggs—"he promised——"

"Promised! Well, and I'll keep my promise," answered Simon, testily. "I mean to provide for you, don't I? Stand up!"

"Where am I to go? What is to become of me after my actions of this night?" cried Miggs. "What resting-places now remains but in the silent tombs?"

"I wish you was in the silent tombs, I do," cried Mr. Tappertit, "and boxed up tight, in a good strong one. Here," he cried to one of the by-standers, in whose ear he whispered for a moment: "Take her off, will you. You understand where?"

The fellow nodded; and taking her in his arms, notwithstanding her broken protestations, and her struggles (which latter species of opposition, involv-

ing scratches, was much more difficult of resistance,) carried her away. They who were in the house poured out into the street; the locksmith was taken to the head of the crowd, and required to walk between his two conductors; the whole body was put in rapid motion; and without any shouting or noise they bore down straight on Newgate, and halted in a dense mass before the prison gate.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

Breaking the silence they had hitherto preserved, they raised a great cry as soon as they were ranged before the jail, and demanded to speak with the governor. Their visit was not wholly unexpected, for his house, which fronted the street, was strongly barricaded, the wicket-gate of the prison was closed up, and at no loophole or grating was any person to be seen. Before they had repeated their summons many times, a man appeared upon the roof of the governor's house, and asked what it was they wanted.

Some said one thing, some another, and some only groaned and hissed. It being now nearly dark, and the house high, many persons in the throng were not aware that any one had come to answer them, and continued their clamour until the intelligence was gradually diffused through the whole concourse. Ten minutes or more elapsed before any one voice could be heard with tolerable distinctness; during which interval the figure remained perched alone, against the summer evening sky, looking down into the troubled street.

"Are you," said Hugh at length, "Mr. Akerman, the head jailor here?"

"Of course he is, brother," whispered Dennis. But Hugh, without minding him, took his answer from the man himself.

"Yes," he said. "I am."

"You have got some friends of ours in your custody, master."

"I have a good many people in my custody." He glanced downward, as he spoke, into the jail: and the feeling that he could see into the different yards, and that he overlooked every thing which was hidden from their view by the rugged walls, so lashed and goaded the mob, that they howled like wolves.

"Deliver up our friends," said Hugh, "and you may keep the rest."

"It's my duty to keep them all. I shall do my duty."

"If you don't throw the doors open, we shall break 'em down, said Hugh; "for we will have the rioters out."

"All I can do, good people," Akerman replied, "is to exhort you to disperse; and to remind you that the consequences of any disturbance in this place, will be very severe, and bitterly repented by most of you, when it is too late."

He made as though he would retire when he had said these words, but he was checked by the voice of the locksmith.

"Mr. Akerman," cried Gabriel, "Mr. Akerman."

"I will hear no more from any of you," replied the governor, turning towards the speaker, and waving his hand.

"But I am not one of them," said Gabriel. "I am an honest man, Mr. Akerman; a respectable tradesman—Gabriel Varden, the locksmith. You know me?"

"You among the crowd!" cried the governor in an altered voice.

"Brought here by force—brought here to pick the lock of the great door for them," rejoined the locksmith. "Bear witness for me, Mr. Akerman, that I refuse to do it; and that I will not do it, come what may of my refusal. If any violence is done to me, please remember this."

"Is there no way of helping you?" said the governor.

"None, Mr. Akerman. You'll do your duty, and I'll do mine. Once again, you robbers and cutthroats," said the locksmith, turning round upon them, "I refuse. Howl till you're hoarse. I refuse."

"Stay—stay!" said the jailor, hastily. "Mr. Varden, I know you for a worthy man, and one who would do no unlawful act except upon compulsion——"

"Upon compulsion, sir," interposed the locksmith, who felt that the tone in which this was said, conveyed the speaker's impression that he had ample excuse for yielding to the furious multitude who beset and hemmed him in, on every side, and among whom he stood, an old man, quite alone; "upon compulsion, sir, I'll do nothing."

"Where is that man," said the keeper, anxiously, "who spoke to me just now?"

"Here!" Hugh replied.

"Do you know what the guilt of murder is, and that by keeping that honest tradesman at your side, you endanger his life?"

"We know it very well," he answered, "for what else did we bring him here? Let's have our friends, master, and you shall have your friend. Is that fair, lads?"

The mob replied to them with a loud Hurra!

"You see how it is, sir!" cried Varden. "Keep 'em out, in King George's name. Remember what I have said. Good night!"

There was no more parley. a shower of stones and other missiles compelled the keeper of the jail to retire; and the mob, pressing on, and swarming round the walls, forced Gabriel Varden close up to the door.

In vain the basket of tools was laid upon the ground before him, and he was urged in turn by promises, by blows, by offers of reward, and threats of instant death, to do the office for which they had brought him there. "No," cried the sturdy locksmith, "I will not!"

He had never loved his life so well as then, but nothing could move him. The savage faces that glared upon him, look where he would; the cries of those who thirsted, like wild animals, for his blood; the sight of men pressing forward, and trampling down their fellows, as they strove to reach him, and struck at him above the heads of other men, with axes and with iron bars; all failed to daunt him. He looked from man to man, and face to face, and still, with quickened breath and lessening colour, cried firmly, "I will not!"

Dennis dealt him a blow upon the face, which felled him to the ground. He sprung up again like

a man in the prime of life, and with the crimson pouring from his forehead, caught him by the throat.

"You cowardly dog!" he said: "Give me my daughter. Give me my daughter."

They struggled together. Some cried "Kill him," and some (but they were not near enough) strove to trample him to death. Tug as he would at the old man's wrists, the hangman could not force him to unclench his hands.

"Is this all the return you make me, you ungrateful monster!" he articulated with great difficulty, and with many oaths.

"Give me my daughter!" cried the locksmith, who was now as fierce as those who gathered round him: "Give me my daughter!"

He was down again, and up, and down once more, and buffeting with a score of them, who bandied him from hand to hand, when one tall fellow, fresh from a slaughter-house, whose dress and great thigh-boots smoked hot with grease and blood, raised a pole-axe, and swearing a horrible oath, aimed at the old man's uncovered head. At that instant, and in the very act, he felt himself as if struck by lightning, and over his body a one-armed man came darting to the locksmith's side. Another man was with him, and both caught the locksmith roughly in their grasp.

"Leave him to us!" they cried to Hugh—struggling, as they spoke, to force a passage backward through the crowd. "Leave him to us. Why do you waste your whole strength on such as he, when a couple of men can finish him in as many minutes! You lose time. Remember the prisoners! remember Barnaby!"

The cry ran through the mob. Hammers began to rattle on the walls; and every man strove to reach the prison, and be among the foremost rank. Fighting their way through the press and struggle, as desperately as if they were in the midst of enemies rather than their own friends, the two men retreated with the locksmith between them, and dragged him through the very heart of the concourse.

And now the strokes began to fall like hail upon the gate, and on the strong building; for those who could not reach the door, spent their fierce rage on any thing—even on the great blocks of stone, which shivered their weapons into fragments, and made their hands and arms to tingle as if the walls were active in their stout resistance, and dealt them back their blows. The clash of iron ringing upon iron, mingled with the deafening tumult, and sounded high above it, as the great sledge-hammers rattled on the mailed and plated door: the sparks flew off in showers; men worked in gangs, and at short intervals relieved each other, that all their strength might be devoted to the work; but there stood the portal still, as grim and dark and strong as ever, and, saving for the dints upon its battered surface, quite unchanged.

While some brought all their energies to bear upon this toilsome task, and some, rearing ladders against the prison, tried to clamber to the summit of the walls they were too short to scale; and some again engaged a body of police, a hundred strong, and beat them back and trod them under foot by force of numbers; others besieged the house on which the jailor had appeared, and driving in the door, brought out the furniture, and piled it up against the prison-gate, to make a bonfire which should burn it down. As soon as this device was understood, all those who had laboured hitherto cast down their tools and helped to swell the heap, which reached half-way across the street, and was so high, that those who threw more fuel on the top got up by ladders. When all the keeper's goods were flung upon this costly pile, to the last fragment, they smeared it with the pitch, and tar, and rosin they had brought, and sprinkled it with turpentine. To all the wood-work round the door they did the like, leaving not a joist or beam untouched. This infernal christening performed, they fired the pile with lighted matches and with blazing tow, and then stood by awaiting the result.

The furniture being very dry, and rendered more combustible by wax and oil, besides the arts they had used, took fire at once. The flames roared high and fiercely, blackening the prison wall, and twining up its lofty front like burning serpents. At first they crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation only in their looks; but when it grew hotter and fiercer—when it crackled, leaped and roared, like a great furnace—when it shone upon the opposite houses, and lighted up not only the pale and wondering faces at the windows, but the most inmost corners of each habitation—when, through the deep red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp, and lure it to its ruin—when it shone and gleamed so brightly that the church clock of St. Sepulchre's, so often pointing to the hour of death, was legible as in broad day, and the vane upon its steeple-top glittered in the unwonted light like something richly jewelled—when blackened stone and sombre brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery vista with their specks of brightness—when wall, and tower, and roof, and chimney-stack, seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger—when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar, put on some new aspect—then the mob began to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamour, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire, and keep it at its height.

Although the heat was so intense that the paint on the houses over against the prison, parched and crackled up, and swelling into boils, as it were from excess of torture, broke and crumbled away; although the glass fell from the window-sashes, and the lead and iron on the roofs blistered the incautious hand that touched them, and the sparrows in the eaves took wing, and, rendered giddy by the smoke, fell fluttering down upon the blazing pile, still the fire was tended unceasingly by busy hands, and round it, men were going always. They never slackened in their zeal, or kept aloof, but pressed upon the flames so hard, that those in front had much ado to save themselves from being thrust in; if one man swooned or dropped, a dozen struggled for his place, and that, although they knew the pain, and thirst, and pressure, to be unendurable. Those who fell down in fainting-fits, and were not crushed or burnt, were carried to an inn-yard close at hand, and dashed with water from a pump; of which bucketfuls were passed from man to man among the

crowd; but such was the strong desire of all to drink, and such the fighting to be first, that, for the most part, the whole contents were spilled upon the ground, without the lips of one man being moistened.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all the roar and outcry, those who were nearest to the pile, heaped up again the burning fragments that came toppling down, and raked the fire about the door, which, although a sheet of flame, was still a door fast locked and barred, and kept them out. Great pieces of blazing wood were passed, besides, above the people's heads to such as stood about the ladders, and some of these, climbing up to the topmost stave, and holding on with one hand by the prison wall, exerted all their skill and force to cast these firebrands on the roof, or down into the yards within. In many instances their efforts were successful; which occasioned a new and appalling addition to the horrors of the scene: for the prisoners within, seeing from between their bars that the fire caught in many places and thrived fiercely, and being all locked up in strong cells for the night, began to know that they were in danger of being burnt alive. This terrible fear, spreading from cell to cell, and from yard to yard, vented itself in such dismal cries and wailings, and in such dreadful shrieks for help, that the whole jail resounded with the noise; which was loudly heard even above the shouting of the mob and roaring of the flames, and was so full of agony and despair, that it made the boldest tremble.

It was remarkable that these cries began in that quarter of the jail which fronted Newgate Street, where, it was well known, the men who were to suffer death on Thursday were confined. And not only were these four who had so short a time to live, the first to whom the dread of being burnt occurred, but they were, throughout, the most importunate of all: for they could be plainly heard, notwithstanding the great thickness of the walls, crying that the wind set that way, and that the flames would shortly reach them; and calling to the officers of the jail to come and quench the fire from a cistern which was in their yard, and full of water. Judging from what the crowd without the walls could hear from time to time, these four doomed wretches never ceased to call for help; and that with as much distraction, and in as great a phrenzy of attachment to existence, as though each had an honoured, happy life before him, instead of eight-and-forty hours of miserable imprisonment, and then a violent and shameful death.

But the anguish and suffering of the two sons of one of these men, when they heard, or fancied that they heard, their father's voice, is past description. After wringing their hands and rushing to and fro as if they were stark mad, one mounted on the shoulders of his brother and tried to clamber up the face of the high wall, guarded at the top with spikes and points of iron. And when he fell among the crowd, he was not deterred by his bruises, but mounted up again, and fell again, and, when he found the feat impossible, began to beat the stones and tear them with his hands, as if he could that way make a breach in the strong building, and force a passage in. At last, they clove their way among the mob about the door, though many men, a dozen times their match, had tried in vain to do so, and were seen, in—yes, in—the fire, striving to prize it down, with crowbars.

Nor were they alone affected by the outcry from within the prison. The women who were looking on, shrieked loudly, beat their hands together, stopped their ears, and many fainted: the men who were not near the walls and active in the siege, rather than do nothing, tore up the pavement of the street, and did so with a haste and fury they could not have surpassed if that had been the jail, and they were near their object. Not one living creature in the throng was for an instant still. The whole great mass were mad.

A shout! Another! Another yet, though few knew why, or what it meant. But those around the gate had seen it slowly yield, and drop from its topmost hinge. It hung on that side by but one, but it was upright still, because of the bar, and its having sunk, of its own weight, into the heap of ashes at its foot. There was now a gap at the top of the door-way, through which could be descried a gloomy passage, cavernous and dark. Pile up the fire!

It burnt fiercely. The door was red-hot, and the gap wider. They vainly tried to shield their faces with their hands, and standing as if in readiness for a spring, watched the place. Dark figures, some crawling on their hands and knees, some carried in the arms of others, were seen to pass along the roof. It was plain the jail could hold out no longer. The keeper, and his officers, and their wives and children, were escaping. Pile up the fire!

The door sank down again: it settled deeper in the cinders—tottered—yielded—was down!

As they shouted again, they fell back, for a moment, and left a clear space about the fire that lay between them and the jail entry. Hugh leaped upon the blazing heap, and scattering a train of sparks into the air, and making the dark lobby glitter with those that hung upon his dress, dashed into the jail.

The hangman followed. And then so many rushed upon their track, that the fire got trodden down and thinly strewn about the street; but there was no need of it now, for, inside and out, the prison was in flames.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

During the whole course of the terrible scene which was now at its height, one man in the jail suffered a degree of fear and mental torment which had no parallel in the endurance, even of those who lay under sentence of death.

When the rioters first assembled before the building, the murderer was roused from sleep—if such slumbers as his, may have that blessed name—by the roar of voices, and the struggling of a great crowd. He started up as these sounds met his ear, and, sitting on his bedstead, listened.

After a short interval of silence, the noise burst out again. Still listening attentively, he made out, in course of time, that the jail was besieged by a furious multitude. His guilty conscience instantly arrayed these men against himself, and brought the fear upon him that he would be singled out, and torn to pieces.

Once impressed with the terror of this conceit,

everything tended to confirm and strengthen it. His double crime, the circumstances under which it had been committed, the length of time that had elapsed, and its discovery in spite of all, made him, as it were, the visible object of the Almighty's wrath. In all the crime and vice and moral gloom of the great pest-house of the capital, he stood alone, marked and singled out by his great guilt, a Lucifer among the Devils. The other prisoners were a host, hiding and sheltering each other—a crowd like that without the walls. He was one man against the whole united concourse: a single, solitary, lonely man, from whom the very captives in the jail fell off and shrunk appalled.

It might be that the intelligence of his capture having been bruited abroad, they had come there purposely to drag him out and kill him in the street; or it might be that they were the rioters, and, in pursuance of an old design had come to sack the prison. But in either case he had no belief or hope that they would spare him. Every shout they raised, and every sound they made, was a blow upon his heart. As the attack went on, he grew more wild and frantic in his terror; tried to pull away the bars that guarded the chimney and prevented him from climbing up; called loudly on the turnkeys to cluster round the cell, and save him from the fury of the rabble; or put him in some dungeon under-ground, no matter of what depth, how dark it was, or loathsome, or beset with rats and creeping things, so that it hid him and was hard to find.

But no one came, or answered him. Fearful, even while he cried to them, of attracting attention, he was silent. By and bye, he saw, as he looked from his grated window, a strange glimmering on the stone walls and pavement of the yard. It was feeble at first, and came and went, as though some officers with torches were passing to and fro upon the roof of the prison. Soon it reddened, and lighted brands came whirling down, spattering the ground with fire, and burning sullenly in corners. One rolled beneath a wooden bench, and set it in a blaze; another caught a water-spout, and so went climbing up the wall, leaving a long straight track of fire behind it. After a time, a slow, thick shower of burning fragments, from some upper portion of the prison which was blazing nigh, began to fall before his door. Remembering that it opened outwards, he knew that every spark which fell upon the heap, and in the act lost its bright life, and died an ugly speck of dust and rubbish, helped to entomb him in a living grave. Still, though the jail resounded with shrieks and cries for help,—though the fire bounded up as if each separate flame had had a tiger's life, and roared as though, in every one, there were a hungry voice —though the heat began to grow intense, and the air suffocating, and the clamour without increased, and the danger of his situation even from one merciless element was every moment more extreme,—still he was afraid to raise his voice again, lest the crowd should break in, and should, of their own ears or from the information given them by the other prisoners, get the clue to his place of confinement. Thus, fearful alike of those within the prison and of those without; of noise and silence; light and darkness; of being released, and being left there to die; he was so tortured and tormented, that nothing man has ever done to man in the horrible caprice of power and cruelty, exceeds his self-inflicted punishment.

Now, now, the door was down. Now they came rushing through the jail, calling to each other in the vaulted passages; clashing the iron gates dividing yard from yard; beating at the doors of cells and wards; wrenching off bolts and locks and bars; tearing down the doorposts to get men out; endeavouring to drag them by main force through gaps and windows where a child could scarcely pass; whooping and yelling without a moment's rest; and running through the heat and flames as if they were cased in metal. By their legs, their arms, the hair upon their heads, they dragged the prisoners out. Some threw themselves upon the captives as they got towards the door, and tried to file away their irons; some danced about them with a phrenzied joy, and rent their clothes, and were ready, as it seemed, to tear them limb from limb. Now a party of a dozen men came darting through the yard into which the murderer cast fearful glances from his darkened window; dragging a prisoner along the ground whose dress they had nearly torn from his body in their mad eagerness to set him free, and who was bleeding and senseless in their hands. Now a score of prisoners ran to and fro, who had lost themselves in the intricacies of the prison, and were so bewildered with the noise and glare that they knew not where to turn or what to do, and still cried out for help, as loudly as before. Anon some famished wretch whose theft had been a loaf of bread, or scrap of butcher's meat, came skulking past, barefooted,—going slowly away because that jail, his house, was burning; not because he had any other, or had friends to meet, or old haunts to revisit, or any liberty to gain, but liberty to starve and die. And then a knot of highwaymen went trooping by, conducted by the friends they had among the crowd, who muffled their fetters as they went along, with handkerchiefs and bands of hay, and wrapped them up in coats and cloaks, and gave them drink from bottles, and held it to their lips, because of their handcuffs which there was no time to remove. All this, and Heaven knows how much more, was done amidst a noise, a hurry, and distraction, like nothing that we know of, even in our dreams; which seemed for ever on the rise, and never to decrease for the space of a single instant.

He was still looking down from his window upon these things, when a band of men with torches, ladders, axes, and many kinds of weapons, poured into the yard, and hammering at his door, inquired if there were any prisoner within. He left the window when he saw them coming, and drew back into the remotest corner of the cell; but although he returned them no answer, they had a fancy that some one was within, for they presently set ladders against it, and began to tear away the bars at the casement: not only that, indeed, but with pick-axes to hew down the very stones in the wall.

As soon as they had made a breach at the window, large enough for the admission of a man's head, one of them thrust in a torch and looked all round the room. He followed this man's gaze until it rested on himself, and heard him demand why he had not answered, but made him no reply.

In the general surprise and wonder, they were used to this; for without saying anything more, they

enlarged the breach until it was large enough to admit the body of a man, and then came dropping down upon the floor, one after another, until the cell was full. They caught him up among them, handed him to the window, and those who stood upon the ladders cast him down upon the pavement of the yard. Then the rest came out, one after another, and, bidding him fly, and lose no time, or the way would be choked up, hurried away to rescue others.

It seemed not a minute's work from first to last. He staggered to his feet, incredulous of what had happened, when the yard was filled again, and a crowd rushed on, hurrying Barnaby among them. In another minute—not so much: another minute! the same instant, with no lapse or interval between! he and his son were being passed from hand to hand, through the dense crowd in the street, and were glancing backward at a burning pile, which some one said was Newgate.

From the moment of their first entrance into the prison, the crowd dispersed themselves about it, and swarmed into every chink and crevice, as if they had a perfect acquaintance with its innermost parts, and bore in their minds an exact plan of the whole. For this immediate knowledge of the place, they were, no doubt, in a great degree indebted to the hangman, who stood in the lobby, directing some to go this way, some that, and some the other; and who materially assisted in bringing about the wonderful rapidity with which the release of the prisoners was effected.

But this functionary of the law reserved one important piece of intelligence, and kept it snugly to himself. When he had issued his instructions relative to every other part of the building, and the mob were dispersed from end to end, and busy at their work, he took a bundle of keys from a kind of cupboard in the wall, and going by a private passage near the chapel (it joined the governor's house, and was then on fire), betook himself to the condemned cells, which were a series of small, strong, and dismal rooms, opening on a low gallery, guarded at the end at which he entered, by a strong iron wicket, and at its opposite extremity by two doors and a thick grate. Having double-locked the wicket, and assured himself that the other entrances were well secured, he sat down on a bench in the gallery, and sucked the head of his stick, with an air of the utmost complacency, tranquillity, and contentment.

It would have been strange enough, a man's enjoying himself in this quiet manner, while the prison was burning, and such a tumult was cleaving the air, though he had been outside the walls. But here, in the very heart of the building, and moreover with the prayers and cries of the four men under sentence sounding in his ears, and their hands stretched out through the gratings in their cell doors, clasped in frantic entreaty before his very eyes, it was particularly remarkable. Indeed, Mr. Dennis appeared to think it an uncommon circumstance, and to banter himself upon it; for he thrust his hat on one side as some men do when they are in a waggish humour, sucked the head of his stick with a higher relish, and smiled as though he would say, "Dennis, you're a rum dog; you're a queer fellow; you're capital company, Dennis, and quite a character!"

He sat in this way for some minutes, while the four men in the cells, certain that somebody had entered the gallery, but could not see who, gave vent to such piteous entreaties as wretches in their miserable condition may be supposed to have been inspired with: urging, whoever it was, to set them at liberty, for the love of heaven; and protesting, with great fervour, and truly enough, perhaps, for the time, that if they escaped they would amend their ways, and would never, never, never again do wrong before God or man, but would lead penitent and sober lives, and sorrowfully repent the crimes they had committed. The terrible energy with which they spoke, would have moved any person, no matter how good or just (if any good or just person could have strayed into that sad place that night) to have set them at liberty; and, while he would have left any other punishment to its free course, to have saved them from this last dreadful and repulsive penalty; which never turned a man inclined to evil, and has hardened thousands who were half inclined to good.

Mr. Dennis, who had been bred and nurtured in the good old school, and had administered the good old laws on the good old plan, always once and sometimes twice every six weeks, for a long time, bore these appeals with a deal of philosophy. Being at last, however, rather disturbed in his pleasant reflection by their repetition, he rapped at one of the doors with his stick, and cried:

"Hold your noise there, will you?"

At this they all cried together that they were to be hanged on the next day but one; and again implored his aid.

"Aid! For what?" said Mr. Dennis, playfully rapping the knuckles of the hand nearest to him.

"To save us!" they cried.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Dennis, winking at the wall in the absence of any friend with whom he could humour the joke. "And so you're to be worked off, are you, brothers?"

"Unless we are released to-night," one of them cried, "we are dead men!"

"I tell you what it is," said the hangman, gravely; "I'm afraid my friend that you're not in that 'ere state of mind that's suitable to your condition, then; you're not a going to be released: don't think it.—Will you leave off that 'ere indecent row? I wonder you an't ashamed of yourselves, I do."

He followed up this reproof by rapping every set of knuckles one after the other, and having done so, resumed his seat again with a cheerful countenance.

"You've had law," he said, crossing his legs and elevating his eyebrows: "laws have been made a' purpose for you; a wery handsome prison's been made a' purpose for you; a parson's kept a' purpose for you; a constitootional officer's appointed a' purpose for you; carts is maintained a' purpose for you—and yet you're not contented!—*Will* you hold that noise, you sir in the furtherest?"

A groan was the only answer.

"So well as I can make out," said Mr. Dennis, in a tone of mingled badinage and remonstrance, "there's not a man among you. I begin to think I'm on the opposite side, and among the ladies; though for the matter of that, I've seen a many ladies face it out, in a manner that did honour to the sex.—You in number two, don't grind them teeth of yours! Worse manners," said the hangman, rapping at the door with his stick, "I never see in this

place afore. I'm ashamed on you. You're a disgrace to the Bailey!"

After pausing for a moment to hear if anything could be pleaded in justification, Mr. Dennis resumed, in a sort of coaxing tone:

"Now look'ee here, you four. I'm come here to take care of you, and see that you an't burnt instead of the other thing. It's no use your making any noise, for you wont be found out by them as has broken in, and you'll only be hoarse when you come to the speeches,—which is a pity. What I say in respect to the speeches always is, 'Give it mouth.' That's my maxim. Give it mouth. I've heerd," said the hangman, pulling off his hat to take his handkerchief from the crown and wipe his face, and then putting it on again a little more on one side than before, "I've heerd a eloquence on them boards—you know what boards I mean—and have heerd a degree of mouth given to them speeches, that they was as clear as a bell, and as good as a play. There's a pattern! And always, when a thing of this nature's to come off, what I stand up for, is, a proper frame of mind. Let's have a proper frame of mind, and we can go through with it, creditable—pleasant—sociable. Whatever you do, and I address myself, in particular, to you in the furthest, never snivel. I'd sooner by half, though I lose by it, see a man tear his clothes a' purpose to spite 'em before they come to me, than find him snivelling. It's ten to one a better frame of mind every way!"

While the hangman addressed them to this effect, in the tone and with the air of a pastor in familiar conversation with his flock, the noise had been in some degree subdued; for the rioters were busy in conveying the prisoners to the Session House, which was beyond the main walls of the prison, though connected with it, and the crowd were busy, too, in passing them from thence along the street. But when he had got thus far in his discourse, the sound of voices in the yard showed plainly that the mob had returned and were coming that way; and directly afterwards a violent crashing at the grate below, gave note of their attack upon the cells (as they were called) at last.

It was in vain the hangman ran from door to door, and covered the grates, one after another, with his hat, in futile efforts to stifle the cries of the four men within; it was in vain he dogged their outstretched hands, and beat them with his stick, or menaced them with new and lingering pains in the execution of his office; the place resounded with their cries. These, together with the feeling that they were now the last men in the jail, so worked upon and stimulated the besiegers, that in an incredibly short space of time they forced the strong grate down below, which was formed of iron rods two inches square, drove in the two other doors, as if they had been but deal partitions, and stood at the end of the gallery with only a bar or two between them and the cells.

"Halloa!" cried Hugh, who was the first to look into the dusky passage: "Dennis before us! Well done, old boy. Be quick, and open here, for we shall be suffocated in the smoke, going out."

"Go out at once, then," said Dennis. "What do you want here?"

"Want!" echoed Hugh. "The four men."

"Four devils!" cried the hangman. "Don't you know they're left for death on Thursday? Don't you respect the law—the constitootion—nothing? Let the four men be."

"Is this a time for joking?" cried Hugh. "Do you hear 'em? Pull away these bars that have got fixed between the door and the ground; and let us in."

"Brother," said the hangman in a low voice, as he stooped under the pretence of doing what Hugh desired, but only looked up in his face, "can't you leave these here four men to me, if I've the whim? You do what you like, and have what you like of everything for your share, give me my share. I want these four men left alone, I tell you!"

"Pull the bars down, or stand out of the way," was Hugh's reply.

"You can turn the crowd if you like, you know that well enough, brother," said the hangman, slowly. "What! You *will* come in, will you?"

"Yes."

"You won't let these men alone, and leave 'em to me? You've no respect for nothing—haven't you!" said the hangman, retreating to the door by which he had entered, and regarding his companion with an ugly scowl. "You *will* come in, will you, brother?"

"I tell you, yes. What the devil ails you? Where are you going?"

"No matter where I'm going," rejoined the hangman, looking in again at the iron wicket, which he had nearly shut upon himself, and held ajar. "Remember where you're coming. That's all!"

With that, he shook his likeness at Hugh, and giving him a grin, compared with which his usual smile was amiable, disappeared, and shut the door.

Hugh paused no longer, but goaded alike by the cries of the convicts, and by the impatience of the crowd, warned the man immediately behind him—the way was only wide enough for one abreast—to stand back, and wielded a sledge hammer with such strength, that after a few blows the iron bent and broke, and gave them free admittance.

If the two sons of one of these men, of whom mention has been made, were furious in their zeal before, they had now the wrath and vigour of lions. Calling to the man within each cell, to keep as far back as he could, lest the axes crashing through the door should wound him, a party went to work upon each one, to beat it in by sheer strength, and force the bolts and staples from their hold. But although these two lads had the weakest party, and the worst armed, and did not begin until after the others, having stopped to whisper to him through the grate, that door was the first open, and that man the first out. As they dragged him into the gallery to knock off his irons, he fell down among them, a mere heap of chains, and was carried out in that state on men's shoulders with no sign of life.

The release of these four wretched creatures, and conveying them, astounded and bewildered, into the street so full of life—a spectacle they had never thought to see again, until they emerged from solitude and silence upon that last journey, when the air should be heavy with the pent-up breath of thousands, and the streets and houses should be built and roofed with human faces, not with bricks and tiles and stones—was the crowning horror of the scene. Their pale and haggered looks, and hollow eyes; their staggering feet, and hands stretched out as if to

save themselves from falling; their wandering and uncertain air; the way they heaved and gasped for breath, as though in water, when they were first plunged into the crowd; all marked them for the men. No need to say "this one was doomed to die;" there were the words broadly stamped and branded on his face. The crowd fell off, as if they had been laid out for burial, and had risen in their shrouds; and many were seen to shudder, as though they had been actually dead men, when they chanced to touch or brush against their garments.

At the bidding of the mob, the houses were all illuminated that night—lighted up from top to bottom as at a time of public gaiety and joy. Many years afterwards, old people who lived in their youth near this part of the city, remembered being in a great glare of light, within doors and without, and as they looked timid and frightened children, from the windows, seeing *a face* go by. Though the whole great crowd and all its other terrors had faded from their recollection, this one object remained; alone, distinct, and well-remembered. Even in the unpractised minds of infants, one of these doomed men darting by, and but an instant seen, was an image of force enough to dim the whole concourse; to find itself an all-absorbing place, and hold it ever after.

When this last task had been achieved the shouts and cries grew fainter; the clank of fetters, which had resounded on all sides as the prisoners escaped, was heard no more; all the noises of the crowd subsided into a hoarse and sullen murmur as it passed into the distance; and when the human tide had rolled away, a melancholy heap of smoking ruins marked the spot where it had lately chafed and roared.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SIXTH.

Although he had no rest upon the previous night, and had watched with little intermission for some weeks past, sleeping only in the day by starts and snatches, Mr. Haredale, from the dawn of morning until sunset, sought his niece in every place where he deemed it possible she could have taken refuge. All day long, nothing, save a draught of water, passed his lips; though he prosecuted his inquiries far and wide, and never so much as sat down, once.

In every quarter he could think of; at Chigwell and in London; at the houses of the trades' people with whom he dealt, and of the friends he knew; he pursued his search. A prey to the most harrowing anxieties and apprehensions, he went from magistrate to magistrate, and finally to the Secretary of State. The only comfort he received was from this minister, who assured him that the Government, being now driven to the exercise of the extreme prerogatives of the Crown, were determined to exert them; that a proclamation would probably be out upon the morrow, giving to the military, discretionary and unlimited power in the suppression of the riots; that the sympathies of the King, the Administration, and both Houses of Parliament, and indeed of all good men of every religious persuasion, were strongly with the Catholics; and that justice should be done them at any cost or hazard. He told him, further, that other persons whose houses had been burnt, had for a time lost sight of their children or their relatives, but had in every case, within his knowledge, succeeded in discovering them; that his complaint should be remembered, and fully stated in the instructions given to the officers in command, and to all the inferior myrmidons of justice; and that everything that could be done to help him, should be done, with a good-will and in good faith.

Grateful for this consolation, feeble as it was in its reference to the past, and little hope as it afforded him in connexion with the subject of distress which lay nearest to his heart; and really thankful for the interest the minister expressed, and seemed to feel, in his condition; Mr. Haredale withdrew. He found himself, with the night coming on, alone in the streets; and destitute of any place in which to lay his head.

He entered an Hotel near Charing Cross, and ordered some refreshment and a bed. He saw that his faint and worn appearance attracted the attention of the landlord and his waiters; and thinking that they might suppose him to be penniless, took out his purse and laid it on the table. It was not that, the landlord said, in a faltering voice. If he were one of those who had suffered by the rioters, he durst not give him entertainment. He had a family of children and had been twice warned to be careful in receiving guests. He heartily prayed his forgiveness, but what could he do?

Nothing. No man felt that, more sincerely than Mr. Haredale. He told the man as much, and left the house.

Feeling that he might have anticipated this occurrence, after what he had seen at Chigwell in the morning, where no man dared to touch a spade, though he offered a large reward to all who would come and dig among the ruins of his house, he walked along the Strand; too proud to expose himself to another refusal, and of too generous a spirit to involve in distress or ruin any honest tradesman who might be weak enough to give him shelter. He wandered into one of the streets by the side of the river, and was pacing in a thoughtful manner up and down, thinking, strangely, of things that had happened long ago, when he heard a servant-man at an upper-window call to another on the opposite side of the street, that the mob were setting fire to Newgate.

To Newgate! where that man was! His failing strength returned, his energies came back with tenfold vigour, on the instant. If it were possible—if they should set the murderer free—was he, after all he had undergone, to die with the suspicion of having slain his own brother, dimly gathering about him—

He had no consciousness of going to the jail; but there he stood, before it. There was the crowd, wedged and pressed together in a dense, dark, moving mass; and there were the flames soaring up into the air. His head turned round and round, lights flashed before his eyes, and he struggled hard with two men.

"Nay, nay," said one, "Be more yourself, my good sir. We attract attention here. Come away. What can you do among so many men?"

"The gentleman's always for doing something," said the other, forcing him along as he spoke. "I like him for that. I do like him for that."

They had by this time got him into a court, hard by the prison. He looked from one to the other, and as he tried to release himself, felt that he tottered on his feet. He who had spoken first, was the old gentleman whom he had seen at the Lord Mayor's. The other was John Grueby, who had stood by him so manfully at Westminster.

"What does this mean?" he asked them, faintly. "How came we together?"

"On the skirts of the crowd," returned the distiller; "but come with us. Pray come with us. You seem to know my friend here?"

"Surely," said Mr. Haredale, looking in a kind of stupor at John.

"He'll tell you, then," returned the old gentleman, "that I am a man to be trusted. He's my servant. He was lately (as you know, I have no doubt) in Lord George Gordon's service; but he left it, and brought, in pure good will to me and others, who are marked by the rioters, such intelligence as he had picked up, of their designs."

—"On one condition, please, sir," said John, touching his hat. "No evidence against my Lord —a misled man—a kind-hearted man, sir. My Lord never intended this."

"The condition will be observed, of course," rejoined the old distiller. "It's a point of honour. But come with us, sir; pray come with us."

John Grueby added no entreaties, but he adopted a different kind of persuasion, by putting his arm through one of Mr. Haredale's, while his master took the other, and leading him away with all speed.

Sensible, from a strange lightness in his head, and a difficulty in fixing his thoughts on any thing, even to the extent of bearing his companions in his mind for a minute together without looking at them, that his intellect was affected by the agitation and suffering through which he had passed, and to which he was still a prey, Mr. Haredale let them lead him where they would. As they went along, he was conscious of having no command over what he said or thought, and that he had a fear of going mad.

The distiller lived, as he had told him when they first met, on Holborn Hill, where he had great storehouses and drove a large trade. They approached his house by a back entrance, lest they should attract the notice of the crowd, and went into an upper room which faced towards the street; the windows, however, in common with those of every other room in the house, were boarded up inside, that out of doors all might appear quite dark.

By the time they had laid him on a sofa in this chamber, Mr. Haredale was perfectly insensible; but John immediately fetching a surgeon, who took from him a large quantity of blood, he gradually came to himself. As he was for the time too weak to walk, they had no difficulty in persuading him to remain there all night, and got him to bed without loss of time. That done, they gave him a cordial and some toast, and presently a pretty strong composing-draught, under the influence of which he soon fell into a lethargy, and, for a time, forgot his troubles.

The vintner, who was a very hearty old fellow and a worthy man, had no thoughts of going to bed himself, for he had received several threatening warnings from the rioters, and had indeed gone out that evening to try and gather from the conversation of the mob whether his house was to be the next attacked. He sat all night in an easy-chair in the same room—dozing a little now and then—and received from time to time the reports of John Grueby and two or three other trust-worthy persons in his employ, who went out into the streets as scouts; and for whose entertainment an ample allowance of good cheer (which the old vintner, despite his anxiety, now and then attacked himself) was set forth in an adjoining chamber.

These accounts were of a sufficiently alarming nature from the first; but as the night wore on, they grew so much worse, and involved such a fearful amount of riot and destruction, that in comparison with these new tidings all the previous disturbances sunk to nothing.

The first intelligence that came, was of the taking of Newgate, and the escape of all the prisoners, whose track, as they made up Holborn and into the adjacent streets, was proclaimed to those citizens who were shut up in their houses, by the rattling of their chains, which formed a dismal concert, and was heard in every direction: as though so many forges were at work. The flames too, shone so brightly through the vintner's skylights, that the rooms and staircases below were nearly as light as in broad day; while the distant shouting of the mob seemed to shake the very walls and ceilings.

At length they were heard approaching the house, and some minutes of terrible anxiety ensued. They came close up, and stopped before it; but after giving three loud yells, went on. And although they returned several times that night, creating new alarms each time, they did nothing there; having their hands full. Shortly after they had gone away for the first time, one of the scouts came running in with the news that they had stopped before Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury square.

Soon afterwards there came another, and another, and then the first returned again: and so, by little and little, their tale was this: That the mob gathering round Lord Mansfield's house, had called on those within to open the door, and receiving no reply (for Lord and Lady Mansfield were at that moment escaping by the back way,) forced an entrance according to their usual custom. That they then began to demolish it with great fury, and setting fire to it in several parts, involved in a common ruin the whole of the costly furniture, the plate and jewels, a beautiful gallery of pictures, the rarest collection of manuscripts ever possessed by any one private person in the world, and worse than all, because nothing could replace this loss, the great Law Library, on almost every page of which were notes in the Judge's own hand, of inestimable value,—being the results of the study and experience of his whole life. That while they were howling and exulting round the fire, a troop of soldiers, with a magistrate among them, came up, and being too late (for the mischief was by that time done,) began to disperse the crowd. That the riot act being read, and the crowd still resisting, the soldiers received orders to fire, and levelling their muskets shot dead at the first discharge six men and a woman, and wounded many persons; and loading again directly, fired another volley, but over the people's heads it was supposed, as none were seen to fall. That thereupon, and daunted by the shrieks and tumult, the crowd began to disperse, and the soldiers went away: leaving the killed and

wounded on the ground: which they had no sooner done than the rioters came back again, and taking up the dead bodies, and the wounded people, formed into a rude procession, having the bodies in front. That in this order, they paraded off with a horrible merriment; fixing weapons in the dead men's hands to make them look as if alive; and preceded by a fellow ringing Lord Mansfield's dinner-bell with all his might.

The scouts reported further, that this party meeting with some others that had been at similar work elsewhere, they all united into one, and drafting off a few men with the killed and wounded, marched away to Lord Mansfield's country seat at Caen Wood, between Hampstead and Highgate; bent upon destroying that house likewise, and lighting up a great fire there, which from that height should be seen all over London. But in this, they were disappointed, for a party of horse having arrived before them, they retreated faster than they went, and came straight back to town.

There being now a great many parties in the streets, each went to work according to its humour, and a dozen houses were quickly blazing, including those of Sir John Fielding and two other justices, and four in Holborn—one of the greatest thoroughfares in London—which were all burning at the same time, and burnt until they went out of themselves, for the people cut the engine hose, and would not suffer the firemen to play upon the flames. At one house near Moorfields, they found in one of the rooms some canary birds in cages, and these they cast into the fire alive. The poor little creatures screamed, it was said, like infants, when they were flung upon the blaze; and one man was so touched that he tried in vain to save them, which roused the indignation of the crowd, and nearly cost him his life. At this same house, one of the fellows who went through the rooms, breaking the furniture, and helping to destroy the building, found a child's doll—a poor toy—which he exhibited at the window to the mob below, as the image of some unholy saint which the late occupants had worshipped. While he was doing this, another man with an equally tender conscience (they had both been foremost in throwing down the canary birds for roasting alive,) took his seat on the parapet of the house, and harangued the crowd from a pamphlet circulated by the association, relative to the true principles of Christianity. Meanwhile the Lord Mayor, with his hands in his pockets, looked on as an idle man might look at any other show, and seem mightily satisfied to have got a good place.

Such were the accounts brought to the old vintner by his servants as he sat at the side of Mr. Haredale's bed: having been unable even to doze, after the first part of the night; being too much disturbed by his own fears; by the cries of the mob, the light of the fires, and the firing of the soldiers. Such, with the addition of the release of all the prisoners in the New Jail at Clerkenwell, and as many robberies of passengers in the streets as the crowd had leisure to indulge in, were the scenes of which Mr. Haredale was happily unconscious, and which were all enacted before midnight.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SEVENTH.

When darkness broke away and morning began to dawn, the town wore a strange aspect indeed.

Sleep had scarcely been thought of all night. The general alarm was so apparent in the faces of the inhabitants, and its expression was so aggravated by want of rest, (few persons, with any property to lose, having dared to go to bed since Monday,) that a stranger coming into the streets would have supposed some mortal pest or plague was raging. In place of the usual cheerfulness and animation of morning, every thing was dead and silent. The shops remained unclosed, offices and warehouses were shut, the coach and chair stands were deserted, no carts or wagons rumbled through the slowly waking streets, the early cries were all hushed; a universal gloom prevailed. Great numbers of people were out, even at day-break, but they flitted to and fro as though they shrank from the sound of their own footsteps; the public ways were haunted rather than frequented; and round the smoking ruins people stood apart from one another and in silence; not venturing to condemn the rioters, or to be supposed to do so, even in whispers.

At the Lord President's in Piccadilly, at Lambeth Palace, at the Lord Chancellor's in Great Ormond street, in the Royal Exchange, the Bank, the Guildhall, the Inns of Court, the Courts of Law, and every chamber fronting the streets near Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, parties of soldiers were posted before daylight. A body of Horse Guards paraded Palace-yard; an encampment was formed in the Park, where fifteen hundred men and five battalions of Militia were under arms; the Tower was fortified, the draw-bridges were raised, the cannon loaded and pointed, and two regiments of artillery busied in strengthening the fortress and preparing it for defence. A numerous detachment of soldiers were stationed to keep guard at the New-River Head, which the people had threatened to attack, and where, it was said, they meant to cut off the main-pipes, so that there might be no water for the extinction of the flames. In the Poultry, and on Cornhill, and at several other leading points, iron chains were drawn across the street; parties of soldiers were distributed in some of the old city churches while it was yet dark; and in several private houses, (among them, Lord Rockingham's in Grosvenor Square;) which were blockaded as though to sustain a siege, and had guns pointed from the windows.—When the sun rose, it shone into handsome apartments filled with armed men; the furniture hastily heaped away in corners, and made of little or no account, in the terror of the time—on arms glittering in city chambers, among desks and stools, and dusty books—into little smoky churchyards in odd lanes and byeways, with soldiers lying down among the tombs, or lounging under the shade of the one old tree, and their pile of muskets sparkling in the light—on solitary sentinels pacing up and down in court-yards, silent now, but yesterday resounding with the din and hum of business—every where on guard-rooms, garrisons, and threatening preparations.

As the day crept on, still stranger things were witnessed in the streets. The gates of the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons being opened at the usual hour, were found to have notices affixed to them, announcing that the rioters would come that night to burn them down. The Wardens, too well knowing the likelihood there was of this promise being fulfilled, were fain to set their prisoners at liberty, and give them leave to move their goods; so, all day, such of them as had any furniture were occupied in conveying it, some to this place, some to that, and not a few to the broker's shops, where they gladly sold it, for any wretched price those gentry chose to give. There were some broken men among these debtors who had been in jail so long, and were so miserable and destitute of friends, so dead to the world, and utterly forgotten and uncared for, that they implored their jailors not to set them free, and to send them, if need were, to some other place of custody. But they, refusing to comply, lest they should incur the anger of the mob, turned them into the streets, where they wandered up and down, hardly remembering the ways untrodden by their feet so long, and crying—such abject things those rotten-hearted jails had made them—as they slunk off in their rags, and dragged their slip shod feet along the pavement.

Even of the three hundred prisoners who had escaped from Newgate, there were some—a few, but there were some—who sought their jailors out and delivered themselves up; preferring imprisonment and punishment to the horrors of such another night as the last. Many of the convicts, drawn back to their old place of captivity by some indescribable attraction, or by a desire to exult over it in its downfall and glut their revenge by seeing it in ashes, actually went back in broad noon, and loitered about the cells.—Fifty were retaken at one time on this next day, within the prison walls; but their fate did not deter others, for there they went in spite of every thing, and there they were taken in twos and threes, twice or thrice a day, all through the week. Of the fifty just mentioned, some were occupied in endeavoring to rekindle the fire; but in general they seemed to have no object in view but to prowl and lounge about the old place; being often found asleep in the ruins, or sitting talking there, or even eating and drinking, as in a choice retreat.

Besides the notices on the gates of the Fleet and the King's Bench, many similar announcements were left, before one o'clock at noon, at the houses of private individuals: and further, the mob proclaimed their intention of seizing on the Bank, the Mint, the Arsenal at Woolwich, and the Royal Palaces. The notices were seldom delivered by more than one man, who, if it were a shop, went in, and laid it with a bloody threat perhaps, upon the counter; or if it were at a private house, knocked at the door, and thrust it in the servant's hand. Notwithstanding the presence of the military in every quarter of the town, and the great force in the Park, these messengers did their errands with impunity all through the day. So did two boys who went down Holborn alone, armed with bars taken from the railings of Lord Mansfield's house, and demanded money for the rioters. So did a tall man on horseback, who made a collection for the same purpose in Fleet street, and refused to take any thing but gold.

A rumour had now got into circulation, too, which diffused a greater dread all through London, even than these publicly announced intentions of the rioters, though all men knew that if they were successfully effected, there must ensue a national bankruptcy and general ruin. It was said that they meant to throw the gates of Bedlam open, and let all the madmen loose. This suggested such dreadful images to the people's minds, and was indeed an act so fraught with new and unimaginable horrors in the contemplation, that it beset them more than any loss or cruelty of which they could foresee the worst, and drove many sane men nearly mad themselves.

So the day passed on: the prisoners moving their goods; people running to and fro in the streets, carrying away their property; groups standing in silence round the ruins; all business suspended; and the soldiers disposed as has been already mentioned, remaining quite inactive. So the day passed on, and dreaded night drew near again.

At last, at seven o'clock in the evening the privy council issued a solemn proclamation that it was now necessary to employ the military, and that the officers had most direct and effectual orders, by an immediate exertion of their utmost force, to repress the disturbances; and warning all good subjects of the king to keep themselves, their servants, and apprentices, within doors that night. There was then delivered out to every soldier on duty, thirty-six rounds of powder and ball; the drums beat; and the whole force was under arms at sunset.

The city authorities, stimulated by these vigorous measures, held a common council; passed a vote, thanking the military associations who had tendered their aid to the civil authorities; accepted it; and placed them under the direction of the two sheriffs. At the queen's palace, a double guard, the yeomen on duty, the groom-porters, and all other attendants, were stationed in the passages and on the staircases at seven o'clock, with strict instructions to be watchful on their posts all night; and all the doors were locked. The gentlemen of the Temple, and the other Inns, mounted guard within their gates, and strengthened them with the great stones of the pavement, which they took up for the purpose. In Lincoln's Inn, they gave up the hall and commons to the Northumberland militia, under the command of Lord Algernon Percy; in some few of the city wards, the burgesses turned out, and without making a very fierce show, looked brave enough. Some hundreds of stout gentlemen threw themselves, armed to the teeth, into the halls of the different companies, double locked and bolted all the gates, and dared the rioters (among themselves) to come on at their peril. These arrangements being all made simultaneously, or nearly so, were completed by the time it got dark; and then the streets were comparatively clear, and were guarded at all the great corners and chief avenues by the troops: while parties of the officers rode up and down in all directions, ordering chance stragglers home, and admonishing the residents to keep within their houses, and, if any firing ensued, not to approach the windows. More chains were drawn across such of the thoroughfares as were of a nature to favour the approach of a great crowd, and at each of these points a considerable force was stationed. All these precautions having been taken, and it being now quite dark, those in command awaited

the result in some anxiety: and not without a hope that such vigilant demonstrations might of themselves dishearten the populace, and prevent any further outrages.

But in this reckoning they were cruelly mistaken, for in half an hour, or less, as though the setting in of night had been their preconcerted signal, the rioters having previously, in small parties, prevented the lighting of the street lamps, rose like a great sea; and that in so many places at once, and with such inconceivable fury, that those who had the direction of the troops knew not, at first, where to turn or what to do. One after another, new fires blazed up in every quarter of the town, as though it were the intention of the insurgents to wrap the city in a circle of flames, which, contracting by degrees, should burn the whole to ashes; the crowd swarmed and roared in every street; and none but rioters and soldiers being out of doors, it seemed to the latter as if all London were arrayed against them, and they stood alone against the town.

In two hours, six-and-thirty fires were raging—six-and thirty great conflagrations; among them the Borough Clink, in Tooley street, the King's Bench, the Fleet, and the new Bridewell. In almost every street there was a battle; and in every quarter the muskets of the troops were heard above the shouts and tumult of the mob. The firing began in the Poultry, where the chain was drawn across the road, where nearly a score of people were killed on the first discharge. The bodies having been hastily carried into St. Mildred's church by the soldiers, they fired again, and following fast upon the crowd, who began to give way when they saw the execution that was done, formed across Cheapside, and charged them at the point of the bayonet.

The streets were now a dreadful spectacle indeed; while the shouts of the rabble, the shrieks of the women, the cries of the wounded, and the constant firing, formed a deafening and an awful accompaniment to the sights which every corner presented. Wherever the road was obstructed by the chains there the fighting and the loss of life was greatest; but there was hot work and bloodshed in almost every leading thoroughfare, and in every one the same appalling scenes occurred.

At Holborn Bridge, and on Holborn Hill, the confusion was greater than in any other part, for the crowd that poured out of the city in two great streams, one by Ludgate Hill, and one by Newgate street, united at that spot, and formed a mass so dense that at every volley the people seemed to fall in heaps. At this place a large detachment of soldiery were posted, who fired, now up Fleet Market, now up Holborn, now up Snow Hill—constantly raking the streets in each direction. At this place too, several large fires were burning, so that all the terrors of that terrible night seemed to be concentrated in this one spot.

Full twenty times, the rioters, headed by one man, who wielded an axe in his right hand, and bestrode a brewer's horse of great size and strength, caparisoned with fetters taken out of Newgate, which clanked and jingled as he went, made an attempt to force a passage at this point, and fire the vintner's house. Full twenty times they were repulsed with loss of life, and still came back again: and though the fellow at their head was marked and singled out by all, and was a conspicuous object as the only rioter on horseback, not a man could hit him. So surely as the smoke cleared away, so surely there was he; calling hoarsely to his companions, brandishing his axe above his head and dashing on as though he bore a charmed life, and was proof against ball and powder.

This man was Hugh; and in every part of the riot he was seen. He headed two attacks upon the Bank, helped to break open the Toll-houses on Blackfriar's Bridge, and cast the money into the street; fired two of the prisons with his own hand; was here, and there, and every where—always foremost—always active—striking at the soldiers, cheering on the crowd, making his horse's iron music heard through all the yell and uproar; but never hurt or stopped. Turn him at one place, and he made a new struggle in another; force him to retreat at this point, and he advanced on that, directly. Driven from Holborn for the twentieth time, he rode at the head of a great crowd straight upon St. Paul's, attacked a guard of soldiers who kept watch over a body of prisoners within the iron railings, forced them to retreat, rescued the men they had in custody, and with this accession to his party, came back again, mad with liquor and excitement, and hallooing them on like a demon.

It would have been no easy task for the most careful rider to sit a horse in the midst of such a throng and tumult; but though this madman rolled upon his back (he had no saddle) like a boat upon the sea, he never for an instant lost his seat, or failed to guide him where he would. Through the very thickest of the press, over dead bodies and burning fragments, now on the pavement, now in the road, now riding up a flight of steps to make himself the more conspicuous to his party, and now forcing a passage through a mass of human beings, so closely wedged together that it seemed as if the edge of a knife would scarcely part them—on he went, as though he could surmount all obstacles by the mere exercise of his will. And perhaps his not being shot, was in some degree attributable to this very circumstance; for his extreme audacity, and the conviction that he must be one of those to whom the proclamation referred, inspired the soldiers with a desire to take him alive, and diverted many an aim which otherwise might have been more near the mark.

The vintner and Mr. Haredale, unable to sit quietly listening to the terrible noise without seeing what went on, had climbed to the roof of the house; and hiding behind a stack of chimneys, were looking cautiously into the street, almost hoping that after so many repulses, the rioters would be foiled, when a great shout proclaimed that a party were coming round the other way; and the dismal jingling of those accursed fetters warned them next moment that they too were led by Hugh. The soldiers had advanced into Fleet Market and were dispersing the people there; so that they came on with hardly any check, and were soon before the house.

"All's over now," said the vintner. "Fifty thousand pounds will be scattered in a minute. We must save ourselves. We can do no more, and shall have reason to be thankful if we do as much."

Their first impulse was, to clamber along the roofs of the houses, and, knocking at some garret window for admission, pass down that way into the street, and so escape. But another fierce cry from below,

and a general upturning of the faces of the crowd, apprised them that they were discovered, and even that Mr. Haredale was recognized; for Hugh, seeing him plainly in the bright glare of the flames, which in that part made it as light as day, called to him by his name, and swore to have his life.

"Leave me here," said Mr. Haredale, "and in Heaven's name, my good friend, save yourself! Come on!" he muttered, as he turned towards Hugh and faced him without any further effort at concealment: "This roof is high, and if we grapple, we will die together!"

"Madness," said the honest vintner, pulling him back, "sheer madness. Hear reason, sir. My good sir, hear reason. I could never make myself heard by knocking at a window now; and even if I could, no one would be bold enough to connive at my escape. Through the cellars, there's a kind of passage into the back street by which we roll casks in and out. We shall have time to get down there, before they can force an entry. Do not delay an instant, but come with me—for both our sakes—for mine—my dear good sir!"

As he spoke, and drew Mr. Haredale back, they had both a glimpse of the street. It was but a glimpse, but it showed them the crowd, gathering and clustering round the house: some of the armed men pressing to the front to break down the doors and windows, some bringing brands from the nearest fire, some with lifted faces following their course upon the roof and pointing them out to their companions, all raging and roaring like the flames they lighted up. They saw some men howling and thirsting for the treasures of strong liquor which they knew were stored within; they saw others, who had been wounded, sinking down into the opposite doorways and dying, solitary wretches, in the midst of all the vast assemblage; here a frightened woman trying to escape; and there a lost child; and there a drunken ruffian, unconscious of the death-wound on his head, raving and fighting to the last. All these things, and even such trivial incidents as a man with his hat off, or turning round, or stooping down, or shaking hands with another, they marked distinctly; yet in a glance so brief, that, in the act of stepping back, they lost the whole, and saw but the pale faces of each other, and the red sky above them.

Mr. Haredale yielded to the entreaties of his companion—more because he was resolved to defend him to the last, than for any thought he had of his own life, or any care for his own safety—and quickly re-entering the house, they descended the stairs together. Loud blows were thundering on the shutters, crowbars were already thrust beneath the door, the glass fell from the sashes, a deep light shone through every crevice, and they heard the voices of the foremost in the crowd so close to every chink and keyhole, that they seemed to be hoarsely whispering their threats into their very ears. They had but a moment reached the bottom of the cellar-steps and shut the door behind them, when the mob broke in.

The vaults were profoundly dark, and having no torch or candle—for they had been afraid to carry one, lest it should betray their place of refuge—they were obliged to grope with their hands. But they were not long without light, for they had not gone far when they heard the crowd forcing the door; and, looking back among the low-arched passages, could see them in the distance, hurrying to and fro with flashing links, broaching the casks, staving the great vats, turning off upon the right hand and the left, in the different cellars, and lying down to drink at the channels of strong spirits which were already flowing fast upon the ground.

They hurried on, not the less quickly for this; and had reached the only vault which lay between them and the passage out, when suddenly, from the direction in which they were going, a strong light gleamed upon their faces; and before they could slip aside, or turn back or hide themselves, two men (one bearing a torch) came upon them, and cried in an astonished whisper, "Here they are!"

At the same instant they pulled off what they wore upon their heads. Mr. Haredale saw before him Edward Chester, and then saw when the vintner gasped his name, Joe Willett.

Ay, the same Joe, though with an arm the less, who used to make the quarterly journey on the gray mare to pay the bill to the purple-faced vintner; and that very same purple-faced vintner, formerly of Thames Street, now looked him in the face, and challenged him by name.

"Give me your hand," said Joe softly, taking it whether the astonished vintner would or no. "Don't fear to shake it, man; it's a friendly one and a hearty one, though it has no fellow. Why, how well you look and how bluff you are! And you—God bless you, sir. Take heart, take heart. We'll find them. Be of good cheer; we have not been idle."

There was something so honest and frank in Joe's speech, that Mr. Haredale put his hand in his involuntarily, though their meeting was suspicious enough. But his glance at Edward Chester, and that gentleman's keeping aloof, were not lost upon Joe, who said bluntly, glancing at Edward while he spoke:

"Times are changed, Mr. Haredale, and times have come when we ought to know friends from enemies, and make no confusion of names. Let me tell you that but for this gentleman, you would most likely have been dead by this time, or badly wounded at the best."

"What do you say!" asked Mr. Haredale.

"I say," said Joe, "first, that it was a bold thing to be in the crowd at all disguised as one of them; though I won't say much about that, on second thoughts, for that's my case too. That it was a brave and glorious action—that's what I call it—to strike that fellow off his horse before their eyes!"

"What fellow! Whose eyes!"

"What fellow, sir!" cried Joe; "a fellow who has no good will to you, and who has the daring and devilry in him of twenty fellows. I know him of old. Once in the house *he* would have found you, here or any where. The rest owe you no particular grudge, and, unless they see you, will only think of drinking themselves dead. But we lose time. Are you ready?"

"Quite," said Edward. "Put out the torch, Joe, and go on. And be silent, there's a good fellow."

"Silent or not silent," murmured Joe, as he dropped the flaring link upon the ground, crushed it with his foot, and gave his hand to Mr. Haredale, "it was a brave and glorious action;—no man can alter that."

Both Mr. Haredale and the worthy vintner were

too amazed and too much hurried to ask any further questions, so followed their conductors in silence. It seemed, from a short whispering which presently ensued between them and the vintner relative to the best way of escape, that they had entered by the back-door, with the connivance of John Grueby, who watched outside with the key in his pocket, and whom they had taken into their confidence. A part of the crowd coming up that way, just as they entered, John had double-locked the door again, and made off for the soldiers, so that means of retreat was cut from under them.

However, as the front door had been forced, and this minor crowd being anxious to get at the liquor, had no fancy for losing time in breaking down another, but had gone round and got in from Holburn with the rest, the narrow lane in the rear was quite free of people. So when they had crawled through the passage indicated by the vintner, (which was a mere shelving-trap for the admission of casks,) and had managed with some difficulty to unchain and raise the door at the upper end, they emerged into the street without being observed or interrupted. Joe still holding Mr. Haredale tight, and Edward taking the same care of the vintner, they hurried through the streets at a rapid pace; occasionally standing aside to let some fugitives go by, or to keep out of the way of the soldiers who followed them, and whose questions, when they halted to put any, were speedily stopped by one whispered word from Joe.

---

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Thursday, M. Lafontaine appeared in the city for the first time, in order to exhibit his illustration of mesmerism. Notwithstanding the notice had been very short, there was a considerable number of persons present, consisting of several females, and literary gentlemen, provincial as well as metropolitan. The place selected for the exhibition was one of the large rooms at the London Tavern, at the upper end of which a platform was erected, on which were the operator, his interpreter, an electro-magnetic battery, &c. A slight-made young man (a foreigner,) who has before frequently undergone the ordeal, was first subjected to the process, and a short time reduced him to a state of unconsciousness, and thence to that of catalepsy; in each state he received a powerful shock from the battery, but which failed to counteract the effects of mesmerising. After some other tests had been applied, he was led round the room supported by three persons, having all the apparent inanimation of a corpse. By the command of M. Lafontaine, he was then brought to the condition of a somnambulist, and suddenly restored to perfect consciousness, without exhibiting the slightest mode of exhaustion. Mr. Reynolds, a surgeon from the country, a powerful muscular man, volunteered to submit to the operation, stating, as his reason, that he had formerly disbelieved that mesmerism would produce such effects, but had seen reason to alter his opinion from the sensation which had been produced upon him within these few days, by only a partial operation. But although subjected to magnetising for a quarter of an hour, he was not in the slightest degree affected. Mr. Effingham Wilson, the bookseller; Mr. Clement, jun., of the *Observer*; and Mr. Trieber, a Baltic merchant, were also operated on, but equally proved failures. The Professor then declared *that he believed his magnetic power had been absorbed in the first operation.* It was also stated by some gentlemen in the room that the application seldom succeeds in the first instance with any party; and there were some who said *it was necessary to be daily mesmerised for three months to insure success*; but the majority doubted this assertion. Mr. Grant, the banker, of Portsmouth, stated that he had known some very extraordinary effects to have been produced by magnetising, particularly by Dr. Engledne, and said he was willing to try its effects; but, as he was subject to spasms, in case any thing should happen, he would leave his card with the company. (This remark excited much merriment.) The test, however, was not applied to him. A lad, who had been brought for the purpose, and had been often magnetised before, was then operated on with much effect. The company then separated, after the exhibition had lasted three hours, but whether convinced of the efficacy of the system was not ascertained.—*Globe.*

---

## T. HOOD.

Mr. T. Hood has succeeded Mr. T. Hook as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and Mr. Colburn is, we see, rejoicing at the singular good fortune which has always attended this, his favourite child; nursed from its birth, we are told, by the first poet of the age, Mr. Campbell; dry nursed, if that be the phrase, by the first novelist, Mr. Bulwer; and "brought out" by the first wit—no, not exactly *the first*, says the scrupulous little puritan paragraph, for in that sphere there were two suns—T. Hook, and T. Hood. Here, however, is only an additional cause for exultation and triumph, for the Magazine was long under the guiding protection of the one, and is now laughing under the sunny influence of the other. However, in our own plain prose, we will admit that we know not where the worthy bibliopole could have found a more fitting successor. We have just got a glimpse of the first fruits offering of the new editor, and already find traces of his pleasant pen in more places than the table of contents would indicate.—*Athenæum.*

---

"Beginning in good earnest" is the first of three new caricatures, by an artist who seems to have no ending. It represents Peel and Lord J. Russell as boxers going to set-to; John Bull calling time, and Wellington and Melbourne as respective bottle-holders. No. 706, the next, is the fox and the crow. Lord John as the fox is exquisite in expression; and he has apparently persuaded the crow on the bough (Peel) to try to sing—for his bill is wide open, and "the sliding scale" has fallen out. The last is "a pair of *sad* boys," Melbourne and Lord John; with a *varmint* of a butcher's boy bawling "does your mother know you're *out?*" It is a goodly trio, though not so humorous as some others.—*Literary Gazette.*

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

### A BEARISH REMEDY FOR A COLD.

John Abel, an English musician of the time of Charles II., gifted with a tenor voice of the most remarkable beauty and strength, was one of the chief singers of the choir of the royal chapel. In 1688, he was exiled from England on account of his religion. Matheson, a German author (in his *Wollkomm Capelmeister*,) asserts that Abel was in possession of a secret by which he was enabled to preserve, in all their integrity, the fine qualities of his voice to an extreme old age. He was also a very skilful and graceful performer on the lute or guitar. Being of a wild and improvident disposition, he was at length so reduced in circumstances, as to be obliged to travel through several countries of the continent on foot, with his guitar slung across his back. In his peripatetic wanderings, he arrived at Warsaw, and was sent for by the King of Poland, who wished to hear him sing. Abel excused himself under pretence of a severe cold. On this answer being made known to his majesty, a peremptory order was dispatched to the unwilling musician to repair instantly to the court. As soon as he appeared, he was led into a vast hall, round which ran a gallery, in which was the king and a numerous company of courtiers and ladies. Abel was placed in an arm-chair, which, by means of ropes and pulleys, was drawn up several feet from the ground, to the great astonishment of the catarrh-afflicted singer; but this astonishment was quickly changed into terror when he saw a monstrous and savage bear let loose into the hall. The choice was then given him either to be let down upon the the floor to try conclusions with the shaggy intruder, or to gratify the king and the royal suite by the exertion of his vocal powers. Without hesitation he chose the latter alternative, and, it is added, was never known to sing with a stronger vibration of tone, or a voice so perfectly clear and free from all symptoms of cold or hoarseness.

### A MAGICAL DUET ON THE GUITAR.

Bonnet, in his *Histoire de la Musique*, gives the following extraordinary account of a mathematician, mechanician, and musician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Alix, after many years' study and labour, succeeded in constructing an automaton figure, having the shape of a human skeleton, which, by means of a concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. The artist, after having tuned in perfect unison two guitars, placed one of them in the hands of the skeleton, in the position proper for playing, and on a calm summer's evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton with the guitar in its hands in a position where it could be seen from the street. He, then, taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar held by the skeleton, at the same time that the movement of its wooden fingers, as if really executing the music, completed the illusion. This strange musical feat drew crowds around the house of Alix, and created the greatest astonishment; but, alas! for the ill-fated artist, this sentiment was soon changed in the minds of the ignorant multitude into the most superstitious dread. A rumour arose that Alix was was a sorcerer, and in league with the devil. He was arrested by order of the parliament of Provence, and sent before their criminal court *La Chambre de la Tournelle*, to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft. In vain the ingenious but unfortunate artist sought to convince his judges that the only means used to give apparent vitality to the fingers of the skeleton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other equally unmagical contrivances, and that the marvellons result produced was nothing more criminal than the solution of a problem in mechanics. His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

### A FAMILY OF MUSICIANS.

The family of Bach is deservedly illustrious in the history of music for having continued to give to the world, for the space of nearly two hundred years, a great number of artists of the very first order and merit. There is no other example of so frequent a recurrence of not only talents, but eminent genius for music in a single family. The founder of this family, so far as music is concerned, was Walter Bach, a baker residing at Presburg. Forced to quit that city towards the middle of the sixteenth century, on account of his having embraced the Protestant religion, he went to live in a village called Wechmar, in Saxe-Gotha, where he followed the trade of a miller. He passed his evenings, when the business of the mill was over, in singing and accompanying himself on the guitar. He communicated his knowledge of and taste for music to his two sons, who became the progenitors of an uninterrupted series of musicians of the same name, who continued to inundate, as it may be said, for nearly two hundred years, Thuringia, Saxony, and Franconia.

When the descendants of Walter Bach became too numerous to live together or near each other, they spread themselves over the countries above mentioned. Before separating, however, they agreed to assemble once a-year, on a fixed day, in order to keep up a family feeling or patriarchal tie amongst them. The places chosen for those meetings were Erfurt, Eisenach, or Armstadt. The observance of those family meetings was persevered in until the middle of the eighteenth century, and on several of these occasions as many as one hundred and twenty musicians of the name of Bach were assembled in one of these towns. Their amusements, during the time of these meetings, consisted solely in musical performance. They always commenced by singing in full chorus a religious hymn, after which they took some popular airs, love ballads, or comic songs, as themes which they varied, embellished, and sung impromptu, in four, five, and six parts. They gave to these improvisa-

tions the name of *quolibets*. Another characteristic trait of this remarkable family, was the practice adopted by them of uniting in one general collection all the compositions of each of the members. These were called *The Archives of the Bachs*. This interesting collection was still in possession of one of the family, Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, so late as towards the close of the eighteenth century, when it passed, in the year 1790, into the hands of Mr. George Poelchau, a musical amateur in Berlin. A complete genealogy of the family of Bach is to be found in a work by Korabensky, entitled, "A Description of Presburg, the capital of Hungary."

The most remarkable of this remarkable family, and one of the greatest, if not perhaps the greatest musician that Germany has produced, was John Sebastian Bach, born the 21st March, 1685, at Eisenach. One of his sacred compositions for two choirs and two orchestras, entitled, *Grosse Passions musik nachdem Evangelium Matthei* ("The Passion according to the Evangelist St. Matthew,") is one of the most immense musical conceptions ever given to the world; yet it remained unknown for nearly a century after its illustrious author had composed it.

### FROBERGER, THE ORGANIST.

John James Froberger, was a celebrated organist and performer on the clavecin. Born at Halle, in Saxony, in the year 1637, and gifted by nature with an extraordinary musical propensity, he made such rapid progress in that art, that, at the age of fifteen years, he attracted the notice of the Swedish ambassador, who, struck with the beauty of his voice and his precocious skill on the organ, took him to Vienna and presented him as a prodigy to the Emperor Ferdinand III. This prince took him under his protection, and sent him to Rome to pursue his musical education under the then renowned Frescobaldi. After three years' assiduous study, he became an *artiste* of the first order. In 1655 he quitted Italy, and in returning to Germany, stopped for a short time in Paris, where his remarkable talents and extraordinary skill excited the liveliest admiration. On passing through Dresden, he played several new pieces of his own composition before the Elector John George II., who testified his satisfaction by treating him with great distinction, presenting him with a massive gold chain, and a letter to the emperor. Froberger was, even at this early period of his career, acknowledged the most skilful clavecineste and the most accomplished organist in Europe. The Emperor Ferdinand expressed great delight at his return, appointed him organist to the court, and conferred numerous other favours on him.

After the lapse of some years, this great *artiste*, then without a rival in Germany, became desirous of displaying his talents and extending his fame in other countries; and with this view, having obtained leave of absence from the emperor, he set out for England, under, as it would appear, sinister auspices; for, in his land journey, he fell into the hands of robbers, who stripped him of every thing but a kind of coarse sailor's jacket, in which he had concealed a few ducats. But even of this slender resource he was soon after despoiled, as the vessel in which he embarked was taken in sight of the coast of England by a pirate. Froberger, terrified at the prospect of being kept captive or murdered by these miscreants, threw himself overboard, and being a good swimmer, made for the shore, but which he probably never would have reached, had he not been espied by the crew of a fishing smack, who rowed towards him, picked him up, and landed him on that shore, the desire to visit which had occasioned him so many dangers and losses. With insufficient and ragged clothing, and weak from cold and hunger, he pursued his weary way to London, with no means of subsistence but what was afforded by the compassion of those to whom he applied for relief.

On arriving in the capital, he wandered despairingly and at hazard about its busy streets, not knowing where to lay his head when night came on. As he thus roamed about without any fixed purpose, the sounds of an organ broke on his ear. The unfortunate *artiste* was close to Westminster Abbey. The view of that venerable pile awoke in his heart a religious feeling, and he entered the church with the design of returning thanks to God for having preserved his life amidst so many dangers. He was soon so absorbed in prayer, that he was unconscious that the service had concluded, and that the doors were about to be closed. "My friend," said an old man, in a peevish and hoarse voice, "it is time to be going, if you do not prefer being locked up in the church." Froberger rose up from his knees, and was moving towards the door, when the old man remarked, "You appear to be in a very wretched plight; what has happened to you?" Poor Froberger gave him a brief account of the evils that had befallen him. The old man expressed, in morose terms, his disbelief of so singular a tale, but added, "However this may be, I feel inclined to serve you, if you accept the proposal I make you. You see in me the organist of this church and of the court; if it suits you to employ yourself as bellows-blower of the organ here and at court, you shall have your board and lodging at my house, and a decent suit of clothes." Startling and humiliating as was the fall from being chief organist to the imperial court of Vienna to becoming bellows-blower of the organ of Westminster Abbey, yet dire necessity stilled the voice of pride, and Froberger accepted the humble place offered to him, not, however, without a latent hope that some fortunate circumstance might arise to enable him to resume his rank as an *artiste*. In this hope he was not deceived. Many a time the idea entered his mind of revealing himself by some rapid improvisation upon the organ during the service in Westminster Abbey; but the fear that he would be understood only by the master he served, and he consequently driven forth by him to become again a houseless wanderer, deterred him.

His good star was, however, soon in the ascendant, for the festivals and rejoicings which took place at court to celebrate the marriage of Charles II. with the Princess Catherine of Portugal, afforded him the opportunity so ardently wished for, of making himself known for what he was. He accompanied his master to court, where the latter was to perform on the organ during the royal banquet. Froberger, astonished for a moment by the dazzling splendour and magnificence of the scene before him, forgot to press down the handle of the organ bellows, and consequently the instrument became suddenly silent under the fingers of the player. The testy old organist, in a transport of rage, rushed behind the organ, abused

Froberger in the most violent terms, and finished by striking him a blow on the face. Indignation recalled the great *artiste* to himself, and he would probably have chastised the choleric old man, if the latter had not hastily retired with the other musicians of the royal band into an adjoining apartment. Froberger then bethought himself of a nobler vengeance. After filling the bellows of the organ, he seated himself at the instrument, and began a theme, which he accompanied with a series of multiplied dissonances, and then resolved and modulated them in the most felicitous, striking, and novel manner. In fact, he alone at that time was capable of treating a musical theme in so complicated, difficult, and scientific a style. The eyes of the whole court were turned towards the organ, and the question asked on every side, "Who is the *artiste* possessed of such splendid talent?" One of the ladies present, who had seen Froberger at Vienna, and had often heard him play, declared that it could be none but he. She sent to him to come to her; and on finding that she was correct in her supposition presented him to Charles II., who gave him a most flattering reception, ordered a clavecin to be brought near the royal circle, at which Froberger took his seat, and for an hour enchained the attention and excited the admiration of the king and court by the originality, spirit, and variety of his improvisations, and his perfect mastery over the instrument. The king was so delighted, that he took a gold chain from his own neck, and placed it round that of the musician. From that moment the career of Froberger was one of unmingled and increasing prosperity. He was the favourite of the court and the nobility, and continued for many years to enjoy his well-deserved honours.

### THE LIFE OF A KING SAVED BY A STAGE WHISPER.

This feat was accomplished by Elizabeth Kaiser, a celebrated German cantatrice of the earlier half of the eighteenth century, who was alike remarkable for her vocal talents, her beauty, and the numerous progeny to whom she gave birth. At the early age of fifteen years, she made her debut with the most brilliant success at the principal theatre at Dresden, shortly after which she married Charles Kaiser, to whom she bore twenty-three children, four couple of whom were twins. After furnishing this large number of subjects to the state of Saxony, she quitted that country, and went to reside at Stockholm, where she became mistress to Frederic, king of Sweden. In the opera-house, during a representation at which his majesty was present, a quantity of scenery and machinery at the bottom of the stage took fire, and the flames burst forth so rapidly, as to set at defiance all the efforts made to extinguish it, even before the accident became known to the audience. Elizabeth Kaiser, who was playing her part on the stage, became aware of the fatal occurrence; but, without showing any signs of alarm, she approached, without, apparently, any particular intention, the royal box, and, in an under tone of voice, said to the king, "Fly for your life; the theatre is on fire." The king fortunately caught her words, and immediately, but not in a precipitate manner, quitted his box. As soon as Elizabeth Kaiser thought that her royal lover was in safety, she gave the alarm to the audience by crying out, "Fire!" She then rushed to her own dressing-room, and after letting down from a not very high window her son, a child of four years of age, she jumped after him herself.

---

## DUPOTET'S CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

A report has been made to the Academy of Sciences by MM. Becquerel and Magendie, on the subject of an asserted cure, by the Baron Dupotet, of persons born deaf and dumb, by means of magnetism. M. Dupotet having presented to that body a patient restored, as he alleged, from that original infirmity, the Academy referred the matter to the two members above named; and they, in their investigation, refusing to have any thing to do with patients who had been previously in the Baron's hands, and of whose antecedents they knew nothing, selected three young persons from the deaf and dumb institution, and requested him to work his cure upon them. The result is, that these children, in the Baron's treatment, gained in sensibility to sound and faculty of speech, precisely that degree which has been frequently conferred on them by ordinary means; that is, by exercising, in a particular manner the germ of their hearing and speech, imperfect, it is stated, but never absolutely null. The amount is that they can be trained to hear certain sounds and utter certain syllables,—an effect so purely mechanical that it can be turned to no advantageous use, the hearing and uttering of those sounds conveying no sense, from the impossibility of carrying the matter further, and the sounds themselves being speedily forgotten when the practice is suspended. The question seems to be, whether even this limited and unavailing effect has been the pure result of magnetism, unaided by those ordinary and more mechanical means which have before produced a like effect. Meantime, the Academy rejects the Baron's pretentions to cure this melancholy natural infirmity by means of magnetism. We may mention, as curiously coinciding with this decision, that a decree of the General Congregation of the Inquisition has just been confirmed by the Pope, declaring the practice of magetism illegal.

*Athenæum.*

---

## SONNET.

### ON THE REDBREAST'S SONG IN NOVEMBER.

Yes, orators there are with voices loud,
And books of magic spells, whereby we now
May waken tongues long smouldering in the shroud!
But, mark, from yonder faded yellow bough
There comes a tiny voice, whose notes to me
Bring more than books or orators can give;
It seems to speak of mutability,
And that no less, which will for ever live.
It seems to say: "Ay, nature fades again;
The leaves are sear; frost-nipp'd they fade away,
To perish dankly in the winter's rain;
But Hope droops not, tho' Nature's charms decay;
Hope, that on earth is nurtured not, but clings
To Heaven as home, still calm and cheerful sings!"

*Fraser's Magazine.*

## THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY'S CREW.

Some months ago a petition was sent to the Governor of New South Wales from the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, (the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*,) requesting him to send them several articles of which they stood in need, especially a commentary on the Sacred Scriptures, and some copies of Dr. Watts's Hymns. His excellency at once expressed his readiness to comply with their request, provided the means of conveying them could be procured. The missionary brig *Camden* happened to be at Sydney at the time, and application having been made to the Rev. Dr. Ross, agent of the London Missionary Society, he consented to allow that vessel to touch at the island for this purpose on her next voyage. The diocesan committee, through the Rev. William Cowper, seized the opportunity of supplying that interesting community with several religious works, as did also the Religious Tract Society, through Dr. Ross. Since the return of the *Camden*, we have learned the following particulars of her visit:—

The Rev. Mr. Heath, who sailed in her, and took charge of the presents, describes the island as rocky and barren, less than five miles in circuit, shewing no good entrance or anchorage. Several canoes came off as soon as the *Camden* hove in sight, and three or four of the principal men, as well as several young ones, came on board. On hearing that they had come on purpose to visit them, with presents from the Governor and other friends of Sydney, their pleasure and gratitude were beyond expression. Having landed in Bounty Cove, Mr. Heath and Captain Morgan proceeded, among the welcomes of the people, to their village, where they found thirteen neatly-built wooden houses, thatched with the pandanus leaf, besides some out-buildings. Their garden plots were very clean and neat, and grew a considerable quantity of yams and sweet potatoes. They have also tara, bananas, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-cane. The population amounts to 108 persons. The only survivors of the party who went thither in the *Bounty* are two old Tahitian women, one of whom remembers both Cook and Wallis. Their laws are very few and simple. They have a magistrate, who is elected annually; and who is assisted by two councillors, but his authority is very limited.

Between two and three o'clock the people were called together by sound of trumpet for public worship, and nearly the whole population assembled. The chapel is a neat wooden building, which serves also for a school. A person, named George Nobbs, (not one of the original inhabitants,) who acts as schoolmaster, and who is accustomed to conduct the public service, by reading the Church of England prayers, was requested to read them on that occasion. He read them well, and the people repeated the responses very reverently, and sung from Dr. Watts's Hymns. Mr. Heath then addressed them on "the great salvation." They heard him with fixed attention, many of them with tears. Afterwards Arthur Quintnall, the magistrate for the present year, and Captain Morgan and George Nobbs, respectively addressed the audience. Mr. Heath subsequently took an opportunity of questioning several of them on the text and sermon, and also on some of the leading Scripture facts and doctrines, and was much pleased with the ready and suitable answers which many of them gave.

In compliance with the urgent request of the people to spend another day with them, Mr. B. and Captain M. slept on shore, at Nobbs's house; but it was late before they could retire to rest, so many came to ask questions on religious subjects, and a few, like the jailor at Philippi, to ask the most momentous of all questions.

On the following morning they visited the school, and examined the scholars. Some of them had proceeded so far as the rule of three in arithmetic. Their copybooks gave very good specimens of hand-writing. Several classes read in the New Testament and in the spelling-book; they also answered questions from the Catechism, selected promiscuously. On the whole, their education was very creditable to themselves, as well as to Nobbs, their teacher.

About two o'clock the people were again assembled for public worship, and again they were earnest in their attention, and abundant in their thanks. There is much patriarchal simplicity of manners among them, and a very general and regular attention to religious duties, both public and family. They have prayers and a sermon read twice every Sabbath; a Sunday school and a Bible class on Wednesdays. They marry, baptise, and bury, according to the form of the Church of England.

When Mr. Heath and his friend left them in the afternoon, nearly the whole population accompanied them to the beach, and a few went on board to bid them farewell.—*Morning Herald.*

---

## THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

The sleep of the vegetable differs in one respect from that of the animal, that it is not caused by exhausted powers; but when light, which acts as a stimulus, is withdrawn, then the stalks of compound leaves hang back and fold their leaflets together, or the leaves droop over the flowers, or cover the fruits so as to shelter them from the cold dews. This was termed by Linnæus the sleep of plants, and said by him to be analogous to the action of spreading the wing, by which some birds shelter their young during night. It is generally thought that Linnæus's term is somewhat hyperbolical; but that the cessation of the stimulus of light, and the constrained position of the flower and foliage may be advantageous to the vegetable constitution in a way similar to that in which it is beneficial to the animal system. Sir James Smith remarks, that as the infant requires a fuller measure of sleep than is needed by the man, so the young plant is more thoroughly closed during the night than the older one.—*Flowers and their Associations.*

## FRESCO PAINTING.

Fresco painting, as a durable and immovable decoration, can only be fitly applied to buildings of a permanent character. Not only capricious alterations, but even repairs cannot be attempted without destroying the paintings. There can be no doubt that the general introduction of such decorations would lead to a more solid style of architecture; at the same time the impossibility of change would be considered by many as an objection. This objection would not however apply to public buildings. In case of fire, frescos would no doubt be more or less injured or ruined, but they might not be so utterly effaced and destroyed as oil pictures in the same circumstances would be. On the whole, the smoke of London might be found less prejudicial than that of the candles in Italian churches. The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo could hardly have suffered more in three centuries from coal fires than from the church ceremonies, which have hastened its ruin. The superior brilliancy (looking at this quality alone) of frescos which adorn the galleries of private houses, where they have not been exposed to such injurious influences, is very remarkable; as for example, in the Farnese ceiling. The occasional unsound state of some walls, even in buildings of the most solid construction in Rome, is to be attributed to slight but frequent shocks of earthquake. A ceiling painted by one of the scholars of the Carracci, in the Costaguti Palace in Rome, fell from this cause. Such disadvantages might fairly be set against any that are to be apprehended in London. With regard to the modes of cleaning fresco, the description of the method adopted by Carlo Maratti in cleaning Raphael's frescos when blackened with smoke happens to be preserved; but no doubt modern chemistry could suggest the best possible measure.

*C. Eastlake, R. A.*

---

## SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The following interesting article is taken from the *Phare de Nyon:*

Prof. Colladon has just made an interesting experiment in our lake (of Geneva.) It has been long known that the effect of the collision of two hard bodies is sensible at a small distance under water. Franklin has recorded the fact, that if you plunge the head completely under water, you may hear the collision of two stones at the distance of half a mile. M. Burdenst, of the French Academy of Sciences, has made some experiments at rather greater distances, at sea, using a bell (*timbre,*) and plunging his head under water to listen. In 1826, M. Colladon undertook to measure accurately the velocity of sound under water in our lake. His experiments led him to discover that a thin metallic vessel closed below, open above, may emit a sound which travels under water without any thing above indicating its existence. This discovery has led to that of an instrument by which the sound of a bell or other sonorous body, plunged and struck under water, may be heard at the distance of several leagues. Thus, instead of plunging his head, the observer may sit in a boat, his ear leaning on the instrument, which will receive below the surface of the lake the sonorous vibrations, that are propagated at the rate of a mile in a second. To take a measure, M. Colladon has some powder ignited at the moment that the bell is struck, while he watches for the signal at the distance of several leagues; as soon as he sees the flash, he sets the hand or index of the chronometer in motion; the sound arrives soon after; he stops the hand; the space which it has passed over on the dial marks the time that the sound has taken to traverse the distance. The measures taken by this means, at great distances, are remarkable for their precision and regularity. Water transmits sound four and a quarter times quicker than air; for in the atmosphere sound takes thirteen seconds to traverse a league, or three miles. M. Colladon made his experiments at first in the greatest breadth of the lake, between Rolle and Thonion; he has just repeated them at the enormous distance of nearly nine leagues, between the point of Prometheux and the hill of Grandvaux, near Cully. Thus, then, water is a body so perfectly elastic, that a blow with a hammer, struck by one man, moves the entire mass of our lake, that is to say, near 300 milliards of pounds of water, every drop of which moves in its turn, with a force capable of affecting a thin iron plate, to make M. Colladon's instrument sound. This is, doubtless, a marvellous fact, of which advantage may be taken in navigation; for at the distance of ten leagues merchantmen are scarcely visible; the report of a cannon is heard or not according to the state of the atmosphere: by the transmission of sounds under water, squadrons might be rallied, invisible signals given, by night as well as by day, in foggy as well as in clear weather. M. Colladon does not doubt that under favourable circumstances he could communicate at sea at the distance of fifty or sixty leagues. It is easy to distinguish under water the several kinds of sound proceeding from blows struck on iron, bronze, or wood. M. Colladon has found that it is an error to suppose that steamers frighten the fish by their noise. The paddles of a steam-boat of one hundred horse power make scarcely any noise below water, much less than the beetle of a washer-woman, or the collision of small pebbles.

*Literary Gazette.*

---

## MORLAND'S PAINTINGS.

On Wednesday, among a deal of rubbish shovelled off at Phillips's, were two works of some note, an authentic *Morland* and an apocryphal *Vandyck*. "The Country Alehouse Door" was painted in the King's Bench for Mr. Jones, the Marshall. It is large, and like all Morlands, largely but loosely, freely but superficially executed: in architectural phrase, it wants substructions, well-laid underwork to support the load above; its broad touches present the scales alone of a good painting, which cover no solid body within. We have never seen one square inch of sound pictorial art by Morland, and much doubt if any time or labour had given more depth to his facile productions. He was a rural painter, quite capable of improving the signs throughout the country, which he often did, and embellishing alehouse parlours, or even squire-archal drawing-rooms: but few of his works evince loftier powers or pretensions. This sold for 195 guineas.

*Athenæum.*

---

## FRENCH LAW.

It is contrary to law in France to take even a pitcher of water from the sea, lest it should be evaporated for the sake of gaining an ounce or so of salt, and avoiding to pay the salt duty. A servant who was taking a pail of water from the sea, at Briarrits, a few days ago, for a bath for a child who was ill, was perceived by a custom-house officer, who instantly compelled her to throw it back, and return with the empty pail.—*Examiner.*

## BLUEBEARD.

Gilles de Laval, Lord of Retz, of Briolay, of Chantoce, of Ingrandes, of Loroux-Bottereau, of Blaison, of Chemellier, of Gratecuisse, of Fontaine-Milon, in Anjou, and of many other baronies and lordships in Britanny and other parts of the kingdom, was one of the richest men of his day in the time of Charles VII. He became master of all this enormous property at the age of twenty, and, by the most prodigal and absurd extravagance, dissipated nearly the whole of it. Among other traits of his profuse expenditure, the establishment of his chapel has been recorded. It was composed of a "bishop," as he insisted upon calling his principal chaplain, a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight choristers. All these followed in his suite wherever he travelled. Each one of them had his horse and his servant; they were all dressed in robes of scarlet and furs, and had rich appointments. Chandeliers, censers, crosses, sacred vessels in great quantity, and all of gold and silver, were transported with them, together, says the historian, with many organs, each carried by six men. He was exceedingly anxious that all the priests of his chapel should be entitled to wear the mitre, and he sent many embassies to Rome to obtain this privilege, but without success. These were the follies of his youth; and it would have been well if he had left behind him only the remembrance of similar absurdities. But these and many other equally ridiculous extravagances soon began to make serious inroads into his property, enormous as it was. * * * He took into his pay a certain physician of Poitou, and a Florentine, named Prelati, who pretended to be in communication with the devil, and to be able to recruit his exhausted treasures by supernatural means. These scoundrels found means to make him believe that the devil appeared to him, and persuaded him to sign an agreement with his Satanic majesty in due form. * * * Raising the devil may, in the nineteenth century, be laughed at as a harmless absurdity, involving no very heinous degree of criminality. But that is very far from harmless which renders a man criminal in his own eyes. Gilles de Laval conceived himself to have committed the blackest sin of which man could be guilty, and the real moral degradation which ensued from it was proportioned to his own estimate of the offence. No crime was henceforward monstrous enough to make him hesitate in his course, and the recorded series of his atrocities is probably unequalled in the annals of human depravity. With a revolting, vampire-like selfishness, more detestable than any ordinary object of murder, he caused the handsomest and finest children of either sex throughout his domains to be seized and put to death within these walls of Chantoce, in order to form a bath of their blood, in the belief that it would preserve his own loathsome life and vigour. In vain through the wide extent of his lands and villages rose one universal voice of lament and execration from the wretched peasantry obliged to furnish this fearful tribute, which realized the most horrible fictions of pagan antiquity. Already more than a hundred victims had perished, and the feeble, ill-organized justice of the period was paralyzed by the rank, the power, and vast possessions of the monster. At last, however, the universal voice of the country became too loud to be disregarded; and little as the men of that day were accustomed to be shocked by ordinary crimes of violence and blood, the wretch's life became too revolting to be tolerated by them; and had not the constituted authorities at length interfered, he would have been exterminated as a noxious reptile by the tardily-excited violence of popular indignation. He was seized by the orders of the Bishop of Nantes and the Seneschal of Rennes; and after a trial, during which revelations of wickedness and barbarity, almost incredible, continued through many years, were substantiated against him, he was condemned to be burnt alive in the meadows before Nantes. And this sentence was executed there on the 23rd of December, in the year 1440. The culprit is recorded to have presented himself before the tribunal with the utmost haughtiness and disdain, and replied to their interrogatories that he had committed crimes enough to condemn to death ten thousand men. So lived and died Gilles de Laval, the veritable original of the redoubtable bloody Bluebeard; and the ugly ruins of his blood-defiled castle of Chantoce seem to remain yet standing solely to perpetuate the memory of his infamy and ignominious name."—*T. A. Trollope's Summer in Western France.*

---

## ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XV.

Langues de Gersey, a protege of Madame de Maintenon, had been appointed Bishop of Soissons, and received the young King Louis XV. on the occasion of his passing through on his way to be crowned at Rheims. He was a finished courtier, having passed his youth "*dans les antechambres des dames du palais*," and spared no cost or trouble to please his illustrious guest; so well did he succeed, that, on the King's return from Rheims, he remained three days longer with the merry and obliging bishop. On this occasion, a scene took place more childish than dignified, in which Louis played a distinguished part. Illuminations, fireworks, triumphal arches, and loads of *bonbons* were prepared for the royal child and his court. He was then twelve years of age, and, though already affianced to the Infanta of Spain, was but a boy in every respect. He was taken out into the balcony of the garden of the Bishop's palace, to present himself to the children of Soissons, who were assembled there to behold him, when, on a sudden, a hundred rabbits were driven into the enclosure, who began to scamper in every direction to conceal themselves, while a peal of fire arms and the ascent of numerous rockets added to the bustle and confusion. The delighted children, uttering loud cries, forgot in a moment the presence of the King, and rushed off in hot pursuit from hedge to hedge. Louis could not behold this scene unmoved; he escaped from his party, darted down the grand staircase, and in a moment was amongst the laughing and vociferous group: with equal ardour he followed the chase, until, having succeeded in capturing one of the unfortunate animals, he returned in triumph to his somewhat scandelized attendants, holding his struggling prisoner by the ears. All the children having managed to be equally successful, were afterwards introduced to his Majesty, each grasping his prize; and much and long was the laughter on the occasion, doubtless to the infinite gratification of the reverend prelate, whose fortunate plan had so much amused his guest.—*Martin and Jacobs' Hist. of Soissons.*

---

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH BREAD.

Much curiosity was excited in Fenton, by the exhibition at the shop of Mr. Cordon, of two French loaves of bread, one weighing 11 lbs. and the other 9½ lbs. The bread was purchased in Paris on the previous Sunday at 1¼d. per lb. (English,) and is of excellent quality. Here it would cost 2¼d.—*Examiner of Oct. 9th.*

# CHARLES O'MALLEY,

## THE IRISH DRAGOON.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### DALY'S CLUB HOUSE.

The rain was dashing in torrents against the window panes, and the wind sweeping in heavy and fitful gusts along the dreary and deserted streets, as a party of three persons sat over their wine, in that stately old pile which once formed the resort of the Irish Members, in College Green, Dublin, and went by the name of Daly's Club House. The clatter of falling tiles and chimney-pots—the jarring of the window-frames and howling of the storm without, seemed little to affect the spirits of those within, as they drew closer to a blazing fire, before which stood a small table covered with the *débris* of a dessert, and an abundant supply of bottles, whose characteristic length of neck indicated the rarest wines of France and Germany; while the portly magnum of claret—the wine, *par excellence*, of every Irish gentleman of the day—passed rapidly from hand to hand, the conversation did not languish, and many a deep and hearty laugh followed the stories which every now and then were told, as some reminiscence of early days was recalled, or some trait of a former companion remembered.

One of the party, however, was apparently engrossed by other thoughts than those of the mirth and merriment around; for, in the midst of all, he would turn suddenly from the others, and devote himself to a number of scattered sheets of paper, upon which he had written some lines, but whose crossed and blotted sentences attested how little success had waited upon his literary labors. This individual was a short, plethoric-looking, white-haired man, of about fifty, with a deep, round voice, and a chuckling, smothering laugh, which, whenever he indulged, not only shook his own ample person, but generally created a petty earthquake on every side of him. For the present, I shall not stop to particularize him more closely; but, when I add, that the person in question was a well-known member of the Irish House of Commons, whose acute understanding and practical good sense were veiled under an affected and well-dissembled habit of blundering, that did far more for his party than the most violent and pointed attacks of his more accurate associates, some of my readers may anticipate me in pronouncing him to be Sir Harry Boyle. Upon his left sat a figure the most unlike him possible; he was a tall, thin, bony man, with a bolt-upright air, and a most saturnine expression; his eyes were covered by a deep green shade, which fell far over his face, but failed to conceal a blue scar, that, crossing his cheek, ended in the angle of his mouth, and imparted to that feature, when he spoke, an apparently abortive attempt to extend towards his eyebrow; his upper lip was covered with a grizzly and ill-trimmed moustache, which added much to the ferocity of his look, while a thin and pointed beard on his chin gave an apparent length to the whole face that completed its rueful character. His dress was a single-breasted, tightly-buttoned frock, in one buttonhole of which a red riband was fastened, the decoration of a foreign service, which conferred upon its wearer the title of Count; and though Billy Considine, as he was familiarly called by his friends, was a thorough Irishman in all his feelings and affections, yet he had no objection to the designation he had gained in the Austrian army. The Count was certainly no beauty, but, somehow, very few men of his day had a fancy for telling him so; a deadlier hand and a steadier eye never covered his man in the Phœnix; and though he never had a seat in the House, he was always regarded as one of the government party, who more than once had damped the ardor of an opposition member, by the very significant threat of "setting Billy at him." The third figure of the group was a large, powerfully-built, and handsome man, older than either of the others, but not betraying in his voice and carriage any touch of time. He was attired in the green coat and buff vest which formed the livery of the Club; and his tall, ample forehead, clear, well-set eye, and still handsome mouth, bore evidence that no great flattery was necessary at the time which called Godfrey O'Malley the handsomest man in Ireland.

"Upon my conscience," said Sir Harry, throwing down his pen with an air of ill-temper, "I can make nothing of it; I have got into such an infernal habit of making bulls, that I can't write sense when I want it."

"Come, come," said O'Malley, "try again, my dear fellow. If you can't succeed, I'm sure Billy and I have no chance."

"What have you written? Let us see," said Considine, drawing the paper towards him, and holding it to the light, "why, what the devil is all this? you have made him 'drop down dead after dinner, of a lingering illness, brought on by the debate of yesterday.'"

"Oh, impossible!"

"Well, read it yourself; there it is, and, as if to make the thing less creditable, you talk of his 'bill

for the better recovery of small debts.' I'm sure, O'Malley, your last moments were not employed in that manner."

"Come, now," said Sir Harry, "I'll set all to rights with a postscript. 'Any one who questions the above statement, is politely requested to call on Mr. Considine, 16 Kildare-street, who will feel happy to afford him every satisfaction upon Mr. O'Malley's decease, or upon miscellaneous matters.'"

"Worse and worse," said O'Malley. "Killing another man will never persuade the world that I am dead."

"But we'll wake you, and have a glorious funeral."

"And if any man doubt the statement, I'll call him out," said the Count.

"Or, better still," said Sir Harry, "O'Malley has his action at law for defamation."

"I see I'll never get down to Galway at this rate," said O'Malley; "and as the new election takes place on Tuesday week, time presses. There are more writs flying after me this instant than for all the government boroughs."

"And there will be fewer returns, I fear," said Sir Harry.

"Who is the chief creditor?" asked the Count.

"Old Stapleton, the attorney, in Fleet-street, has most of the mortgages."

"Nothing to be done with him in this way!" said Considine, balancing the cork-screw like a hair trigger."

"No chance of it."

"May be," said Sir Harry, "he might come to terms, if I were to call and say—you are anxious to close accounts, as your death has just taken place. You know what I mean."

"I fear so should he, were you to say so. No, no, Boyle, just try a plain, straight-forward paragraph about my death. We'll have it in Falkner's paper to-morrow; on Friday the funeral can take place, and, with the blessing o' God, I'll come to life on Saturday at Athlone, in time to canvass the market."

"I think it wouldn't be bad, if your ghost were to appear to old Timins, the tanner, in Naas, on your way down; you know he arrested you once before."

"I prefer a night's sleep," said O'Malley; "but come, finish the squib for the paper."

"Stay a little," said Sir Harry, musing; "it just strikes me that if ever the matter gets out, I may be in some confounded scrape. Who knows if it is not a breach of privilege to report the death of a member, and to tell you the truth, I dread the sergeant and the speaker's warrant with a very lively fear."

"Why, when did you make his acquaintance?" said the Count.

"Is it possible you never heard of Boyle's committal?" said O'Malley; "you surely must have been abroad at the time; but it's not too late to tell it yet.

"Well, it's about two years since old Townsend brought in his enlistment bill, and the whole country was scoured for all our voters, who were scattered here and there, never anticipating another call of the House, and supposing that the session was just over. Among others, up came our friend Harry, here, and the night he arrived they made him a 'monk of the screw,' and very soon made him forget his senatorial dignities.

"On the evening after his reaching town, the bill was brought in, and, at two in the morning, the division took place—a vote was of too much consequence, not to look after it closely—and a castle messenger was in waiting in Exchequer-street, who, when the debate was closing, put Harry, with three others, into a coach, and brought them down to the House. Unfortunately, however, they mistook their friends, voted against the bill; and, amid the loudest cheering of the opposition, the government party were defeated. The rage of the ministers knew no bounds, and looks of defiance and even threats were exchanged between the ministers and the deserters. Amid all this, poor Harry fell fast asleep, and dreamed that he was once more in Exchequer-street, presiding among the monks, and mixing another tumbler. At length he awoke and looked about him—the clerk was just at the instant reading out, in his usual routine manner, a clause of the new bill, and the remainder of the House was in dead silence. Harry looked again around on every side, wondering where was the hot water, and what had become of the whiskey bottle, and above all, why the company were so extremely dull and ungenial. At length, with a half shake, he roused up a little, and giving a look of unequivocal contempt on every side, called out, 'upon my soul you're pleasant companions—but I'll give you a chant to enliven you.' So saying, he cleared his throat with a couple of short coughs, and struck up, with the voice of a Stentor, the following verse of a popular ballad:

"And they nibbled away, both night and day,
Like mice in a round of Glo'ster;
Great rogues they were all, both great and small;
From Flood to Leslie Foster.

"Great rogues all."

"Chorus, boys."

If he was not joined by the voices of his friends in the song, it was probably because such a roar of laughing never was heard since the walls were roofed over. The whole House rose in a mass, and my friend Harry was hurried over the benches by the sergeant-at-arms, and left for three weeks in Newgate, to practise his melody."

"All true," said Sir Harry, "and worse luck to them, for not liking music; but come now, will this do?—'It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Godfrey O'Malley, Esq., late member for the county of Galway, which took place on Friday evening, at Daly's Club House. This esteemed gentleman's family—one of the oldest in Ireland, and among whom it was hereditary not to have any children—"

Here a burst of laughter from Considine and O'Malley interrupted the reader, who with the greatest difficulty could be persuaded that he was again bulling it.—"The devil fly away with it," said he, "I'll never succeed."

"Never mind," said O'Malley; "the first part will do admirably; and let us now turn our attention to other matters."

A fresh magnum was called for, and over its in-

spiring contents, all the details of the funeral were planned; and, as the clock struck four, the party separated for the *night*, well satisfied with the result of their labors.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ESCAPE.

When the dissolution of Parliament was announced the following morning in Dublin, its interest in certain circles was manifestly increased by the fact, that Godfrey O'Malley was at last open to arrest—for, as in olden times, certain gifted individuals possessed some happy immunity against death by fire or sword, so the worthy O'Malley seemed to enjoy a no less valuable privilege, and for many a year had passed, among the myrmidons of the law, as writ-proof. Now, however, the charm seemed to have yielded, and pretty much with the same feeling as a storming party may be supposed to experience on the day that a breach is reported as practicable, did the honest attorneys retained in the various suits against him, rally round each other that morning in the Four Courts.

Bonds, mortgages, post obits, promissory notes, in fact every imaginable species of invention for raising the O'Malley exchequer, for the preceding thirty years, were handed about on all sides; suggesting to the mind of an uninterested observer, the notion that, had the aforesaid O'Malley been an independent and absolute monarch, instead of merely being the member for Galway, the kingdom over whose destinies he had been called to preside would have suffered not a little from a depreciated currency and an extravagant issue of paper. Be that as it might, one thing was clear, the whole estates of the family could not possibly pay one-fourth of the debt; and the only question was one which occasionally arises at a scanty dinner on a mail-coach road—who was to be the lucky individual to carve the joint, where so many were sure to go off hungry.

It was now a trial of address between these various and highly-gifted gentlemen, who should first pounce upon the victim, and when the skill of their caste is taken into consideration, who will doubt that every feasible expedient for securing him was resorted to! While writs were struck against him in Dublin, emissaries were despatched to the various surrounding counties, to procure others, in the event of his escape. *Ne exeats* were sworn and water bailiffs engaged to follow him on the high seas; and as the great Nassau balloon did not exist in those days, no imaginable mode of escape appeared possible, and bets were offered at long odds, that, within twenty-four hours, the late member would be enjoying *his otium cum dignitate* in his Majesty's jail of Newgate.

Expectation was at the highest—confidence hourly increasing—success all but certain—when, in the midst of all this high-bounding hope, the dreadful rumor spread, that O'Malley was no more. One had seen it just five minutes before, in the evening edition of Falkner's paper—another heard it in the courts—a third overheard the Chief Justice stating it to the Master of the Rolls—and, lastly, a breathless witness arrived from College Green, with the news, that Daly's Club House was shut up, and the shutters closed. To describe the consternation the intelligence caused on every side is impossible; nothing in history equals it, except, perhaps, the entrance of the French army into Moscow, deserted and forsaken by its former inhabitants. While terror and dismay, therefore, spread amid that wide and respectable body who formed O'Malley's creditors, the preparations for his funeral were going on with every rapidity—relays of horses were ordered at every stage of the journey, and it was announced that, in testimony of his worth, a large party of his friends were to accompany his remains to Portumna Abbey—a test much more indicative of resistance in the event of any attempt to arrest the body, than of any thing like reverence for their departed friend.

Such was the state of matters in Dublin, when a letter reached me one morning at O'Malley Castle, whose contents will at once explain the writer's intention, and also serve to introduce my unworthy self to my reader. It ran thus:—

"Dear Charley,

"Your uncle Godfrey, whose debts [God pardon him] are more numerous than the hairs of his wig, was obliged to die here last night. We did the thing for him completely; and all doubts as to the reality of the event, are silenced by the circumstantial detail of the newspaper, 'that he was confined six weeks to his bed, from a cold he caught ten days ago while on guard.' Repeat this, for it's better we had all the same story, till he comes to life again, which maybe will not take place before Tuesday or Wednesday. At the same time, canvass the county for him, and say he'll be with his friends next week, and up in Woodford, and the Scariff barony: say he died a true Catholic; it will serve him on the hustings. Meet us in Athlone on Saturday, and bring your uncle's mare with you—he says he'd rather ride home; and tell Father Mac Shane to have a bit of dinner ready about four o'clock, for the corpse can get nothing after he leaves Mountmelick.—No more now, from yours, ever,

"Harry Boyle.

"Daly's, about eight in the evening.

"To Charles O'Malley, Esq.
"O'Malley-Castle, Galway."

When this not over-clear document reached me, I was the sole inhabitant of O'Malley Castle, a very ruinous pile of incongruous masonry, that stood in a wild and dreary part of the County of Galway, bordering on the Shannon; on every side stretched the property of my uncle, or at least what had once been so; and indeed so numerous were its present claimants, that he would have been a subtle lawyer who could have pronounced upon the rightful owner. The demesne around the castle contained some well-grown and handsome timber, and, as the soil was undulating and fertile, presented many features of beauty; beyond, it was all sterile, bleak, and barren. Long tracts of brown heath-clad mountain, or not less unprofitable valleys of tall and waving fern, were all that the eye could dis-

for the better recovery of small debts.' I'm sure, O'Malley, your last moments were not employed in that manner."

"Come, now," said Sir Harry, "I'll set all to rights with a postscript. 'Any one who questions the above statement, is politely requested to call on Mr. Considine, 16 Kildare-street, who will feel happy to afford him every satisfaction upon Mr. O'Malley's decease, or upon miscellaneous matters.'"

"Worse and worse," said O'Malley. "Killing another man will never persuade the world that I am dead."

"But we'll wake you, and have a glorious funeral."

"And if any man doubt the statement, I'll call him out," said the Count.

"Or, better still," said Sir Harry, "O'Malley has his action at law for defamation."

"I see I'll never get down to Galway at this rate," said O'Malley; "and as the new election takes place on Tuesday week, time presses. There are more writs flying after me this instant than for all the government boroughs."

"And there will be fewer returns, I fear," said Sir Harry.

"Who is the chief creditor?" asked the Count.

"Old Stapleton, the attorney, in Fleet-street, has most of the mortgages."

"Nothing to be done with him in this way?" said Considine, balancing the cork-screw like a hair trigger."

"No chance of it."

"May be," said Sir Harry, "he might come to terms, if I were to call and say—you are anxious to close accounts, as your death has just taken place. You know what I mean."

"I fear so should he, were you to say so. No, no, Boyle, just try a plain, straight-forward paragraph about my death. We'll have it in Falkner's paper to-morrow; on Friday the funeral can take place, and, with the blessing o' God, I'll come to life on Saturday at Athlone, in time to canvass the market."

"I think it wouldn't be bad, if your ghost were to appear to old Timins, the tanner, in Naas, on your way down; you know he arrested you once before."

"I prefer a night's sleep," said O'Malley; "but come, finish the squib for the paper."

"Stay a little," said Sir Harry, musing; "it just strikes me that if ever the matter gets out, I may be in some confounded scrape. Who knows if it is not a breach of privilege to report the death of a member, and to tell you the truth, I dread the sergeant and the speaker's warrant with a very lively fear."

"Why, when did you make his acquaintance?" said the Count.

"Is it possible you never heard of Boyle's committal?" said O'Malley; "you surely must have been abroad at the time; but it's not too late to tell it yet.

"Well, it's about two years since old Townsend brought in his enlistment bill, and the whole country was scoured for all our voters, who were scattered here and there, never anticipating another call of the House, and supposing that the session was just over. Among others, up came our friend Harry, here, and the night he arrived they made him a 'monk of the screw,' and very soon made him forget his senatorial dignities.

"On the evening after his reaching town, the bill was brought in, and, at two in the morning, the division took place—a vote was of too much consequence, not to look after it closely—and a castle messenger was in waiting in Exchequer-street, who, when the debate was closing, put Harry, with three others, into a coach, and brought them down to the House. Unfortunately, however, they mistook their friends, voted against the bill; and, amid the loudest cheering of the opposition, the government party were defeated. The rage of the ministers knew no bounds, and looks of defiance and even threats were exchanged between the ministers and the deserters. Amid all this, poor Harry fell fast asleep, and dreamed that he was once more in Exchequer-street, presiding among the monks, and mixing another tumbler. At length he awoke and looked about him—the clerk was just at the instant reading out, in his usual routine manner, a clause of the new bill, and the remainder of the House was in dead silence. Harry looked again around on every side, wondering where was the hot water, and what had become of the whiskey bottle, and above all, why the company were so extremely dull and ungenial. At length, with a half shake, he roused up a little, and giving a look of unequivocal contempt on every side, called out, 'upon my soul you're pleasant companions—but I'll give you a chant to enliven you.' So saying, he cleared his throat with a couple of short coughs, and struck up, with the voice of a Stentor, the following verse of a popular ballad:

"And they nibbled away, both night and day,
Like mice in a round of Glo'ster;
Great rogues they were all, both great and small;
From Flood to Leslie Foster.

"Great rogues all."

"Chorus, boys."

If he was not joined by the voices of his friends in the song, it was probably because such a roar of laughing never was heard since the walls were roofed over. The whole House rose in a mass, and my friend Harry was hurried over the benches by the sergeant-at-arms, and left for three weeks in Newgate, to practise his melody."

"All true," said Sir Harry, "and worse luck to them, for not liking music; but come now, will this do?—'It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Godfrey O'Malley, Esq., late member for the county of Galway, which took place on Friday evening, at Daly's Club House. This esteemed gentleman's family—one of the oldest in Ireland, and among whom it was hereditary not to have any children—"

Here a burst of laughter from Considine and O'Malley interrupted the reader, who with the greatest difficulty could be persuaded that he was again bulling it.—"The devil fly away with it," said he, "I'll never succeed."

"Never mind," said O'Malley; "the first part will do admirably; and let us now turn our attention to other matters."

A fresh magnum was called for, and over its in-

spiring contents, all the details of the funeral were planned; and, as the clock struck four, the party separated for the *night*, well satisfied with the result of their labors.

—

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ESCAPE.

When the dissolution of Parliament was announced the following morning in Dublin, its interest in certain circles was manifestly increased by the fact, that Godfrey O'Malley was at last open to arrest—for, as in olden times, certain gifted individuals possessed some happy immunity against death by fire or sword, so the worthy O'Malley seemed to enjoy a no less valuable privilege, and for many a year had passed, among the myrmidons of the law, as writ-proof. Now, however, the charm seemed to have yielded, and pretty much with the same feeling as a storming party may be supposed to experience on the day that a breach is reported as practicable, did the honest attorneys retained in the various suits against him, rally round each other that morning in the Four Courts.

Bonds, mortgages, post obits, promissory notes, in fact every imaginable species of invention for raising the O'Malley exchequer, for the preceding thirty years, were handed about on all sides; suggesting to the mind of an uninterested observer, the notion that, had the aforesaid O'Malley been an independent and absolute monarch, instead of merely being the member for Galway, the kingdom over whose destinies he had been called to preside would have suffered not a little from a depreciated currency and an extravagant issue of paper. Be that as it might, one thing was clear, the whole estates of the family could not possibly pay one-fourth of the debt; and the only question was one which occasionally arises at a scanty dinner on a mail-coach road—who was to be the lucky individual to carve the joint, where so many were sure to go off hungry.

It was now a trial of address between these various and highly-gifted gentlemen, who should first pounce upon the victim, and when the skill of their caste is taken into consideration, who will doubt that every feasible expedient for securing him was resorted to! While writs were struck against him in Dublin, emissaries were despatched to the various surrounding counties, to procure others, in the event of his escape. *Ne exeats* were sworn and water bailiffs engaged to follow him on the high seas; and as the great Nassau balloon did not exist in those days, no imaginable mode of escape appeared possible, and bets were offered at long odds, that, within twenty-four hours, the late member would be enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in his Majesty's jail of Newgate.

Expectation was at the highest—confidence hourly increasing—success all but certain—when, in the midst of all this high-bounding hope, the dreadful rumor spread, that O'Malley was no more. One had seen it just five minutes before, in the evening edition of Falkner's paper—another heard it in the courts—a third overheard the Chief Justice stating it to the Master of the Rolls—and, lastly, a breathless witness arrived from College Green, with the news, that Daly's Club House was shut up, and the shutters closed. To describe the consternation the intelligence caused on every side is impossible; nothing in history equals it, except, perhaps, the entrance of the French army into Moscow, deserted and forsaken by its former inhabitants. While terror and dismay, therefore, spread amid that wide and respectable body who formed O'Malley's creditors, the preparations for his funeral were going on with every rapidity—relays of horses were ordered at every stage of the journey, and it was announced that, in testimony of his worth, a large party of his friends were to accompany his remains to Portumna Abbey—a test much more indicative of resistance in the event of any attempt to arrest the body, than of any thing like reverence for their departed friend.

Such was the state of matters in Dublin, when a letter reached me one morning at O'Malley Castle, whose contents will at once explain the writer's intention, and also serve to introduce my unworthy self to my reader. It ran thus:—

"Dear Charley,

"Your uncle Godfrey, whose debts [God pardon him] are more numerous than the hairs of his wig, was obliged to die here last night. We did the thing for him completely; and all doubts as to the reality of the event, are silenced by the circumstantial detail of the newspaper, 'that he was confined six weeks to his bed, from a cold he caught ten days ago while on guard.' Repeat this, for it's better we had all the same story, till he comes to life again, which maybe will not take place before Tuesday or Wednesday. At the same time, canvass the county for him, and say he'll be with his friends next week, and up in Woodford, and the Scariff barony: say he died a true Catholic; it will serve him on the hustings. Meet us in Athlone on Saturday, and bring your uncle's mare with you—he says he'd rather ride home; and tell Father Mac Shane to have a bit of dinner ready about four o'clock, for the corpse can get nothing after he leaves Mountmelick.—No more now, from yours, ever,

"Harry Boyle.

"Daly's, about eight in the evening.

"To Charles O'Malley, Esq.
"O'Malley-Castle, Galway."

When this not over-clear document reached me, I was the sole inhabitant of O'Malley Castle, a very ruinous pile of incongruous masonry, that stood in a wild and dreary part of the County of Galway, bordering on the Shannon; on every side stretched the property of my uncle, or at least what had once been so; and indeed so numerous were its present claimants, that he would have been a subtle lawyer who could have pronounced upon the rightful owner. The demesne around the castle contained some well-grown and handsome timber, and, as the soil was undulating and fertile, presented many features of beauty; beyond, it was all sterile, bleak, and barren. Long tracts of brown heath-clad mountain, or not less unprofitable valleys of tall and waving fern, were all that the eye could dis-

cern, except where the broad Shannon, expanding into a tranquil and glassy lake, lay still and motionless beneath the dark mountains; a few islands, with some ruined churches and a round tower, alone breaking the dreary waste of water.

Here it was that I had passed my infancy and my youth, and here I now stood at the age of seventeen, quite unconscious that the world contained aught fairer and brighter than that gloomy valley, with its rugged frame of mountains.

When a mere child, I was left an orphan to the care of my worthy uncle. My father, whose extravagance had well sustained the family reputation, had squandered a large and handsome property in contesting elections for his native county, and in keeping up that system of unlimited hospitality for which Ireland in general, and Galway more especially, was renowned. The result was, as might be expected, ruin and beggary: he died, leaving every one of his estates encumbered with heavy debts, and the only legacy he left to his brother was a boy of four years of age, entreating him, with his last breath—"Be any thing you like to him, Godfrey, but a father, or at least such a one as I have proved."

Godfrey O'Malley, some short time previous, had lost his wife, and when this new trust was committed to him, he resolved never to re-marry, but to rear me up as his own child, and the inheritor of his estates. How weighty and onerous an obligation this latter might prove, the reader can form some idea; the intention was, however, a kind one; and, to do my uncle justice, he loved me with all the affection of a warm and open heart.

From my earliest years his whole anxiety was to fit me for the part of a country gentleman, as he regarded that character—viz: I rode boldly with fox-hounds; I was about the best shot within twenty miles of us; I could swim the Shannon at Holy Island; I drove four-in-hand better than the coachman himself; and from finding a hare to hooking a salmon, my equal could not be found, from Killaloe to Banagher. These were the staple of my endowments; besides which, the parish priest had taught me a little Latin, a little French, and a little geometry, and a great deal of the life and opinions of St. Jago, who presided over a holy well in the neighborhood, and was held in very considerable repute.

When I add to this portraiture of my accomplishments that I was nearly six feet high, with more than a common share of activity and strength for my years, and no inconsiderable portion of good looks, I have finished my sketch, and stand before my reader.

It is now time I should return to Sir Harry's letter, which so completely bewildered me that, but for the assistance of Father Roach, I should have been totally unable to make out the writer's intentions. By his advice, I immediately set out for Athlone, where, when I arrived, I found my uncle addressing the mob from the top of the hearse, and recounting his miraculous escapes as a new claim upon their gratitude.

"There was nothing else for it, boys; the Dublin people insisted on my being their member, and besieged the club-house. I refused—they threatened; I grew obstinate—they furious. 'I'll die first,' said I—'Galway or nothing!' 'Hurrah!' from the mob; 'O'Malley forever!' 'And ye see I keep my word, boys—I did die; I died that evening at a quarter past eight. There, read it for yourselves; there's the paper; was waked, and carried out, and here I am after all, ready to die in earnest for you—but never to desert you.'"

The cheers here were deafening; and my uncle was carried through the market, down to the mayor's house, who, being a friend of the opposite party, was complimented with three groans; then up the Mall to the chapel, beside which Father Mac Shane resided; he was then suffered to touch the earth once more, when, having shaken hands with all of his constituency within reach, he entered within the house, to partake of the kindest welcome and best reception the good priest could afford him.

My uncle's progress homeward was a triumph; the real secret of his escape had somehow come out, and his popularity rose to a white heat. "An it's little O'Malley cares for the law—bad luck to it; it's himself can laugh at judge and jury. Arrest him!—na bocklish—catch a weasel asleep," &c. Such were the encomiums that greeted him as he passed on towards home; while shouts of joy and blazing bonfires attested that his success was regarded as a national triumph.

The west has certainly its strong features of identity. Had my uncle possessed the claims of the immortal Howard—had he united in his person all the attributes which confer a lasting and an ennobling fame upon humanity—he might have passed on unnoticed and unobserved; but for the man that had duped a judge and escaped the sheriff, nothing was sufficiently flattering to mark their approbation. The success of the exploit was twofold; the news spread far and near, and the very story canvassed the country better than Billy Devern himself, the Athlone attorney.

This was the prospect now before us; and, however little my readers may sympathize with my taste, I must honestly avow that I looked forward to it with a most delightful feeling. O'Malley Castle was to be the centre of operations, and filled with my uncle's supporters; while I, a mere stripling, and usually treated as a boy, was to be intrusted with an important mission, and sent off to canvass a distant relation, with whom my uncle was not upon terms, and who might possibly be approachable by a younger branch of the family, with whom he had never any collision.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### MR. BLAKE.

NOTHING but the exigency of the case could ever have persuaded my uncle to stoop to the humiliation of canvassing the individual to whom I was now about to proceed as envoy extraordinary, with full powers to make any or every *amende*, provided only his interest, and that of his followers, should be thereby secured to the O'Malley cause. The evening before I set out was devoted to giving me

all the necessary instructions how I was to proceed, and what difficulties I was to avoid.

"Say your uncle's in high feather with the government party," said Sir Harry, "and that he only votes against them as a *ruse de guerre*, as the French call it."

"Insist upon it that I am sure of the election without him; but that for family reasons he should not stand aloof from me; that people are talking of it in the country."

"And drop a hint," said Considine, "that O'Malley is greatly improved in his shooting."

"And don't get drunk too early in the evening, for Phil. Blake has beautiful claret," said another.

"And be sure you don't make love to the red-headed girls," added a third; "he has four of them, each more sinfully ugly than the other."

"You'll be playing whist too," said Boyle; "and never mind losing a few pounds. Mrs. B., long life to her, has a playful way of turning the king."

"Charley will do it all well," said my uncle; "leave him alone; and now let us have in the supper."

It was only on the following morning, as the tandem came round to the door, that I began to feel the importance of my mission, and certain misgivings came over me as to my ability to fulfil it. Mr. Blake and his family, though estranged from my uncle for several years past, had been always most kind and good-natured to me; and, although I could not with propriety have cultivated any close intimacy with them, I had every reason to suppose that they entertained towards me nothing but sentiments of good will. The head of the family was a Galway squire of the oldest and most genuine stock; a great sportsman, a negligent farmer, and most careless father; he looked upon a fox as an infinitely more precious part of the creation than a French governess; and thought that riding well with hounds was a far better gift than all the learning of a Porson. His daughters were after his own heart—the best-tempered, least-educated, most high-spirited, gay, dashing, ugly girls in the country—ready to ride over a four-foot paling without a saddle, and to dance the "Wind that shakes the barley," for four consecutive hours, against all the officers that their hard fate and the Horse Guards ever condemned to Galway.

The mamma was only remarkable for her liking for whist, and her invariable good fortune thereat; a circumstance, the world were agreed in ascribing less to the blind goddess than her own natural endowments.

Lastly, the heir of the house was a stripling of about my own age, whose accomplishments were limited to selling spavined and broken-winded horses to the infantry officers, playing a safe game at billiards, and acting as jackal-general to his sisters at balls, providing them with a sufficiency of partners, and making a strong fight for a place at the supper-table for his mother. These paternal and filial traits, more honored at home than abroad, had made Mr. Matthew Blake a rather well-known individual in the neighborhood where he lived.

Though Mr. Blake's property was ample, and, strange to say for his county, unencumbered, the whole air and appearance of his house and grounds betrayed any thing rather than a sufficiency of means. The gate lodge was a miserable mud hovel, with a thatched and falling roof; the gate itself, a wooden contrivance, one half of which was boarded, and the other railed; the avenue was covered with weeds, and deep with ruts, and the clumps of young plantation which had been planted and fenced with care, were now open to the cattle, and either totally uprooted or denuded of their bark, and dying. The lawn, a handsome one of some forty acres, had been devoted to an exercise ground for training horses, and was cut up by their feet, beyond all semblance of its original destination; and the house itself, a large and venerable structure of above a century old, displayed every variety of contrivance, as well as the usual one of glass, to exclude the weather from the windows. The hall-door hung by a single hinge, and required three persons each morning and evening, to open and shut it; the remainder of the day it lay pensively open; the steps which led to it were broken and falling; and the whole aspect of things without was ruinous in the extreme. Within, matters were somewhat better, for, though the furniture was old, and none of it clean, yet an appearance of comfort was evident; and the large grate, blazing with its pile of red-hot turf, the deep cushioned chairs, the old black mahogany dinner-table, and the soft carpet, albeit deep with dust, were not to be despised on a winter's evening, after a hard day's run with the "Blazers." Here it was, however, that Mr. Philip Blake had dispensed his hospitalities for above fifty years, and his father before him; and here, with a retinue of servants as *gauche* and ill-ordered as all about them, was he accustomed to invite all that the country possessed of rank and wealth, among which the officers quartered in his neighborhood, were never neglected, the Misses Blake having as decided a taste for the army as any young ladies of the west of Ireland; and, while the Galway squire, with his cords and tops, was detailing the last news from Ballinasloe in one corner, the dandy from St. James's-street might be seen displaying more arts of seductive flattery in another, than his most accurate *insouciance* would permit him to practise in the elegant saloons of London or Paris: and the same man who would have "cut his brother," for a solecism of dress or equipage, in Bond-street, was now to be seen quietly domesticated, eating family dinners, rolling silk for the young ladies, going down the middle in a country dance, and even descending to the indignity of long whist, at "tenpenny" points, with only the miserable consolation, that the company were not honest.

It was upon a clear frosty morning, when a bright blue sky and a sharp but bracing air seem to exercise upon the feelings a sense no less pleasurable than the balmiest breeze and warmest sun of summer, that I whipped my leader short round, and entered the precincts of "Gurt-na-Morra." As I proceeded along the avenue, I was struck by the slight trace of repairs here and there evident; a gate or two that formerly had been parallel to the horizon, had been raised to the perpendicular; some ineffectual efforts at paint were also perceptible upon the palings, and in short, every

thing seemed to have undergone a kind of attempt at improvement.

When I reached the door, instead of being surrounded, as old, by a tribe of menials frieze-coated, bare-headed, and bare-legged, my presence was announced by a tremendous ringing of bells, from the hands of an old functionary, in a very formidable livery, who peeped at me through the hall-window, and whom, with the greatest difficulty, I recognised as my quondam acquaintance, the butler. His wig alone would have graced a king's counsel, and the high collar of his coat, and the stiff pillory of his cravat, denoted an eternal adieu to so humble a vocation as drawing a cork. Before I had time for any conjecture as to the altered circumstances about, the activity of my friend at the bell had surrounded me with "four others worse than himself," at least, they were exactly similarly attired; and, probably, from the novelty of their costume, and the restraints of so unusual a thing as dress, were as perfectly unable to assist themselves or others, as the Court of Aldermen would be, were they to rig out in plate armor of the fourteenth century. How much longer I might have gone on conjecturing the reasons for the masquerade around, I cannot say; but my servant, an Irish disciple of my uncle's, whispered in my ear—"It's a red breeches day, Master Charles—they'll have the hoith of company in the house." From the phrase, it needed little explanation to inform me, *that it was* one of those occasions, on which Mr. Blake attired all the hangers-on of his house in livery, and that great preparations were in progress for a more than usually splendid reception.

In the next moment I was ushered into the breakfast-room, where a party of above a dozen persons were most gayly enjoying all the good cheer for which the house had a well-deserved repute. After the usual shaking of hands, and hearty greetings were over, I was introduced in all form to Sir George Dashwood, a tall, and singularly handsome man of about fifty, with an undress military frock and riband. His reception of me was somewhat strange, for as they mentioned my relationship to Godfrey O'Malley, he smiled slightly and whispered something to Mr. Blake, who replied —"Oh! no, no, not the least, a mere boy—and besides,"—what he added I lost, for at that moment Nora Blake was presenting me to Miss Dashwood.

If the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness, over which dark brown and waving hair fell, less in curls than masses of locky richness, could only have known what wild work they were making of my poor heart, Miss Dashwood, I trust, would have looked at her tea-cup, or her muffin, rather than at me, as she actually did on that fatal morning. If I were to judge from her costume, she had only just arrived, and the morning air had left upon her cheek a bloom, that contributed greatly to the effect of her lovely countenance. Although very young, her form had all the roundness of womanhood; while her gay and sprightly manner indicated all the *sans gêne*, which only very young girls possess, and which, when tempered with perfect good taste and accompanied by beauty and no small share of talent, form an irresistible power of attraction.

Beside her sat a tall, handsome man of about five-and-thirty or perhaps forty years of age, with a most soldierly air, who, as I was presented to him, scarcely turned his head, and gave me a half-nod of very unequivocal coldness. There are moments in life, in which the heart is, as it were, laid bare to any chance or casual impression, with a wondrous sensibility of pleasure, or its opposite. This to me was one of those; and, as I turned from the lovely girl, who had received me with a marked courtesy, to the cold air and repelling *hauteur* of the dark-browed Captain, the blood rushed throbbing to my forehead; and, as I walked to my place at the table, I eagerly sought his eye, to return him a look of defiance and disdain, proud and contemptuous as his own. Captain Hammersly, however, never took farther notice of me, but continued to recount, for the amusement of those about, several excellent stories of his military career, which, I confess, were heard with every test of delight by all, save me. One thing galled me particularly—and how easy is it, when you have begun by disliking a person, to supply food for your antipathy—all his allusions to his military life were coupled with half-hinted and ill-concealed sneers at civilians of every kind, as though every man not a soldier were absolutely unfit for common intercourse with the world—still more, for any favorable reception in ladies' society.

The young ladies of the family were a well-chosen auditory, for their admiration of the army extended from the Life Guards to the Veteran Battalion, the Sappers and Miners included; and, as Miss Dashwood was the daughter of a soldier, she, of course, coincided in many, if not all his opinions. I turned towards my neighbor, a Clare gentleman, and tried to engage him in conversation, but he was breathlessly attending to the Captain. On my left, sat Matthew Blake, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon the same person, and heard his marvels with an interest scarcely inferior to that of his sisters. Annoyed, and in ill-temper, I eat my breakfast in silence, and resolved that, the first moment I could obtain a hearing from Mr. Blake, I should open my negotiation, and take my leave at once of "Gurt-na-Morra."

We all assembled in a large room, called, by courtesy, the library, when breakfast was over; and then it was that Mr. Blake taking me aside, whispered, "Charley, it's right I should inform you that Sir George Dashwood there is the Commander of the Forces, and is come down here at this moment to ——." What for, or how it should concern me, I was not to learn; for at that critical instant, my informant's attention was called off, by Captain Hammersly asking if the hounds were to hunt that day.

"My friend Charley, here, is the best authority upon that matter," said Mr. Blake, turning towards me.

"They are to try the Priest's meadows," said I, with an air of some importance; "but, if your guests desire a day's sport, I'll send word over to Brackely to bring the dogs over here, and we are sure to find a fox in your cover."

"Oh, then, by all means," said the Captain, turning towards Mr. Blake, and addressing himself to him—"by all means, and Miss Dashwood, I'm sure, would like to see the hounds throw off."

Whatever chagrin the first part of his speech caused me, the latter set my heart a throbbing; and I hastened from the room to despatch a messenger to the huntsman, to come over to Gurt-na-Morra, and also another to O'Malley Castle, to bring my best horse and my riding equipments, as quickly as possible.

"Matthew, who is this Captain?" said I, as young Blake met me in the hall.

"Oh! he is the aide-de-camp of General Dashwood. A nice fellow, isn't he?"

"I don't know what you may think," said I, "but I take him for the most impertinent, impudent, supercilious ——."

The rest of my civil speech was cut short by the appearance of the very individual in question, who, with his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, sauntered forth down the steps, taking no more notice of Matthew Blake and myself than of the two fox terriers that followed at his heels.

However anxious I might be to open negotiations on the subject of my mission, for the present the thing was impossible; for I found that Sir George Dashwood was closeted closely with Mr. Blake, and resolved to wait till evening, when chance might afford me the opportunity I desired.

As the ladies had entered to dress for the hunt, and, as I felt no peculiar desire to ally myself with the unsocial Captain, I accompanied Matthew to the stable to look after the cattle and make preparations for the coming sport.

"There's Captain Hammersly's horse," said Matthew, as he pointed out a highly bred but powerful English hunter: "she came last night, for, as he expected some sport, he sent his horses from Dublin on purpose. The other will be here to-day."

"What is his regiment?" said I, with an appearance of carelessness, but in reality feeling curious to know if the Captain was a cavalry or infantry officer.

"The ——th Light Dragoons," said Matthew.

"You never saw him ride?" said I.

"Never; but his groom there says he leads the way in his own county."

"And where may that be?"

"In Leicestershire, no less," said Matthew.

"Does he know Galway?"

"Never was in it before; it's only this minute he asked Mosey Daly if the ox-fences were high here."

"Ox-fences! then he does not know what a wall is?"

"Devil a bit; but we'll teach him."

"That we will," said I, with as bitter a resolution to impart the instruction, as ever schoolmaster did to whip Latin grammar into one of the great unbreeched.

"But I had better send the horses down to the Mill," said Matthew; "we'll draw that cover first."

So saying, he turned towards the stable, while I sauntered alone towards the road, by which I expected the huntsman. I had not walked half a mile before I heard the yelping of the dogs, and, a little farther on, I saw old Brackely coming along at a brisk trot, cutting the hounds on each side, and calling after the stragglers.

"Did you see my horse on the road, Brackely?" said I.

"I did, Misther Charles, and troth I'm sorry to see him; sure yerself knows better than to take out the Badger, the best steeple-chaser in Ireland, in such a country as this; nothing but awkward stone-fences, and not a foot of sure ground in the whole of it."

"I know it well, Brackely; but I have my reasons for it."

"Well, maybe you have; what cover will yer honor try first?"

"They talk of the Mill," said I, "but I'd much rather try 'Morran-a-Gowl.'"

"Morran-a-Gowl! do you want to break your neck entirely?"

"No, Brackely, not mine."

"Whose then, alannah?"

"An English Captain's, the devil fly away with him; he's come down here to-day, and from all I can see is a most impudent fellow; so, Brackely ——."

"I understand; well, leave it to me, and, though I don't like the ould deer-park wall on the hill, we'll try it this morning with the blessing; I'll take him down by Woodford, over the 'Devil's Mouth,'—it's eighteen feet wide this minute with the late rains; into the four callows, then over the stone walls, down to Dangan; then take a short cast up the hill, blow him a bit, and give him the park wall at the top. You must come in then fresh, and give him the whole run home over Sleibhmich—the Badger knows it all—and takes the road always in a fly; a mighty distressing thing for the horse that follows, more particularly if he does not understand a stone country. Well, if he lives through this, give him the sunk fence and the stone wall at Mr. Blake's clover-field, for the hounds will run into the fox about there; and though we never ride that leap since Mr. Malone broke his neck at it, last October, yet, upon an occasion like this, and for the honor of Galway—."

"To be sure, Brackely, and here's a guinea for you; and now trot on towards the house, they must not see us together, or they might suspect something. But, Brackely," said I, calling out after him, "if he rides at all fair, what's to be done?"

"Troth then, myself doesn't know; there's nothing so bad west of Athlone; have ye a great spite agin him?"

"I have," said I, fiercely.

"Could ye coax a fight out of him?"

"That's true," said I, "and now ride on as fast as you can."

Brackely's last words imparted a lightness to my heart and my step, and I strode along a very different man from what I had left the house half an hour previously.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE HUNT.

ALTHOUGH we had not the advantages of a "southerly wind and clouded sky," the day, towards noon, became strongly overcast, and promised to

afford us good scenting weather, and as we assembled at the meet, mutual congratulations were exchanged upon the improved appearance of the day. Young Blake had provided Miss Dashwood with a quiet and well-trained horse, and his sisters were all mounted, as usual, upon their own animals, giving to our turn-out quite a gay and lively aspect. I myself came to cover upon a hackney, having sent Badger with a groom, and longed ardently for the moment when, casting the skin of my great-coat and overalls, I should appear before the world in my well-appointed "cords and tops." Captain Hammersly had not as yet made his appearance, and many conjectures were afloat as to whether "he might have missed the road, or changed his mind," or forgot all about it, as Miss Dashwood hinted.

"Who, pray, pitched upon this cover!" said Caroline Blake, as she looked with a practised eye over the country, on either side.

"There is no chance of a fox, late in the day, at the mills," said the huntsman, inventing a lie for the occasion.

"Then of course you never intend us to see much of the sport, for after you break cover, you are entirely lost to us."

"I thought you always followed the hounds," said Miss Dashwood, timidly.

"Oh, to be sure we do, in any common country; but here it is out of the question—the fences are too large for any one, and, if I am not mistaken, these gentlemen will not ride far over this; there, look yonder, where the river is rushing down the hill—that stream widening as it advances, crosses the cover nearly mid-way; well, they must clear that, and then you may see these walls of large loose stones, nearly five feet in height; that is the usual course the fox takes, unless he heads towards the hills, and goes towards Dangan, and then there's an end of it; for the deer park wall is usually a pull up to every one, except, perhaps, to our friend Charley there, who has tried his fortune against drowning more than once there."

"Look, here he comes," said Matthew Blake, "and looking splendidly too—a little too much in flesh, perhaps, if any thing."

"Captain Hammersly," said the four Miss Blakes in a breath, "where is he!"

"No, it's the Badger I'm speaking of," said Matthew, laughing, and pointing with his finger towards a corner of the field where my servant was leisurely throwing down a wall about two feet high to let him pass.

"Oh, how handsome—what a charger for a dragoon!" said Miss Dashwood.

Any other mode of praising my steed, would have been much more acceptable. The word dragoon was a thorn in my tenderest part that rankled and lacerated at every stir. In a moment I was in the saddle, and scarcely seated, when at once all the *mauvaise honte* of boyhood left me, and I felt every inch a man. I often look back to that moment of my life, and, comparing it with many similar ones, cannot help acknowledging how purely is the self-possession which so often wins success, the result of some slight and trivial association. My confidence in my horsemanship suggested moral courage of a very different kind, and I felt that Charles O'Malley curvetting upon a thorough-bred and the same man ambling upon a shelty were two and very dissimilar individuals.

"No chance of the Captain," said Matthew, who had returned from a *reconnaissance* upon the road, "and after all it's a pity, for the day is getting quite favorable."

While the young ladies formed picquets to look out for the gallant *militaire*, I seized the opportunity of prosecuting my acquaintance with Miss Dashwood; and, even in the few and passing observations that fell from her, learned how very different an order of being she was from all I had hitherto seen of country belles. A mixture of courtesy with *naiveté*—a wish to please, with a certain feminine gentleness, that always flatters a man, and still more a boy that fain would be one—gained momentarily more and more upon me, and put me also on my mettle to prove to my fair companion that I was not altogether a mere uncultivated and unthinking creature like the remainder of those about me.

"Here he is, at last," said Helen Blake, as she cantered across a field, waving her handkerchief as a signal to the Captain, who was now seen approaching at a brisk trot.

As he came along, a small fence intervened; he pressed his horse a little, and, as he kissed hands to the fair Helen, cleared it in a bound, and was in an instant in the midst of us.

"He sits his horse like a man, Misther Charles," said the old huntsman; "troth we must give him the worst bit of it."

Captain Hammersly was, despite all the critical acumen with which I canvassed him, the very *beau idéal* of a gentleman rider, indeed, although a very heavy man, his powerful English thorough-bred, showing not less bone than blood, took away all semblance of over-weight! his saddle, well fitting and well placed; his large and broad-reined snaffle; his own costume of black coat, leathers, and tops, was in perfect keeping, and even to his heavy handled hunting-whip, I could find nothing to cavil at. As he rode up he paid his respects to the ladies, in his usual free and easy manner, expressed some surprise, but no regret, at hearing that he was late, and never deigning any notice of Matthew or myself, took his place beside Miss Dashwood, with whom he conversed in a low and under tone.

"There they go," said Matthew, as five or six dogs, with their heads up, ran yelping along a furrow, then stopped, howled again, and once more set off together. In an instant all was commotion in the little valley below us. The huntsman, with his hand to his mouth, was calling off the stragglers, and the whipper-in following up the leading dogs with the rest of the pack. "They're found!—they're away!" said Matthew; and, as he spoke, a great yell burst from the valley, and in an instant the whole pack were off at speed. Rather more intent that moment upon showing off my horsemanship than any thing else, I dashed spurs into Badger's sides, and turned him towards a rasping ditch before me; over we went, hurling down behind us a rotten bank of clay and small stones, showing how little safety there had been in topping instead of clearing it at a bound. Before I was well seated again, the Captain was beside me. "Now, for

it, then," said I, and away we went. What might be the nature of his feelings I cannot pretend to state, but my own were a strange *mélange* of wild boyish enthusiasm, revenge, and recklessness. For my own neck I cared little—nothing; and as I led the way by half a length, I muttered to myself, "Let him follow me fairly this day, and I ask no more."

The dogs had got somewhat the start of us, and, as they were in full cry, and going fast, we were a little behind. A thought therefore struck me that, by appearing to take a short cut upon the hounds, I should come down upon the river where its breadth was greatest, and thus at one *coup* might try my friend's mettle and his horse's performance at the same time. On we went, our speed increasing, till the roar of the river we were now approaching was plainly audible. I looked half round, and now perceived that the Captain was standing in his stirrups, as if to obtain a view of what was before him; otherwise his countenance was calm and unmoved, and not a muscle betrayed that he was not cantering on a parade. I fixed myself firmly in my seat, shook my horse a little together, and, with a shout whose import every Galway hunter well knows, rushed him at the river. I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over, but so narrowly, that the bank had yielded beneath his hind legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain his footing. Scarcely was he once more firm, when Hammersly flew by me, taking the lead, and sitting quietly in his saddle, as if racing. I know of nothing in all my after life like the agony of that moment; for, although I was far, very far, from wishing real ill to him, yet I would gladly have broken my leg or my arm if he could not have been able to follow me. And now there he was, actually a length and a half in advance; and, worse than all, Miss Dashwood must have witnessed the whole, and doubtless his leap over the river was better and bolder than mine. One consolation yet remained, and while I whispered it to myself I felt comforted again. "His is an English mare—they understand these leaps—but what can he make of a Galway wall!" The question was soon to be solved. Before us, about three fields, were the hounds still in full cry; a large stone wall lay between, and to it we both directed our course together. Ha! thought I, he is floored at last, as I perceived that the captain held his horse rather more in hand, and suffered me to lead. "Now, then, for it!" so saying I rode at the largest part I could find, well knowing that Badger's powers were here in their element. One spring, one plunge, and away we were, galloping along at the other side. Not so the Captain; his horse had refused the fence, and he was now taking a circuit of the field for another trial of it.

"Pounded, by Jove," said I, as I turned round in my saddle to observe him. Once more she came at it, and once more baulked, rearing up at the same time, almost so as to fall backward.

My triumph was complete, and I again was about to follow the hounds; when, throwing a look back, I saw Hammersly clearing the wall in a most splendid manner, and taking a stretch of at least thirteen feet beyond it. Once more he was on my flanks, and the contest renewed. Whatever might be the sentiments of the riders, (mine I confess to,) between the horses it now became a tremendous struggle. The English mare, though evidently superior in stride and strength, was still overweighted, and had not besides the cat-like activity an Irish horse possesses; so that the advantages and disadvantages on either side were about equalized. For about an half an hour now the pace was awful. We rode side by side, taking our leaps exactly at the same instant, and not four feet apart. The hounds were still considerably in advance, and were heading towards the Shannon, when suddenly the fox doubled, took the hill-side, and made for Dangan. Now, then, comes the trial of strength, I said half aloud, as I threw my eye up a steep and rugged mountain, covered with wild furze and tall heath, around the crest of which ran, in a zig-zag direction, a broken and dilapidated wall, once the enclosure of a deer-park. This wall, which varied from four to six feet in height, was of solid masonry, and would, in the most favorable ground, have been a bold leap. Here, at the summit of a mountain, with not a yard of footing, it was absolutely desperation.

By the time that we reached the foot of the hill, the fox, followed closely by the hounds, had passed through a breach in the wall, while Matthew Blake, with the huntsman and whipper-in, were riding along in search of a gap to lead the horses through. Before I put spurs to Badger, to face the hill, I turned one look towards Hammersly. There was a slight curl, half-smile, half-sneer upon his lip, that actually maddened me, and had a precipice yawned beneath my feet, I should have dashed at it after that. The ascent was so steep that I was obliged to take the hill in a slanting direction, and even thus, the loose footing rendered it dangerous in the extreme. At length I reached the crest, where the wall, more than five feet in height, stood frowning above and seemed to defy me. I turned my horse full round, so that his very chest almost touched the stones, and, with a bold cut of the whip and a loud halloo, the gallant animal rose, as if rearing, pawed for an instant to regain his balance, and then with a frightful struggle fell backwards, and rolled from top to bottom of the hill, carrying me along with him; the last object that crossed my sight, as I lay bruised and motionless, being the Captain as he took the wall in a flying leap, and disappeared at the other side. After a few scrambling efforts to rise, Badger regained his legs, and stood beside me; but such was the shock and concussion of my fall, that all the objects around me seemed wavering and floating before me, while showers of bright sparks fell in myriads before my eyes. I tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Cold perspiration broke over my forehead, and I fainted. From that moment I can remember nothing, till I felt myself galloping along at full speed upon a level table-land, with the hounds about three fields in advance, Hammersly riding foremost, and taking all his leaps coolly as ever. As I swayed to either side upon my saddle, from weakness, I was lost to all thought or recollection, save a flickering memory of some plan of vengeance which still urged me forward. The chase had now lasted above an hour, and both hounds and horses began to feel the pace they were going. As for me, I rode mechanically; I neither knew nor cared for the dangers before me. My eye rested on but one object; my whole being was concentrated upon one vague and undetermined sense of

revenge. At this instant the huntsman came along side of me.

"Are you hurted, Misther Charles! did you fall!—your cheek is all blood, and your coat is torn in two; and, Mother o' God! his boot is ground to powder; he does not hear me. Oh, pull up—pull, for the love of the Virgin; there's the clover field, and the sunk fence before you, and you'll be killed on the spot."

"Where!" cried I, with the cry of a madman, "where's the clover field!—where's the sunk fence! Ha! I see it—I see it now."

So saying, I dashed the rowels into my horse's flanks, and in an instant was beyond the reach of the poor fellow's remonstrances. Another moment, I was beside the Captain. He turned round as I came up; the same smile was upon his mouth—I could have struck him. About three hundred yards before us lay the sunk fence; its breadth was about twenty feet, and a wall of close brickwork formed its face. Over this the hounds were now clambering; some succeeded in crossing, but by far the greater number fell back howling into the ditch.

I turned towards Hammersly.—He was standing high in his stirrups, and, as he looked towards the yawning fence, down which the dogs were tumbling in masses, I thought (perhaps it was but a thought,) that his cheek was paler. I looked again, he was pulling at his horse; ha! it was true then, he would not face it. I turned round in my saddle—looked him full in the face, and, as I pointed with my whip to the leap, called out with a voice hoarse with passion, "come on." I saw no more. All objects were lost to me from that moment. When next my senses cleared I was standing amid the dogs, where they had just killed. Badger stood blown and trembling beside me, his head drooping, and his flanks gored with spur marks. I looked about, but all consciousness of the past had fled; the concussion of my fall had shaken my intellect, and I was like one but half awake. One glimpse, short and fleeting, of what was taking place, shot through my brain, as old Brackely whispered to me, "By my soul, ye did for the Captain there." I turned a vague look upon him, and my eyes fell upon the figure of a man that lay stretched and bleeding upon a door before me. His pale face was crossed with a purple stream of blood, that trickled from a wound beside his eyebrow; his arms lay motionless and heavily at either side. I knew him not. A loud report of a pistol aroused me from my stupor; I looked back. I saw a crowd that broke suddenly asunder and fled right and left. I heard a heavy crash upon the ground, I pointed with my finger, for I could not utter a word.

"It is the English mare, yer honor; she was a beauty this morning, but she's broke her collar bone, and both her legs, and it was best to put her out of pain."

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DRAWING-ROOM.

On the fourth day following the adventure detailed in the last chapter, I made my appearance in the drawing-room; my cheek well blanched by copious bleeding, and my steps tottering and uncertain. On entering the room I looked about in vain for some one who might give me an insight into the occurrences of the four preceding days, but no one was to be met with. The ladies, I learned, were out riding; Matthew was buying a new setter; Mr. Blake was canvassing; and Captain Hammersley was in bed. Where was Miss Dashwood!—in her room; and Sir George? he was with Mr. Blake.

"What! canvassing too?"

"Troth that same was possible," was the intelligent reply of the old butler, at which I could not help smiling. I sat down therefore in the easiest chair I could find, and, unfolding the county paper, resolved upon learning how matters were going on in the political world. But, somehow, whether the editor was not brilliant, or the fire was hot, or that my own dreams were pleasanter to indulge in than his fancies, I fell sound asleep.

How differently is the mind attuned to the active busy world of thought and action, when awakened from sleep by any sudden and rude summons to arise and be stirring, and when called into existence by the sweet and silvery notes of softest music, stealing over the senses, and while they impart awakening thoughts of bliss and beauty scarcely dissipating the dreary influence of slumber! Such was my first thought as, with closed lids, the thrilling chords of a harp broke upon my sleep, and aroused me to a feeling of unutterable pleasure. I turned gently round in my chair, and beheld Miss Dashwood. She was seated in a recess of an old-fashioned window; the pale yellow glow of a wintry sun at evening fell upon her beautiful hair, and tinged it with such a light as I have often since then seen in Rembrandt's pictures; her head leaned upon the harp, and as she struck its chords at random, I saw that her mind was far away from all around her; as I looked, she suddenly started from her leaning attitude, and, parting back her curls from her brow, she preluded a few chords, and then sighed forth, rather than sang, that most beautiful of Moore's Melodies,—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

Never before had such pathos, such deep utterance of feeling, met my astonished sense; I listened breathlessly as the tears fell one by one down my cheek; my bosom heaved and fell; and, when she ceased, I hid my head between my hands and sobbed aloud. In an instant she was beside me, and placing her hand upon my shoulder, said,

"Poor dear boy, I never suspected you of being there, or I should not have sung that mournful air."

I started and looked up, and, from what I know not, but she suddenly crimsoned to her very forehead, while she added in a less assured tone,

"I hope, Mr. O'Malley, that you are much better, and I trust there is no imprudence in your being here."

"For the latter I shall not answer," said I, with a sickly smile; "but already I feel your music has done me service."

"Then, pray let me sing more for you."

"If I am to have a choice, I should say, sit down and let me hear you talk to me; my illness and the

doctor together have made wild work of my poor brain; but, if you will, talk to me."

"Well, then, what shall it be about?—Shall I tell you a fairy tale?"

"I need it not: I feel I am in one this instant."

"Well, then, what say you to a legend, for I am rich in my stores of them?"

"The O'Malleys have their chronicles, wild and barbarous enough, without the aid of Thor and Woden."

"Then shall we chat of every-day matters?—Should you like to hear how the election and the canvass goes on?"

"Yes; of all things."

"Well, then, most favorably. Two baronies, with most unspeakable names, have declared for us, and confidence is rapidly increasing among our party. This I learned by chance yesterday—for papa never permits us to know any thing of these matters; not even the names of the candidates."

"Well, that was the very point I was coming to, for the government were about to send down some one, just as I left home; and I am most anxious to learn who it is."

"Then am I utterly valueless; for I really can't say what party the government espouses, and only know of our own."

"Quite enough for me, that you wish it success," said I, gallantly, "perhaps you can tell me if my uncle has heard of my accident?"

"Oh yes; but somehow, he has not been here himself; but sent a friend, a Mr. Considine, I think; a very strange person he seemed. He demanded to see papa, and, it seems, asked him if your misfortune had been a thing of his contrivance, and whether he was ready to explain his conduct about it; and, in fact, I believe he is mad—"

"Heaven confound him," I muttered between my teeth.

"And then he wished to have an interview with Captain Hammersly, but he is too ill; but as the doctor hoped that he might be down-stairs in a week, Mr. Considine kindly hinted that he should wait."

"Oh then, do tell me how is the Captain?"

"Very much bruised, very much disfigured, they say," said she, half smiling; "but not so much hurt in body as in mind."

"As how, may I ask?" said I, with an appearance of innocence.

"I don't exactly understand it; but it would appear that there was something like rivalry among you gentlemen chasseurs on that luckless morning, and that, while you paid the penalty of a broken head, he was destined to lose his horse, and break his arm."

"I certainly am sorry—most sincerely sorry, for any share I might have had in the catastrophe; and my greatest regret, I confess, arises from the fact, that I should cause *you* unhappiness."

"*Me*—pray explain?"

"Why, as Captain Hammersly—"

"Mr. O'Malley, you are too young now to make me suspect you have an intention to offend; but I caution you, never repeat this."

I saw that I had transgressed, but how, I most honestly confess, I could not guess; for though I certainly was the senior of my fair companion in years, I was most lamentably her junior in tact and discretion.

The gray dusk of evening had long fallen as we continued to chat together beside the blazing wood embers—she evidently amusing herself with the original notions of an untutored, unlettered boy; and I drinking deep those draughts of love that nerved my heart through many a breach and battle-field.

Our colloquy was at length interrupted by the entrance of Sir George, who shook me most cordially by the hand, and made the kindest inquiries about my health.

"They tell me you are to be a lawyer, Mr. O'Malley," said he; "and if so, I must advise you taking better care of your head-piece."

"A lawyer, papa! Oh dear me! I should never have thought of his being any thing so stupid."

"Why, silly girl, what would you have a man be?"

"A dragoon, to be sure, papa," said the fond girl, as she pressed her arm around his manly figure, and looked up in his face, with an expression of mingled pride and affection.

That word sealed my destiny.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DINNER.

When I retired to my room to dress for dinner, I found my servant waiting with a note from my uncle, to which, he informed me, the messenger expected an answer.

I broke the seal and read:—

"Dear Charley,—

"Do not lose a moment in securing old Blake—if you have not already done so, as information has just reached me that the government party has promised a cornetcy to young Matthew, if he can bring over his father. And these are the people I have been voting with—a few private cases excepted—for thirty odd years!

"I am very sorry for your accident. Considine informs me that it will need *explanation* at a later period. He has been in Athlone since Tuesday, in hopes to catch the new candidate on his way down, and get him into a little private quarrel before the day; if he succeed, it will save the county much expense, and conduce greatly to the peace and happiness of all parties. But 'these things,' as Father Roach says, 'are in the hands of Providence.' You must also persuade old Blake to write a few lines to Simon Mallock, about the Coolnamuck mortgage. We can give him no satisfaction at present, at least such as he looks for, and don't be philandering any longer where you are, when your health permits a change of quarters. Your affectionate uncle,

"Godfrey O'Malley."

"P. S.—I have just heard from Considine; he was out this morning and shot a fellow in the knee, but finds that after all he was not the candidate, but a tourist that was writing a book about Connemara.

"P. S. No. 2.—Bear the mortgage in mind, for old Mallock is a spiteful fellow, and has a grudge against me, since I horsewhipped his son in Banagher. Oh, the world, the world!—G. O'M."

Until I had read this very clear epistle to the end, I had no very precise conception how completely I had forgotten all my uncle's interests, and neglected all his injunctions. Already five days had elapsed, and I had not as much as mooted the question to Mr. Blake, and probably all this time my uncle was calculating on the thing as concluded; but, with one hole in my head, and some half-dozen in my heart, my memory was none of the best.

Snatching up the letter, therefore, I resolved to lose no more time; and proceeded at once to Mr. Blake's room, expecting that I should, as the event proved, find him engaged in the very laborious duty of making his toilette.

"Come in, Charley," said he, as I tapped gently at the door; "it's only Charley, my darling; Mrs. B. won't mind you."

"Not the least in life," responded Mrs. B., disposing, at the same time, a pair of her husband's corduroys, tippet fashion, across her ample shoulders, which before were displayed in the plenitude and breadth of coloring we find in a Rubens. "Sit down, Charley, and tell us what's the matter."

As, until this moment, I was in perfect ignorance of the Adam and Eve-like simplicity in which the private economy of Mr. Blake's household was conducted, I would have gladly retired from what I found to be a mutual territory of dressing-room, had not Mr. Blake's injunction been issued somewhat like an order to remain.

"It's only a letter, sir," said I, stuttering, "from my uncle, about the election. He says that, as his majority is now certain, he should feel better pleased in going to the poll with all the family, you know, sir, along with him. He wishes me just to sound your intentions—to make out how you feel disposed towards him; and—and, faith, as I am but a poor diplomatist, I thought the best way was to come straight to the point and tell you so."

"I perceive," said Mr. Blake, giving his chin, at the moment, an awful gash with the razor, "I perceive, go on."

"Well, sir, I have little more to say; my uncle knows what influence you have in Scariff, and expects you'll do what you can there."

"Any thing more?" said Blake, with a very dry and quizzical expression, I didn't half like, "any thing more?"

"Oh, yes, you are to write a line to old Mallock."

"I understand; about Coolnamuck, isn't it?"

"Exactly; I believe that's all."

"Well now, Charley, you may go down-stairs, and we'll talk it over after dinner."

"Yes, Charley, dear, go down, for I'm going to draw on my stocking," said the fair Mrs. Blake, with a look of very modest consciousness.

When I had left the room I couldn't help muttering a "thank God," for the success of a mission I more than once feared for, and hastened to despatch a note to my uncle, assuring him of the Blake interest, and adding that, for propriety sake, I should defer my departure for a day or two longer.

This done, with a heart lightened of its load, and in high spirits at my cleverness, I descended to the drawing-room. Here a very large party were already assembled, and, at every opening of the door, a new relay of Blakes, Burkes, and Bodkins, was introduced. In the absence of the host, Sir George Dashwood was "making the agreeable" to the guests, and shook hands with every new arrival, with all the warmth and cordiality of old friendship. While thus he inquired for various absent individuals, and asked, most affectionately, for sundry aunts, and uncles, not forthcoming, a slight incident occurred, which, by its ludicrous turn, served to shorten the long half hour before dinner. An individual of the party, a Mr. Blake, had, from certain peculiarities of face, obtained, in his boyhood, the soubriquet of "shave the wind." This hatchet-like conformation had grown with his growth, and perpetuated upon him a nick-name, by which alone was he ever spoken of among his friends and acquaintances; the only difference being that, as he came to man's estate, brevity, that soul of wit, had curtailed the epithet to mere "shave." Now, Sir George had been hearing frequent references made to him, always by this name, heard him ever so addressed, and perceived him to reply to it; so that, when he was himself asked by some one, what sport he had found that day among the woodcocks, he answered at once, with a bow of very grateful acknowledgment, "Excellent, indeed; but entirely owing to where I was placed in the copse; had it not been for Mr. Shave, there—"

I need not say that the remainder of his speech, being heard on all sides, became one universal shout of laughter, in which, to do him justice, the excellent Shave himself heartily joined. Scarcely were the sounds of mirth lulled into an apparent calm, when the door opened, and the host and hostess appeared. Mrs. Blake advanced in all the plenitude of her charms, arrayed in crimson satin, sorely injured in its freshness by a patch of grease upon the front, about the same size and shape as the Continent of Europe, in Arrowsmith's Atlas; a swansdown tippet covered her shoulders; massive bracelets ornamented her wrists; while from her ears descended two Irish diamond ear-rings, rivalling in magnitude and value the glass pendants of a lustre. Her reception of her guests made ample amends, in warmth and cordiality, for any deficiency of elegance; and, as she disposed her ample proportions upon the sofa, and looked around upon the company, she appeared the very impersonation of hospitality.

After several openings and shuttings of the drawing-room door, accompanied by the appearance of old Simon the Butler, who counted the party at least five times before he was certain that the score was correct; dinner was at length announced. Now came a moment of difficulty; and one which, as testing Mr. Blake's tact, he would gladly have seen devolve upon some other shoulders; for he well knew that the marshalling a room full of mandarins, blue, green, and yellow, was "cakes and gingerbread" to ushering a Galway party in to dinner. First then was Mr. Miles Bodkin, whose grandfather would have been a lord if Cromwell had not hanged him one fine morning. Then Mrs. Mosey Blake's first husband was promised the title of Kilmacud if it was ever restored, whereas Mrs. French of

Knocktumnor's mother was then at law for a title; and lastly, Mrs. Joe Burke was fourth cousin to Lord Clanricarde, as is or will be every Burke from this to the day of judgment. Now, luckily for her prospects, the lord was alive; and Mr. Blake, remembering a very sage adage, about "dead lions," &c., solved the difficulty at once, by gracefully tucking the lady under his arm, and leading the way; the others soon followed; the priest of Portumna and my unworthy self bringing up the rear.

When, many a year afterward, the hard ground of a mountain bivouac, with its pitiful portion of pickled cork-tree, yclept mess-beef, and that pyroligneous aquafortis they call corn brandy, have been my hard fare, I often look back to that day's dinner, with a most heart-yearning sensation—a turbot as big as the Waterloo shield; a sirloin that seemed cut from the sides of a rhinoceros; a sauce-boat that contained an oyster bed. There was a turkey which singly would have formed the main army of a French dinner, doing mere outpost duty—flanked by a picquet of ham, and a detached squadron of chickens carefully ambushed in a forest of greens: potatoes not disguised *à la maître d'hôtel* and tortured to resemble bad macaroni, but piled like shot in an ordnance yard, were posted at different quarters; while massive decanters of port and sherry stood proudly up like standard bearers amid the goodly array. This was none of your austere "great dinners," where a cold and chilling *plateau* of artificial nonsense cuts off one half of the table from intercourse with the other; when whispered sentences constitute the conversation, and all the friendly recognition of wine-drinking, which renews acquaintance and cements an intimacy, is replaced by the ceremonious filling of your glass by a lacquey—where smiles go current in lieu of kind speeches, and epigram and smartness form the substitute for the broad jest and merry story. Far from it; here the company eat, drink, talked, laughed, did all but sing, and certainly enjoyed themselves heartily. As for me, I was little more than a listener, and such was the crash of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the clatter of voices, that fragments only of what was passing around reached me; giving to the conversation of the party a character occasionally somewhat incongruous. Thus, such sentences as the following ran foul of each other every instant:—

"No better land in Galway"—"where could you find such facilities"—"for shooting Mr. Jones on his way home"—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—"kiss"—"Miss Blake, she's the girl with a foot and ankle"—"Daly has never had wool on his sheep"—"how could he"—"what does he pay for the mountain"—"four and ten pence a yard"—"not a penny less"—"all the cabbage stalks and potato skins, with some bog stuff through it"—"that's the thing to"—"make soup, with a red herring in it instead of salt"—"and when he proposed for my niece, ma'am, says he"—"mix a strong tumbler, and I'll make a shake down for you on the floor"—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul"—"and now, down the middle and up again"—"Captain Mangan, my dear, he is the man"—"to shave a pig properly"—"it's not money I'm looking for, says he, the girl of my heart"—"if she had not a wind gall and two spavins"—"I'd had given her the rights of the church, of course," said Father Roach, bringing up the rear of this ill-assorted jargon.

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine, and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed, when one of the company, seizing the bell-rope, said, "With your leave, Blake, we'll have the 'dew' now."

"Good claret—no better," said another; "but it sits mighty cold on the stomach."

"There's nothing like the groceries, after all—eh, Sir George?" said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact, which he understood in a very different sense.

"Oh, punch, you are my darlin," hummed another, as a large square half-gallon decanter of whiskey was placed on the table—the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any face, save Sir George Dashwood's, who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamor of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party was discussing the approaching contest, another was planning a steeple-chase; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effects," in a very remarkable manner, the process so styled being an exchange of property, when each party setting an imaginary value upon some article, barters it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person, who is the umpire. Thus a gold breast-pin was swopped, as the phrase is, against a horse; then a pair of boots, then a Kerry bull, &c., every imaginable species of property coming into the market. Sometimes as matters of very dubious value turned up, great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the west, was a great proficient, and, it is said, once so completely succeeded in despoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gig, harness, &c., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterance of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight, when under the influence of whiskey, from what is evinced on common occasions; and, as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into something like an oration upon the peculiar excellences of his native county, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why don't you give us a song, Miles! and maybe the General would learn more from it than all your speech-making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices together; "to be sure: let us hear the 'Man for Galway.'"

Sir George having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chant, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song "Wreath the bowl," &c. And although the words are well known in the west, for the information of less favored regions, I here transcribe

"THE MAN FOR GALWAY."

"To drink a toast,
A proctor roast,
Or bailiff, as the case is;
To kiss your wife,
Or take your life
At ten or fifteen paces:
To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more;
Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'
"Chorus—With debts, &c.

"The king of Oude
Is mighty proud,
And so were onst the *Cuysars*—(Cæsars;)
But ould Giles Eyre
Would make them stare,
Av he had them with the Blazers.
To the devil I fling—ould Rungeet Sing,
He's only a Prince in a small way,
And knows nothing at all of a six foot wall;
Oh, he'd never 'do for Galway.'

"Ye think the Blakes
Are no 'great shakes;'
They're all his blood relations,
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese,
For they come from the *Phenaycians;*
So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway
With debts galore, but fun far more;
Oh! that's 'the man for Galway.'
"Chorus—With debts, &c."

I much fear that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favorable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it; for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruples about my so long neglecting my good uncle's cause.

"We have Scariff to a man," said Bodkin.

"And Mosey's tenantry," said another; "I swear that though there's not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the courthouse they'll leave standing on another."

"And may the Lord look to the Returning Officer," said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord, more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for shouldn't they vote?" said a dry-looking little old fellow in a red waistcoat: "when I was the dead agent—"

"The dead agent," interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half-angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, maybe, what that is," said some one.

"You have just anticipated me," said Sir George; "I really am in most profound ignorance."

"It is the dead agent," says Mr. Blake, "who also provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll-books of this county, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last fifty years."

"The 'Kiltopher boys' wo'n't come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote, when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They're poor-spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings worth of spirits; besides, if they don't vote for the county, they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned towards Bodkin, who was detailing the plan of a grand attack upon the polling booths, to be headed by himself. By this time all the prudence and guardedness of the party had given way—whiskey was in the ascendant, and every bold stroke of election policy, every cunning artifice, every ingenious device, was detailed and applauded, in a manner which proved that self-respect was not the inevitable gift of 'mountain dew.'

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin, who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast, by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table, now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows:

"No, no, Phil. Blake, ye needn't be winkin' at me that way—It's little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent." [Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why, I heartily joined.] "I'm going to give you a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly, intrepid toast; a toast you must drink in the most universal, laborious, and awful manner—do ye see now?"—[Loud cheers.] "If any man of you here present doesn't drain this toast to the bottom—[here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company,]—then, by the great gun of Athlone, I'll make him eat the decanter, glass, stopper, and all, for the good of his digestion—d'ye see now."

The cheering at this mild determination prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as member for Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye at the table

was turned upon me, and, as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle's health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip, hipping, over, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks—but, strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise, and there we both stood amid an uproar that might well have shaken the courage of more practised orators; while from every side came cries of "hear, hear"—"go on, Sir George"—"speak out, General"—"sit down, Charley"—"confound the boy"—"knock the legs from under him," &c. Not understanding why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. "In that case," said the General, "I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition, and, as the etiquette is in his favor, I yield."—Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several humane proposals, as to my treatment, were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbor. Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided, I began—"Gentlemen, as the adopted son of the worthy man whose health you have just drunk."——Heaven knows how I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on too as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed—I frowned—I looked savagely about where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and, as it chanced, not in vain; for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive perception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and, assuming a look of frowning defiance that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said—

"Well, Sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for by the rock of Cashel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the sheriff."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine-glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head; so sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific; for, though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily up-stairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own cool and not over-agreeable reflections.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FLIGHT FROM GURTNAMORRA.

It was by one of those sudden and inexplicable revulsions which occasionally restore to sense and intellect the maniac of years' standing, that I was no sooner left alone in my chamber, than I became perfectly sober. The fumes of the wine—and I had drunk deeply—were dissipated at once; my head, which but a moment before was half wild with excitement, was now cool, calm, and collected; and, stranger than all, I, who had only an hour since entered the dining-room with all the unsuspecting freshness of boyhood, became, by a mighty bound, a man—a man in all my feelings of responsibility, a man who, repelling an insult by an outrage, had resolved to stake his life upon the chance. In an instant a new era in life had opened before me—the light-headed gaiety which fearlessness and youth impart was replaced by one absorbing thought—one all-engrossing, all-pervading impression, that if I did not follow up my quarrel with Bodkin, I was dishonored and disgraced; my little knowledge of such matters not being sufficient to assure me that I was now the aggressor, and that any further steps in the affair should come from his side.

So thoroughly did my own griefs occupy me, that I had no thought for the disappointment my poor uncle was destined to meet with in hearing that the Blake interest was lost to him, and the former breech between the families irreparably widened by the events of the evening. Escape was my first thought; but how to accomplish it?—the door, a solid one of Irish oak, doubly locked and bolted, defied all my efforts to break it open—the window was at least five-and-twenty feet from the ground, and not a tree near to swing into. I shouted, I called aloud, I opened the sash, and tried if any one outside were within hearing, but in vain. Weary and exhausted, I sat down upon my bed and ruminated over my fortunes. Vengeance, quick, entire, decisive vengeance I thirsted and panted for; and every moment I lived under the insult inflicted on me, seemed an age of torturing and maddening agony. I rose with a leap, a thought had just occurred to me. I drew the bed towards the window, and fastening the sheet to one of the posts with a firm knot, I twisted it into a rope, and let myself down to within about twelve feet of the ground, when I let go my hold, and dropped upon the grass beneath, safe and uninjured; a thin misty rain was falling, and I now perceived, for the first time, that in my haste I had forgotten my hat; this thought, however, gave me little uneasiness, and I took my way towards the stable, resolving, if I could, to saddle my horse, and get off before any intimation of my escape reached the family.

When I gained the yard, all was quiet and deserted: the servants were doubtless enjoying themselves below stairs; and I met no one in the way. I entered the stable, threw the saddle upon "Badger," and, before five minutes from my descent from the window, was galloping towards O'Malley Castle at a pace that defied pursuit, had any one thought of it.

It was about five o'clock on a dark wintry morn-

ing, as I led my horse through the well-known defiles of out-houses and stables which formed the long line of offices to my uncle's house. As yet no one was stirring, and as I wished to have my arrival a secret from the family, after providing for the wants of my gallant gray, I lifted the latch of the kitchen door, no other fastening being ever thought necessary, even at night, and gently groped my way towards the stairs: all was perfectly still, and the silence now recalled me to reflection as to what course I should pursue. It was all-important that my uncle should know nothing of my quarrel, otherwise he would inevitably make it his own, and, by treating me like a boy in the matter, give the whole affair the very turn I most dreaded. Then, as to Sir Harry Boyle, he would most certainly turn the whole thing into ridicule, make a good story, perhaps a song out of it, and laugh at my notions of demanding satisfaction. Considine, I knew, was my man; but, then, he was at Athlone—at least so my uncle's letter mentioned: perhaps he might have returned; if not, to Athlone I should set off at once. So resolving, I stole noiselessly up-stairs and reached the door of the Count's chamber: I opened it gently, and entered, and, though my step was almost imperceptible to myself, it was quite sufficient to alarm the watchful occupant of the room, who springing up in his bed, demanded gruffly, "Who's there?"

"Charles, sir," said I, shutting the door carefully, and approaching his bed-side. "Charles O'Malley, sir: I'm come to have a bit of your advice: and, as the affair won't keep, I have been obliged to disturb you."

"Never mind, Charley," said the Count: "sit down, there's a chair somewhere near the bed—have you found it? There—well now, what is it? What news of Blake?"

"Very bad, no worse; but it is not exactly *that* I came about; I've got into a scrape, sir."

"Run off with one of the daughters," said Considine. "By jingo, I knew what those affable devils would be after."

"Not so bad as that," said I, laughing: "it's just a row, a kind of squabble, something that must come—"

"Ay, ay," said the Count, brightening up, "say you so, Charley. Begad, the young ones will beat us all out of the field. Who is it with—not old Blake himself—how was it? tell me all."

I immediately detailed the whole events of the preceding chapter, as well as his frequent interruptions would permit, and concluded by asking what farther step was now to be taken, as I was resolved the matter should be concluded before it came to my uncle's ears.

"There you are all right, quite correct, my boy; but there are many points I should have wished otherwise in the conduct of the affair hitherto."

Conceiving that he was displeased at my petulance and boldness, I was about to commence a kind of defence, when he added—

"Because, you see," said he, assuming an oracular tone of voice, "throwing a wine-glass, with or without wine, in a man's face, is merely, as you may observe, a mark of denial and displeasure at some observation he may have made, not in anywise intended to injure him, farther than in the wound to his honor at being so insulted, for which, of course, he must subsequently call you out. Whereas, Charley, in the present case—the view I take is different; the expression of Mr. Bodkin, as regards your uncle, was insulting to a degree—gratuitously offensive, and warranting a blow. Therefore, my boy, you should, under such circumstances, have preferred aiming at him with a decanter—a cut-glass decanter, well aimed, and low, I have seen do effective service. However, as you remark, it was your first thing of the kind, I am pleased with you—very much pleased with you. Now then, for the next step;" so saying, he arose from his bed, and, striking a light with a tinder-box, proceeded to dress himself as leisurely as if for a dinner party—talking all the while.

"I will just take Godfrey's tax-cart and the roan mare on to Meelish; put them up at the little inn—it is not above a mile from Bodkin's—and I'll go over and settle the thing for you: you must stay quiet till I come back, and not leave the house on any account. I've got a case of old broad barrels there that will answer you beautifully; if you were any thing of a shot, I'd give you my own cross handles, but they'd only spoil your shooting."

"I can hit a wine-glass in the stem at fifteen paces," said I, rather nettled at the disparaging tone in which he spoke of my performance.

"I don't care sixpence for that; the wine-glass has no pistol in his hand. Take the old German, then; see now, hold your pistol thus: no finger on the guard there, those two on the trigger. They are not hair triggers; drop the muzzle a bit; bend your elbow a trifle more; sight your man outside your arm; outside, mind, and take him in the hip, and, if anywhere higher, no matter."

By this time the Count had completed his toilette, and, taking the small mahogany box, which contained his peace-makers, under his arm, led the way towards the stables. When he reached the yard, the only person stirring there was a kind of half-witted boy, who, being about the house, was employed to run of messages for the servants, walk a stranger's horse, or to do any of the many petty services that regular domestics contrive always to devolve upon some adopted subordinate. He was seated upon a stone step, formerly used for mounting, and, though the day was scarcely breaking, and the weather severe and piercing, the poor fellow was singing an Irish song, in a low monotonous tone, as he chafed a curb chain between his hands, with some sand. As we came near he started up, and, as he pulled off his cap to salute us, gave a sharp and piercing glance at the Count, then at me; then once more upon my companion, from whom his eyes were turned to the brass-bound box beneath his arm; when, as if seized with a sudden impulse, he started on his feet, and set off towards the house with the speed of a greyhound, not, however, before Considine's practised eye had anticipated his plan; for, throwing down the pistol cases, he dashed after him, and in an instant had seized him by the collar.

"It won't do, Patsey," said the Count, "you can't double on me."

"Oh Count, darlin', mister Considine avick

don't do it, don't now," said the poor fellow, falling on his knees, and blubbering like an infant.

"Hold your tongue, you villain, or I'll cut it out of your head," said Considine.

"And so I will; but don't do it, don't for the love of—"

"Don't do what, you whimpering scoundrel? What does he think I'll do?"

"Don't I know very well what you're after, what you're always after, too? oh wirra, wirra!" Here he wrung his hands, and swayed himself backwards and forwards, a true picture of Irish grief.

"I'll stop his blubbering," said Considine, opening the box, and taking out a pistol which he cocked leisurely, and pointed at the poor fellow's head: "another syllable now, and I'll scatter your brains upon that pavement."

"And do, and divil thank you; sure it's your trade."

The coolness of the reply threw us both off our guard so completely, that we burst out into a hearty fit of laughing.

"Come, come," said the Count at last; "this will never do; if he goes on in this way, we'll have the whole house about us. Come, then, harness the roan mare, and here's half-a-crown for you."

"I wouldn't touch the best piece in your purse," said the poor boy; "sure it's blood-money, no less."

The words were scarcely spoken, when Considine seized him by the collar with one hand, and by the wrist with the other, and carried him over the yard to the stable, where, kicking open the door, he threw him on a heap of stones, adding, "If you stir now, I'll break every bone in your body;" a threat that seemed certainly considerably increased in its terrors, from the rough grip he had already experienced, for the lad rolled himself up like a ball, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking.

Very few minutes sufficed us now to harness the mare in the tax-cart, and, when all was ready, Considine seized the whip, and, locking the stable door upon Patsey, was about to get up, when a sudden thought struck him. "Charley," said he, "that fellow will find some means to give the alarm; we must take him with us." So saying, he opened the door, and, taking the poor fellow by the collar, flung him at my feet in the tax-cart.

We had already lost some time, and the roan mare was put to her fastest speed to make up for it. Our pace became, accordingly, a sharp one, and as the road was bad, and the tax-cart "no patent inaudible," neither of us spoke. To me this was a great relief; the events of the last few days had given them the semblance of years, and all the reflection I could muster was little enough to make any thing out of the chaotic mass—love, mischief, and misfortune—in which I had been involved since my leaving O'Malley Castle.

"Here we are, Charley," said Considine, drawing up short at the door of a little country alehouse, or, in Irish parlance, *shebeen*, which stood at the meeting of four bleak roads, in a wild and barren mountain tract, beside the Shannon. "Here we are, my boy! jump out, and let us be stirring."

"Here, Patsey, my man," said the Count, unravelling the prostrate and doubly-knotted figure at our feet; "lend a hand, Patsey." Much to my astonishment, he obeyed the summons with alacrity, and proceeded to unharness the mare, with the greatest despatch. My attention was, however, soon turned from him to my own more immediate concerns, and I followed my companion into the house.

"Joe," said the Count, to the host, "is Mr. Bodkin up at the house this morning?"

"He's just passed this way, sir, with Mr. Malowny of Tillnamuck, in the gig, on their way from Mr. Blake's. They stopped here to order horses to go over to O'Malley Castle, and the gossoon is gone to look for a pair."

"All right," said Considine, and added in a whisper, "we've done it well, Charley, to be beforehand, or the governor would have found it all out, and taken the affair into his own hands. Now, all you've to do is, to stay quietly here till I come back, which will not be above an hour at farthest. Joe, send me the pony—keep an eye on Patsey, that he doesn't play us a trick—the short way to Mr. Bodkin's is through Scariff—ah, I know it well. Good-bye, Charley—by the Lord, we'll pepper him."

These were the last words of the worthy Count as he closed the door behind him, and left me to my own not over agreeable reflections. Independently of my youth and perfect ignorance of the world, which left me unable to form any correct judgment on my conduct, I knew that I had taken a great deal of wine, and was highly excited when my unhappy collision with Mr. Bodkin occurred. Whether, then, I had been betrayed into any thing which could fairly have provoked his insulting retort or not, I could not remember; and now my most afflicting thought was, what opinion might be entertained of me by those at Blake's table; and, above all, what Miss Dashwood herself would have, and what narrative of the occurrence would reach her. The great effort of my last few days had been to stand well in her estimation, to appear something better in feeling, something higher in principle, than the rude and unpolished squirearchy about me; and now here was the end of it! What would she, what could she think, but that I was the same punch-drinking, rowing, quarrelling bumpkin as those whom I had been so lately carefully endeavoring to separate myself from. How I hated myself for the excess to which passion had betrayed me, and how I detested my opponent as the cause of all my present misery! How very differently, thought I, her friend, the Captain, would have conducted himself! His quiet and gentlemanly manner would have done fully as much to wipe out any insult on his honor as I could do, and, after all, would neither have disturbed the harmony of a dinner-table, nor made himself, as I shudder to think I had, a subject of rebuke, if not of ridicule. These harassing, torturing reflections continued to press on me, and I paced the room with my hands clasped and the perspiration upon my brow. One thing is certain—I can never see *her* again, thought I; this disgraceful business must, in some shape or other, become known to her, and all I have been saying these last three days, rise up in judgment against this one act, and stamp me an impostor; I that decried, nay, derided our false notion of honor. Would that Considine were come. What can keep him

now? I walked to the door; a boy belonging to the house was walking the roan before the door. What had then become of Pat, I inquired; but no one could tell—he had disappeared shortly after our arrival, and had not been seen afterward. My own thoughts were, however, too engrossing to permit me to think more of this circumstance, and I turned again to enter the house, when I saw Considine advancing up the road at the full speed of his pony.

"Out with the mare, Charley—be alive, my boy—all's settled." So saying, he sprang from the pony, and proceeded to harness the roan with the greatest haste, informing me in broken sentences, as he went on with all the arrangements.

"We are to cross the bridge of Portumna. They won the ground, and it seems Bodkin likes the spot: he shot Payton there three years ago. Worse luck now, Charley, you know: by all the rules of chance, he can't expect the same thing twice—never four by honors in two deals—didn't say that though—a sweet meadow, I know it well; small hillocks like mole hills all over it—caught him at breakfast; I don't think he expected the message to come from us, but said that it was a very polite attention, and so it was, you know."

So he continued to ramble on, as we once more took our seats in the tax-cart, and set out for the ground.

"What are you thinking of, Charley?" said the Count, as I kept silent for some minutes.

"I'm thinking, sir, if I were to kill him, what I must do after."

"Right, my boy; nothing like that, but I'll settle all for you. Upon my conscience, if it wasn't for the chance of his getting into another quarrel and spoiling the election, I'd go back for Godfrey; he'd like to see you break ground so prettily. And you say you're no shot?"

"Never could do any thing with the pistol to speak of, sir," said I, remembering his rebuke of the morning.

"I don't mind that: you've a good eye; never take it off him after you're on the ground—follow him everywhere; poor Callaghan, that's gone, shot his man always that way; he had a way of looking without winking that was very fatal, at a short distance; a very good thing to learn, Charley, when you have a little spare time."

Half an hour's sharp driving brought us to the river side, where a boat had been provided by Considine to ferry us over. It was now about eight o'clock, and a heavy gloomy morning; much rain had fallen overnight: and the dark and lowering atmosphere seemed charged with more. The mountains looked twice their real size, and all the shadows were increased to an enormous extent. A very killing kind of light it was, as the Count remarked.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DUEL.

As the boatmen pulled in towards the shore, we perceived, a few hundred yards off, a group of persons standing, whom we soon recognised as our opponents. "Charley," said the Count, grasping my arm lightly, as I stood up to spring on the land, "Charley," although you are only a boy as I may say, I have no fear for your courage; but, still, more than that is needful here. This Bodkin is a noted duellist, and will try to shake your nerve. Now, mind that you take every thing that happens quite with an air of indifference—don't let him think that he has any advantage over you, and you'll see how the tables will be turned in your favor."

"Trust to me, Count," said I, "I'll not disgrace you."

He pressed my hand tightly, and I thought that I discerned something like a slight twitch about the corners of his grim mouth, as if some sudden and painful thought had shot across his mind, but in a moment he was calm and stern-looking as ever.

"Twenty minutes late, Mr. Considine," said a short, red-faced little man, with a military frock and foraging cap, as he held out his watch in evidence.

"I can only say, Captain Malowney, that we lost no time since we parted; we had some difficulty in finding a boat; but, in any case, we are here *now*, and that I opine is the important part of the matter."

"Quite right, very just indeed. Will you present me to your young friend—very proud to make your acquaintance, sir; your uncle and I met more than once in this kind of way. I was out with him in '92—was it? no, I think it was '93—when he shot Harry Burgoyne, who, by-the-by, was called the crack shot of our mess; but, begad your uncle knocked his pistol hand to shivers, saying, in his dry way, 'he must try the left hand this morning.' Count, a little this side, if you please." While Considine and the Captain walked a few paces apart from where I stood, I had leisure to observe my antagonist, who stood among a group of his friends, talking and laughing away in great spirits. As the tone they spoke in was not of the lowest, I could catch much of their conversation at the distance I was from them. They were discussing the last occasion that Bodkin had visited this spot, and talking of the fatal event which happened then.

"Poor devil," said Bodkin, "it wasn't his fault; but you see some of the ——th had been showing white feathers before that, and he was obliged to go out. In fact, the Colonel himself said, 'Fight or leave the corps.' Well, out he came: it was a cold morning in February, with a frost the night before, going off in a thin rain; well, it seems he had the consumption, or something of that sort, with a great cough and spitting of blood, and this weather made him worse, and he was very weak when he came to the ground. Now, the moment I got a glimpse of him, I said to myself, he's pluck enough, but as nervous as a lady, for his eye wandered all about, and his mouth was constantly twitching. 'Take off your great-coat, Ned,' said one of his people, when they were going to put him up; 'take it off, man.' He seemed to hesitate for an instant, when Michael Blake remarked, 'Arrah, let him alone; it's his mother makes him wear it, for the cold he has.' They all began to laugh at this, but I kept my eye upon him, and I saw that his cheek

grew quite livid, and a kind of gray color, and his eyes filled up; 'I have you now,' said I to myself, and I shot him through the lungs."

"And this poor fellow," thought I, "was the only son of a widowed mother." I walked from the spot to avoid hearing farther, and felt as I did so, something like a spirit of vengeance rising within me, for the fate of one so untimely cut off.

"Here we are, all ready," said Malowney, springing over a small fence into the adjoining field—"take your ground, gentlemen."

Considine took my arm and walked forward. "Charley," said he, "I am to give the signal—I'll drop my glove when you are to fire, but don't look at me at all, I'll manage to catch Bodkin's eye, and do you watch him steadily, and fire when he does."

"I think that the ground we are leaving behind us is rather better," said some one.

"So it is," said Bodkin, "but it was troublesome to carry the young gentleman down that way—here all is fair and easy."

The next instant we were placed, and I well remember the first thought that struck me was, that there could be no chance of either of us escaping.

"Now, then," said the Count, "I'll walk twelve paces, turn and drop this glove, at which signal you fire—and *together* mind. The man who reserves his shot, falls by my hand." This very summary denunciation seemed to meet general approbation, and the Count strutted forth. Notwithstanding the advice of my friend, I could not help turning my eyes from Bodkin to watch the retiring figure of the Count. At length he stopped—a second or two elapsed—he wheeled rapidly round, and let fall the glove. My eye glanced towards my opponent, I raised my pistol and fired. My hat turned half round upon my head, and Bodkin fell motionless to the earth. I saw the people around me rush forward; I caught two or three glances thrown at me with an expression of revengeful passion; I felt some one grasp me round the waist, and hurry me from the spot, and it was at least ten minutes after, as we were skimming the surface of the broad Shannon, before I could well collect my scattered faculties to remember all that was passing, as Considine pointed to the two bullet holes in my hat, remarking, "Sharp practice, Charley, it was the overcharge saved you."

"Is he killed, sir?" I asked.

"Not quite, I believe, but as good; you took him just above the hip."

"Can he recover?" said I, with a voice tremulous from agitation, which I vainly endeavored to conceal from my companion.

"Not if the doctor can help it," said Considine; "for the fool keeps poking about for the ball; but now let's think of the next step—you'll have to leave this, and at once too."

Little more passed between us. As we rowed towards the shore, Considine was following up his reflections, and I had mine, alas! too many and too bitter to escape from.

As we neared the land a strange spectacle caught our eye: for a considerable distance along the coast crowds of country people were assembled, who, forming in groups, and breaking into parties of two and three, were evidently watching with great anxiety what was taking place at the opposite side. Now, the distance was at least three miles, and therefore any part of the transaction which had been enacted there, must have been quite beyond their view. While I was wondering at this, Considine cried out suddenly, "Too infamous, by Jove; we're murdered men."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Don't you see that?" said he, pointing to something black which floated from a pole at the opposite side of the river.

"Yes; what is it?"

"It's his coat they've put upon an oar to show the people he's killed, that's all. Every man here's his tenant, and look—there!—they're not giving us much doubt as to their intention." Here a tremendous yell burst forth from the mass of people along the shore, which, rising to a terrific cry, sunk gradually down to a low wailing, then rose and fell again several times, as the Irish death-cry filled the air and rose to heaven, as if imploring vengeance on a murderer.

The appalling influence of the *keen*, as it is called, had been familiar to me from my infancy, but it needed the awful situation I was placed in to consummate its horrors. It was at once my accusation and my doom. I knew well, none better, the vengeful character of the Irish peasant of the west, and that my death was certain I had no doubt. The very crime that sat upon my heart quailed its courage and unnerved my arm. As the boatmen looked from us towards the shore, and again at our faces, they, as if instinctively, lay upon their oars, and waited for our decision as to what course to pursue.

"Rig the spritsail, my boys," said Considine, "and let her head lie up the river, and be alive, for I see they're bailing a boat below the little reef there, and will be after us in no time."

The poor fellows, who, although strangers to us, sympathizing in what they perceived to be our imminent danger, stepped the light spar which acted as mast, and shook out their scanty rag of canvass in a minute. Considine, meanwhile, went aft, and steadying her head with an oar, held the small craft up to the wind, till she lay completely over, and, as she rushed through the water, ran dipping her gunnel through the white foam.

"Where can we make, without tacking, boys?" inquired the Count.

"If it blows on as fresh, sir, we'll run you ashore within half a mile of the castle."

"Put out an oar to leeward," said Considine, "and keep her up more to the wind, and I promise you, my lads, you will not go home fresh and fasting, if you land us where you say."

"Here they come," said the other boatman, as he pointed back with his finger towards a large yawl which shot suddenly from the shore, with six sturdy fellows pulling at their oars, while three or four others were endeavoring to get up their rigging, which appeared tangled and confused at the bottom of the boat; the white splash of water which fell at each moment beside her, showing that the process of bailing was still continued.

"Ah, then, may I never—av it isn't the ould Dol-

phin they have launched for the cruise," said one of our fellows.

"What's the Dolphin then?"

"An ould boat of the lord's (Lord Clanricarde's) that didn't see water, except when it rained, these four years, and is sun-cracked from stem to stern."

"She can sail, however," said Considine, who watched, with a painful anxiety, the rapidity of her course through the water.

"Nabocklish, she was a smuggler's jolly-boat, and well used to it. Look how they're pulling. God pardon them; but they're in no blessed humor this morning."

"Lay out upon your oars, boys; the wind's failing us," cried the Count, as the sail flapped lazily against the mast.

"It's no use, your honor," said the elder; "we'll be only breaking our hearts to no purpose, they're sure to catch us"

"Do as I bade you at all events. What's that ahead of us there!"

"The oat rock, sir; a vessel with grain struck there and went down with all aboard, four years last winter. There's no channel between it and the shore—all sunk rocks every inch of it. There's the breeze;" the canvass fell over as he spoke, and the little craft lay down to it till the foaming water bubbled over her lee bow—"keep her head up, sir, higher, higher still;"—but Considine little heeded the direction, steering straight for the narrow channel the man alluded to;—"tear and ages, but you're going right for the cloch na quirka."

"Arrah, an' the divil a taste I'll be drowned for your devarsion," said the other, springing up.

"Sit down there, and be still," roared Considine, as he drew a pistol from the case at his feet, "if you don't wan't some leaden ballast to keep you so. Here, Charley, take this, and if that fellow stirs hand or foot, you understand me." The two men sat sulkily in the bottom of the boat, which now was actually flying through the water. Considine's object was a clear one, he saw that, in so sailing, we were greatly overmatched, and that our only chance lay in reaching the narrow and dangerous channel between the oat rock and the shore, by which we should distance the pursuit; the long reef of rocks that ran out beyond, requiring a wide berth to escape from. Nothing but the danger behind us could warrant so rash a daring: the whole channel was dotted with patches of white and breaking foam, the sure evidence of the mischief beneath, while here and there a dash of spirting spray flew up from the dark water, where some cleft rock lay hid below the flood. Escape seemed impossible; but who would not have preferred even so slender a chance with so frightful an alternative behind them! As if to add terror to the scene, Considine had scarcely turned the boat ahead of the channel when a tremendous blackness spread over all around—the thunder pealed forth, and, amid the crashing of the hail and the bright glare of lightning, a squall struck us, and laid us nearly keel uppermost for several minutes. I well remember we rushed through the dark and blackening water; our little craft more than half filled, the oars floating off to leeward, and we ourselves kneeling on the bottom planks for safety. Roll after roll of loud thunder broke, as it were, just above our heads; while, in the swift dashing rain that seemed to hiss around us, every object was hidden, and even the other boat was lost to our view. The two poor fellows! I shall never forget their expression; one, a devout Catholic, had placed a little leaden image of a saint before him in the bow, and implored its intercession with a torturing agony of suspense that wrung my very heart: the other, apparently less alive to such consolations as his church afforded, remained with his hands clasped, his mouth compressed, his brows knitted, and his dark eyes bent upon me, with the fierce hatred of a deadly enemy; his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and all told of some dreadful conflict within; the wild ferocity of his look fascinated my gaze, and amid all the terrors of the scene I could not look from him. As I gazed, a second and more awful squall struck the boat, the mast bent over, and, with a loud report like a pistol shot, smashed at the thwart, and fell over, trailing the sail along the milky sea behind us; meanwhile the water rushed clean over us, and the boat seemed settling. At this dreadful moment the sailor's eye was bent upon me, his lips parted, and he muttered, as if to himself, "This it is to go to sea with a murderer." Oh God! the agony of that moment—the heartfelt and accusing conscience, that I was judged and doomed, that the brand of Cain was upon my brow, that my fellow-men had ceased for ever to regard me as a brother, that I was an outcast and a wanderer for ever. I bent forward till my forehead fell upon my knees, and I wept. Meanwhile, the boat flew through the water, and Considine, who alone among us seemed not to lose his presence of mind, unshipped the mast, and sent it overboard. The storm now began to abate, and, as the black mass of clouds broke from around us, we beheld the other boat also dismasted, far behind us, while all on board of her were employed in bailing out the water with which she seemed almost sinking. The curtain of mist that had hidden us from each other no sooner broke, than they ceased their labors for a moment, and, looking towards us, burst forth into a yell, so wild, so savage, and so dreadful, my very heart quailed as its cadence fell upon my ear.

"Safe, my boys," said Considine, clapping me on the shoulder, as he steered forth the boat from its narrow path of danger, and once more reached the broad Shannon; "safe, Charley: though we've had a brush for it." In a minute more we reached the land, and, drawing our gallant little craft on shore, set out for O'Malley Castle.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE RETURN.

O'MALLEY Castle lay about four miles from the spot we landed at, and thither accordingly we bent our steps without loss of time. We had not, however, proceeded far when, before us on the road, we perceived a mixed assemblage of horse and foot, hurrying along at a tremendous rate. The mob,

which consisted of some hundred country people, were armed with sticks, scythes, and pitchforks, and, although not preserving any very military aspect in their order of march, were still a force quite formidable enough to make us call a halt, and deliberate upon what we were to do.

"They've out-flanked us, Charley," said Considine; "however, all is not yet lost; but see, they've got sight of us—here they come."

At these words, the vast mass before us came pouring along, splashing the mud on every side, and huzzaing like so many Indians. In the front ran a bare-legged boy, waving his cap to encourage the rest, who followed him at about fifty yards behind.

"Leave that fellow for me," said the Count, coolly examining the lock of his pistol; "I'll pick him out, and load again in time for his friends' arrival. Charley, is that a gentleman I see far back in the crowd?—yes, to be sure it is; he's on a large horse—now he's pressing forward, so let—no—oh—ay—it's Godfrey O'Malley himself, and these are our own people." Scarcely were the words out when a tremendous cheer arose from the multitude, who recognising us at the same instant, sprung from their horses and ran forward to welcome us. Among the foremost was the scarecrow leader, whom I at once perceived to be poor Patsey, who, escaping in the morning, had returned at full speed to O'Malley Castle, and raised the whole country to my rescue. Before I could address one word to my faithful followers I was in my uncle's arms.

"Safe, my boy, quite safe?"

"Quite safe, sir."

"No scratch anywhere?"

"Nothing but a hat the worse, sir," said I, showing the two bullet holes in my head-piece.

His lip quivered as he turned and whispered something into Considine's ear which I heard not; but the Count's reply was, "Devil a bit, as cool as you see him this minute."

"And Bodkin, what of him?"

"This day's work's his last," said Considine; "the ball entered here; but come along, Godfrey; Charley's new at this kind of thing, and we had better discuss matters in the house."

Half an hour's brisk trot—for we were soon supplied with horses—brought us back to the castle, much to the disappointment of our cortege, who had been promised a *scrimmage*, and went back in very ill humor at the breach of contract.

The breakfast-room, as we entered, was filled with my uncle's supporters, all busily engaged over poll-books and booth-tallies, in preparation for the eventful day of battle. These, however, were immediately thrown aside to hasten around me, and inquire all the details of my duel. Considine, happily for me, however, assumed all the dignity of an historian, and recounted the events of the morning, so much to my honor and glory, that I, who only a little before felt crushed and bowed down by the misery of my late duel, began, amid the warm congratulations and eulogiums about me, to think I was no small hero; and, in fact, something very much resembling "the Man for Galway." To this feeling a circumstance that followed assisted in contributing: while we were eagerly discussing the various results likely to arise from the meeting, a horse galloped rapidly to the door, and a loud voice called out, "I can't get off, but tell him to come here." We rushed out and beheld Captain Malowney, Mr. Bodkin's second, covered with mud from head to foot, and his horse reeking with foam and sweat. "I am hurrying on to Athlone for another doctor; but I've called to tell you that the wound is not supposed to be mortal—he may recover yet." Without waiting for another word, he dashed spurs into his nag and rattled down the avenue at full gallop. Mr. Bodkin's dearest friend on earth could not have received the intelligence with more delight, and I now began to listen to the congratulations of my friends with a more tranquil spirit. My uncle, too, seemed much relieved by the information, and heard with great good temper my narrative of the few days at Gurt-na-morra. "So then," said he, as I concluded, "my opponent is at least a gentleman; that is a comfort."

"Sir George Dashwood," said I, "from all I have seen, is a remarkably nice person, and I am certain you will meet with only the fair and legitimate opposition of an opposing candidate in him—no mean or unmanly subterfuge."

"All right, Charley; well, now, your affair of this morning must keep you quiet here for a few days, come what will; by Monday next, when the election takes place, Bodkin's fate will be pretty clear, one way or the other, and, if matters go well, you can come into town; otherwise, I have arranged with Considine to take you over to the Continent for a year or so; but we'll discuss all this in the evening. Now, I must start on a canvass. Boyle expects to meet you at dinner to-day; he is coming from Athlone on purpose. Now, good-bye!"

When my uncle had gone I sank into a chair and fell into a musing fit over all the changes a few hours had wrought in me. From a mere boy, whose most serious employment was stocking the house with game, or inspecting the kennel, I had sprung at once into man's estate, was complimented for my coolness, praised for my prowess, lauded for my discretion, by those who were my seniors by nearly half a century; talked to in a tone of confidential intimacy by my uncle, and, in a word, treated in all respects as an equal—and such was all the work of a few hours. But so it is, the eras in life are separated by a narrow boundary: some trifling accident, some casual rencontre impels us across the Rubicon, and we pass from infancy to youth—from youth to manhood—from manhood to age—less by the slow and imperceptible step of time than by some one decisive act or passion, which, occurring at a critical moment, elicits a long latent feeling, and impresses our existence with a color that tinges it for many a long year. As for me, I had cut the tie which bound me to the careless gayety of boyhood, with a rude gash. In three short days I had fallen deeply, desperately in love, and had wounded, if not killed, an antagonist in a duel. As I meditated on these things, I was aroused by the noise of horses' feet in the yard beneath. I opened the window, and beheld no less a person than Captain Hammersly. He was handing a card to a servant, which he was accompanying by a verbal message; the impression of something like hostility on the part of the Captain, had never left my mind; and I

hastened down-stairs just in time to catch him as he turned from the door.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley!" said he, in a most courteous tone, "they told me you were not at home."

I apologized for the blunder, and begged of him to alight and come in.

"I thank you very much; but, in fact, my hours are now numbered here, I have just received an order to join my regiment: we have been ordered for service, and Sir George has most kindly permitted my giving up my staff appointment. I could not, however, leave the country without shaking hands with you. I owe you a lesson in horsemanship, and I'm only sorry that we are not to have another day together."

"Then, you are going out to the Peninsula?" said I.

"Why, we hope so; the commander-in-chief, they say, is in great want of cavalry, and we scarcely less in want of something to do. I'm sorry you are not coming with us."

"Would to heaven I were," said I, with an earnestness that almost made my brain start.

"Then, why not?"

"Unfortunately, I am peculiarly situated. My worthy uncle, who is all to me in this world, would be quite alone if I were to leave him; and, although he has never said so, I know he dreads the possibility of my suggesting such a thing to him: so that, between his fears and mine, the matter is never broached by either party, nor do I think ever can be."

"Devilish hard—but I believe you are right; something, however, may turn up yet to alter his mind, and if so, and if you do take the dragooning, don't forget, George Hammersly will be always most delighted to meet you, and so good-bye, O'Malley, good-bye."

He turned his horse's head, and was already some paces off, when he returned to my side, and added in a lower tone of voice—

"I ought to have mentioned to you that there has been much discussion on your affair at Blake's table, and only one opinion on the matter among all parties—that you acted perfectly right. Sir George Dashwood—no mean judge of such things—quite approves of your conduct, and I believe wishes you to know as much, and now, once more, good-bye."

---

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ELECTION.

The important morning at length arrived, and, as I looked from my bedroom window at daybreak, the crowd of carriages of all sorts and shapes decorated with banners and placards; the incessant bustle; the hurrying hither and thither; the cheering as each new detachment of voters came up, mounted on jaunting cars or on horses, whose whole caparison consisted in a straw rope for a bridle, and a saddle of the same frail material; all informed me that the election day was come. I lost no farther time, but proceeded to dress with all possible despatch. When I appeared in the breakfast-room, it was already filled with some seventy or eighty persons of all ranks and ages, mingled confusedly together, and enjoying the hospitable fare of my uncle's house, while they discussed all the details and prospects of the election. In the hall—the library—the large drawing-room too, similar parties were also assembled, and, as new-comers arrived, the servants were busy in preparing tables before the door and up the large terrace that ran the entire length of the building. Nothing could be more amusing than the incongruous mixture of the guests, who, with every variety of eatable that chance or inclination provided, were thus thrown into close contact, having only this in common, the success of the cause they were engaged in. Here was the old Galway squire, with an ancestry that reached Noah, sitting side by side with the poor cottier, whose whole earthly possession was what, in Irish phrase, is called a "potato garden," meaning the exactly smallest possible patch of ground out of which a very Indian-rubber conscience could presume to vote. Here sat the old simple-minded farmer-like man, in close conversation with a little white-foreheaded, keen-eyed personage, in a black coat and eye-glass—a flash attorney from Dublin, learned in flaws of the registry, and deep in the subtleties of election law. There was an Athlone horse-dealer, whose habitual daily practices in imposing the halt, the lame, and the blind upon the unsuspecting, for beasts of blood and mettle, well qualified him for the trickery of a county contest. Then there were scores of squireen gentry, easily recognised on common occasions by a green coat with brass buttons, dirty cords, and dirtier top-boots, a lash-whip, and a half-bred fox-hound; but now, fresh washed for the day, they presented something of the appearance of a swell-mob, adjusted to the meridian of Galway. A mass of frieze-coated, brown-faced, bullet-headed peasantry filling up the large spaces, dotted here and there with a sleek, roguish-eyed priest, or some low electioneering agent, detailing, for the amusement of the country, some of those cunning practices of former times, which, if known to the proper authorities, would, in all likelihood, cause the talented narrator to be improving the soil of Sidney, or fishing on the banks of the Swan River, while, at the head and foot of each table, sat some personal friend of my uncle, whose ready tongue, and still readier pistol, made him a personage of some consequence not more to his own people, than to the enemy. While of such material were the company, the fare before them was no less varied: here some rubicund squire was deep in amalgamating the contents of a venison pasty with some of Sneyd's oldest claret; his neighbor, less ambitious and less erudite in such matters, was devouring rashers of bacon with liberal potations of poteen; some pale-cheeked scion of the law, with all the dust of the Four Courts in his throat, was sipping his humble beverage of black tea, beside four sturdy cattle-dealers, from Ballinasloe, who were discussing hot whiskey punch and *spoleaion* (boiled beef) at the very primitive hour of eight in the morning. Amid the clank of decanters, the crash of knives and plates, the jingling of glasses, the

laughter and voices of the guests were audibly increasing, and the various modes of "running a buck," (anglicè, substituting a vote,) or hunting a badger, were talked over on all sides, while the price of a *veal* (a calf) or a voter was disputed with all the energy of debate.

Refusing many an offered place, I went through the different rooms, in search of Considine, to whom circumstances of late had somehow greatly attached me.

"Here, Charley," cried a voice I was very familiar with; "here's a place I've been keeping for you."

"Ah, Sir Harry, how do you do? Any of that grouse-pie to spare?"

"Abundance, my boy; but I'm afraid I can't say as much for the liquor: I have been shouting for claret this half hour in vain—do get us some nutriment down here, and the Lord will reward you. What a pity it is," he added in a lower tone to his neighbor; "what a pity a quart bottle won't hold a quart; but I'll bring it before the House one of these days." That he kept his word in this respect, a motion on the books of the Honorable House will bear me witness.

"Is this it?" said he, turning towards a farmer-like old man, who had put some question to him across the table; "is it the apple-pie you'll have?"

"Many thanks to your honor—I'd like it, av it was wholesome."

"And why shouldn't it be wholesome?" said Sir Harry.

"Troth then myself does not know; but my father, I heard tell, died of an apple-plexy, and I'm afeerd of it."

I at length found Considine, and learned that, as a very good account of Bodkin had arrived, there was no reason why I should not proceed to the hustings; but I was secretly charged not to take any prominent part in the day's proceedings. My uncle I only saw for an instant;—he begged me to be careful, avoid all scrapes, and not to quit Considine. It was past ten o'clock when our formidable procession got under way, and headed towards the town of Galway. The road was, for miles, crowded with our followers; banners flying and music playing, we presented something of the spectacle of a very ragged army on its march. At every cross-road a mountain-path reinforcement awaited us, and, as we wended along, our numbers were momentarily increasing; here and there along the line, some energetic and not over sober adherent was regaling his auditory with a speech in laudation of the O'Malleys since the days of Moses, and more than one priest was heard threatening the terrors of his church in aid of a cause to whose success he was pledged and bound. I rode beside the Count, who, surrounded by a group of choice spirits, recounted the various happy inventions by which he had on divers occasions substituted a personal quarrel for a contest. Boyle also contributed his share of election anecdote, and one incident he related, which, I remember, amused me much at the time.

"Do you remember Billy Calvert that came down to contest Kilkenny?" inquired Sir Harry.

"What! ever forget him!" said Considine, "with his well-powdered wig, and his hessians. There never was his equal for lace ruffles nor rings."

"You never heard, maybe, how he lost the election?"

"He resigned, I believe, or something of that sort."

"No, no," said another; "he never came forward at all: there's some secret in it, for Tom Butler was elected without a contest."

"Jack, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on my way up from Cork, having finished my own business, and just carried the day, not without a push for it. When we reached—Lady Mary was with me—when we reached Kilkenny, the night before the election, I was not ten minutes in town till Butler heard of it, and sent off express to see me; I was at my dinner when the messenger came, and promised to go over when I'd done; but, faith, Tom didn't wait, but came rushing up-stairs himself, and dashed into the room in the greatest hurry.

"'Harry,' says he, 'I'm done for; the corporation of free smiths, that were always above bribery, having voted for myself and my father before, for four pounds ten a man, won't come forward under six guineas and whiskey. Calvert has the money: they know it—The devil a farthing we have; and we've been paying all our fellows that can't read in Hennesy's notes, and you know the bank's broke these three weeks.'

"On he went, giving me a most disastrous picture of his cause, and concluded by asking if I could suggest any thing under the circumstances.

"'You couldn't get a decent mob and clear the poll?'

"'I am afraid not,' said he, despondingly.

"'Then I don't see what's to be done: if you can't pick a fight with himself—will he go out?'

"'Lord knows; they say he's so afraid of that, that it has prevented him coming down till the very day: but he is arrived now; he came in the evening, and is stopping at Walsh's, in Patrick-street.'

"'Then I'll see what can be done,' said I.

"'Is that Calvert, the little man that blushes when the Lady Lieutenant speaks to him?' said Lady Mary.

"'The very man.'

"'Would it be of any use to you if he could not come on the hustings to-morrow?' said she again.

"''Twould gain us the day: half the voters don't believe he's here at all, and his chief agent cheated all the people on the last election, and if Calvert didn't appear, he wouldn't have ten voters to register. But why do you ask?'

"'Why, that, if you like, I'll bet you a pair of diamond ear-rings he shan't show.'

"'Done,' said Butler, 'and I promise a necklace into the bargain, if you win: but I'm afraid you're only quizzing me.'

"'Here's my hand on it,' said she: 'and now let's talk of something else.'

"As Lady Boyle never asked my assistance, and, as I knew she was very able to perform whatever she undertook, you may be sure I gave myself very little trouble about the whole affair, and, when

they came, I went off to breakfast with Tom's committee, not knowing any thing that was to be done.

"Calvert had given orders that he was to be called at eight o'clock, and so a few minutes before that time a gentle knock came to the door. 'Come in,' said he, thinking it was the waiter, and covering himself up in the clothes, for he was the most bashful creature that ever was seen; 'Come in.'

"The door opened, and what was his horror to find that a lady entered in her dressing-gown, her hair on her shoulders very much tossed and dishevelled! The moment she came in she closed the door and locked it, and then sat leisurely down upon a chair.

"Billy's teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled, for this was an adventure of a very novel kind for him. At last, he took courage to speak. 'I am afraid, madam,' said he, 'that you are under some unhappy mistake, and that you supposed this chamber is—'

"'Mr. Calvert's,' said the lady, with a solemn voice, 'is it not?'

"'Yes, madam, I am that person.'

"'Thank God,' said the lady, with a very impressive tone, 'here I am safe.'

"Billy grew very much puzzled at these words; but hoping that, by his silence, the lady would proceed to some explanation, he said no more. She, however, seemed to think that nothing farther was necessary, and sat still and motionless, with her hands before her, and her eyes fixed on Billy.

"'You seem to forget me, sir?' said she, with a faint smile.

"'I do, indeed, madam; the half light, the novelty of your costume, and the strangeness of the circumstance, altogether, must plead for me—if I appear rude enough.'

"'I am Lady Mary Boyle,' said she.

"'I do remember you, madam; but, may I ask—'

"'Yes, yes, I know what you would ask: you would say, why are you here, how comes it that you have so far outstepped the propriety of which your whole life is an example, that, alone at such a time, you appear in the chamber of a man whose character for gallantry—'

"'Oh, indeed—indeed, my lady, nothing of the kind.'

"'Ah, alas! how poor defenceless women learn too late; how constantly associated is the retiring modesty which denies, with the pleasing powers which ensure success—.' Here she sobbed, Billy blushed, and the clock struck nine.

"'May I then beg, madam—'

"Yes, yes, you shall hear it all; but my poor scattered faculties will not be the clearer by your hurrying me. You know, perhaps,' continued she, 'that my maiden name was Rogers?' He of the blankets bowed, and she resumed. 'It is now eighteen years since that a young, unsuspecting, fond creature, reared in all the care and fondness of doting parents, tempted her first step in life, and trusted her fate to another's keeping. I am that unhappy person: the other, that monster in human guise that smiled but to betray, that won but to ruin and destroy, is he whom you know as Sir Harry Boyle.' Here she sobbed for some minutes, wiped her eyes, and resumed her narrative, beginning at the period of her marriage, detailed a number of circumstances, which poor Calvert, in all his anxiety to come *au fond* at matters, could never perceive bore upon the question in any way; but, as she recounted them all with great force and precision, entreating him to bear in mind certain circumstances to which she should recur by-and-by, his attention was kept on the stretch, and it was only when the clock struck ten that he was fully aware how his morning was passing, and what surmises his absence might originate.

"'May I interrupt you for a moment, dear madam; was it nine or ten o'clock which struck last?'

"'How should I know?' said she, frantically; 'what are hours and minutes to her who has passed long years of misery?'

"Very true, very true,' replied he, timidly, and rather fearing for the intellects of his fair companion.

"She continued.

"The narrative, however, so far from becoming clearer, grew gradually more confused and intricate, and as frequent references were made by the lady to some previous statement, Calvert was more than once rebuked for forgetfulness and inattention, where, in reality, nothing less than short-hand could have borne him through.

"'Was it in ninety-three, I said, that Sir Harry left me at Tuam?'

"'Upon my life, madam, I am afraid to aver, but it strikes me—'

"'Gracious powers! and this is he whom I fondly trusted to make the depository of my woes—cruel, cruel man.'—Here she sobbed considerably for several minutes, and spoke not.

"A loud cheer of 'Butler forever,' from the mob without, now burst upon their hearing, and recalled poor Calvert at once to the thought that the hours were speeding fast, and no prospect of the everlasting tale coming to an end.

"'I am deeply, most deeply grieved, my dear madam,' said the little man, sitting up in a pyramid of blankets, 'but hours, minutes, are most precious to me this morning. I am about to be proposed as member for Kilkenny.'

"At these words, the lady straightened her figure out, threw her arms at either side, and burst into a fit of laughter, which poor Calvert knew at once to be hysterics. Here was a pretty situation: the bell rope lay against the opposite wall; even if it did not, would he be exactly warranted in pulling it?

"'May the devil and all his angels take Sir Harry Boyle and his whole connection to the fifth generation,' was his sincere prayer, as he sat like a Chinese juggler under his canopy.

"At length the violence of the paroxysm seemed to subside, the sobs became less frequent, the kicking less forcible, and the lady's eyes closed, and she appeared to have fallen asleep. 'Now is the moment,' said Billy; 'if I could only get as far as my dressing-gown.' So saying, he worked himself down noiselessly to the foot of his bed, looked fixedly at the fallen lids of the sleeping lady, and essayed one leg from the blankets. 'Now or never,' said he, pushing aside the curtain, and preparing for a spring—one more look he cast at his companion, and then leaped forth; but just as he lit upon

the floor, she again aroused herself, screaming with horror. Billy fell upon the bed, and, rolling himself in the bed-clothes, vowed never to rise again till she was out of the visible horizon. 'What is all this; what do you mean, sir!' said the lady, reddening with indignation.

"'Nothing, upon my soul, madam: it was only my dressing-gown!'

"'Your dressing-gown!' said she, with an emphasis worthy of Siddons; 'a likely story for Sir Harry to believe, sir; fie, fie, sir.'

"'This last allusion seemed a settler; for the luckless Calvert heaved a profound sigh, and sunk down as if all hope had left him. 'Butler forever,' roared the mob; 'Calvert forever,' cried a boy's voice from without; 'Three groans for the runaway,' answered this announcement; and a very tender inquiry of 'Where is he?' was raised by some hundred mouths.

"'Madam,' said the almost frantic listener, 'madam, I must get up; I must dress; I beg of you to permit me.'

"'I have nothing to refuse, sir: alas! disdain has long been my only portion. Get up if you will.'

"'But,' said the astonished man, who was nigh well deranged at the coolness of this reply, 'but how am I to do so, if you sit there!'

"'Sorry for any inconvenience I may cause you; but, in the crowded state of the hotel, I hope you see the impropriety of my walking about the passages in this costume!'

"'And, great God! madam, why did you come out in it?'

"A cheer from the mob prevented her reply being audible. One o'clock tolled out from the great bell of the cathedral.

"'There's one o'clock, as I live.'

"'I heard it,' said the lady.

"'The shouts are increasing. What is that I hear! *Butler is in.* Gracious mercy! is the election over!'

"The lady stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain, and said, 'Indeed, it would appear so; the mob are chairing Mr. Butler. [A deafening shout burst from the street.] 'Perhaps you'd like to see the fun, so I'll not detain you any longer. So good-bye, Mr. Calvert; and, as your breakfast will be cold, in all likelihood, come down to No. 4, for Sir Harry's a late man, and will be glad to see you.'"

## CHAPTER XI.

### AN ADVENTURE.

As thus we lightened the road with chatting, the increasing concourse of people, and the greater throng of carriages that filled the road, announced that we had nearly reached our destination.

"Considine," said my uncle, riding up to where we were, "I have just got a few lines from Davern. It seems Bodkin's people are afraid to come in: they know what they must expect, and if so, more than half of that barony is lost to our opponent."

"Then he has no chance whatever."

"He never had, in my opinion," said Sir Harry.

"We'll see soon," said my uncle, cheerfully, and rode to the post.

The remainder of the way was occupied in discussing the various possibilities of the election, into which I was rejoiced to find that defeat never entered.

In the goodly days I speak of, a county contest was a very different thing indeed from the tame and insipid farce that now passes under that name: where a briefless barrister, bullied by both sides, sits as assessor—a few drunken voters—a radical O'Connellite grocer—a demagogue priest—a deputy grand purple, something from the Trinity College lodge, with some half dozen followers, shouting to the "devil with Peel, or down with Dens," form the whole *corps de ballet.* No, no; in the times I refer to the voters were some thousands in number, and the adverse parties took the field, far less dependent for success upon previous pledge or promise made them, than upon the actual stratagem of the day. Each went forth, like a general to battle, surrounded by a numerous and well-chosen staff; one party of friends, acting as commissariat, attended to the victualling of the voters, that they obtained a due, or rather undue allowance of liquor, and came properly drunk to the poll; others again broke into skirmishing parties, and, scattered over the country, cut off the enemy's supplies, breaking down their post-chaises, upsetting their jaunting cars, stealing their poll-books, and kidnapping their agents. Then there were secret service people, bribing the enemy and enticing them to desert; and lastly, there was a species of sapper-and-miner force, who invented false documents, denied the identity of the opposite party's people, and, when hard pushed, provided persons who took bribes from the enemy, and gave evidence afterward on a petition. Amid all these encounters of wit and ingenuity, the personal friends of the candidate formed a species of rifle brigade, picking out the enemy's officers, and doing sore damage to their tactics, by shooting a proposer, or wounding a seconder—a considerable portion of every leading agent's fee being intended as compensation for the duels he might, could, would, should, or ought to fight during the election. Such, in brief, was a contest in the olden time; and, when it is taken into consideration, that it usually lasted a fortnight or three weeks, that a considerable military force was always engaged, (for our Irish law permits this,) and which, when nothing pressing was doing, was regularly assailed by both parties—that far more dependence was placed in a bludgeon than a pistol—and that the man who registered a vote without a cracked pate, was regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon, some faint idea may be formed how much such a scene must have contributed to the peace of the county and the happiness and welfare of all concerned in it.

As we rode along, a loud cheer from a road that ran parallel to the one we were pursuing attracted our attention, and we perceived that the cortege of the opposite party was hastening on to the hustings. I could distinguish the Blakes' girls on horseback, among a crowd of officers in undress, and saw something like a bonnet in the carriage and four

which headed the procession, and which I judged to be that of Sir George Dashwood. My heart beat strongly as I strained my eyes to see if Miss Dashwood were there, but I could not discern her, and it was with a sense of relief that I reflected on the possibility of our not meeting under circumstances wherein our feelings and interests were so completely opposed. While I was engaged in making this survey, I had accidentally dropped behind my companions; my eyes were firmly fixed upon that carriage, and, in the faint hope that it contained the object of all my wishes, I forgot every thing else. At length the cortege entered the town, and, passing beneath a heavy stone gateway, was lost to my view. I was still lost in revery, when an under-agent of my uncle's rode up.

"Oh! Master Charles," said he, "what's to be done! they've forgotten Mr. Holmes at Woodford, and we haven't a carriage, chaise, or even a car left, to send for him."

"Have you told Mr. Considine?" inquired I.

"And sure you know yourself how little Mr. Considine thinks of a lawyer. It's small comfort he'd give me if I went to tell him: if it was a case of pistols or a bullet mould, he'd ride back the whole way himself for them."

"Try Sir Harry Boyle then."

"He's making a speech this minute before the courthouse."

This had sufficed to show me how far behind my companions I had been loitering, when a cheer from the distant road again turned my eyes in that direction: it was the Dashwood carriage returning, after leaving Sir George at the hustings. The head of the briteka, before thrown open, was now closed, and I could not make out if any one were inside.

"Devil a doubt of it," said the agent, in answer to some question of a farmer who rode beside him; "will you stand to me?"

"Troth, to be sure I will."

"Here goes then," said he, gathering up his reins and turning his horse towards the fence at the road-side; "follow me now, boys."

The order was well obeyed, for, when he had cleared the ditch, a dozen stout country fellows, well-mounted, were beside him. Away they went at a hunting pace, taking every leap before them, and heading towards the road before us.

Without thinking farther of the matter, I was laughing at the droll effect the line of frieze coats presented as they rode, side by side, over the stone walls, when an observation near me aroused my attention.

"Ah, then, av they know any thing of Jim Finucane, they'll give it up peaceably: it's little he'd think of taking the coach from under the judge himself."

"What are they about, boys?" said I.

"Goin' to take the chaise and four forninst ye, yer honor," said the man.

I waited not to hear more, but darting spurs into my horse's sides, cleared the fence at one bound. My horse, a strong-knit half-bred, was as fast as a racer for a short distance; so that when the agent and his party had come up with the carriage, I was only a few hundred yards behind. I shouted out with all my might, but they either heard not, or heeded not; for scarcely was the first man over the fence into the road, when the postillion on the leader was felled to the ground, and his place supplied by his slayer. The boy on the wheeler shared the same fate; and, in an instant, so well managed was the attack, the carriage was in possession of the assailants. Four stout fellows had climbed into the box and the rumble, and six others were climbing into the interior, regardless of the aid of steps. By this time the Dashwood party had got the alarm, and returned in full force—not, however, before the other had laid whip to the horses, and set out in full gallop; and now commenced the most terrific race I ever witnessed.

The four carriage horses, which were the property of Sir George, were English thorough-breds of great value, and totally unaccustomed to the treatment they experienced, dashed forward at a pace that threatened annihilation to the carriage at every bound. The pursuers, though well-mounted, were speedily distanced, but followed at a pace that, in the end, was certain to overtake the carriage. As for myself, I rode on beside the road, at the full speed of my horse, shouting, cursing, imploring, execrating, and beseeching at turns, but all in vain—the yells and shouts of the pursuers and pursued drowned all other sounds, except when the thundering crash of the horses' feet rose above all. The road, like most western Irish roads, until the present century, lay straight as an arrow for miles, regardless of every opposing barrier, and, in the instance in question, crossed a mountain at its very highest point. Towards this pinnacle the pace had been tremendous; but, owing to the higher breeding of the cattle, the carriage party had still the advance, and, when they reached the top, they proclaimed the victory by a cheer of triumph and derision. The carriage disappeared beneath the crest of the mountain, and the pursuers halted, as if disposed to relinquish the chase.

"Come on, boys. Never give up," cried I, springing over into the road and heading the party, to which by every right I was opposed.

It was no time for deliberation, and they followed me with a hearty cheer that convinced me I was unknown. The next instant we were on the mountain top, and beheld the carriage, half-way down beneath us, still galloping at full stretch.

"We have them now," said a voice behind me; "they'll never turn Lurra bridge, if we only press on."

The speaker was right: the road at the mountain foot turned at a perfect right angle, and then crossed a lofty one-arched bridge over a mountain torrent, that ran deep and boisterously beneath. On we went, gaining at every stride; for the fellows who rode postillion well knew what was before them, and slackened their pace to secure a safe turning. A yell of victory arose from the pursuers, but was answered by the others with a cheer of defiance. The space was now scarcely two hundred yards between us, when the head of the britska was flung down, and a figure that I at once recognised as the redoubted Tim Finucane, one of the boldest and most reckless fellows in the country, was seen standing on the seat—holding, gracious heavens! it was true—holding in his arms the apparently lifeless figure of Miss Dashwood.

"Hold in!" shouted the ruffian, with a voice that rose high above all the other sounds. "Hold in! or, by the Eternal, I'll throw her, body and bones, into the Lurra Gash!" for such was the torrent called, that boiled and foamed a few yards before us.

He had by this time got firmly planted on the hind seat, and held the drooping form on one arm, with all the ease of a giant's grasp.

"For the love of God," said I, "pull up. I know him well; he'll do it to a certainty if you press on."

"And we know you too," said a ruffianly fellow, with a dark whisker meeting beneath his chin, "and have some scores to settle ere we part—"

But I heard no more. With one tremendous effort I dashed my horse forward. The carriage turned the angle of the road—for an instant was out of sight—another moment I was behind it.

"Stop!" I shouted, with a last effort, but in vain. The horses, maddened and infuriated, sprang forward, and, heedless of all efforts to turn them, the leaders sprang over the low parapet of the bridge, and, hanging for a second by the traces, fell with a crash into the swollen torrent beneath. By this time I was beside the carriage—Finucane had now clambered to the box, and, regardless of the death and ruin around, bent upon his murderous object, he lifted the light and girlish form above his head, bent backwards, as if to give greater impulse to his effort—when, twining my lash around my wrist, I levelled my heavy and loaded hunting whip at his head; the weighted ball of lead struck him exactly beneath his hat: he staggered, his hands relaxed, and he fell lifeless to the ground; the same instant I was felled to the earth by a blow from behind, and saw no more.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### MICKEY FREE.

Nearly three weeks followed the event I have just narrated, ere I again was restored to consciousness. The blow by which I was felled, from what hand coming it was never after discovered, had brought on concussion of the brain, and for several days my life was despaired of. As by slow steps I advanced towards recovery, I learned from Considine that Miss Dashwood, whose life was saved by my interference, had testified, in the warmest manner, her gratitude; and that Sir George had, up to the period of his leaving the country, never omitted a single day to ride over and inquire for me.

"You know, of course," said the Count, supposing such news was the most likely to interest me, "you know we beat them."

"No: pray tell me all. They've not let me hear any thing hitherto."

"One day finished the whole affair; we polled man for man till past two o'clock, when our fellows lost all patience, and beat their tallies out of the town; the police came up, but they beat the police; then they got soldiers, but begad they were too strong for them too. Sir George witnessed it all, and, knowing besides how little chance he had of success, deemed it best to give in; so that a little before five o'clock he resigned. I must say no man could behave better: he came across the hustings and shook hands with Godfrey, and, as the news of the *scrimmage* with his daughter had just arrived, said that he was sorry his prospect of success had not been greater, that, in resigning, he might testify how deeply he felt the debt the O'Malleys had laid him under."

"And my uncle, how did he receive his advances?"

"Like his own honest self, grasped his hand firmly, and upon my soul I think he was half sorry that he gained the day. Do you know he took a mighty fancy to that blue-eyed daughter of the old General's—faith, Charley, if he was some twenty years younger I would not say but—. Come, come, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; but I have been staying here too long: I'll send up Mickey to sit with you; mind and don't be talking too much to him."

So saying, the worthy Count left the room, fully impressed that, in hinting at the possibility of my uncle's marrying again, he had said something to ruffle my temper.

For the next two or three weeks, my life was one of the most tiresome monotony. Strict injunctions had been given by the doctors to avoid exciting me, and, consequently, every one that came in walked on tiptoe, spoke in whispers, and left me in five minutes. Reading was absolutely forbidden, and, with a sombre half light to sit in, and chicken broth to support nature, I dragged out as dreary an existence as any gentleman west of Athlone.

Whenever my uncle or Considine were not in the room, my companion was my own servant, Michael, or, as he was better known, "Mickey Free." Now, had Mickey been left to his own free and unrestricted devices, the time would not have hung so heavily; for, among Mike's manifold gifts, he was possessed of a very great flow of gossiping conversation; he knew all that was doing in the country, and never was barren in his information wherever his imagination could come into play. Mickey was the best hurler in the barony, no mean performer on the violin, could dance the national bolero of "Tatter Jack Walsh" in a way that charmed more than one soft heart beneath a red wolsey boddice, and had, withal, the peculiar free-and-easy devil-may-care kind of off-hand Irish way that never deserted him in the midst of his wiliest and most subtle moments, giving to a very deep and cunning fellow all the apparent frankness and openness of a country lad.

He had attached himself to me as a kind of sporting companion; and, growing daily more and more useful, had been gradually admitted to the honors of the kitchen and the prerogatives of cast clothes; without ever having been actually engaged as a servant, and while thus no warrant officer, as in fact he discharged all his duties well and punctually, was rated among the ship's company; though no one ever could say at what precise period he changed his caterpillar existence and became the gay butterfly, with cords and tops, a striped vest, and a most knowing jerry hat, who stalked about

the stable yard, and bullied the helpers. Such was Mike; he had made his fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact that he made himself indispensable to an establishment which, before he entered it, never knew the want of him. As for me, he was every thing to me: Mike informed me what horse was wrong, why the chestnut mare couldn't go out, and why the black horse could. He knew the arrival of a new covey of partridges quicker than the *Morning Post* does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately; but his talents took a wider range than field sports afford, and he was the faithful chronicler of every wake, station, wedding, or christening for miles round, and, as I took no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to me. To conclude this brief sketch, Mike was a devout Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about any thing, that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as suited his own peculiar notions of comfort and happiness; beyond *that* his skepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and, though he might have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted. Such, in short, was my valet, Mickey Free, and who, had not heavy injunctions been laid on him, as to silence and discretion, would well have lightened my weary hours.

"Ah! then, Misther Charles," said he, with a half-suppressed yawn at the long period of probation his tongue had been undergoing in silence, "ah! then, but ye were mighty near it."

"Near what?" said I.

"Faith, then, myself doesn't well know; some say it's purgathory; but it's hard to tell."

"I thought you were too good a Catholic, Mickey, to show any doubts on the matter?"

"Maybe I am—maybe I aint," was the cautious reply.

"Wouldn't Father Roach explain any of your difficulties for you, if you went over to him?"

"Faix it's little I'd mind his explainings."

"And why not?"

"Easy, enough. If you ax ould Miles there without, what does he be doing with all the powther and shot, wouldn't he tell you he's shooting the rooks, and the magpies, and some other varmint; but myself knows he sells it to Widow Casey, at two and four pence a pound: so belikes Father Roach may be shooting away at the poor souls in purgathory, that all this time are enjoying the hoith of fine living in heaven, ye understand."

"And you think that's the way of it, Mickey?"

"Troth, it's likely. Anyhow, I know it's not the place they make it out."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Misther Charles; but you must not be saying any thing about it afther; for I don't like to talk about these kind of things."

Having pledged myself to the requisite silence and secrecy, Mickey began:—

"Maybe you heard tell of the way my father, rest his soul wherever he is, came to his end. Well, I needn't mind particulars, but, in short, he was murdered in Ballinasloe one night, when he was baitin the whole town with a blackthorn stick he had, more betoken, a piece of a scythe was stuck at the end of it; a nate weapon, and one he was mighty partial to: but these murdering thieves, the cattle dealers, that never cared for diversion of any kind, fell on him and broke his skull.

"Well, we had a very agreeable wake, and plenty of the best of every thing, and to spare, and I thought it was all over; but, somehow, though I paid Father Roach fifteen shillings, and made him mighty drunk, he always gave me a black look wherever I met him, and when I took off my hat, he'd turn away his head displeased like.

"'Murder and ages,' says I, 'what's this for?' but as I've a light heart, I bore up, and didn't think more about it. One day, however, I was coming home from Athlone market, by myself on the road, when Father Roach overtook me. 'Devil a one a me 'ill take any notice of you now,' says I, 'and we'll see what'll come out of it.' So the priest rid up, and looked me straight in the face.

"'Mickey,' says he, 'Mickey.'

"'Father,' says I.

"'Is it that way you salute your clargy,' says he, 'with your caubeen on your head?'

"'Faix,' says I, 'it's little ye mind whether it's an or aff, for you never take the trouble to say by your leave, or damn your soul, or any other politeness, when we meet.'

"'You're an ungrateful creature,' says he, 'and if you only knew, you'd be trembling in your skin before me, this minute.'

"'Devil a tremble,' says I, 'after walking six miles this way.'

"'You're an obstinate, hard-hearted sinner,' says he, 'and it's no use in telling you.'

"'Telling me what?' says I, for I was getting curious to make out what he meant.

"'Mickey,' says he, changing his voice, and putting his head down close to me, 'Mickey, I saw your father last night.'

"'The saints be merciful to us,' said I, 'did ye?'

"'I did,' said he.

"'Tear-an-ages,' says I, 'did he tell you what he did with the new corduroys he bought in the fair?'

"'Oh! then, you are a could-hearted creature,' says he, 'and I'll not lose time with you.' With that he was going to ride away, when I took hold of the bridle.

"'Father, darling,' says I, 'God pardon me, but them breeches is goin' between me an' my night's rest; but tell me about my father.'

"'Oh! then, he's in a melancholy state!'

"'Whereabouts is he?' says I.

"'In purgathory,' says he; 'but he won't be there long.'

"'Well,' says I, 'that's a comfort anyhow.'

"I am glad you think so,' says he; 'but there's more of the other opinion.'

"'What's *that?*' says I.

"'That hell's worse.'

"'Oh! meila-murther,' says I, 'is that it?'

"'Ay, that's it.'

"Well, I was so terrified and frightened, I said nothing for some time, but trotted along beside the priest's horse.

"'Father,' says I, 'how long will it be before they send him where you know?'

"'It will not be long now,' says he, 'for they're tired entirely with him: they've no peace night nor day,' says he. 'Mickey, your father is a mighty hard man.'

"'True for you, Father Roach,' says I to myself: 'av he had only the ould stick with the scythe in it, I wish them joy of his company.'

"'Mickey,' says he, 'I see you're grieved, and I don't wonder; sure, it's a great disgrace to a decent family.'

"'Troth it is,' says I, 'but my father always liked low company. Could nothing be done for him now, Father Roach?' says I, looking up in the priest's face.

"'I'm greatly afraid, Mickey; he was a bad man, a very bad man.'

"'And ye think he'll go there?' says I.

"'Indeed, Mickey, I have my fears."

"'Upon my conscience,' says I, 'I believe you're right, he was always a restless crayture.'

"'But it doesn't depind on him,' says the priest, crossly.

"'And then, who then?' says I.

"'Upon yourself, Mickey Free,' says he; 'God pardon you for it too.'

"'Upon me?' says I.

"'Troth no less," says he; 'how many masses was said for your father's soul?—how many aves?—how many paters?—answer me.'

"'Devil a one of me knows!—maybe twenty.'

"'Twenty, twenty—no, nor one.'

"'And why not?' says I, 'what for, wouldn't you be helping a poor crayture out of trouble, when it wouldn't cost you more nor a handful of prayers?'

"'Mickey, I see,' says he, in a solemn tone, 'you're worse nor a haythen: but ye couldn't be other, ye never come to yer duties.'

"'Well, Father,' says I, looking very penitent, 'how many masses would get him out?'

"'Now you talk like a sensible man,' says he; 'now, Micky, I've hopes for you—let me see'—here he went countin' up his fingers, and numberin' to himself for five minutes—'Mickey,' says he, 'I've a batch coming out on Tuesday week, and, if you were to make great exertions, perhaps your father could come with them; that is, av they made no objections.'

"'And what for would they?' says I; 'he was always the hoith of company, and av singing's allowed in them parts—'

"'God forgive you, Mickey, but yer in a benighted state,' says he, sighing.

"'Well,' says I, how'll we get him out on Tuesday week? for that's bringing things to a focus.'

"'Two masses in the mornin', fastin',' says Father Roach, half loud, 'is two, and two in the afternoon is four, and two at vespers is six,' says he; 'six masses a day for nine days is close by sixty masses—say sixty,' says he, 'and they'll cost you—mind, Mickey, and don't be telling it again—for it's only to yourself I'd make them so cheap—a matter of three pounds.'

"'Three pounds,' says I, 'be-gorra ye might as well ax me to give you the rock of Cashel.'

"'I'm sorry for ye, Mickey,' says he, gatherin' up the reins to ride off, 'I'm sorry for you; and the day will come when the neglect of your poor father will be a sore stroke agin yourself.'

"'Wait a bit, your Reverence,' says I, 'wait a bit: would forty shillings get him out?'

"'Av coorse it wouldn't,' says he.

"'Maybe,' says I, coaxing, 'maybe, av you say that his son was a poor boy that lived by his indhustry, and the times was bad?'

"'Not the least use,' says he.

"'Arrah, but it's hard-hearted they are,' thinks I; 'well, see now, I'll give you the money—but I can't afford it all at on'st—but I'll pay you five shillings a week—will that do?'

"'I'll do my endayvors,' says Father Roach; 'and I'll speak to them to trate him peaceably, in the mean time.'

"'Long life to your Reverence and do. Well, here now, here's five hogs to begin with; and, musha, but I never thought I'd be spending my loose change that a way.'

"Father Roach put the six tinpinnies in the pocket of his black leather breeches, said something in Latin, bid me good-morning, and rode off.

"Well, to make my story short, I worked late and early to pay the five shillings a week, and I did do it for three weeks regular; then I brought four and fourpence—then it came down to one and tenpence halfpenny—then ninepence—and, at last, I had nothing at all to bring.

"'Mickey Free,' says the priest, 'ye must stir yourself—your father is mighty displeased at the way you've been doing of late; and av ye kept yer word, he'd been near out by this time.'

"'Troth,' says I, 'it's a very expensive place.'

"'By coorse it is,' says he, 'sure all the quality of the land's there. But, Mickey, my man, with a little exertion, your father's business is done. What are you jingling in your pocket there?'

"'It's ten shillings, your Reverence, I have to buy seed potatoes.'

"'Hand it here, my son. Isn't it better your father be enjoying himself in Paradise, than ye were to have all the potatoes in Ireland?'

"'And how do ye know,' says I, 'he's so near out?'

"'How do I know—how do I know—is it?—didn't I see him?'

"'See him! tear-an-ages, was you down there again?'

"'I was,' says he, 'I was down there for three quarters of an hour yesterday evening, getting out Luke Kennedy's mother—decent people the Kennedys—never spared expense.'

"'And ye seen my father?' says I.

"'I did,' says he; 'he had an ould flannel waistcoat on, and a pipe sticking out of the pocket av it.'

"'That's him,' said I; 'had he a hairy cap?'

"'I didn't mind the cap,' says he, 'but av coorse he wouldn't have it on his head in that place.'

"'There's for you,' says I, 'did he speak to you?'

"'He did,' says Father Roach; 'he spoke very hard about the way he was treated down there, that they were always jibin' and jeerin' him about *drink*; and fightin', and the courses he led up here, and that it was a queer thing, for the matter of ten shillings, he was to be kept there so long.'

"'Well,' says I, taking out the ten shillings and counting it with one hand, 'we must do our best,

the stable yard, and bullied the helpers. Such was Mike; he had made his fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact that he made himself indispensable to an establishment which, before he entered it, never knew the want of him. As for me, he was every thing to me: Mike informed me what horse was wrong, why the chestnut mare couldn't go out, and why the black horse could. He knew the arrival of a new covey of partridges quicker than the *Morning Post* does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately; but his talents took a wider range than field sports afford, and he was the faithful chronicler of every wake, station, wedding, or christening for miles round, and, as I took no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to me. To conclude this brief sketch, Mike was a devout Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about any thing, that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as suited his own peculiar notions of comfort and happiness; beyond *that* his skepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and, though he might have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted. Such, in short, was my valet, Mickey Free, and who, had not heavy injunctions been laid on him, as to silence and discretion, would well have lightened my weary hours.

"Ah! then, Misther Charles," said he, with a half-suppressed yawn at the long period of probation his tongue had been undergoing in silence, "ah! then, but ye were mighty near it."

"Near what?" said I.

"Faith, then, myself doesn't well know; some say it's purgathory; but it's hard to tell."

"I thought you were too good a Catholic, Mickey, to show any doubts on the matter?"

"Maybe I am—maybe I aint," was the cautious reply.

"Wouldn't Father Roach explain any of your difficulties for you, if you went over to him?"

"Faix it's little I'd mind his explainings."

"And why not?"

"Easy, enough. If you ax ould Miles there without, what does he be doing with all the powther and shot, wouldn't he tell you he's shooting the rooks, and the magpies, and some other varmint; but myself knows he sells it to Widow Casey, at two and four pence a pound: so belikes Father Roach may be shooting away at the poor souls in purgathory, that all this time are enjoying the hoith of fine living in heaven, ye understand."

"And you think that's the way of it, Mickey?"

"Troth, it's likely. Anyhow, I know it's not the place they make it out."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Misther Charles; but you must not be saying any thing about it afther; for I don't like to talk about these kind of things."

Having pledged myself to the requisite silence and secrecy, Mickey began:—

"Maybe you heard tell of the way my father, rest his soul wherever he is, came to his end. Well, I needn't mind particulars, but, in short, he was murdered in Ballinasloe one night, when he was baitin the whole town with a blackthorn stick he had, more betoken, a piece of a scythe was stuck at the end of it; a nate weapon, and one he was mighty partial to: but these murdering thieves, the cattle dealers, that never cared for diversion of any kind, fell on him and broke his skull.

"Well, we had a very agreeable wake, and plenty of the best of every thing, and to spare, and I thought it was all over; but, somehow, though I paid Father Roach fifteen shillings, and made him mighty drunk, he always gave me a black look wherever I met him, and when I took off my hat, he'd turn away his head displeased like.

"'Murder and ages,' says I, 'what's this for?' but as I've a light heart, I bore up, and didn't think more about it. One day, however, I was coming home from Athlone market, by myself on the road, when Father Roach overtook me. 'Devil a one a me 'ill take any notice of you now,' says I, 'and we'll see what'll come out of it.' So the priest rid up, and looked me straight in the face.

"'Mickey,' says he, 'Mickey.'

"'Father,' says I.

"'Is it that way you salute your clargy,' says he, 'with your caubeen on your head?'

"'Faix,' says I, 'it's little ye mind whether it's an or aff, for you never take the trouble to say by your leave, or damn your soul, or any other politeness, when we meet.'

"'You're an ungrateful creature,' says he, 'and if you only knew, you'd be trembling in your skin before me, this minute.'

"'Devil a tremble,' says I, 'after walking six miles this way.'

"'You're an obstinate, hard-hearted sinner,' says he, 'and it's no use in telling you.'

"'Telling me what?' says I, for I was getting curious to make out what he meant.

"'Mickey,' says he, changing his voice, and putting his head down close to me, 'Mickey, I saw your father last night.'

"'The saints be merciful to us,' said I, 'did ye?'

"'I did,' said he.

"'Tear-an-ages,' says I, 'did he tell you what he did with the new corduroys he bought in the fair?'

"'Oh! then, you are a could-hearted creature,' says he, 'and I'll not lose time with you.' With that he was going to ride away, when I took hold of the bridle.

"'Father, darling,' says I, 'God pardon me, but them breeches is goin' between me an' my night's rest; but tell me about my father.'

"'Oh! then, he's in a melancholy state!'

"'Whereabouts is he?' says I.

"'In purgathory,' says he; 'but he won't be there long.'

"'Well,' says I, 'that's a comfort anyhow.'

"I am glad you think so,' says he; 'but there's more of the other opinion.'

"'What's *that*?' says I.

"'That hell's worse.'

"'Oh! meila-murther,' says I, 'is that it?'

"'Ay, that's it.'

"Well, I was so terrified and frightened, I said nothing for some time, but trotted along beside the priest's horse.

"'Father,' says I, 'how long will it be before they send him where you know?'

"'It will not be long now,' says he, 'for they're tired entirely with him: they've no peace night nor day,' says he. 'Mickey, your father is a mighty hard man.'

"'True for you, Father Roach,' says I to myself: 'av he had only the ould stick with the scythe in it, I wish them joy of his company.'

"'Mickey,' says he, 'I see you're grieved, and I don't wonder; sure, it's a great disgrace to a decent family.'

"'Troth it is,' says I, 'but my father always liked low company. Could nothing be done for him now, Father Roach?' says I, looking up in the priest's face.

"'I'm greatly afraid, Mickey; he was a bad man, a very bad man.'

"'And ye think he'll go there?' says I.

"'Indeed, Mickey, I have my fears."

"'Upon my conscience,' says I, 'I believe you're right, he was always a restless crayture.'

"'But it doesn't depind on him,' says the priest, crossly.

"'And then, who then?' says I.

"'Upon yourself, Mickey Free,' says he; 'God pardon you for it too.'

"'Upon me?' says I.

"'Troth no less,'" says he; 'how many masses was said for your father's soul?—how many aves?—how many paters?—answer me.'

"'Devil a one of me knows!—maybe twenty.'

"'Twenty, twenty—no, nor one.'

"'And why not?' says I, 'what for, wouldn't you be helping a poor crayture out of trouble, when it wouldn't cost you more nor a handful of prayers?'

"'Mickey, I see,' says he, in a solemn tone, 'you're worse nor a haythen: but ye couldn't be other, ye never come to yer duties.'

"'Well, Father,' says I, looking very penitent, 'how many masses would get him out?'

"'Now you talk like a sensible man,' says he; 'now, Micky, I've hopes for you—let me see'—here he went countin' up his fingers, and numberin' to himself for five minutes—'Mickey,' says he, 'I've a batch coming out on Tuesday week, and, if you were to make great exertions, perhaps your father could come with them; that is, av they made no objections.'

"'And what for would they?' says I; 'he was always the hoith of company, and av singing's allowed in them parts—'

"'God forgive you, Mickey, but yer in a benighted state,' says he, sighing.

"'Well,' says I, how'll we get him out on Tuesday week? for that's bringing things to a focus.'

"'Two masses in the mornin', fastin',' says Father Roach, half loud, 'is two, and two in the afternoon is four, and two at vespers is six,' says he; 'six masses a day for nine days is close by sixty masses—say sixty,' says he, 'and they'll cost you—mind, Mickey, and don't be telling it again—for it's only to yourself I'd make them so cheap—a matter of three pounds.'

"'Three pounds,' says I, 'be-gorra ye might as well ax me to give you the rock of Cashel.'

"'I'm sorry for ye, Mickey,' says he, gatherin' up the reins to ride off, 'I'm sorry for you; and the day will come when the neglect of your poor father will be a sore stroke agin yourself.'

"'Wait a bit, your Reverence,' says I, 'wait a bit: would forty shillings get him out?'

"'Av coorse it wouldn't,' says he.

"'Maybe,' says I, coaxing, 'maybe, av you say that his son was a poor boy that lived by his indhustry, and the times was bad?'

"'Not the least use,' says he.

"'Arrah, but it's hard-hearted they are,' thinks I; 'well, see now, I'll give you the money—but I can't afford it all at on'st—but I'll pay you five shillings a week—will that do?'

"'I'll do my endayvors,' says Father Roach; 'and I'll speak to them to trate him peaceably, in the mean time.'

"'Long life to your Reverence and do. Well, here now, here's five hogs to begin with; and, musha, but I never thought I'd be spending my loose change that a way.'

"Father Roach put the six tinpinnies in the pocket of his black leather breeches, said something in Latin, bid me good-morning, and rode off.

"Well, to make my story short, I worked late and early to pay the five shillings a week, and I did do it for three weeks regular; then I brought four and fourpence—then it came down to one and tenpence halfpenny—then ninepence—and, at last, I had nothing at all to bring.

"'Mickey Free,' says the priest, 'ye must stir yourself—your father is mighty displeased at the way you've been doing of late; and av ye kept yer word, he'd been near out by this time.'

"'Troth,' says I, 'it's a very expensive place.'

"'By coorse it is,' says he, 'sure all the quality of the land's there. But, Mickey, my man, with a little exertion, your father's business is done. What are you jingling in your pocket there?'

"'It's ten shillings, your Reverence, I have to buy seed potatoes.'

"'Hand it here, my son. Isn't it better your father be enjoying himself in Paradise, than ye were to have all the potatoes in Ireland?'

"'And how do ye know,' says I, 'he's so near out?'

"'How do I know—how do I know—is it?—didn't I see him?'

"'See him! tear-an-ages, was you down there again?'

"'I was,' says he, 'I was down there for three quarters of an hour yesterday evening, getting out Luke Kennedy's mother—decent people the Kennedys—never spared expense.'

"'And ye seen my father?' says I.

"'I did,' says he; 'he had an ould flannel waistcoat on, and a pipe sticking out of the pocket av it.'

"'That's him,' said I; 'had he a hairy cap?'

"'I didn't mind the cap,' says he, 'but av coorse he wouldn't have it on his head in that place.'

"'There's for you,' says I, 'did he speak to you?'

"'He did,' says Father Roach; 'he spoke very hard about the way he was treated down there, that they were always jibin' and jeerin' him about *drink*; and fightin', and the courses he led up here, and that it was a queer thing, for the matter of ten shillings, he was to be kept there so long.'

"'Well,' says I, taking out the ten shillings and counting it with one hand, 'we must do our best,

anyhow—and ye think this 'ill get him out surely?'

"'I know it will,' says he; 'for when Luke's mother was leaving the place, yer father saw the door open, he made a rush at it, and, be-gorra, before it was shut he got his head and one shoulder outside av it, so that ye see, a trifle more 'ill do it.'

"Faix, and yer Reverence,' says I, 'you've lightened my heart this morning,' and I put the money back again into my pocket.

"'Why, what do you mean?' says he, growing very red, for he was angry.

"'Just this,' says I, 'that I've saved my money: for av it was my father you seen, and that he got his head and one shoulder outside the door, oh then, by the powers,' says I, 'the devil a jail or jailer from hell to Connaught id hould him; so, Father Roach, I wish you the top of the morning,' and I went away laughing; and from that day to this I never heard more of purgathory; and ye see, Misther Charles, I think I was right."

Scarcely had Mike concluded when my door was suddenly burst open, and Sir Harry Boyle, without assuming any of his usual precautions respecting silence and quiet, rushed into the room. A broad grin upon his honest features, and his eyes twinkling in a way that evidently showed me something had occurred to amuse him.

"By Jove, Charley, I musn't keep it from you; it's too good a thing not to tell you: do you remember that very essenced young gentleman who accompanied Sir George Dashwood from Dublin, as a kind of electioneering friend?"

"Do you mean Mr. Prettyman?"

"The very man; he was, you are aware, an under secretary in some government department. Well, it seems that he had come down among us, poor savages, as much from motives of learned research and scientific inquiry, as though we had been South Sea islanders: report had gifted us, humble Galwagians, with some very peculiar traits, and this gifted individual resolved to record them. Whether the election week might have sufficed his appetite for wonders I know not; but he was peaceably taking his departure from the West on Saturday last, when Phil Macnamara met him, and pressed him to dine that day with a few friends at his house.—You know Phil; so that when I tell you, Sam Burke, of Greenmount, and Roger Doolan were of the party, I need not say that the English traveller was not left to his own unassisted imagination for his facts: such anecdotes of our habits and customs as they crammed him with, it would appear never were heard before—nothing was too hot or too heavy for the luckless cockney, who, when not sipping his claret, was faithfully recording in his tablet the mems. for a very brilliant and very original work on Ireland.

"'Fine country—splendid country—glorious people—gifted—brave—intelligent—but not happy—alas! Mr. Macnamara, not happy. But we don't know you, gentlemen—we don't indeed, at the other side of the channel; our notions regarding you are far, very far from just.'

"'I hope and trust,' said old Burke, 'you'll help them to a better understanding ere long.'

"'Such, my dear sir, will be the proudest task of my life—the facts I have heard here this evening have made so profound an impression upon me, that I burn for the moment when I can make them known to the world at large; to think—just to think, that a portion of this beautiful island should be so steeped in poverty—that the people not only live upon the mere potatoes, but are absolutely obliged to wear the skins for raiment, as Mr. Doolan has just mentioned to me."

"'Which accounts for our cultivation of lumpers,' added Mr. Doolan, 'they being the largest species of the root, and best adapted for wearing apparel.'

"'I should deem myself culpable, indeed I should, did I not inform my countrymen upon the real condition of this great country.'

"'Why, after your great opportunities for judging,' said Phil, 'you ought to speak out—you've seen us in a way, I may fairly affirm, few Englishmen have, and heard more.'

"'That's it, that's the very thing, Mr. Macnamara: I've looked at you more closely, I've watched you more narrowly, I've witnessed what the French call your *vie intime*.'

"'Begad you have,' said old Burke, with a grin, 'and profited by it to the utmost.'

"'I've been a spectator of your election contests—I've partaken of your hospitality—I've witnessed your popular and national sports—I've been present at your weddings, your fairs, your wakes—but no, I was forgetting, I never saw a wake.'

"'Never saw a wake!' repeated each of the company in turn, as though the gentleman was uttering a sentiment of very dubious veracity.

"'Never,' said Mr. Prettyman, rather abashed at this proof of his incapacity to instruct his English friends upon *all* matters of Irish interest.

"'Well, then,' said Macnamara, 'with a blessing, we'll show you one. Lord forbid that we shouldn't do the honors of our poor country to an intelligent foreigner, when he's good enough to come amongst us.'

"'Peter,' said he, turning to the servant behind him, 'who's dead hereabouts?'

"'Sorra one, yer honor. Since the scrimmage at Portumna, the place is peaceable.'

"'Who died lately, in the neighborhood?"

"'The Widow Macbride, yer honor.'

"'Couldn't they take her up again, Peter? My friend here never saw a wake.'

"'I'm afeerd not; for it was the boys roasted her, and she wouldn't be a decent corpse for to show a stranger,' said Peter, in a whisper.

"Mr. Prettyman shuddered at these peaceful indications of the neighborhood, and said nothing.

"'Well, then, Peter, tell Jemmy Divine to take the old musket in my bedroom, and go over to the Clunagh bog: he can't go wrong: there's twelve families there that never pay a half-penny rent; and *when it's done*, let him give notice to the neighborhood, and we'll have a rousing wake.'

"'You don't mean, Mr. Macnamara—you don't mean to say—' stammered out the cockney, with a face like a ghost.

"'I only mean to say,' said Phil, laughing, 'that you're keeping the decanter very long at your right hand.'

"Burke contrived to interpose before the Eng-

lishman could ask any explanation of what he had just heard, and for some minutes he could only wait in impatient anxiety, when a loud report of a gun close beside the house attracted the attention of the guests: the next moment old Peter entered, his face radiant with smiles.

"'Well, what's that?' said Macnamara.

"'Twas Jimmy, yer honor: as the evening was rainy, he said he'd take one of the neighbors, and he hadn't to go far; for Andy Moore was going home, and he brought him down at once.'

"'Did he shoot him?' said Mr. Prettyman, while cold perspiration broke over his forehead. 'Did he murder the man?'

"'Sorra murder,' said Peter disdainfully; 'but why wouldn't he shoot him when the master bid him?'

"I needn't tell you more, Charley; but in ten minutes after, feigning some excuse to leave the room, the terrified cockney took flight, and offering twenty guineas for a horse to convey him to Athlone, he left Galway, fully convinced 'that they don't yet know us on the other side of the channel.'"

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE JOURNEY.

The election concluded—the turmoil and excitement of the contest over—all was fast resuming its accustomed routine around us, when one morning my uncle informed me that I was at length to leave my native county, and enter upon the great world as a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Although long since in expectation of this eventful change, it was with no slight feeling of emotion I contemplated the step, which, removing me at once from all my early friends and associations, was to surround me with new companions and new influences, and place before me very different objects of ambition from those I had hitherto been regarding.

My destiny had been long ago decided; the army had had its share of the family, who brought little more back with them from the wars, than a short allowance of members and shattered constitutions; the navy had proved, on more than one occasion, that the fate of the O'Malleys did not incline to hanging; so that, in Irish estimation, but one alternative remained, and that was the bar. Besides, as my uncle remarked with great truth and foresight, "Charley will be tolerably independent of the public, at all events; for, even if they never send him a brief, there's law enough in the family to last his time"—a rather novel reason, by-the-bye, for making a man a lawyer, and which induced Sir Harry, with his usual clearness, to observe to me,

"Upon my conscience, boy, you are in luck: if there had been a Bible in the house, I firmly believe he'd have made you a parson."

Considine alone, of all my uncle's advisers, did not concur in this determination respecting me. He set forth, with an eloquence that certainly converted *me*, that my head was better calculated for bearing hard knocks, than unravelling knotty points; that a shacko would become it infinitely better than a wig; and declared roundly, that a boy who began so well, and had such very pretty notions about shooting, was positively thrown away in the Four Courts. My uncle, however, was firm; and as old Sir Harry supported him, the day was decided against us, Considine murmuring, as he left the room, something that did not seem quite a brilliant anticipation of the success awaiting me in my legal career. As for myself, though only a silent spectator of the debate, all my wishes were with the Count. From my earliest boyhood a military life had been my strongest desire; the roll of the drum, and the shrill fife that played through the little village, with its ragged troop of recruits following, had charms for me I cannot describe; and, had a choice been allowed me, I would infinitely rather have been a sergeant in the dragoons, than one of his Majesty's learned in the law. If, then, such had been the cherished feeling of many a year, how much more strongly were my aspirations heightened by the events of the last few days! The tone of superiority I had witnessed in Hammersley, whose conduct to me at parting had placed him high in my esteem—the quiet contempt of civilians, implied in a thousand sly ways—the exalted estimate of his own profession, at once wounded my pride and stimulated my ambition; and, lastly, more than all, the avowed preference that Lucy Dashwood evinced for a military life, were stronger allies than my own conviction needed, to make me long for the army. So completely did the thought possess me, that I felt, if I were not a soldier, I cared not what became of me. Life had no other object of ambition for me than military renown, no other success for which I cared to struggle, or would value when obtained. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, thought I; and, when my uncle determined I should be a lawyer, I neither murmured nor objected, but hugged myself in the prophecy of Considine, that hinted pretty broadly, "the devil a stupider fellow ever opened a brief; but he'd have made a slashing light dragoon."

The preliminaries were not long in arranging. It was settled that I should be immediately despatched to Dublin, to the care of Doctor Mooney, then a junior Fellow in the University, who would take me into his especial charge; while Sir Harry was to furnish me with a letter to his old friend Dr. Barret, whose advice and assistance he estimated at a very high price. Provided with such documents, I was informed that the gates of knowledge were more than half ajar for me, without an effort upon my part. One only portion of all the arrangements I heard with any thing like pleasure; it was decided that my man Mickey was to accompany me to Dublin, and remain with me during my stay.

It was upon a clear sharp morning in January, of the year 18—, that I took my place upon the box-seat of the old Galway Mail, and set out on my journey. My heart was depressed, and my spirits were miserably low. I had all that feeling of sadness which leave-taking inspires, and no sustaining prospect to cheer me in the distance. For the first time in my life, I had seen a tear glisten in my poor

uncle's eye, and heard his voice falter as he said "farewell!" Notwithstanding the difference of age, we had been perfectly companions together; and, as I thought now over all the thousand kindnesses and affectionate instances of his love I had received, my heart gave way, and the tears coursed slowly down my cheeks. I turned to give one last look at the tall chimneys and the old woods, my earliest friends; but a turn of the road had shut out the prospect, and thus I took my leave of Galway.

My friend Mickey, who sat behind with the guard, participated but little in my feelings of regret. The potatoes in the metropolis could scarcely be as wet as the lumpers in Scariff; he had heard that whiskey was not dearer, and looked forward to the other delights of the capital with a longing heart. Meanwhile, resolved that no portion of his career should be lost, he was lightening the road by anecdote and song, and had an audience of four people, a very crusty-looking old guard included, in roars of laughter. Mike had contrived, with his usual *savoir faire*, to make himself very agreeable to an extremely pretty-looking country-girl, around whose waist he had most lovingly passed his arm, under pretence of keeping her from falling, and to whom, in the midst of all his attentions to the party at large, he devoted himself considerably, pressing his suit with all the aid of his native minstrelsy.

"Hould me tight, Miss Matilda, dear."

"My name's Mary Brady, av ye plase."

"Ay, and I do plase.

"Oh, Mary Brady, you are my darlin',
Ye are my looking-glass, from night till morning;
I'd rayther have ye without one farthen,
Nor Shusey Gallagher and her house and garden.

"May I never av I wouldn't then, and ye needn't be laughing."

"Is his honor at home?"

This speech was addressed to a gaping country fellow, that leaned on his spade to see the coach pass.

"Is his honor at home? I've something for him from Mr. Davern."

Mickey well knew that few western gentlemen were without constant intercourse with the Athlone attorney. The poor countryman accordingly hastened through the fence, and pursued the coach with all speed for above a mile, Mike pretending all the time to be in the greatest anxiety for his overtaking them; until at last, as he stopped in despair, a hearty roar of laughter told him that, in Mickey's *parlance*, he was "sould."

"Taste it, my dear: devil a harm it'll do ye; it never paid the king's sixpence."

Here he filled a little horn vessel from a black bottle he carried, accompanying the action with a song, the air to which, if any of my readers feel disposed to sing it, I may observe, bore a resemblance to the well known, "A fig for St. Denis of France."

"POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR.

"Av I was a monarch in state;
Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
And drink, like great Nebuchadnezzar,
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
And potatoes the finest was seen, sir;
And for drink, it's no claret I'd crave,
But a keg of ould Mullens' potteen, sir.
With the smell of the smoke on it still.

"They talk of the Romans of ould,
Whom they say in their own times was frisky;
But, trust me, to keep out the cowld,
The Romans at home here like whiskey.
Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
It's the soul of all readin' and writin';
It teaches both science and art,
And disposes for love or for fightin'.
Oh, potteen, good luck to ye, dear."

This very classic production, and the black bottle which accompanied it, completely established the singer's pre-eminence in the company; and I heard sundry sounds resembling drinking, with frequent good wishes to the provider of the feast. "Long life to ye, Mr. Free," "Your health and inclinations, Mr. Free," &c.; to which Mr. Free responded, by drinking those of the company, "av they were vartuous." The amicable relations thus happily established, promised a very lasting reign, and would, doubtless, have enjoyed such, had not a slight incident occurred, which for a brief season interrupted them. At the village where we stopped to breakfast, three very venerable figures presented themselves for places in the inside of the coach: they were habited in black coats, breeches, and gaiters, wore hats of a very ecclesiastic breadth in their brim, and had altogether the peculiar air and bearing which distinguishes their calling, being no less than three Roman Catholic prelates on their way to Dublin to attend a convocation. While Mickey and his friends, with the ready tact which every low Irishman possesses, immediately perceived who and what these worshipful individuals were, another traveller, who had just assumed his place on the outside, participated but little in the feelings of reverence so manifestly displayed, but gave a sneer of a very ominous kind, as the skirt of the last black coat disappeared within the coach. This latter individual was a short, thick-set, bandy-legged man, of about fifty, with an enormous nose, which, whatever its habitual coloring, on the morning in question was of a brilliant purple. He wore a blue coat, with bright buttons, upon which some letters were inscribed, and around his neck was fastened a ribband of the same color, to which a medal was attached. This he displayed with something of ostentation, whenever an opportunity occurred, and seemed altogether a person who possessed a most satisfactory impression of his own importance. In fact, had not this feeling been participated in by others, Mr. Billy Crow would never have been deputed by No. 13,476 to carry their warrant down to the west country, and establish the nucleus of an Orange Lodge in the town of Foxleigh; such being, in brief, the reason why he, a very well known manufacturer of "leather continuations" in Dublin, had ventured upon the perilous journey from which he was now returning. Billy was going on his way to town rejoicing, for he had had a most brilliant success; the brethren had feasted and feted him; he had made several splendid orations, with the usual number of prophecies about the speedy downfall of Romanism; the inevitable return of Protestant ascendancy; the pleasing prospect that, with

increased effort and improved organization, they should soon be able to have every thing their own way, and clear the green isle of the horrible vermin St. Patrick forgot, when banishing the others; and that, if Daniel O'Connell, (whom might the Lord confound,) could only be hanged, and Sir Harcourt Lees made primate of all Ireland, there were still some hopes of peace and prosperity to the country.

Mr. Crow had no sooner assumed his place upon the coach than he saw that he was in the camp of the enemy. Happily for all parties, indeed in Ireland, political differences have so completely stamped the externals of each party, that he must be a man of small penetration, who cannot, in the first five minutes he is thrown among strangers, calculate with considerable certainty, whether it will be more conducive to his happiness to sing, "Croppies lie down," or "The battle of Ross." As for Billy Crow, long life to him, you might as well attempt to pass a turkey upon M. Audubon for a giraffe, as endeavor to impose a papist upon him for a true follower of King William. He could have given you more generic distinctions to guide you in the decision, than ever did Cuvier to designate an antediluvian mammoth; so that no sooner had he seated himself upon the coach, than he buttoned up his great-coat, stuck his hands firmly in his side pockets, pursed up his lips, and looked altogether like a man that, feeling himself out of his element, resolves to "bide his time" in patience, until chance may throw him among more congenial associates. Mickey Free, who was himself no mean proficient in reading a character, at one glance saw his man, and began hammering his brains to see if he could not overreach him. The small portmanteau which contained Billy's wardrobe, bore the conspicuous announcement of his name; and, as Mickey could read, this was one important step already gained.

He accordingly took the first opportunity of seating himself beside him, and opened the conversation by some very polite observation upon the other's wearing apparel, which is always, in the west, considered a piece of very courteous attention. By degrees the dialogue prospered, and Mickey began to make some very important revelations about himself and his master, intimating that the "state of the country" was such that a man of his way of thinking had no peace or quiet in it.

"That's him there, fornent ye," said Mickey, "and a better Protestant never hated mass. Ye understand."

"What!" said Billy, unbuttoning the collar of his coat, to get a fairer view at his companion; "why I thought you were—'

Here he made some resemblance of the usual manner of blessing one's self.

"Me, devil a more nor yourself, Mr. Crow."

"Why, do you know me too?"

"Troth, more knows you than you think."

Billy looked very much puzzled at all this; at last he said—

"And ye tell me that your master there's the right sort?"

"Thrue blue," said Mike, with a wink, "and so is his uncles."

"And where are they, when they are at home?"

"In Galway, no less; but they're here now."

"Where?"

"Here."

At these words he gave a knock of his heel to the coach, as if to intimate their "whereabouts."

"You don't mean in the coach—do ye?"

"To be sure, I do; and troth you can't know much of the west, av ye don't know the three Mr. Trenchers of Tallybash! them's they."

"You don't say so!"

"Faix, but I do."

"May I never drink the 12th July, if I didn't think they were priests."

"Priests!" said Mickey, in a roar of laughter, "priests!"

"Just priests."

"Begorra, though, ye had better keep that to yourself; for they're not the men to have that same said to them."

"Of course, I wouldn't offend them," said Mr. Crow; "faith, it's not me would cast reflections upon such real out-and-outers as they are. And where are they going now?"

"To Dublin straight; there's to be a grand lodge next week; but sure Mr. Crow knows better than me."

Billy after this became silent. A moody revery seemed to steal over him, and he was evidently displeased with himself for his want of tact in not discovering the three Mr. Trenchers of Tallybash, though he only caught sight of their backs.

Mickey Free interrupted not the frame of mind in which he saw conviction was slowly working its way, but, by gently humming, in an under tone, the loyal melody of "Croppies lie down," fanned the flame he had so dexterously kindled. At length, they reached the small town of Kinnegad. While the coach changed horses, Mr. Crow lost not a moment in descending from the top, and, rushing into the little inn, disappeared for a few moments. When he again issued forth, he carried a smoking tumbler of whiskey punch, which he continued to stir with a spoon. As he approached the coach-door he tapped gently with his knuckles, upon which the reverend prelate of Maronia, or Mesopotamia, I forget which, inquired what he wanted.

"I ask your pardon, gentlemen," said Billy, "but I thought I'd make bold to ax you to taste something warm, this cold day."

"Many thanks, my good friend; but we never do," said a bland voice from within.

"I understand," said Billy, with a sly wink; "but there are circumstances now and then—and one might for the honor of the cause, you know. Just put it to your lips, won't you?"

"Excuse me," said a very rosy-cheeked little prelate; "but nothing stronger than water."

"Botheration," thought Billy, as he regarded the speaker's nose. "But I thought," said he aloud, "that you would not refuse this."

Here he made a peculiar manifestation in the air, which, whatever respect and reverence it might carry to the honest brethren of 13,476, seemed only to increase the wonder and astonishment of the bishops.

"What does he mean?" said one.

"Is he mad?" said another.

"Tear-and-ages," said Mr. Crow, getting quite impatient at the slowness of his friends' perception, "tear-and-ages, I'm one of yourselves."

"One of us," said the three in chorus, "one of us?"

"Ay, to be sure," here he took a long pull at the punch; "to be sure I am; here's 'no surrender,' your souls! whoop"—a loud yell accompanying the toast as he drank it.

"Do you mean to insult us?" said Father P——. "Guard, take this fellow."

"Are we to be outraged in this manner?" chorused the priests.

"'July the First, in Oldbridge town,'" sung Billy, "and here it is, 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, of the great, and good—

"Guard! where is the guard?"

"'And good King William, that saved us from popery'—"

"Coachman! guard!" screamed Father ——.

"'Brass money'—"

"Policemen! policemen!" shouted the priests.

"'Brass-money and wooden shoes;' devil may care who hears me," said Billy, who, supposing that the three Mr. Trenchers were skulking the avowal of their principles, resolved to assert the pre-eminence of the great cause, single-handed and alone.

"'Here's the Pope in the pillory, and the devil pelting him with priests.'"

At these words a kick from behind apprized the loyal champion that a very ragged auditory, who, for some time past, had not well understood the gist of his eloquence, had at length comprehended enough to be angry. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, certainly, in an Irish row. "The merest urchin may light the train; one handful of mud often ignites a shindy that ends in a most bloody battle;" and here, no sooner did the *vis a tergo* impel Billy forward, than a severe rap of a closed fist in the eye, drove him back; and in one instant he became the centre to a periphery of kicks, cuffs, pullings, and haulings, that left the poor deputy grand not only orange, but blue.

He fought manfully, but numbers carried the day; and, when the coach drove off, which it did at last without him, the last thing visible to the outsides was the figure of Mr. Crow, whose hat, minus the crown, had been driven over his head, down upon his neck, where it remained like a dress cravat, buffeting a mob of ragged vagabonds, who had so completely metamorphosed the unfortunate man with mud and bruises, that a committee of the grand lodge might actually have been unable to identify him.

As for Mickey and his friends behind, their mirth knew no bounds; and, except the respectable insides, there was not an individual about the coach who ceased to think of, and laugh at the incident, till we arrived in Dublin, and drew up at the Hibernian, in Dawson-street.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DUBLIN.

No sooner had I arrived in Dublin, than my first care was to present myself to Dr. Mooney, by whom I was received in the most cordial manner. In fact, in my utter ignorance of such persons, I had imagined a College-fellow to be a character necessarily severe and unbending; and, as the only two very great people I had ever seen in my life were the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Chief Baron, when on circuit, I pictured to myself that a University-fellow was, in all probability, a cross between the two, and feared him accordingly.

The Doctor read over my uncle's letter attentively, invited me to partake of his breakfast, and then entered upon something like an account of the life before me, for which Sir Harry Boyle had, however, in some degree prepared me.

"Your uncle, I find, wishes you to live in college; perhaps it is better, too; so that I must look out for chambers for you. Let me see; it will be rather difficult, just now, to find them." Here he fell for some moments into a musing fit, and merely muttered a few broken sentences, as, "To be sure, if other chambers could be had—but then—and, after all, perhaps, as he is young—besides, Frank will certainly be expelled before long, and then he will have them all to himself. I say, O'Malley, I believe I must quarter you for the present with a rather wild companion; but, as your uncle says you're a prudent fellow"—here he smiled very much, as if my uncle had not said any such thing—"why, you must only take the better care of yourself, until we can make some better arrangement. My pupil, Frank Webber, is at this moment in want of a 'chum,' as the phrase is; his last three having only been domesticated with him for as many weeks; so that, until we find you a more quiet resting-place, you may take up your abode with him."

During breakfast, the Doctor proceeded to inform me that my destined companion was a young man of excellent family and good fortune, who, with very considerable talents and acquirements, preferred a life of rackety and careless dissipation to prospects of great success in public life, which his connection and family might have secured for him; that he had been originally entered at Oxford, which he was obliged to leave; then tried Cambridge, from which he escaped expulsion by being rusticated, that is, having incurred a sentence of temporary banishment; and lastly, was endeavoring, with what he himself believed to be a total reformation, to stumble on to a degree in the "silent sister."

"This is his third year," said the Doctor, "and he is only a freshman, having lost every examination, with abilities enough to sweep the university of its prizes. But, come over, now, and I'll present you to him."

I followed him down-stairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor, left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me, in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within. It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti in a melo-drama do, with considerably more of confusion than requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the

best, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigor that threatened its downfall, when, at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognising the Doctor, at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly cushioned sofas contrasted strangely with the meager and comfortless chambers of the Doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing-gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most lady-like whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back of his neck, and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," said the servant.

"*Ton dapamey bominos, prosephe, crione Agamemnon,*" repeated the student in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," repeated the servant in a louder tone, while the Doctor looked around on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

"*Be dakiown para thina dolekoskion enkos,*" said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

"Well, Webber, hard at work, I see," said the Doctor.

"Ah, Doctor, I beg pardon! Have you been long here?" said the most soft and insinuating vôice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought and study.

While the Doctor presented me to my future companion, I could perceive in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained and *vexata questio* in his mind.

"May I offer you a cup of coffee, Mr. O'Malley?" said the youth with an air of almost timid bashfulness. "The Doctor, I know, breakfasts at a very early hour."

"I say, Webber," said the Doctor, who could no longer restrain his curiosity, "what an awful row I heard here as I came up to the door. I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?"

"Ah, you heard it, too, sir," said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

"Hear it; to be sure I did. O'Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar."

"Yes, indeed, it is very provoking; but, then, what's to be done? One can't complain, under the circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mooney, anxiously.

"Nothing, sir; nothing. I'd much rather you'd not ask me; for, after all, I'll change my chambers."

"But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it."

"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the Doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn a secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing, except among your friends."

"I do," said the Doctor.

"Well, then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the Dean."

"The Dean!" said Mooney, with a start. "The Dean! Why, how can it be the Dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, Doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was any thing heard like it. As for me, as I am now becoming a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy Dean, who, albeit, a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which, in color and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character, and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this, except to your most intimate friends," said Webber.

"Of course not," said the Doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the Doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist—" the rest was lost in protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amid which the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a very thorough and remarkable change in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for, scarcely had the oaken panel shut out the Doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentlemen of five minutes before; but dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion, and blew a tremendous blast.

"Come forth, ye demons of the lower world," said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men, coiled up beneath. "Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen, that ye are," said he, unlocking a pantry, and liberating two others. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. O'Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O'Malley, this is Harry Nesbit, who has been in college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautions than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O'Malley; a dashing dragoon, as you see; aid-de-camp to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and love-maker-general to Merrion-square, West.

"These," said he, pointing to the late denizens

of the pantry, "are Jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police office; but, with due regard to their education and morals, we don't despair."

"By no means," said Power; "but come, let us resume our game." At these words he took a folio atlas of maps from a small table, and displayed beneath, a pack of cards, dealt as if for whist. The two gentlemen to whom I was introduced by name, returned to their places; the unknown two put on their boxing gloves, and all resumed the hilarity which Dr. Mooney's advent had so suddenly interrupted.

"Where's Moore!" said Webber, as he once more seated himself at his breakfast.

"Making a spatch-cock, sir," said the servant. At the same instant a little dapper, jovial-looking personage appeared with the dish in question. "Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Moore, the gentleman who by repeated remonstrances to the board has succeeded in getting eatable food for the inhabitants of this penitentiary, and has the honored reputation of reforming the commons of college."

"Any thing to Godfrey O'Malley, may I ask, sir!" said Moore.

"His nephew," I replied.

"Which of you winged the gentleman the other day for not passing the decanter, or something of that sort!"

"If you mean the affair with Mr. Bodkin, it was I."

"Glorious that; begad I thought you were one of us. I say, Power, it was he pinked Bodkin."

"Ah, indeed," said Power, not turning his head from his game; "a pretty shot I heard—two by honors—and hit him fairly—the odd trick. Hammersly mentioned the thing to me."

"Oh, is he in town!" said I.

"No, he sailed for Portsmouth yesterday; he is to join the 11th—game—I say, Webber, you've lost the rubber."

"Double or quit and a dinner at Dunleary," said Webber; "we must show O'Malley—confound the Mister—something of the place."

"Agreed."

The whist was resumed; the boxers, now refreshed by a leg of the spatch-cock, returned to their gloves. Mr. Moore took up his violin; Mr. Webber his French horn; and I was left the only unemployed man in the company.

"I say, Power, you'd better bring the drag over here for us; we can all go down together."

"I must inform you," said Cavendish, "that, thanks to your philanthropic efforts of last night, the passage from Grafton-street to Stephen's Green is impracticable." A tremendous roar of laughter followed this announcement; and, though at the time the cause was unknown to me, I may as well mention it here, as I subsequently learned it from my companions.

Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr. Francis Webber, was an extraordinary fancy for street-begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises, both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually, at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sung them with infinite pathos and humor; and the old woman at the corner of College-green was certain of an audience, when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of *jongleric* usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty.

Now it chanced that a few evenings before, Mr. Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper, from a musical *réunion* he had held at the corner of York-street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton-street, where a huge stone grating at that time exhibited, perhaps it exhibits still, the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city.

The light was shining brightly from a pastry-cook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone, between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plashing in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath.

To stop in the street of any crowded city is, under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but, when in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires.

Now, Webber, who had at first stood still, without any peculiar thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him.

"What is it, agra!" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the hood of his cloak.

"And can't you see for yourself, darlin'!" replied he sharply, as he knelt down, and looked most intensely at the sewer.

"Are ye long there, avick!" inquired he of an imaginary individual below, and then waiting as if for a reply, said, "Two hours!" "Blessed virgin! he's two hours in the drain!"

By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing to get near the important spot was awful.

"Where did he come from? who is he? how did he get there!" were questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to-night out o' Newgate, by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Liffey, and took the wrong turn."

To an Irish mob, what appeal could equal this! A culprit, at any time, has his claim upon their sympathy; but let him be caught in the very act of cheating the authorities and evading the law, and his popularity knows no bounds. Webber knew this well, and, as the mob thickened around him, sustained an imaginary conversation that Savage Landor might have envied, imparting now and then such hints concerning the runaway as raised their

interest to the highest pitch, and fifty different versions were related on all sides—of the crime he was guilty—the sentence that was passed on him—and the day he was to suffer.

"Do ye see the light, dear?" said Webber, as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string; "do ye see the light? oh! he's fainted, the creature!" A cry of horror from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by an universal shout of "break open the street!"

Pick-axes, shovels, spades, and crow-bars, seemed absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhumation was begun with a vigor that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving stones; parties relieved each other at the task, and, ere half an hour, a hole, capable of containing a mail-coach, was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Dublin. Meanwhile, as no appearance of the culprit could be had, dreadful conjectures as to his fate began to gain ground. By this time the authorities had received intimation of what was going forward, and attempted to disperse the crowd; but Webber, who still continued to conduct the prosecution, called on them to resist the police, and save the poor creature; and now began a most terrific fray, the stones forming a ready weapon, were hurled at the unprepared constables, who, on their side, fought manfully, but against superior numbers; so that, at last, it was only by the aid of a military force the mob could be dispersed, and a riot, which had assumed a very serious character, got under. Meanwhile, Webber had reached his chambers and changed his costume, and was relating over a supper-table the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of his friends.

Such was my chum, Frank Webber, and as this was the first anecdote I had heard of him, I relate it here that my readers may be in possession of the grounds upon which my opinion of that celebrated character was founded, while yet our acquaintance was in its infancy.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### CAPTAIN POWER.

Within a few weeks after my arrival in town, I had become a matriculated student of the university, and the possessor of chambers within its walls, in conjunction with the sage and prudent gentleman I have introduced to my readers in the last chapter. Had my intentions on entering college been of the most studious and regular kind, the companion into whose society I was then immediately thrown, would have quickly dissipated them. He voted morning chapels a bore, Greek lectures a humbug, examinations a farce, and pronounced the statute book, with its attendant train of fines and punishment, an "unclean thing." With all my country habits and predilections fresh upon me, that I was an easily won disciple to his code need not be wondered at, and indeed, ere many days had passed over, my thorough indifference to all college rules and regulations had given me a high place in the esteem of Webber and his friends. As for myself, I was most agreeably surprised to find that what I had looked forward to as a very melancholy banishment, was likely to prove a most agreeable sojourn. Under Webber's directions, there was no hour of the day that hung heavily upon our hands: we rose about eleven, and breakfasted; after which succeeded fencing, sparring, billiards, or tennis in the park; about three got on horseback, and either cantered in the Phœnix or about the squares till visiting time; after which made our calls, and then dressed for dinner, which we never thought of taking at commons, but had it from Morrison's—we both being reported sick in the Dean's list, and thereby exempt from the meager fare of the fellow's table. In the evening our occupations became still more pressing; there were balls, suppers, whist parties, rows at the theatre, shindies in the street, devilled drumsticks at Hayes's, select oyster parties at the Carlingford; in fact, every known method of remaining up all night, and appearing both pale and penitent the following morning.

Webber had a large acquaintance in Dublin, and soon made me known to them all; among others, the officers of the —th Light Dragoons, in which regiment Power was a captain, were his particular friends, and we had frequent invitations to dine at their mess. There it was first that military life presented itself to me, in its most attractive possible form, and heightened the passion I had already so strongly conceived for the army. Power, above all others, took my fancy: he was a gay, dashing-looking, handsome fellow, of about eight-and-twenty, who had already seen some service, having joined while his regiment was in Portugal; was in heart and soul a soldier; and had that species of pride and enthusiasm in all that regarded a military career that form no small part of the charm in the character of a young officer.

I sat near him the second day we dined at the mess, and was much pleased at many slight attentions in his manner towards me. "I called on you to-day, Mr. O'Malley," said he, "in company with a friend, who is most anxious to see you."

"Indeed," said I, "I did not hear of it."

"We left no cards, either of us, as we were determined to make you out on another day; my companion has most urgent reasons for seeing you:—I see you are puzzled," said he; "and, although I promised to keep his secret, I must blab: it was Sir George Dashwood was with me: he told us of your most romantic adventure in the west, and, faith, there is no doubt you saved the lady's life."

"Was she worth the trouble of it?" said the old Major, whose conjugal experiences imparted a very crusty tone to the question.

"I think," said I, "I need only tell her name to convince you of it."

"Here's a bumper to her," said Power, filling his glass; "and every true man will follow my example."

When the hip, hipping which followed the toast was over, I found myself enjoying no small share of the attention of the party as the deliverer of Lucy Dashwood.

"Sir George is cudgelling his brain to show his gratitude to you," said Power.

"What a pity, for the sake of his peace of mind, that you're not in the army," said another; "it's so easy to show a man a delicate regard by a quick promotion."

"A devil of a pity for his own sake too," said Power, again; "they're going to make a lawyer of as strapping a fellow as ever carried a saber-tasch."

"A lawyer!" cried out half a dozen together, pretty much with the same tone and emphasis as though he had said a two-penny postman; "the devil they are!"

"Cut the service at once: you'll get no promotion in it," said the Colonel; "a fellow with a black eye like you would look much better at the head of a squadron than a string of witnesses. Trust me, you'd shine more in conducting a picquet than a prosecution."

"But if I can't!" said I.

"Then take my plan," said Power, "and make it cut *you*—"

"Yours," said two or three in a breath; "yours!"

"Ay, mine; did you never know that I was bred to the bar! Come, come, if it was only for O'Malley's use and benefit—as we say in the parchments—I must tell you the story."

The claret was pushed briskly round, chairs drawn up to fill any vacant spaces, and Power began his story.

"As I am not over long-winded, don't be scared at my beginning my history somewhat far back. I began life, that most unlucky of all earthly contrivances for supplying casualties in case any thing may befall the heir of the house—a species of domestic jury-mast, only lugged out in a gale of wind—a younger son. My brother Tom, a thick-skulled, pudding-headed dog, that had no taste for any thing, save his dinner, took it into his wise head one morning, that he would go into the army, and, although I had been originally destined for a soldier, no sooner was his choice made than all regard for my taste and inclinations was forgotten; and, as the family interest was only enough for one, it was decided that I should be put in what is called a 'learned profession,' and let push my fortune. 'Take your choice, Dick,' said my father, with a most benign smile, 'take your choice, boy: will you be a lawyer, a parson, or a doctor?'

"Had he said, 'Will you be put in the stocks, the pillory, or publicly whipped,' I could not have looked more blank than at the question.

"As a decent Protestant, he should have grudged me to the church; as a philanthropist, he might have scrupled at making me a physician; but, as he had lost deeply by law-suits, there looked something very like a lurking malice in sending me to the bar. Now so far I concurred with him, for having no gift for enduring either sermons or senna, I thought I'd make a bad administrator of either, and, as I was ever regarded in the family as rather of a shrewd and quick turn, with a very natural taste for roguery, I began to believe he was right, and that nature intended me for the circuit.

"From the hour my vocation was pronounced, it had been happy for the family that they could have got rid of me. A certain ambition to rise in my profession laid hold on me, and I meditated all day and night how I was to get on. Every trick, every subtle invention to cheat the enemy that I could read of, I treasured up carefully, being fully impressed with the notion, that roguery meant law, and equity was only another name for odd and even.

"My days were spent haranguing special juries of housemaids and laundresses, cross-examining the cook, charging the under-butler, and passing sentence of death upon the pantry-boy, who, I may add, was invariably hanged when the court rose.

"If the mutton were overdone, or the turkey burned, I drew up an indictment against old Margaret, and against the kitchen-maid as accomplice; and the family hungered while I harangued; and, in fact, into such disrepute did I bring the legal profession, by the score of annoyance of which I made it the vehicle, that my father got a kind of holy horror of law courts, judges, and crown solicitors, and absented himself from the assizes the same year, for which, being a high sheriff, he paid a penalty of £500.

"The next day I was sent off in disgrace to Dublin to begin my career in college, and eat the usual quartos and folios of beef and mutton which qualify a man for the woolsack.

"Years rolled over, in which, after an ineffectual effort to get through college, the only examination I ever got, being a jubilee for the king's birth-day, I was at length called to the Irish bar, and saluted by my friends as Counsellor Power. The whole thing was so like a joke to me, that it kept me in laughter for three terms, and in fact it was the best thing could happen me, for I had nothing else to do. The hall of the Four Courts was a very pleasant lounge, plenty of agreeable fellows that never earned sixpence, or were likely to do so. Then the circuits were so many country excursions, that supplied fun of one kind or other, but no profit. As for me, I was what is called a good junior: I knew how to look after the waiter, to inspect the decanting of the wine, and the airing of the claret, and was always attentive to the father of the circuit, the crossest old villain that ever was a king's counsel. These eminent qualities, and my being able to sing a song in honor of our own bar, were recommendations enough to make me a favorite, and I was one.

"Now the reputation I obtained was pleasant enough at first, but somehow I wondered that I never got a brief. Somehow, if it rained civil bills or declarations, devil a one would fall upon my head, and it seemed as if the only object I had in life was to accompany the circuit, a kind of deputy-assistant-commissary-general, never expected to come into action. To be sure, I was not alone in misfortune: there were several promising youths who cut great figures in Trinity, in the same predicament, the only difference being, that they attributed to jealousy, what I suspected was forgetfulness, for I don't think a single attorney in Dublin knew one of us.

"Two years passed over, and then I walked the hall with a bag filled with newspapers, to look like briefs, and was regularly called by two or three

criers from one court to the other. It never took : even when I used to seduce a country friend to visit the courts, and get him into an animated conversation, in a corner between two pillars, devil a one would believe him to be a client, and I was fairly non-plussed.

"How is a man ever to distinguish himself in such a walk as this ? was my eternal question to myself every morning as I put on my wig. My face is as well known here as Lord Manners' : every one says, 'How are you, Dick ?' 'How goes it, Power ?' but except Holmes, that said one morning as he passed me, 'Eh, always busy,' no one alludes to the possibility of my having any thing to do.

"If I only could get a footing, thought I, Lord how I'd astonish them, as the song says—

> 'Perhaps a recruit
> Might chance to shoot
> Great General Bonaparté.'

So said I to myself, I'll make these halls ring for it some day or other, if the occasion ever present itself. But, faith, it seemed as if some cunning solicitor overheard me, and told his associates, for they avoided me like a leprosy. The home circuit I had adopted for some time past, for the very palpable reason that, being near town, it was least expense, and it had all the advantages of any other for me, in getting me nothing to do. Well, one morning we were in Philipstown ; I was lying awake in bed, thinking how long it would be before I'd sum up resolution to cut the bar, where certainly my prospects were not the most cheering, when some one tapped gently at the door.

"'Come in,' said I.

"The waiter opened gently, and held out his hand with a large roll of paper tied round with a piece of red tape.

"'Counsellor,' says he, 'handsel.'

"'What do you mean ?' said I, jumping out of bed, 'what is it, you villain ?"

"'A brief.'

"'A brief ; so I see, but it's for Counsellor Kinshella, below stairs.' That was the first name written on it.

"'Bethershin,' said he, 'Mr. M'Grath bid me give it to you carefully.'

"By this time I had opened the envelope, and read my own name at full length as junior counsel in the important case of Monaghan *v.* M'Shane, to be tried in the record court, at Ballinasloe. 'That will do,' said I, flinging it on the bed with a careless air, as if it were a very every-day matter with me.

"'But Counsellor, darlin', give us a thrifle to dhrink your health, with your first cause, and the Lord send you plenty of them.'

"'My first,' said I, with a smile of most ineffable compassion at his simplicity, 'I'm worn out with them : do you know, Peter, I was thinking seriously of leaving the bar, when you came into the room ? Upon my conscience, it's in earnest I am.'

"Peter believed me, I think, for I saw him give a very peculiar look as he pocketed his half-crown and left the room.

"The door was scarcely closed when I gave way to the free transport of my ecstasy ; there it lay at last, the long-looked-for, long-wished-for object of all my happiness, and though I well knew that a junior counsel has about as much to do in the conducting of a case as a rusty handspike has in a naval engagement, yet I suffered not such thoughts to mar the current of my happiness. There was my name in conjunction with the two mighty leaders on the circuit, and though they each pocketed a hundred, I doubt very much if they received their briefs with one half the satisfaction. My joy at length a little subdued, I opened the roll of paper, and began carefully to peruse about fifty pages of narrative regarding a water-course that once had turned a mill ; but, for some reasons doubtless known to itself or its friends, would do so no longer, and thus set two respectable neighbors at loggerheads, and involved them in a record that had now been heard three several times.

"Quite forgetting the subordinate part I was destined to fill, I opened the case in a most flowery oration, in which I descanted upon the benefits accruing to mankind from water communication since the days of Noah ; remarked upon the antiquity of mills, and especially of millers, and consumed half an hour in a preamble of generalities that I hoped would make a considerable impression upon the court. Just at the critical moment when I was about to enter more particularly into the case, three or four of the great unbriefed came rattling into my room, and broke in upon the oration.

"'I say, Power,' said one ; 'come and have an hour's skating on the canal : the courts are filled, and we shan't be missed."

"'Skate, my dear friend,' said I, in a most dolorous tone, 'out of the question ; see, I am chained to a devilish knotty case with Kinshella and Mills.'

"'Confound your humbugging,' said another, 'that may do very well in Dublin for the attorneys, but not with us.'

"'I don't well understand you,' I replied ; 'there is the brief. Henesy expects me to report upon it this evening, and I am so hurried.'

"Here a very chorus of laughing broke forth, in which, after several vain efforts to resist, I was forced to join, and kept it up with the others.

"When our mirth was over, my friends scrutinized the red-tape-tied packet, and pronounced it a real brief, with a degree of surprise that certainly augured little for their familiarity with such objects of natural history.

"When they had left the room, I leisurely examined the all-important document, spreading it out before me upon the table, and surveying it as a newly-anointed sovereign might be supposed to contemplate a map of his dominions.

"'At last,' said I to myself, 'at last, and here is the footstep to the woolsack.' For more than an hour I sat motionless, my eyes fixed upon the out spread paper, lost in a very maze of revery. The ambition which disappointments had crushed and delay had chilled, came suddenly back, and all my day-dreams of legal success, my cherished aspirations after silk gowns, and patents of precedence, rushed once more upon me, and I resolved to do or die. Alas ! a very little reflection showed me that the latter was perfectly practicable ; but that, as a junior counsel, five minutes of very common-

place recitation was all my province, and with the main business of the day I had about as much to do as the call-boy of a play-house has with the success of a tragedy.

"'My lord, this is an action brought by Timothy Higgins,' &c., and down I go, no more to be remembered and thought of, than if I had never existed. How different it would be were I the leader! Zounds, how I would worry the witnesses, browbeat the evidence, cajole the jury, and soften the judges! If the Lord were, in his mercy, to remove old Mills and Kinshella before Tuesday, who knows but my fortune might be made! This supposition once started, set me speculating upon all the possible chances that might cut off two king's counsel in three days, and left me fairly convinced that my own elevation was certain, were they only removed from my path.

"For two whole days, the thought never left my mind; and, on the evening of the second day, I sat moodily over my pint of port, in the Clonbrock Arms, with my friend, Timothy Casey, Captain in the North Cork militia, for my companion.

"'Fred,' said Tim, 'take off your wine, man. When does this confounded trial come on?'

"'To-morrow,' said I, with a deep groan.

"'Well, well, and if it does, what matter?' he said, 'you'll do well enough, never be afraid.'

"'Alas!' said I, 'you don't understand the cause of my depression.' I here entered upon an account of my sorrows, which lasted for above an hour, and only concluded just as a tremendous noise in the street without announced an arrival. For several minutes, such was the excitement in the house, such running hither and thither—such confusion, and such hubbub, that we could not make out who had arrived.

"At last a door opened quite near us, and we saw the waiter assisting a very portly-looking gentleman off with his great-coat, assuring him the while, that if he would only walk into the coffee-room for ten minutes, the fire in his apartment should be got ready. The stranger accordingly entered and seated himself at the fireplace, having never noticed that Casey and myself—the only persons there—were in the room.

"'I say, Phil, who is he?' inquired Casey of the waiter.

"'Counsellor Mills, Captain,' said the waiter, and left the room.

"'That's your friend,' said Casey.

"'I see,' said I, 'and I wish, with all my heart, he was at home with his pretty wife, in Leeson-street.'

"'Is she good-looking?' inquired Tim.

"'Devil a better,' said I, 'and he's as jealous as Old Nick.'

"'Hem,' said Tim, 'mind your cue, and I'll give him a start.' Here he suddenly changed his whispering tone for one in a louder key, and resumed: 'I say, Power, it will make some work for you lawyers. But who can she be? that's the question.' Here he took a much crumpled letter from his pocket, and pretended to read—'A great sensation was created in the neighborhood of Merrion-square, yesterday, by the sudden disappearance from her house of the handsome Mrs. ——.' Confound it—what's the name?—what a hand he writes! Hill or Miles, or something like that—'the lady of an eminent barrister, now on circuit. The gay Lothario is, they say, the Hon. George ——.' I was so thunder-struck at the rashness of the stroke, I could say nothing; while the old gentleman started as if he had sat down on a pin. Casey, meanwhile, went on—

"'Hell and fury,' said the king's counsel, rushing over, 'what is it you're saying?'

"'You appear warm, old gentleman,' said Casey, putting up the letter, and rising from the table.

"'Show me that letter: show me that infernal letter, sir, this instant!'

"'Show you my letter,' said Casey; 'cool that, any how; you are certainly a good one.'

"'Do you know me, sir? answer me that'—said the lawyer, bursting with passion.

"'Not at present,' said Tim, quietly; 'but I hope to do so in the morning, in explanation of your language and conduct.' A tremendous ringing of the bell here summoned the waiter to the room.

"'Who is that ——?' inquired the lawyer. The epithet he judged it safe to leave unsaid, as he pointed to Casey.

"'Captain Casey, sir; the commanding officer here.'

"'Just so,' said Casey, 'and very much at your service, any hour after five in the morning.'

"'Then you refuse, sir, to explain the paragraph I have just heard you read.'

"'Well done, old gentleman; so you have been listening to a private conversation I held with my friend here. In that case we had better retire to our room;' so saying, he ordered a waiter to send a fresh bottle and glasses to No. 14, and, taking my arm, very politely wished Mr. Mills a good night, and left the coffee-room.

"Before we had reached the top of the stairs, the house was once more in commotion. The new arrival had ordered out fresh horses, and was hurrying every one in his impatience to get away. In ten minutes the chaise rolled off from the door; and Casey, putting his head out of the window, wished him a pleasant journey: while turning to me, he said:

"'There's one of them out of the way for you, if we are even obliged to fight the other.'

"The port was soon despatched, and with it went all the scruples of conscience I had at first felt for the cruel *ruse* we had just practised. Scarcely was the other bottle called for, when we heard the landlord calling out, in a stentorian voice:

"'Two horses, for Goron-bridge, to meet Counsellor Kinshella.'

"'That's the other fellow,' said Casey.

"'It is,' said I.

"'Then we must be stirring,' said he. 'Waiter, a chaise and pair, in five minutes—d'ye hear! Power, my boy, I don't want you; stay here, and study your brief. It's little trouble Counsellor Kinshella will give you in the morning.'

"All he would tell me of his plans was, that he didn't mean any serious bodily harm to the counsellor, but that certainly he was not likely to be heard of for twenty-four hours.

"'Meanwhile, Power, go in and win, my boy;' said he, 'such another walk over you may never occur.'

"I must not make my story longer. The next morning the great record of Monaghan *v.* M'Shane was called on, and, as the senior counsel were not present, the attorney wished a postponement. I, however, was firm; told the court I was quite prepared, and, with such an air of assurance, that I actually puzzled the attorney. The case was accordingly opened by me, in a very brilliant speech, and the witnesses called; but, such was my unlucky ignorance of the whole matter, that I actually broke down the testimony of our own, and fought like a Trojan for the credit and character of the perjurers against us! The judge rubbed his eyes—the jury looked amazed—and the whole bar laughed outright. However, on I went, blundering, floundering, and foundering at every step, and, at half-past four, amid the greatest and most uproarious mirth of the whole court, heard the jury deliver a verdict against us, just as old Kinshella rushed into the court covered with mud and splattered with clay. He had been sent for twenty miles to make a will for Mr. Daly of Daly's-mount, who was supposed to be at the point of death, but who, on his arrival, threatened to shoot him for causing an alarm to his family by such an imputation.

"The rest is soon told. They moved for a new trial, and I moved out of the profession. I cut the bar, for it cut me: I joined the gallant 14th as a volunteer, and here I am without a single regret, I must confess, that I didn't succeed in the great record of Monaghan *v.* M'Shane."

Once more the claret went briskly round, and while we canvassed Power's story, many an anecdote of military life was told, which every instant extended the charm of that career I longed for.

"Another cooper, Major," said Power.

"With all my heart," said the rosy little officer, as he touched the bell behind him; "and now let's have a song."

"Yes, Power," said three or four together, "let us have 'the Irish Dragoon,' if it's only to convert your friend, O'Malley there."

"Here goes, then," said Dick, taking off a bumper as he began the following chant to the air of "Love is the soul of a gay Irishman:"—

"THE IRISH DRAGOON."

"Oh love is the soul of an Irish Dragoon,
In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—
From the tip of his spur to his bright sabertasche.
With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,
His gay laughing look, and his light speaking eye,
He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,
He springs in his saddle and *chasses* the French—
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche

"His spirits are high, and he little knows care,
Whether sipping his claret, or charging a square—
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.
As ready to sing, or to skirmish he's found,
To take off his wine, or to take up his ground;
When the bugle may call him, how little he fears,
To charge forth in column, and beat the Mounseers—
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.

"When the battle is over, he gaily rides back
To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.
Oh! there you may see him in full glory crown'd,
As he sits with his friends on the hardly won ground,
And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,
As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live—
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche"

It was late when we broke up; but among all the recollections of that pleasant evening, none clung to me so forcibly, none sunk so deeply in my heart, as the gay and careless tone of Power's manly voice; and as I fell asleep towards morning, the words of the Irish Dragoon were floating through my mind, and followed me in my dreams.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE VICE-PROVOST.

I HAD now been for some weeks a resident within the walls of the University, and yet had never presented my letter of introduction to Dr. Barret. Somehow, my thoughts and occupations had left me little leisure to reflect upon my college course, and I had not felt the necessity suggested by my friend Sir Harry of having a supporter in the very learned and gifted individual to whom I was accredited. How long I might have continued in this state of indifference, it is hard to say, when chance brought about my acquaintance with the Doctor.

Were I not inditing a true history in this narrative of my life, to the events and characters of which so many are living witnesses, I should certainly fear to attempt any thing like a description of this very remarkable man, so liable would any sketch, however faint and imperfect, be to the accusation of caricature, when all was so singular and so eccentric.

Dr. Barret was, at the time I speak of, about sixty years of age, scarcely five feet in height, and even that diminutive stature lessened by a stoop. His face was thin, pointed, and russet-colored; his nose so aquiline as nearly to meet his projecting chin, and his small gray eyes, red and bleary, peered beneath his well worn cap, with a glance of mingled fear and suspicion. His dress was a suit of the rustiest black, threadbare, and patched in several places, while a pair of large brown leather slippers, far too big for his feet, imparted a sliding motion to his walk, that added an air of indescribable meanness to his appearance; a gown that had been worn for twenty years, browned and coated with the learned dust of the *Fagel*, covered his rusty habiliments, and completed the equipments of a figure that it was somewhat difficult for the young student to recognise as the Vice-Provost of the University. Such was he in externals. Within, a greater or more profound scholar never graced the walls of the college; a distinguished Grecian, learned in all the refinements of a hundred dialects; a deep Orientalist, cunning in all the varieties of Eastern languages, and able to reason with a Moonshee, or chat with a Persian ambassador. With a mind that never ceased acquiring, he possessed a memory ridiculous for its retentiveness even of trifles; no character in history, no event in chronology, was unknown to him, and he was referred to by his contemporaries for information in doubtful and disputed cases, as men consult a lexicon or a dictionary. With an intellect thus stored with deep and far-

sought knowledge, in the affairs of the world he was a child. Without the walls of the college, for above forty years, he had not ventured half as many times, and knew absolutely nothing of the busy active world that fussed and fumed so near him; his farthest excursion was to the Bank of Ireland, to which he made occasional visits to fund the ample income of his office, and add to the wealth which already had acquired for him a well-merited repute of being the richest man in college.

His little intercourse with the world had left him, in all his habits and manners, in every respect exactly as when be entered college, nearly half a century before; and, as he had literally risen from the ranks in the university, all the peculiarities of voice, accent, and pronunciation which distinguished him as a youth, adhered to him in old age. This was singular enough, and formed a very ludicrous contrast with the learned and deep-read tone of his conversation; but another peculiarity still more striking belonged to him. When he became a fellow, he was obliged by the rules of the college to take holy orders, as a *sine quâ non* to his holding his fellowship; this he did, as he would have assumed a red hood or blue one, as bachelor of laws, or doctor of medicine, and thought no more of it; but, frequently, in his moments of passionate excitement, the venerable character with which he was invested was quite forgotten, and he would utter some sudden and terrific oath, more productive of mirth to his auditors than was seemly, and for which, once spoken, the poor Doctor felt the greatest shame and contrition. These oaths were no less singular than forcible, and many a trick was practised, and many a plan devised, that the learned Vice-Provost might be entrapped into his favorite exclamation of "May the devil admire me," which no place or presence could restrain.

My servant, Mickey, who had not been long in making himself acquainted with all the originals about him, was the cause of my first meeting the Doctor, before whom I received a summons to appear, on the very serious charge of treating with disrespect the heads of the college.

The circumstances were simply these:—Mike had, among the other gossip of the place, heard frequent tales of the immense wealth and great parsimony of the Doctor; of his anxiety to amass money on all occasions, and the avidity with which even the smallest trifle was added to his gains. He accordingly resolved to amuse himself at the expense of this trait, and proceeded thus:—boring a hole in a halfpenny, he attached a long string to it, and, having dropped it on the Doctor's step, stationed himself at the opposite side of the court, concealed from view by the angle of the common wall. He waited patiently for the chapel bell, at the first toll of which the door opened, and the Doctor issued forth. Scarcely was his foot upon the step, when he saw the piece of money, and as quickly stooped to seize it; but just as his finger had nearly touched it, it evaded his grasp, and slowly retreated. He tried again, but with the like success. At last, thinking he miscalculated the distance, he knelt leisurely down, and put forth his hand; but, lo! it again escaped him; on which, slowly rising from his posture, he shambled on towards the chapel, where, meeting the senior lecturer at the door, he cried out, "H— to my soul Wall, but I saw the halfpenny walk away."

For the sake of the grave character whom he addressed, I need not recount how such a speech was received; suffice it to say, that Mike had been seen by a college porter, who reported him as my servant.

I was in the very act of relating the anecdote to a large party at breakfast in my rooms, when a summons arrived, requiring my immediate attendance at the Board, then sitting in solemn conclave at the Examination-hall.

I accordingly assumed my academic costume as speedily as possible, and, escorted by that most august functionary, Mr. M'Alister, presented myself before the seniors.

The members of the Board, with the Provost at their head, were seated at a long oak table, covered with books, papers, &c.; and from the silence they maintained, as I walked up the hall, I augured that a very solemn scene was before me.

"Mr. O'Malley," said the Dean, reading my name from a paper he held in his hand, "you have been summoned here at the desire of the Vice-Provost, whose questions you will reply to."

I bowed; a silence of a few minutes followed, when, at length, the learned Doctor, hitching up his nether garments with both hands, put his old and bleary eyes close to my face, while he croaked out with an accent that no hackney coachman could have exceeded in vulgarity—

"Eh, O'Malley; you're *quartus*, I believe; an't you?"

"I believe not. I think I am the only person of that name now on the books."

"That's thrue; but there was three O'Malleys before you. Godfrey O'Malley, that constered *calve Neroni* to Nero the Calvinist—ha! ha! ha!—was cautioned in 1788."

"My uncle, I believe, sir."

"More than likely, from what I hear of you—*ex uno*, &c. I see your name every day on the punishment roll. Late hours, never at chapel, seldom at morning lecture. Here ye are, sixteen shillings, wearing a red coat."

"Never knew any harm in that, Doctor."

"Ay, but d'ye see me now; 'grave raiment,' says the statute. And then, ye keep numerous beasts of prey, dangerous in their habits, and unseemly to behold."

"A bull terrier, sir, and two game-cocks, are, I assure you, the only animals in my household."

"Well, I'll fine you for it."

"I believe, Doctor," said the Dean, interrupting, in an under tone, "that you cannot impose a penalty in this matter."

"Ay, but I can. Singing birds, says the statute, are forbidden within the walls."

"And then, ye dazzled my eyes at commons, with a bit of looking-glass, on Friday. I saw you. May the devil—ahem—as I was saying. That's casting *reflections* on the heads of the college; and your servant it was, *Michaelis Liber*, Mickey Free—may the flames of—ahem—an insolent varlet, called me a sweep."

"You, Doctor; impossible!" said I, with pretended horror.

"Ay, but d'ye see me now; it's thrue; for I

looked about me at the time, and there wasn't another sweep in the place but myself. Hell to—I mean—God forgive me for swearing; but I'll fine you a pound for this."

As I saw the Doctor was getting on at such a pace, I resolved, notwithstanding the august presence of the Board, to try the efficacy of Sir Harry's letter of introduction, which I had taken in my pocket, in the event of its being wanted.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if the time be an unsuitable one; but may I take the opportunity of presenting this letter to you?"

"Ha! I know the hand; Boyle's. *Boyle secundus.* Hem, ha, ay. 'My young friend; and assist him by your advice.' To be sure! Oh! of course. Eh! tell me, young man, did Boyle say nothing to you about the copy of Erasmus, bound in vellum, that I sold him in Trinity term, 1782.

"I rather think not, sir," said I, doubtfully.

"Well, then, he might. He owes me two-and-fourpence of the balance."

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir; I now remember he desired me to repay you that sum; but he had just sealed the letter when he recollected it."

"Better late than never," said the Doctor, smiling graciously. "Where's the money? Ay; half-a-crown. I haven't twopence; never mind. Go away, young man; the case is dismissed. *Vehementer miror quare huc venisti.* You're more fit for any thing than a college life. Keep good hours; mind the terms, and dismiss *Michaelis Liber.* Ha, ha, ha! May the devil—hem, that is, do—" so saying, the little Doctor's hand pushed me from the hall, his mind evidently relieved of all the griefs from which he had been suffering, by the recovery of his long-lost two-and-fourpence.

Such was my first and last interview with the Vice-Provost, and it made an impression upon me that all the intervening years have neither dimmed nor erased.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TRINITY COLLEGE—A LECTURE.

I HAD not been many weeks a resident of Old Trinity, ere the flattering reputation my chum, Mr. Francis Webber, had acquired, extended also to myself; and, by universal consent, we were acknowledged the most riotous, ill-conducted, and disorderly men on the books of the University. Were the lamps of the squares extinguished and the College left in total darkness, we were summoned before the Dean; was the Vice-Provost serenaded with a chorus of trombones and French horns, to our taste in music was the attention ascribed; did a sudden alarm of fire disturb the congregation at morning chapel, Messrs. Webber and O'Malley were brought before the Board; and I must do them the justice to say, that the most trifling circumstantial evidence was ever sufficient to bring a conviction. Reading men avoided the building where we resided as they would have done the plague. Our doors, like those of a certain classic precinct commemorated by a Latin writer, lay open night and day; while moustached dragoons, knowingly dressed four-in-hand men, fox-hunters in pink issuing forth to the Dubber, or returning splashed from a run with the Kildare hounds, were everlastingly seen passing and repassing. Within, the noise and confusion resembled rather the mess-room of a regiment towards eleven at night, than the chambers of a College student; while, with the double object of affecting to be in ill-health, and to avoid the reflections that daylight occasionly inspires, the shutters were never opened, but lamps and candles kept always burning. Such was No. 2, Old Square, in the goodly days I write of. All the terrors of fines and punishments fell scatheless on the head of my worthy chum: in fact, like a well-known political character, whose pleasure and amusement it has been for some years past to drive through acts of parliament, and deride the powers of the law, so did Mr. Webber tread his way, serpenting through the statute book, ever grazing, but rarely trespassing upon some forbidden ground, which might involve the great punishment of expulsion. So expert, too, had he become in his special pleadings, so dexterous in the law of the University, that it was no easy matter to bring crime home to him; and even when this was done, his pleas in mitigation rarely failed of success.

There was a sweetness of demeanor, a mild, subdued tone about him, that constantly puzzled the worthy heads of the College, how the accusations ever brought against him could be founded on truth; that the pale, delicate-looking student, whose harsh, hacking cough terrified the hearers, could be the boisterous performer upon a key bugle, or the terrific assailant of watchmen, was something too absurb for belief; and when Mr. Webber, with his hand upon his heart, and in his most dulcet accents, assured them that the hours he was not engaged in reading for the medal, were passed in the soothing society of a few select and intimate friends of literary tastes and refined minds, who, knowing the delicacy of his health—here he would cough—were kind enough to sit with him for an hour or so in the evening, the delusion was perfect, and the story of the Dean's riotous habits having got abroad, the charge was usually suppressed.

Like most idle men, Webber never had a moment to spare. Except read, there was nothing he did not do—training a hack for a race in the Phœnix—arranging a rowing match—getting up a mock duel between two white-feather acquaintances—were his almost daily avocations; besides that, he was at the head of many organized societies, instituted for various benevolent purposes. One was called "The Association for discountenancing Watchmen," another, "The Board of Works," whose object was principally devoted to the embellishment of the University, in which, to do them justice, their labors were unceasing, and what with the assistance of some black paint, a ladder, and a few pounds of gunpowder, they certainly contrived to effect many important changes. Upon an examination morning, some hundred luckless 'jibs' might be seen perambulating the courts, in the vain effort to discover their tutor's chambers, the names having undergone an alteration that left all trace of their original proprietors unattainable. Doctor

Francis Mooney having become Doctor Full Moon —Doctor Hare being, by the change of two letters, Doctor Ape—Romney Robinson, Romulus and Remus, &c. While, upon occasions like these, there could be but little doubt of Master Frank's intentions, upon many others, so subtle were his inventions, so well-contrived his plots, it became a matter of considerable difficulty to say whether the mishap which befell some luckless acquaintance were the result of design or mere accident; and not unfrequently well-disposed individuals were found condoling with "poor Frank," upon his ignorance of some College rule or etiquette, his breach of which had been long and deliberately planned. Of this latter description was a circumstance which occurred about this time, and which some who may throw an eye over these pages will perhaps remember.

The Dean having heard (and indeed the preparations were not intended to secure secrecy) that Webber destined to entertain a party of his friends at dinner on a certain day, sent a most peremptory order for his appearance at commons, his name being erased from the sick list, and a pretty strong hint conveyed to him, that any evasion upon his part would be certainly followed by an inquiry into the real reasons for his absence. What was to be done? That was the very day he had destined for his dinner. To be sure the majority of his guests were College men, who would understand the difficulty at once; but still there were some others, officers, of the 14th, with whom he was constantly dining, and whom he could not so easily put off. The affair was difficult, but still, Webber was the man for a difficulty; in fact, he rather liked one. A very brief consideration accordingly sufficed, and he sat down and wrote to his friends at the Royal Barracks, thus—

"Dear Power—I have a better plan for Tuesday than that I had proposed. Lunch here at three—(we'll call it dinner)—in the hall with the great guns: I can't say much for the grub, but the company—glorious! After that we'll start for Lucan in the drag—take our coffee, strawberries, &c. and return to No. 2, for supper, at ten. Advertise your fellows of this change, and believe me

"Most unchangeably yours,
"FRANK WEBBER.

"Saturday."

Accordingly, as three o'clock struck, six dashing-looking light dragoons were seen slowly sauntering up the middle of the dining-hall, escorted by Webber, who, in full academic costume, was leisurely ciceroning his friends, and expatiating upon the excellences of the very remarkable portraits which grace the walls.

The porters looked on with some surprise at the singular hour selected for sight-seeing, but what was their astonishment to find that the party having arrived at the end of the hall, instead of turning back again, very composedly unbuckled their belts, and having disposed of their sabres in a corner, took their places at the Fellows' table, and sat down amid the collective wisdom of Greek Lecturers and Regius Professors, as though they had been mere mortals like themselves.

Scarcely was the long Latin grace concluded, when Webber, leaning forward, enjoined his friends, in a very audible whisper, that if they intended to dine, no time was to be lost.

"We have but little ceremony here, gentlemen, and all we ask is a fair start," said he, as he drew over the soup, and proceeded to help himself.

The advice was not thrown away, for each man, with an alacrity a campaign usually teaches, made himself master of some neighboring dish—a very quick interchange of good things speedily following the appropriation. It was in vain that the Senior Lecturer looked aghast—that the Professor of Astronomy frowned; the whole table, indeed, were thunderstruck—even to the poor Vice-Provost himhimself, who, albeit given to the comforts of the table, could not lift a morsel to his mouth, but muttered between his teeth—"May the devil admire me, but they're dragoons." The first shock of surprise over, the porters proceeded to inform them that except Fellows of the University or Fellow-commoners, none were admitted to the table. Webber, however, assured them that it was a mistake, there being nothing in the statute to exclude the 14th Light Dragoons, as he was prepared to prove. Meanwhile dinner proceeded; Power and his party performing with great self-satisfaction upon the sirloins and saddles about them, regretting only from time to time that there was a most unaccountable absence of wine, and suggested the propriety of napkins whenever they should dine there again. Whatever chagrin these unexpected guests caused among their entertainers of the upper table, in the lower part of the hall the laughter was loud and unceasing, and long before the hour concluded, the Fellows took their departure, leaving to Master Frank Webber the task of doing the honors alone and unassisted. When summoned before the Board for the offence on the following morning, Webber excused himself by throwing the blame upon his friends, with whom, he said, nothing short of a personal quarrel—a thing for a reading man not to be thought of—could have prevented intruding in the manner related. Nothing less than *his* tact could have saved him on this occasion, and at last he carried the day; while, by an act of the board, the 14th Light Dragoons were pronounced the most insolent corps in the service.

An adventure of his, however, got wind about this time, and served to enlighten many persons as to his real character, who had hitherto been most lenient in their expressions about him. Our worthy tutor, with a zeal for our welfare far more praiseworthy than successful, was in the habit of summoning to his chambers, on certain mornings of the week, his various pupils, whom he lectured in the books for the approaching examinations. Now, as these sceances were held at six o'clock in the winter as well as summer, in a cold, fireless chamber —the lecturer lying snug amid his blankets, while we stood shivering around the walls—the ardor of learning must indeed have proved strong that prompted a regular attendance. As to Frank, he would have as soon thought of attending chapel as of presenting himself on such an occasion. Not so so with me. I had not yet grown hackneyed enough to fly in the face of authority, and I frequently left the whist table, or broke off in a song, to hurry over to the Doctor's chambers and spout Homer and Hesiod. I suffered on in patience, till at last

the bore became so insupportable that I told my sorrows to my friend, who listened to me out, and promised me succor.

It so chanced that upon some evening in each week Dr. Mooney was in the habit of visiting some friends who resided a short distance from town, and spending the night at their house. He, of course, did not lecture the following morning—a paper placard, announcing no lecture, being affixed to the door on such occasions. Frank waited patiently till he perceived the Doctor affixing this announcement upon the door one evening; and no sooner had he left College, than he withdrew the paper and departed.

On the next morning he rose early, and, concealing himself on the staircase, waited the arrival of the venerable damsel who acted as servant to the Doctor. No sooner had she opened the door and groped her way into the sitting-room, than Frank crept forward, and, stealing gently into the bedroom, sprung into the bed, and wrapt himself up in the blankets. The great bell boomed forth at six o'clock, and soon after the sound of feet were heard upon the stairs—one by one they came along—and gradually the room was filled with cold and shivering wretches, more than half asleep, and trying to arouse themselves into an approach to attention.

"Who's there?" said Frank, mimicking the Doctor's voice, as he yawned three or four times in succession, and turned in the bed.

"Collisson, O'Malley, Nesbit," &c. said a number of voices, anxious to have all the merit such a penance could confer.

"Where's Webber?"

"Absent, sir," chorused the whole party.

"Sorry for it," said the mock Doctor; "Webber is a man of first-rate capacity, and were he only to apply, I am not certain to what eminence his abilities might raise him. Come, Collisson—any three angles of a triangle are equal to—are equal to—what are they equal to?" Here he yawned as though he would dislocate his jaw.

"Any three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles," said Collisson, in the usual sing-song tone of a freshman.

As he proceeded to prove the proposition, his monotonous tone seemed to have lulled the Doctor into a doze; for in a few minutes a deep, long-drawn snore announced from the close curtains that he listened no longer. After a little time, however, a short snort from the sleeper awoke him suddenly, and he called out,

"Go on; I'm waiting.—Do you think I can arouse at this hour of the morning for nothing but to listen to your bungling! Can no one give me a free translation of the passage?"

This digression from mathematics to classics did not surprise the hearers, though it somewhat confused them, no one being precisely aware what the line in question might be.

"Try it, Nesbit—you, O'Malley—silent all—really this is too bad;" an indistinct muttering here from the crowd was followed by an announcement from the Doctor, that "the speaker was an ass, and his head a turnip!—Not one of you capable of translating a chorus from Euripides—'Ou, ou, papai, papai, &c.' which, after all, means no more than—'Oh, whillelu, murder, why did you die,' &c.—What are you laughing at, gentlemen?—May I ask, does it become a set of ignorant, ill-informed savages—yes, savages, I repeat the word—to behave in this manner! Webber is the only man I have with common intellect—the only man among you capable of distinguishing himself. But as for you—I'll bring you before the Board—I'll write to your friends—I'll stop your college indulgences—I'll confine you to the wall—I'll be damned, eh—"

This lapse confused him; he stammered, stuttered, endeavored to recover himself, but by this time we had approached the bed, just at the moment when Master Frank, well knowing what he might expect if detected, had bolted from the blankets and rushed from the room. In an instant we were in pursuit; but he regained his chambers, and double-locked the door before we could overtake him, leaving us to ponder over the insolent tirade we had so patiently submitted to.

That morning, the affair got wind all over college. As for us, we were scarcely so much laughed at as the Doctor; the world wisely remembering, if such were the nature of our morning's orisons, we might nearly as profitably have remained snug in our quarters.

Such was our life in old Trinity; and strange enough it is that one should feel tempted to the confession; but I really must acknowledge these were, after all, happy times; and I look back upon them with mingled pleasure and sadness. The noble lord who so pathetically lamented that the devil was not so strong in him as he used to be forty years before, has an echo in my regrets, that the student is not as young in me as when those scenes were enacting of which I write.

Alas, and alack! those fingers that were wont to double up a watchman, are now doubled up in gout; the ancles that once astonished the fair, now only interest the faculty; the very jests that set the table in a roar, are become as threadbare as my dress "continuations;" and I, Charles O'Malley, having passed through every gradation of coming years, from long country dances to short whist—from nine times nine, and one cheer more, to weak negus, and a fit of coughing for chorus—find myself at the wrong side of ——. But stop, this is becoming personal; so I shall conclude my chapter; and with a bow as graceful as rheumatism permits, say to one and all my kind readers, for a brief season, adieu.

— —

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE INVITATION—THE WAGER.

I WAS sitting at breakfast with Webber, a few mornings after the mess dinner I have spoken of, when Power came in hastily.

"Ha, the very man!" said he. "I say, O'Malley, here's an invitation for you from Sir George, to dine on Friday He desired me to say a thousand civil things about his not having made you out, regrets that he was not at home when you called

yesterday, and all that. By Jove, I know nothing like the favor you stand in; and, as for Miss Dashwood, faith the fair Lucy blushed and tore her glove in most approved style when the old General began his laudation of you."

"Pooh, nonsense," said I; "that silly affair in the west."

"Oh, very probably; there's reason the less for your looking so excessively conscious. But I must tell you, in all fairness, that you have no chance; nothing short of a dragoon will go down."

"Be assured," said I, somewhat nettled, "my pretensions do not aspire to the fair Miss Dashwood."

"*Tant mieux et tant pis, mon cher.* I wish to heaven mine did; and, by St. Patrick, if I only played the knight-errant half as gallantly as yourself, I should not relinquish my claims to the secretary-at-war himself."

"What the devil brought the old General down to your wild regions?" inquired Webber.

"To contest the county."

"A bright thought, truly. When a man was looking for a seat, why not try a place where the law is occasionally heard of?"

"I'm sure I can give you no information on that head; nor have I ever heard how Sir George came to learn that such a place as Galway existed."

"I believe I can enlighten you," said Power. "Lady Dashwood—rest her soul—came west of the Shannon; she had a large property somewhere in Mayo, and owned some hundred acres of swamp, with some thousand starving tenantry thereupon, that people dignified as an estate in Connaught. This first suggested to him the notion of setting up for the county; probably supposing that the people who never paid in rent might like to do so in gratitude.—How he was undeceived, O'Malley there can inform us. Indeed, I believe the worthy General, who was confoundedly hard up when he married, expected to have got a great fortune, and little anticipated the three Chancery suits he succeeded to, nor the fourteen rent-charges to his wife's relatives that made up the bulk of the dower. It was an unlucky hit for him when he fell in with the old 'maid' at Bath; and, had she lived, he must have gone to the Colonies. But the Lord took her one day, and Major Dashwood was himself again. The Duke of York, the story goes, saw him at Hounslow during a review—was much struck with his air and appearance—made some inquiries—found him to be of excellent family and irreproachable conduct—made him aid-de-camp—and, in fact, made his fortune. I do not believe that, while doing so kind, he could by possibility have done a more popular thing. Every man in the army rejoiced at his good fortune; so that, after all, though he has had some hard rubs, he has come well through, the only vestige of his unfortunate matrimonial connection being a correspondence kept up by a maiden sister of his late wife's with him. She insists upon claiming the ties of kindred upon about twenty family eras during the year, when she regularly writes a most loving and ill-spelled epistle, containing the latest information from Mayo, with all particulars of the Macan family, of which she is a worthy member. To her constant hints of the acceptable nature of certain small remittances, the poor General is never inattentive; but to the pleasing prospect of a visit in the flesh from Miss Judy Macan the good man is dead. In fact, nothing short of being broke by a general court-martial could at all complete his sensations of horror at such a stroke of fortune; and I am not certain, if choice were allowed him, that he would not prefer the latter."

"Then he has never yet seen her?" said Webber.

"Never," replied Power; "and he hopes to leave Ireland without that blessing, the prospect of which, however remote and unlikely, has, I know well, more than once terrified him since his arrival."

"I say, Power, and has your worthy General sent me a card for his ball?"

"Not through me, Master Frank."

"Well now, I call that devilish shabby, do you know. He asks O'Malley there from *my* chambers, and never notices the other man, the superior partner in the firm. Eh, O'Malley, what say you?"

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted."

"And who said we were? It was his fault though, entirely, that we were not. I am, as I have ever been, the most easy fellow in the world on that score—never give myself airs to military people—endure any thing, every thing—and you see the result—hard, ain't it?"

"But, Webber, Sir George must really be excused in this matter. He has a daughter, a most attractive lovely daughter, just at that budding unsuspecting age when the heart is most susceptible of impressions; and where, let me ask, could she run such risk as in the chance of a casual meeting with the redoubted lady-killer, Master Frank Webber? If he has not sought you out, then here be his apology."

"A very strong case, certainly," said Frank; "but still, had he confided his critical position to my honor and secrecy, he might have depended on me; now, having taken the other line—"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, he must abide the consequences. I'll make fierce love to Louisa: isn't that the name?"

"Lucy, so please you."

"Well, be it so—to Lucy—talk the little girl into a most deplorable attachment for me."

"But how, may I ask, and when?"

"I'll begin at the ball, man."

"Why, I thought you said you were not going."

"There you mistake seriously. I merely said that I had not been invited."

"Then, of course," said I, "Webber, you can't thing of going, in any case, on *my* account."

"My very dear friend, I go entirely upon my own. I not only shall go, but I intend to have most particular notice and attention paid me. I shall be prime favorite with Sir George—kiss Lucy—"

"Come, come; this is too strong."

"What do you bet I don't! There now; I'll give you a pony a piece I do. Do you say done?"

"That you kiss Miss Dashwood, and are not kicked down stairs for your pains; are those the terms of the wager?" inquired Power.

"With all my heart. That I kiss Miss Dash-

wood, and am not kicked down stairs for my pains."

"Then I say done."

"And with you too, O'Malley."

"I thank you," said I coldly; "I'm not disposed to make such a return for Sir George Dashwood's hospitality as to make an insult to his family the subject of a bet."

"Why, man, what are you dreaming of? Miss Dashwood will not refuse my chaste salute. Come, Power, I'll give you the other fifty."

"Agreed," said he; "at the same time, understand me distinctly—that I hold myself perfectly eligible to winning the wager by my own interference; for, if you do kiss her, by Jove, I'll perform the remainder of the compact."

"So I understand the agreement," said Webber, arranging his curls before the looking-glass. "Well, now, who's for Howth; the drag will be here in half an hour?"

"Not I," said Power; "I must return to the barracks."

"Nor I," said I, "for I shall take this opportunity of leaving my card upon Sir George Dashwood."

"I have won my fifty, however," said Power, as we walked out into the courts.

"I am not quite certain—"

"Why, the devil, he would not risk a broken neck for that sum; besides, if he did, he loses the bet."

"He's a devilish keen fellow."

"Let him be. In any case I am determined to be on my guard here."

So chatting, we strolled along to the Royal Hospital, when, having dropped my pasteboard, I returned to the College.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE BALL.

I HAVE often dressed for a storming party with less of trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball. Since the eventful day of the election I had never seen Miss Dashwood; therefore, as to what precise position I might occupy in her favor, was a matter of great doubt in my mind and great import to my happiness. That I myself loved her was a matter of which all the badinage of my friends regarding her made me painfully conscious; but, that in our relative positions, such an attachment was all but hopeless I could not disguise from myself. Young as I was, I well knew to what a heritage of debt, law-suit, and difficulty I was born to succeed. In my own resources and means of advancement I had no confidence whatever, had even the profession to which I was destined been more of my choice. I daily felt that it demanded greater exertions, if not far greater abilities, than I could command, to make success at all likely; and then, even if such a result were in store, years, at least, must elapse before it could happen, and where would she then be, and where should I—where the ardent affection I now felt and gloried in—perhaps all the more for its desperate hopelessness—when the sanguine and buoyant spirit to combat with difficulties which youth suggests, and which later manhood refuses, should have passed away? And, even if all these survived the toil and labor of anxious days and painful nights, what of her? Alas! I now reflected that although only of my own age, her manner to me had taken all that tone of superiority and patronage which an elder assumes towards one younger, and which, in the spirit of protection it proceeds upon, essentially bars up every inlet to a dearer or warmer feeling—at least, when the lady plays the former part. What then is to be done? thought I; forget her? but how? how shall I renounce all my plans and unweave the web of life I have been spreading around me for many a day, without that one golden thread that lent it more than half its brilliancy and all its attraction? But, then, the alternative is even worse, if I encourage expectations and nurture hopes never to be realized. Well, we meet to-night, after a long and eventful absence: let my future fate be ruled by the results of this meeting. If Lucy Dashwood does care for me, if I can detect in her manner enough to show me that my affection may meet a return, the whole effort of my life shall be to make her mine; if not—if my own feelings be all that I have to depend upon, to extort a reciprocal affection—then shall I take my last look of her, and with it the first and brightest dream of happiness my life has hitherto presented.

* * * *

It need not be wondered at if the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the ball-room, as I entered, struck me with astonishment, accustomed as I had hitherto been to nothing more magnificent than an evening party of squires and their squiresses, or the annual garrison ball at the barracks. The glare of wax lights, the well-furnished saloons, the glitter of uniforms, and the blaze of jewelled and satined dames, with the clang of military music, was a species of enchanted atmosphere, which, breathing for the first time, rarely fails to intoxicate. Never before had I seen so much beauty: lovely faces, dressed in all the seductive flattery of smiles, were on every side; and, as I walked from room to room, I felt how much more fatal to a man's peace and heart's ease the whispered words and silent glances of those fair damsels, than all the loud gayety and boisterous freedom of our country belles, who sought to take the heart by storm and escalade.

As yet I had seen neither Sir George nor his daughter, and, while I looked on every side for Lucy Dashwood, it was with a beating and anxious heart I longed to see how she would bear comparison with the blaze of beauty around.

Just at this moment a very gorgeously-dressed hussar stepped from a door-way beside me, as if to make a passage for some one, and the next moment she appeared, leaning upon the arm of another lady. One look was all that I had time for, when she recognised me.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley—how happy—has Sir George—has my father seen you?"

"I have only arrived this moment; I trust he is quite well?"

"Oh yes, thank you—"

"I beg your pardon with all humility, Miss Dashwood," said the hussar, in a tone of the most knightly courtesy, "but they are waiting for us."

"But, Captain Fortescue, you must excuse me one moment more. Mr. Lechmere, will you do me the kindness to find out Sir George! Mr. O'Malley—Mr. Lechmere." Here she said something in French to her companion, but so rapidly that I could not detect what it was, but merely heard the reply—"*pas mal*"—which, as the lady continued to canvass me most deliberately through her eye-glass, I supposed referred to me. "And now, Captain Fortescue"—and with a look of most courteous kindness to me, she disappeared in the crowd.

The gentleman to whose guidance I was intrusted was one of the aid-de-camps, and was not long in finding Sir George. No sooner had the good old General heard my name, than he held out both his hands, and shook mine most heartily.

"At last, O'Malley, at last I am able to thank you for the greatest service ever man rendered me. He saved Lucy, my lord, rescued her under circumstances where any thing short of his courage and determination must have cost her her life."

"Ah! very pretty indeed," said a stiff old gentleman addressed, as he bowed a most superbly-powdered scalp before me; "most happy to make your acquaintance."

"Who is he?" added he, in nearly as loud a tone to Sir George.

"Mr. O'Malley, of O'Malley Castle."

"True, I forgot—why is he not in uniform?"

"Because unfortunately, my lord, we don't own him; he's not in the army."

"Ha, ha! thought he was."

"You dance, O'Malley, I suppose? I'm sure you'd rather be over there than hearing all my protestations of gratitude, sincere and heartfelt as they really are."

"Lechmere, introduce my friend Mr. O'Malley: get him a partner."

I had not followed my new acquaintance many steps, when Power came up to me. "I say, Charley," cried he, "I have been tormented to death by half the ladies in the room, to present you to them, and have been in quest of you this half hour. Your brilliant exploit in savage land has made you a regular *preux chevalier;* and, if you don't trade on that adventure to your most lasting profit, you deserve to be—a lawyer. Come along here; Lady Muckleman, the adjutant-general's lady and chef, has four Scotch daughters you are to dance with; then, I am to introduce you in all form to the Dean of something's niece: she is a good-looking girl, and has two livings in a safe county. Then there's the town-major's wife, and, in fact, I have several engagements from this to supper time."

"A thousand thanks for all your kindnesses in prospective, but I think, perhaps, it were right I should ask Miss Dashwood to dance, if only as matter of form: you understand?"

"And, if Miss Dashwood should say, 'with pleasure, sir,' only as a matter of form: you understand," said a silvery voice beside me. I turned, and saw Lucy Dashwood, who, having overheard my very free and easy suggestion, replied to me in this manner.

I here blundered out my excuses. What I said, and what I did not say, I cannot now remember; but, certainly, it was her turn now to blush, and her arm trembled within mine as I led her to the top of the room. In the little opportunity which our quadrille presented for conversation, I could not help remarking that, after the surprise of her first meeting with me, Miss Dashwood's manner became gradually more and more reserved, and that there was an evident struggle between her wish to appear grateful for what had occurred with a sense of the necessity of not incurring a greater degree of intimacy. Such was my impression, at least, and such the conclusion I drew from a certain quiet tone in her manner, that went farther to wound my feelings, and mar my happiness, than any other line of conduct towards me could possibly have effected.

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

"Dear papa, has any thing occurred? pray, what is it?" inquired she.

He smiled faintly, and replied, "Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way; but, certainly, a more disagreeable *contre-temps* could scarcely occur."

"Do tell me: what it can it be?"

"Read this," said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note, which bore the mark of a red wafer, most infernally plain upon its outside.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress, burst out a-laughing, while she said, "Why, really, papa, I do not see why this should put you out much, after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days—"

"Nonsense, child; there's nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman—and to come at such a time."

"When does she speak of paying her visit?"

"I knew you had not read the note," said Sir George, hastily; "she's coming here to-night, is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done! If she forces her way in here, I shall go deranged outright. O'Malley, my boy, read this note; and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humor you see me."

I took the billet from the hands of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows;—

"Dear brother,—When this reaches your hand, I'll not be far off—I'm on my way up to town, to be under Dr. Dease for the ould complaint. Cowley mistakes my case entirely; he says it's nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise—but God knows who's right. Expect me to tea, and with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste,

"Judith Macan.

"Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and, if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too."

I scarcely could contain my laughter till I got to

the end of this very free and easy epistle; when at last I burst forth in a hearty fit, in which I was joined by Miss Dashwood.

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, and for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles; and for whom, in any nearer intimacy, he was in nowise prepared.

"I say, Lucy," said he, "there's only one thing to be done; if this horrid woman does arrive, let her be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we'll neither see nor be seen by any one."

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary directions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced, in his loudest voice, "Miss Macan." Never shall I forget the poor general's look of horror as the words reached him; for, as yet, he was too far to catch even a glimpse of its fair owner. As for me, I was already so much interested in seeing what she was like, that I made my way through the crowd towards the door. It is no common occurrence that can distract the various occupations of a crowded ball-room, where, amid the crash of music and the din of conversation, goes on the soft, low voice of insinuating flattery, or the light flirtation of a first acquaintance: every clique, every coterie, every little group of three or four, has its own separate and private interests, forming a little world of its own, and caring and heeding nothing that goes on around; and, even when some striking character or illustrious personage makes his *entrée*, the attention he attracts is so momentary that the buzz of conversation is scarcely, if at all, interrupted, and the business of pleasure continues to flow on. Not so now, however. No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan, than all seemed to stand still. The spell thus exercised over the luckless general seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that any one could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed towards the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood door in hand, was a tall, elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers gaudily embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered, and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before; while her high pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short, skinny arms were bare, and partly covered by a falling flower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the lustre of a most peering pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while, at each repetition of her name by the servant, she courtesied deeply, returning the while upon the gay crowd before her a very curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith, save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as some one who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this, threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack, that was heard all over the room.

"Where's Lucy, brother! let me embrace my little darling," said the lady in an accent that told more of Miss Macan than a three volume biography could have done; "there she is, I'm sure; kiss me, my honey."

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable; while, taking her aunt's arm, she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor general's tact to get over the sensation of this most *malapropos* addition to his party: but, by degrees, the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa, betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way towards Miss Dashwood, and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

"I hope you will do me the favor to dance next set with me, Miss Macan!"

"Really, Captain, it's very polite of you; but you must excuse me, I was never any thing great in quadrilles; but if a reel, or a jig—"

"Oh, dear, aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you."

"Or even Sir Roger de Coverly," resumed Miss Macan.

"I assure you, quite equally impossible."

"Then I'm certain you waltz!" said Power.

"What do you take me for, young man? I hope I know better; I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your lace jacket—"

"Dearest aunt, Captain Power didn't mean to offend you; I'm certain he—"

"Well, why did he dare to—*sob*, *sob*—did he see any thing light about me! that he—*sob*, *sob*, *sob*—oh, dear, oh, dear! is it for this I came up from my little peaceful place in the west?—*sob*, *sob*, *sob*—general, George, dear; Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh, dear, oh, dear—is there any whiskey negus!"

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings might have excited in the crowd about her before, this last question totally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the bystanders.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George setting her down to a whist-table. From this moment I lost sight of her for above two hours. Meanwhile, I had little opportunity of following up my intimacy with Miss Dashwood, and, as I rather suspected that, on more than one occasion, she seemed to avoid our meeting, I took especial care, on my part, to spare her the annoyance.

For one instant only, had I any opportunity of addressing her, and then there was such an evident

embarrassment in her manner that I readily perceived how she felt circumstanced, and that the sense of gratitude to one whose farther advances she might have feared, rendered her constrained and awkward. Too true, said I, she avoids me; my being here is only a source of discomfort and pain to her: therefore, I'll take my leave, and, whatever it may cost me, never to return. With this intention, resolving to wish Sir George very good night, I sought him out for some minutes. At length, I saw him in a corner conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

"True, upon my honor, Sir George," said he; "I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris."

"Why, you don't mean to say that she cheated!"

"Yes, but I do though—turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me, 'Very extraordinary it is—four by honors again.' So I looked, and then I perceived it—a very old trick it is; but she did it beautifully. What's her name?"

"Some western name; I forget it," said the poor General, ready to die with shame.

"Clever old woman, very," said the old lord, taking a pinch of snuff, "but revokes too often."

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had farther thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd towards the stair-case. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of goodwill.

"I say, Charley," whispered Power, as I came along, "it is capital fun—never met any thing equal to her; but the poor General will never live through it, and I'm certain of ten days' arrest for this night's proceeding."

"Any news of Webber?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, I fancy I can tell something of him; for I heard of some one presenting himself, and being refused the *entrée*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper: we must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake, eh?"

Not seeing the force of this reasoning, I soon separated myself from them, and secured a corner at a side-table. Every supper, on such an occasion as this, is the same scene of soiled white muslin, faded flowers, flushed faces, torn gloves, blushes, blanc-mange, cold chicken, jelly, sponge cakes, spooney young gentlemen doing the attentive, and watchful mammas calculating what precise degree of propinquity in the crush is safe or seasonable for their daughters, to the moustached and unmarrying lovers beside them. There are always the same set of gratified elders, like the benchers in King's Inn, marched up to the head of the table, to eat, drink, and be happy—removed from the more profane looks and soft speeches of the younger part of the creation. Then there are the *oi polloi* of outcasts, younger sons of younger brothers, tutors, governesses, portionless cousins, and curates, all formed in a phalanx round the side-table, whose primitive habits and simple tastes are evinced by their all eating off the same plate and drinking from nearly the same wine-glass. Too happy if some better off acquaintance at the long table invites them to "wine;" though the ceremony on their part is limited to the pantomime of drinking. To this miserable *tiers état* I belonged, and bore my fate with unconcern; for, alas! my spirits were depressed and my heart heavy. Lucy's treatment of me was every moment before me, contrasted with her gay and courteous demeanor to all, save myself; and I longed for the moment to get away.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful: her brilliant eyes were lit with pleasure, and her smile was enchantment itself. What would I not have given for one moment's explanation, as I took my leave forever!—one brief avowal of my love, my unalterable devoted love; for which I sought not or expected return, but merely that I might not be forgotten.

Such were my thoughts, when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my revery. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon pie, a flask of champaign standing between them.

"Don't now! don't I tell ye, it's little ye know Galway, or you wouldn't think to make up to me, squeezing my foot."

"Upon my soul, you're an angel, a regular angel; I never saw a woman suit my fancy before."

"Oh, behave now, Father Magrath says—"

"Who's he?"

"The priest no less."

"Oh! confound him."

"Confound Father Magrath, young man."

"Well, then, Judy, don't be angry: I only meant that a dragoon knows rather more of these matters than a priest."

"Well, then, I'm not so sure of that. But anyhow, I'd have you to remember it aint a Widow Malone you have beside you."

"Never heard of the Lady," said Power.

"Sure it's a song—poor creature—it's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our country."

"I wish to heaven you'd sing it."

"What will you give me then, if I do?"

"Any thing—every thing—my heart, my life."

"I wouldn't give a trauneen for all of them: give me that old green ring on your finger then."

"It's yours," said Power, placing it gracefully upon Miss Macan's finger, "and now for your promise."

"Maybe my brother might not like it."

"He'd be delighted," said Power, "he doats on music."

"Does he now?"

"On my honor, he does."

"Well, mind, you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is."

"Miss Macan's song," said Power, tapping the table with his knife. "Miss Macan's song," was re-echoed on all sides, and before the luckless General could interfere, she had begun. How to explain the air I know not, for I never heard its name, but at the end of each verse, a species of echo followed the last word, that rendered it irresistibly ridiculous.

"THE WIDOW MALONE."

"Did ye hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

"Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

"But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

"'Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare?
It's little for blushin' they care
Down there;
Put his arm round her waist
Gave ten kisses, at laste,
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,
My own;'
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

"And the Widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've made now so free
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone.'

"There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong:
If for widows you die
Larn to *kiss*, *not* to *sigh*;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone."

Never did song create such a sensation as Miss Macan's, and certainly her desires as to the chorus were followed to the letter; for the "Widow Malone, ohone!" resounded from one end of the table to the other, amid one universal shout of laughter. None could resist the ludicrous effect of her melody, and even poor Sir George, sinking under the disgrace of his relationship, which she had contrived to make public by frequent allusions to her dear brother the "General," yielded at last, and joined in the mirth around him.

"I insist upon a copy of the 'Widow,' Miss Macan," said Power.

"To be sure; give me a call to-morrow; let me see, about two Father Magrath won't be at home," said she, with a coquetish look.

"Where, pray, may I pay my respects?"

"No. 22, South Anne-street, very respectable lodgings. I'll write the address in your pocket-book."

Power produced a card and pencil, while Miss Macan wrote a few lines, saying, as she handed it—

"There, now, don't read it here before the people; they'll think it mighty indelicate in me to make an appointment."

Power pocketed the card, and the next minute Miss Macan's carriage was announced.

Sir George Dashwood, who little flattered himself that his fair guest had any intention of departure, became now most considerably attentive—reminded her of the necessity of muffling against the night air—hoped she should escape cold, and wished a most cordial good night, with a promise of seeing her early the following day.

Notwithstanding Power's ambition to engross the attention of the lady, Sir George himself saw her to her carriage, and only returned to the room as a group was collected around the gallant Captain, to whom he was relating some capital traits of his late conquest; for such he dreamed she was.

"Doubt it who will," said he, "she has invited me to call on her to-morrow—written her address on my card—told me the hour she is certain of being alone. See here—" at these words he pulled forth the card, and handed it to Lechmere.

Scarcely were the eyes of the other thrown upon the writing, when he said, "So, this isn't it, Power."

"To be sure it is, man," said Power; "Anne-street is devilish seedy; but that's the quarter."

"Why, confound it, man," said the other, "there's not a word of that here."

"Read it out," said Power, "proclaim aloud my victory."

Thus urged, Lechmere read:—

"Dear P.—Please pay to my credit, and soon, mark ye, the two ponies lost this evening. I have done myself the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady, quizzed the papa, and walked into the cunning Fred Power.

"Yours, FRANK WEBBER.

"The Widow Malone, ohone, is at your service."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, his astonishment could not have equalled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.

"Who is he? that is the question," said Sir George, who, with all the ridicule of the affair hanging over him, felt no common relief at the discovery of the imposition.

"A friend of O'Malley's," said Power, delighted, in his defeat, to involve another with himself.

"Indeed!" said the General, regarding me with a look of a very mingled cast.

"Quite true, sir," said I, replying to the accusation that his manner implied, "but equally so, that

I neither knew of his plot, nor recognised him when here."

"I am perfectly sure of it, my boy," said the General; "and, after all, it was an excellent joke, carried a little too far, it's true; eh, Lucy?"

But Lucy either heard not, or affected not to hear; and, after some little farther assurance that he felt not the least annoyed, the General turned to converse with some other friends; while I, burning with indignation against Webber, took a cold farewell of Miss Dashwood, and retired.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE LAST NIGHT IN TRINITY.

How I might have met Master Webber after his impersonation of Miss Macan, I cannot possibly figure to myself. Fortunately, indeed, for all parties, he left town early the next morning; and it was some weeks ere he returned. In the mean while, I became a daily visiter at the General's, dined there usually three or four times a week, rode out with Lucy constantly, and accompanied her every evening either to the theatre or into society. Sir George, possibly from my youth, seemed to pay little attention to an intimacy which he perceived every hour growing closer, and frequently gave his daughter into my charge in our morning excursions on horseback. As for me, my happiness was all but perfect. I loved, and already began to hope that I was not regarded with indifference; for, although Lucy's manner never absolutely evinced any decided preference towards me, yet many slight and casual circumstances served to show me that my attentions to her were neither unnoticed nor uncared for. Among the many gay and dashing companions of our rides, I remarked that, however anxious for such a distinction, none ever seemed to make any way in her good graces; and I had already gone far in my self-deception that I was destined for good fortune, when a circumstance which occurred one morning at length served to open my eyes to the truth, and blast, by one fatal breath, the whole harvest of my hopes.

We were about to set out one morning on a long ride, when Sir George's presence was required by the arrival of an officer who had been sent from the Horse Guards on official business. After half an hour's delay, Colonel Cameron, the officer in question, was introduced, and entered into conversation with our party. He had only landed in England from the Peninsula a few days before, and had abundant information of the stirring events enacting there. At the conclusion of an anecdote—I forget what—he turned suddenly round to Miss Dashwood, who was standing beside me, and said, in a low voice:—

"And now, Miss Dashwood, I am reminded of a commission I promised a very old brother officer to perform. Can I have one moment's conversation with you in the window?"

As he spoke, I perceived that he crumpled beneath his glove something like a letter.

"To me!" said Lucy, with a look of surprise that sadly puzzled me whether to ascribe it to coquetry or innocence—"to me?"

"To you," said the Colonel, bowing; "and I am sadly deceived by my friend Hammersly—"

"Captain Hammersly," said she, blushing deeply as she spoke.

I heard no more. She turned towards the window with the Colonel, and all I saw was, that he handed her a letter, which, having hastily broken open, and thrown her eyes over, she grew first deadly pale—then red, and, while her eyes filled with tears, I heard her say "How like him!—how truly generous this is!" I listened for no more—my brain was wheeling round, and my senses reeling—I turned and left the room—in another moment I was on my horse, galloping from the spot, despair, in all its blackness, in my heart—and, in my broken-hearted misery, wishing for death.

I was miles away from Dublin ere I remembered well what had occurred, and even then not over clearly: the fact that Lucy Dashwood, whom I imagined to be my own in heart, loved another, was all that I really knew. That one thought was all my mind was capable of, and in it my misery, my wretchedness were centred.

Of all the grief my life has known, I have had no moments like the long hours of that dreary night. My sorrow, in turn, took every shape and assumed every guise: now I remember how the Dashwoods had courted my intimacy and encouraged my visits; how Lucy herself had evinced, in a thousand ways, that she felt a preference for me. I called to mind the many equivocal proofs I had given her that my feeling, at least, was no common one; and yet, how had they sported with my affections and jested with my happiness! That she loved Hammersly I had now a palpable proof; that this affection must have been mutual and prosecuted at the very moment I was not only professing my own love for her, but actually receiving—all but an avowal of its return—oh! it was too, too base; and, in my deepest heart, I cursed my folly, and vowed never to see her more.

It was late on the next day ere I retraced my steps towards town, my heart sad and heavy, careless what became of me for the future, and pondering whether I should not at once give up my College career, and return to my uncle. When I reached my chamber, all was silent and comfortless; Webber had not returned; my servant was from home; and I felt myself more than ever wretched in the solitude of what had been so oft the scene of noisy and festive gayety. I sat some hours in a half musing state, every sad depressing thought that blighted hopes can conjure up rising in turn before me. A loud knocking at the door at length aroused me. I got up and opened it. No one was there: I looked around, as well as the coming gloom of evening would permit, but saw nothing. I listened, and heard, at some distance off, my friend Power's manly voice, as he sang,

"Oh! Love is the soul of an Irish dragoon!"

I hallooed out, "Power."

"Eh, O'Malley, is that you?" inquired he. "Why, then, it seems it required some deliberation

whether you opened your door or not. Why, man, you can have no great gift of prophecy, or you wouldn't have kept me so long there."

"And have you been so?"

"Only twenty minutes; for, as I saw the key in the lock, I had determined to succeed, if noise would do it."

"How strange! I never heard it."

"Glorious sleeper you must be; but come, my dear fellow, you don't appear altogether awake yet."

"I have not been quite well these few days."

"Oh! indeed. The Dashwoods thought there must have been something of that kind the matter, by your brisk retreat. They sent me after you yesterday; but, wherever you went, heaven knows; I never could come up with you; so that your great news has been keeping these twenty-four hours longer than need be."

"I am not aware what you allude to."

"Well, you are not over likely to be the wiser when you hear it, if you can assume no more intelligent look than that. Why, man, there's great luck in store for you."

"As how, pray. Come, Power, out with it, though I can't pledge myself to feel half as grateful for my good fortune as I should do. What is it?"

"You know Cameron?"

"I have seen him," said I, reddening.

"Well, old Camy, as we used to call him, has brought over, among his other news, your gazette."

"My gazette! what do you mean?"

"Confound your uncommon stupidity this evening: I mean, man, that you are one of us—gazetted to the 14th light—the best fellows for love, war, and whiskey, that ever sported a sabertash. 'O, love is the soul of an Irish dragoon.' By Jove, I am as delighted to have rescued you from the black harness of the King's Bench, as though you had been a prisoner there. Know, then, friend Charley, that on Wednesday we proceed to Fermoy, join some score of gallant fellows—all food for powder—and, with the aid of a rotten transport, and the stormy winds that blow, will be bronzing our beautiful faces in Portugal before the month's out. But come, now, let's see about supper; some of ours are coming over here at eleven, and I promised them a devilled bone; and, as it's your last night among these classic precincts, let us have a shindy of it."

While I despatched Mike to Morrison's to provide supper, I heard from Power that Sir George Dashwood had interested himself so strongly for me, that I had obtained my cornetcy in the 14th; that, fearful lest any disappointment might arise, he had never mentioned the matter to me, but that he had previously obtained my uncle's promise to concur in the arrangement, if his negotiation succeeded. It had so done; and now the long-sought-for object of many days was within my grasp; but, alas! the circumstance which lent it all its fascinations was a vanished dream; and what, but two days before, had rendered my happiness perfect, I listened to listlessly and almost without interest. Indeed, my first impulse at finding that I owed my promotion to Sir George, was to return a positive refusal of the cornetcy; but then I remembered how deeply such conduct would hurt my poor uncle, to whom I never could give an adequate explanation. So I heard Power in silence to the end, thanked him sincerely for his own good-natured kindness in the matter, which already, by the interest he had taken in me, went far to heal the wounds that my own solitary musings were deepening in my heart. At eighteen, fortunately, consolations are attainable that become more difficult at eight-and-twenty, and impossible at eight-and-thirty.

While Power continued to dilate upon the delights of a soldier's life—a theme which many a boyish dream had long since made hallowed to my thoughts—I gradually felt my enthusiasm rising, and a certain throbbing at my heart betrayed to me that, sad and dispirited as I felt, there was still within that buoyant spirit which youth possesses as its privilege, and which answers to the call of enterprise as the war-horse to the trumpet. That a career worthy of manhood, great, glorious, and inspiriting, opened before me, coming so soon after the late downfall of my hopes, was, in itself, a source of such true pleasure, that ere long I listened to my friend, and heard his narrative with breathless interest. A lingering sense of pique, too, had its share in all this. I longed to come forward in some manly and dashing part, where my youth might not be ever remembered against me, and when, having brought myself to the test, I might no longer be looked upon and treated as a boy.

We were joined at length by the other officers of the 14th, and, to the number of twelve, sat down to supper.

It was to be my last night in old Trinity, and we resolved that the farewell should be a solemn one. Mansfield, one of the wildest young fellows in the regiment, had vowed that the leave-taking should be commemorated by some very decisive and open expression of our feelings, and had already made some progress in arrangements for blowing up the great bell, which had more than once obtruded upon our morning convivialities; but he was overruled by his more discreet associates, and we at length assumed our places at table, in the midst of which stood a *hecatomb* of all my college equipments, cap, gown, bands, &c. A funeral pile of classics was arrayed upon the hearth, surmounted by my "Book on the Cellar," and a punishment roll waved its length, like a banner, over the doomed heroes of Greece and Rome.

It is seldom that any very determined attempt to be gay *par excellence* has a perfect success; but certainly upon this evening ours had. Songs, good stories, speeches, toasts, bright visions of the campaign before us, the wild excitement which such a meeting cannot be free from, gradually, as the wine passed from hand to hand, seized upon all; and about four in the morning, such was the uproar we caused, and so terrific the noise of our proceedings, that the accumulated force of porters, sent one by one, to demand admission, was now a formidable body at the door; and Mike, at last, came in to assure us that the Bursar, the most dread official of all collegians, was without, and insisted, with a threat of his heaviest displeasure in case of refusal, that the door should be opened.

A committee of the whole house immediately sat upon the question, and it was at length resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the request should be complied with. A fresh bowl of punch, in honor

of our expected guest, was immediately concocted, a new broil put on the gridiron, and, having seated ourselves with as great a semblance of decorum as four bottles a-man admits of, Curtis, the junior captain, being most drunk, was deputed to receive the Bursar at the door, and introduce him to our august presence.

Mike's instructions were, that immediately on Dr. Stone, the Bursar's entering, the door was to be slammed to, and none of his followers admitted. This done, the Doctor was to be ushered in, and left to our own polite attentions.

A fresh thundering from without scarcely left time for farther deliberation; and at last Curtis moved towards the door, in execution of his mission.

"Is there any one there?" said Mike, in a tone of most unsophisticated innocence, to a rapping that, having lasted three quarters of an hour, threatened now to break in the panel. "Is there any one there!"

"Open the door this instant—the senior Bursar desires you—this instant."

"Sure it's night, and we're all in bed," said Mike.

"Mr. Webber—Mr. O'Malley," said the Bursar, now boiling with indignation, "I summon you, in the name of the Board, to admit me."

"Let the gemmen in," hiccuped Curtis; and, at the same instant, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door opened, but so sparingly as with difficulty to admit the passage of the burly figure of the Bursar.

Forcing his way through, and, regardless of what became of the rest, he pushed on vigorously through the ante-chamber, and, before Curtis could perform his functions of usher, stood in the midst of us. What were his feelings at the scene before him, heaven knows. The number of figures in uniform at once betrayed how little his jurisdiction extended to the great mass of the company, and he immediately turned towards me.

"Mr. Webber—"

"O'Malley, if you please, Mr. Bursar," said I, bowing with most ceremonious politeness.

"No matter, sir; *arcades ambo*, I believe."

"Both archdeacons," said Melville, translating, with a look of withering contempt upon the speaker.

The Doctor continued, addressing me:—

"May I ask, sir, if you believe yourself possessed of any privilege for converting this university into a common tavern?"

"I wished to heaven he did," said Curtis; "capital tap your old commons would make."

"Really, Mr. Bursar," replied I, modestly, "I had begun to flatter myself that our little innocent gayety had inspired you with the idea of joining our party."

"I humbly move that the old cove in the gown do take the chair," sang out one. "All who are of this opinion say, 'Ay'"—a perfect yell of ayes followed this. "All who are of the contrary say, 'No.' The ayes have it."

Before the luckless Doctor had a moment for thought, his legs were lifted from under him, and he was jerked rather than placed upon a chair, and put sitting upon the table.

"Mr. O'Malley, your expulsion within twenty-four hours—"

"Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!" drowned the rest, while Power, taking off the Doctor's cap, replaced it by a foraging cap, very much to the amusement of the party.

"There is no penalty the law permits of, that I shall not—"

"Help the Doctor," said Melville, placing a glass of punch in his unconscious hand.

"Now for a 'Viva la Compagnie,'" said Telford, seating himself at the piano, and playing the first bars of that well-known air, to which, in our meetings, we were accustomed to improvise a doggerel in turn:—

"I drink to the graces, Law, Physic, Divinity,
Viva la Compagnie;
And here's to the worthy old Bursar of Trinity,"
Viva la Compagnie."

"Viva, viva la va," &c. were chorused with a shout that shook the old walls, while Power took up the strain:—

"Though with lace caps and gowns they look so like asses,
Viva la Compagnie;
They'd rather have punch than the springs of Parnassus,
Viva la Compagnie

What a nose the old gentleman has by the way,
Viva la Compagnie,
Since he smelt out the devil from Botany Bay,*
Viva la Compagnie."

Words cannot give even the faintest idea of the poor Bursar's feelings while these demoniacal orgies were enacting around him. Held fast in his chair by Lechmere and another, he glowered on the riotous mob around like a maniac, and astonishment that such liberties could be taken with one in his situation, seemed to have surpassed even his rage and resentment; and every now and then a stray thought would flash across his mind that we were mad, a sentiment which, unfortunately, our conduct was but too well calculated to inspire.

"So you're the morning lecturer, old gentleman, and have just dropped in here in the way of business; pleasant life you must have of it," said Casey, now by far the most tipsy man present.

"If you think, Mr. O'Malley, that the events of this evening are to end here—"

"Very far from it, Doctor," said Power; "I'll draw up a little account of the affair for 'Saunders.' They shall hear of it in every corner and nook of the kingdom."

"The Bursar of Trinity shall be a proverb for a good fellow that loveth his lush," hiccuped out Fagan.

"And if you believe that such conduct is academical," said the Doctor with a withering sneer—

"Perhaps not," lisped Melville, tightening his belt; "but it's devilish convivial—eh, Doctor?"

"Is that like him?" said Moreton, producing a caricature, which he had just sketched.

"Capital—very good—perfect. M'Cleary shall have it in his window by noon to-day," said Power.

At this instant some of the combustibles disposed among the rejected habiliments of my late vocation caught fire, and squibs, crackers, and detonating shots went off on all sides. The Bursar, who had not been deaf to several hints and friendly sugges-

* Botany Bay is the slang name given by College men to a new square rather remotely situated from the remainder of the College.

tions, about setting fire to him, blowing him up, &c., with one vigorous spring burst from his antagonists, and, clearing the table at a bound, reached the floor. Before he could be seized he had gained the door—opened it, and was away. We gave chase, yelling like so many devils; but wine and punch, songs and speeches, had done their work, and more than one among the pursuers measured his length upon the pavement; while the terrified Bursar, with the speed of terror, held on his way, and gained his chambers, by about twenty yards in advance of Power and Melville, whose pursuit only ended when the oaken panel of the door shut them out from their victim. One loud cheer beneath his window served for our farewell to our friend, and we returned to my rooms. By this time a regiment of those classic functionaries, ycleped porters, had assembled around the door, and seemed bent upon giving battle in honor of their maltreated ruler; but Power explained to them, in a neat speech, replete with Latin quotations, that their cause was a weak one, that we were more than their match, and, finally, proposed to them to finish the punch-bowl, to which we were really incompetent, a motion that met immediate acceptance; and old Duncan, with his helmet in one hand, and a goblet in the other, wished me many happy days, and every luck in this life, as I stepped from the massive archway, and took my last farewell of old Trinity.

Should any kind reader feel interested as to the ulterior course assumed by the Bursar, I have only to say that the terrors of the "Board" were never fulminated against me, harmless and innocent as I should have esteemed them. The threat of giving publicity to the entire proceedings by the papers, and the dread of figuring in a sixpenny caricature in M'Cleary's window, were too much for the worthy Doctor, and he took the wiser course, under the circumstances, and held his peace about the matter. I too have done so for many a year, and only now recall the scene among the wild transactions of early days and boyish follies.

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE PHŒNIX PARK.

WHAT a glorious thing it is, when our first waking thoughts not only dispel some dark depressing dream, but arouse us to the consciousness of a new and bright career suddenly opening before us, buoyant in hope, rich in promise for the future. Life has nothing better than this. The bold spring by which the mind clears the depth that separates misery from happiness, is ecstasy itself; and, then, what a world of bright visions come teeming before us; what plans we form; what promises we make to ourselves in our own hearts; how prolific is the dullest imagination; how excursive the tamest fancy, at such a moment! In a few short and fleeting seconds, the events of a whole life are planned and pictured before us. Dreams of happiness and visions of bliss, of which all our after-years are insufficient to eradicate the *prestige*, come in myriads about us; and from that narrow aperture through which this new hope pierces into our heart, a flood of light is poured that illumines our path to the very verge of the grave. How many a success in after-days is reckoned as but one step in that ladder of ambition some boyish review has framed, perhaps, after all, destined to be the first and only one! With what triumph we hail some goal attained, some object of our wishes gained, less for its present benefit, than as the accomplishment of some youthful prophecy, when picturing to our hearts all that we would have in life, we whispered within us the flattery of success!

Who is there who has not had some such moment, and who would exchange it, with all the delusive and deceptive influences by which it comes surrounded, for the greatest actual happiness he has partaken of! Alas, alas! it is only in the boundless expanse of such imaginings, unreal and fictitious as they are, that we are truly blessed. Our choicest blessings in life come ever so associated with some sources of care, that the cup of enjoyment is not pure, but dregged in bitterness.

To such a world of bright anticipation did I awake on the morning after the events I have detailed in my last chapter. The first thing my eyes fell upon was an official letter from the Horse Guards:—

"The Commander of the Forces desires that Mr. O'Malley will repair, immediately on the receipt of this letter, to the head-quarters of the regiment to which he is gazetted."

Few and simple as the lines were, how brimful of pleasure they sounded to my ears! The regiment to which I was gazetted! and so I was a soldier at last; the first wish of my boyhood was then really accomplished; and my uncle, what will he say! what will he think!

"A letter, sir, by the post," said Mike, at the moment.

I seized it eagerly; it came from home, but was in Considine's handwriting; how my heart failed me as I turned to look at the seal! "Thank God," said I aloud, on perceiving that it was a red one. I now tore it open and read:—

"My dear Charley,—Godfrey, being laid up with the gout, has desired me to write to you by this day's post. Your appointment to the 14th, notwithstanding all his prejudices about the army, has given him sincere pleasure. I believe, between ourselves, that your college career, of which he has heard something, convinced him that your forte did not lie in the classics; you know I said so always, but nobody minded me. Your new prospects are all that your best friends could wish for you; you begin early; your corps is a crack one; you are ordered for service. What could you have more!

"Your uncle hopes, if you can get a few days' leave, that you will come down here before you join, and I hope so too; for he is unusually low spirited, and talks about his never seeing you again, and all that sort of thing.

"I have written to Merivale, your colonel, on this subject, as well as generally on your behalf; we were cornets together forty years ago: a strict

fellow you'll find him, but a trump on service. If you can't manage the leave, write a long letter home at all events; and so God bless you, and all success.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. CONSIDINE."

"I had thought of writing you a long letter of advice for your new career, and, indeed, half accomplished one. After all, however, I can tell you little that your own good sense will not teach you as you go on, and experience is ever better than precept. I know of but one rule in life which admits of scarcely any exception, and having followed it upwards of sixty years, approve of it only the more—Never quarrel when you can help it; but meet any man—your tailor, your hairdresser—if he wishes to have you out.

"W. C."

I had scarcely come to the end of this very characteristic epistle, when two more letters were placed upon my table. One was from Sir George Dashwood, inviting me to dinner, to meet some of my "brother officers." How my heart beat at the expression; the other was a short note, marked "private," from my late tutor, Dr. Mooney, saying, that if I made a suitable apology to the Bursar, for the late affair at my room, he might probably be induced to abandon any farther step;" otherwise—then followed innumerable threats about fine, penalties, expulsion, &c., that fell most harmlessly upon my ears. I accepted the invitation; declined the apology; and, having ordered my horse, cantered off to the barracks to consult my friend Power as to all the minor details of my career.

As the dinner hour drew near, my thoughts became again fixed upon Miss Dashwood, and a thousand misgivings crossed my mind, as to whether I should have nerve enough to meet her, without disclosing in my manner the altered state of my feelings, a possibility which I now dreaded fully as much as I had longed some days before to avow my affection for her, however slight its prospects of return. All my valiant resolves and well-contrived plans for appearing unmoved and indifferent in her presence, with which I stored my mind while dressing, and when on my way to dinner, were, however, needless, for it was a party exclusively of men; and, as the coffee was served in the dinner-room, no move was made to the drawing-room by any of the company. Quite as well as it is, was my muttered opinion, as I got into my cab at the door. All is at an end as regards me in her esteem, and I must not spend my days sighing for a young lady that cares for another. Very reasonable, very proper resolutions these; but, alas! I went home to bed, only to think half the night long of the fair Lucy, and dream of her the remainder of it.

When morning dawned, my first thought was, Shall I see her once more? shall I leave her for ever thus abruptly? or, rather, shall I not unburden my bosom of its secret, confess my love, and say farewell? I felt such a course much more in unison with my wishes, than the day before; and, as Power had told me that before a week we should present ourselves at Fermoy, I knew that no time was to be lost.

My determination was taken. I ordered my horse, and, early as it was, rode out to the Royal Hospital. My heart beat so strongly as I rode up to the door, that I half resolved to return. I rang the bell. Sir George was in town. Miss Dashwood had just gone five minutes before to spend some days at Carton. It is fate, thought I, as I turned from the spot, and walked slowly beside my horse towards Dublin.

In the few days that intervened before my leaving town, my time was occupied from morning to night: the various details of my uniform, outfit, &c., were undertaken for me by Power. My horses were sent for to Galway, and I myself, with innumerable persons to see, and a mass of business to transact, contrived, at least three times a day, to ride out to the Royal Hospital, always to make some trifling inquiry for Sir George, and always to hear repeated that Miss Dashwood had not returned.

Thus passed five of my last six days in Dublin, and, as the morning of the last opened, it was with a sorrowing spirit that I felt my hour of departure approach, without one only opportunity of seeing Lucy, even to say good-bye.

While Mike was packing in one corner, and I in another was concluding a long letter to my poor uncle, my door opened, and Webber entered.

"Eh, O'Malley, I'm only in time to say adieu, it seems. To my surprise this morning I found you had cut the 'Silent Sister.' I feared I should be too late to catch one glimpse of you ere you started for the wars."

"You are quite right, Master Frank, and I scarcely expected to have seen you. Your last brilliant achievement at Sir George's very nearly involved me in a serious scrape."

"A mere trifle. How confoundedly silly Power must have looked, eh? Should like so much to have seen his face. He booked up next day—very proper fellow. By the bye, O'Malley, I rather like the little girl; she is decidedly pretty; and her foot! did you remark her foot?—capital!"

"Yes, she's very good-looking," said I, carelessly.

"I'm thinking of cultivating her a little," said Webber, pulling up his cravat and adjusting his hair at the glass. "She's spoiled by all the tinsel vaporing of her hussar and aid-de-camp acquaintances; but some thing may be done for her, eh?"

"With your most able assistance and kind intentions."

"That's what I mean exactly. Sorry you're going—devilish sorry. You served out Stone gloriously: perhaps it's as well, though; you know they'd have expelled you: but still something might turn up; soldiering is a bad style of thing, eh? How the old General did take his sister-in-law's presence to heart! But he must forgive and forget, for I'm going to be very great friends with him and Lucy. Where are you going now?"

"I'm about to try a new horse before troops," said I. "He's stanch enough with the cry of the fox-pack in his ears, but I don't know how he'll stand a peal of artillery."

"Well, come along," said Webber, "I'll ride with you." So saying, we mounted and set off

to the Park, where two regiments of cavalry and some horse artillery were ordered for inspection.

The review was over when we reached the exercising ground, and we slowly walked our horses towards the end of the Park, intending to return to Dublin by the road. We had not proceeded far, when, some hundred yards in advance, we perceived an officer riding with a lady, followed by an orderly dragoon.

"There he goes," said Webber; "I wonder if he'd ask me to dinner, if I were to throw myself in his way?"

"Who do you mean?" said I.

"Sir George Dashwood, to be sure, and, *la voila*, Miss Lucy. The little darling rides well, too: how squarely she sits her horse! O'Malley, I have a weakness there; upon my soul I have."

"Very possibly," said I; "I am aware of another friend of mine participating in the sentiment."

"One Charles O'Malley, of his Majesty's ——"

"Nonsense, man—no, no. I mean a very different person, and, for all I can see, with some reason to hope for success."

"Oh, as to that, we flatter ourselves the thing does not present any very considerable difficulties."

"As how, pray?"

"Why, of course, like all such matters, a very decisive determination. To be, to do, and to suffer, as Lindley Murray says, carries the day. Tell her she's an angel every day for three weeks. She may laugh a little at first, but she'll believe it in the end. Tell her that you have not the slightest prospect of obtaining her affection, but still persist in loving her. That, finally, you must die from the effects of despair, &c., but rather like the notion of it than otherwise. That you know she has no fortune; that you haven't a sixpence; and who should marry if people whose position in the world was similar did not?"

"But halt: pray how are you to get time and place for all such interesting conversations?"

"Time and place! Good heavens, what a question! Is not every hour of the twenty-four the fittest? is not every place the most suitable? A sudden pause in the organ in St. Patrick's did, it is true, catch me once in a declaration of love; but the choir came in to my aid, and drowned the lady's answer. My dear O'Malley, what could prevent you this instant, if you are so disposed, from doing the amiable to the darling Lucy, there?"

"With the father for an umpire, in case we disagreed," said I.

"Not at all. I should soon get rid of him."

"Impossible, my dear friend."

"Come now, just for the sake of convincing your obstinacy. If you like to say good-bye to the little girl without a witness, I'll take off the hedragon."

"You don't mean—"

"I do, man—I do mean it." So saying, he drew a crimson silk handkerchief from his pocket, and fastened it round his waist like an officer's sash. This done, and telling me to keep in their wake, for some minutes, he turned from me, and was soon concealed by a copse of whitethorn near us.

I had not gone above a hundred yards farther, when I heard Sir George's voice calling for the orderly. I looked, and saw Webber at a considerable distance in front, curveting and playing all species of antics. The distance between the General and myself was now so short, that I overheard the following dialogue with the sentry:—

"He's not in uniform, then?"

"No, sir; he has a round hat."

"A round hat!"

"His sash—"

"A sword and sash. This is too bad. I'm determined to find him out. Follow, then."

"How d'ye do, General?" said Webber, as he rode towards the trees.

"Stop, sir!" shouted Sir George.

"Goo-dday, Sir George," replied Webber, retiring.

"Stay where you are, Lucy," said the General, as dashing spurs into his horse, he sprang forward at a gallop, incensed beyond endurance that his most strict orders should be so openly and insultingly transgressed.

Webber led on to a deep hollow, where the road passed between two smooth slopes, covered with furze trees, and from which it emerged afterward in the thickest and most intricate part of the Park. Sir George dashed boldly after, and, in less than half a minute, both were lost to my view, leaving me in breathless amazement at Master Frank's ingenuity, and some puzzle as to my own future movements.

"Now then, or never," said I, as I pushed boldly forward, and in an instant was alongside of Miss Dashwood.

Her astonishment at seeing me so suddenly increased the confusion from which I felt myself suffering, and, for some minutes, I could scarcely speak. At last, I plucked up courage a little, and said:—

"Miss Dashwood, I have looked most anxiously, for the last four days, for the moment which chance has now given me. I wished, before I parted for ever with those to whom I owe already so much, that I should, at least, speak my gratitude ere I said good-bye."

"But when do you think of going?"

"To-morrow; Captain Power, under whose command I am, has received orders to embark immediately for Portugal."

I thought—perhaps it was but a thought—that her cheek grew somewhat paler as I spoke; but she remained silent; and I, scarcely knowing what I had said, or whether I had finished, spoke not either.

"Papa, I'm sure, is not aware," said she, after a long pause, "of your intention of leaving so soon; for, only last night, he spoke of some letters he meant to give you to some friends in the Peninsula; besides, I know"—here she smiled faintly—"that he destined some excellent advice for your ears, as to your new path in life, for he has an immense opinion of the value of such to a young officer."

"I am, indeed, most grateful to Sir George, and truly never did any one stand more in need of coun-

sel than I do." This was said half musingly, and not intended to be heard.

"Then pray, consult Papa," said she, eagerly; "he is much attached to you, and will, I'm certain, do all in his power—"

"Alas! I fear not, Miss Dashwood."

"Why, what can you mean? has any thing so serious occurred?"

"No, no: I'm but misleading you, and exciting your sympathy with false pretences. Should I tell you all the truth, you would not pardon, perhaps not hear me."

"You have, indeed, puzzled me; but, if there is any thing in which my father—"

"Less him than his daughter," said I, fixing my eyes full upon her as I spoke. "Yes, Lucy, I feel I must confess it, cost what it may—I love you: stay, hear me out: I know the fruitlessness, the utter despair, that awaits such a sentiment. My own heart tells me that I am not, cannot be, loved in return; yet, would I rather cherish in its core my affection slighted and unblessed, such as it is, than own another heart. I ask for nothing; I hope for nothing; I merely entreat that, for my truth, I may meet belief, and, for my heart's worship of her whom alone I can love, compassion. I see that you at least pity me. Nay, one word more; I have one favor more to ask; it is my last, my only one. Do not, when time and distance may have separated us—perhaps, forever, think that the expressions I now use are prompted by a mere sudden ebullition of boyish feeling: do not attribute to the circumstance of my youth alone the warmth of the attachment I profess; for I swear to you, by every hope I have, that, in my heart of hearts, my love to you is the source and spring of every action in my life, of every aspiration in my heart; and, when I cease to love you, I shall cease to feel.

"And now, farewell: farewell forever." I pressed her hand to my lips, gave one long last look, turned my horse rapidly away, and, ere a minute, was far out of sight of where I left her.

---

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ROAD.

Power was detained in town by some orders from the adjutant-general, so that I started for Cork, the next morning, with no other companion than my servant Mike. For the first few stages upon the road, my own thoughts sufficiently occupied me, to render me insensible or indifferent to all else. My opening career—the prospects my new life as a soldier held out—my hopes of distinction—my love of Lucy, with all its train of doubts and fears—passed in review before me, and I took no note of time till far past noon. I now looked to the back part of the coach, where Mike's voice had been, as usual, in the ascendant for some time, and perceived that he was surrounded by an eager auditory of four raw recruits, who, under the care of a sergeant, were proceeding to Cork to be enrolled in their regiment. The sergeant, whose minutes of wakefulness were only these, when the coach stopped to change horses, and when he got down to mix a "summat hot," paid little attention to his followers, leaving them perfectly free in all their movements, to listen to Mike's eloquence, and profit by his suggestions, should they deem fit. Master Michael's services to his new acquaintances, I began to perceive, were not exactly of the same nature as Dibdin is reported to have rendered to our navy in the late war. Far from it; his theme was no contemptuous disdain for danger—no patriotic enthusiasm to fight for home and country—no proud consciousness of British valor, mingled with the appropriate hatred of our mutual enemies; on the contrary, Mike's eloquence was enlisted for the defendant. He detailed, and in no unimpressive way either, the hardships of a soldier's life, its dangers, its vicissitudes, its chances, its possible penalties, its inevitably small rewards, and, in fact, so completely did he work on the feelings of his hearers, that I perceived more than one glance exchanged between the victims, that certainly betokened any thing save the resolve to fight for King George. It was at the close of a long and most powerful appeal upon the superiority of any other line of life, petty larceny and small felony inclusive, that he concluded with the following quotation:—

"Thrue for ye boys!

> "With your red scarlet coat,
> You're as proud as a goat,
> And your long cap and feather

"But by the piper that played before Moses, it's more whipping nor gingerbread is going on amongst them; av ye knew but all, and heerd the misfortune that happened to my father."

"And was he a sodger?" inquired one.

"Troth was he, more sorrow to him, and wasn't he amost whipped, one day, for doing what he was bid."

"Musha, but that was hard."

"To be sure it was hard; but faix, when my father seen that they didn't know their own minds, he thought, anyhow, he knew his, so he ran away; and devil a bit of him they ever cotch afther. Maybe, ye might like to hear the story, and there's instruction in it for ye too."

A general request to this end being preferred by the company, Mike took a shrewd look at the sergeant, to be sure that he was still sleeping, settled his coat comfortably across his knees, and began.

"Well, it's a good many years ago my father listed in the North Cork, just to oblige Mr. Barry, the landlord there; 'for,' says he, 'Phil,' says he, 'it's not a soldier ye'll be at all, but my own man, to brush my clothes and go errands, and the like o' that, and the king, long life to him, will help to pay ye for your trouble—ye understand me.' Well, my father agreed, and Mr. Barry was as good as his word. Never a guard did my father mount, nor as much as a drill had he, nor a roll-call, nor any thing at all, save and except wait on the Captain, his master, just as pleasant as need be, and no inconvenience in life.

"Well, for three years, this went on as I'm telling, and the regiment was ordered down to Banthry, because of a report that the 'boys' was rising down there; and the second evening there was a night

party patrolling, with Captain Barry, for six hours in the rain, and the Captain, God be marciful to him, tuk cowld and died; more betoken, they said it was drink, but my father says it wasn't; 'for,' says he, 'after he tuk eight tumblers comfortable,' my father mixed the ninth, and the Captain waved his hand this way, as much as to say, he'd have no more. 'Is it that ye mean?' says my father, and the Captain nodded. 'Musha, but it's sorry I am,' says my father, 'to see you this way, for ye must be bad entirely to leave off in the beginning of the evening.' And thrue for him, the Captain was dead in the morning.

"A sorrowful day it was for my father, when he died; it was the finest place in the world: little to do; plenty of divarsion; and a kind man he was—when he was drunk. Well, then, when the Captain was buried, and all was over; my father hoped they'd be for letting him away, as he said 'Sure, I'm no use in life to anybody, save the man that's gone, for his ways are all I know, and I never was a sodger.' But, upon my conscience, they had other thoughts in their heads; for they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before.

"'Musha, isn't this hard?' said my father; 'here I am an ould vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension, with two-and-sixpence a day, obliged to go capering about the barrack-yard practising the goose step, or some other nonsense not becoming my age nor my habits;' but so it was. Well, this went on for some time, and, sure, if they were hard on my father, hadn't he his revenge, for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity; oh! nothing in life could equal him; devil a thing, no matter how easy, he could learn at all, and, so far from caring for being in confinement, it was that he liked best. Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good, and he seemed striving so hard to learn all the while, that they were loath to punish him, the ould rogue!

"This was going on for some time, when, one day, news came in that a body of the rebels, as they called them, was coming down from the Gap of Mulnavick, to storm the town, and burn all before them. The whole regiment was of coorse under arms, and great preparations was made for a battle; meanwhile patrols were ordered to scour the roads, and sentries posted at every turn of the way and every rising ground, to give warning when the boys came in sight, and my father was placed at the bridge of Drumsnag, in the wildest and bleakest part of the whole country, with nothing but furze mountains on every side, and a straight road going over the top of them.

"'This is pleasant,' says my father, as soon as they left him there alone by himself, with no human crayture to speak to, nor a whiskey shop within ten miles of him; 'cowld comfort,' says he, 'on a winter's day, and faix but I've a mind to give ye the slip.'

"Well, he put his gun down on the bridge, and he lit his pipe, and he sat down under an ould tree, and began to ruminate upon his affairs.

"'Oh, then, it's wishing it well I am,' says he, 'for sodgering; and, bad luck to the hammer that struck the shilling that listed me, that's all,' for he was mighty low in his heart.

"Just then a noise came rattling down near him; he listened; and before he could get on his legs, down comes the General, ould Cohoon, with an orderly after him.

"'Who goes that?' says my father.

"'The round,' says the General, looking about all the time to see where was the sentry, for my father was snug under the tree.

"'What round?' says my father.

"'The grand round,' says the General, more puzzled than afore.

"'Pass on, grand round, and God save you kindly,' says my father, putting his pipe in his mouth again, for he thought all was over.

"'D—n your soul, where are you?' says the General; for sorrow bit of my father could he see yet.

"'It's here I am,' says he, 'and a cowld place I have of it; and av it wasn't for the pipe I'd be lost entirely.'

"The words wasn't well out of his mouth, when the General began laughing till ye'd think he'd fall off his horse; and the dragoon behind him—more by token, they say it wasn't right for him—laughed as loud as himself.

"'Yer a droll sentry,' says the General, as soon as he could speak.

"'Be gorra, it's little fun there's left in me,' says my father, 'with this drilling, and parading, and blaguarding about the roads all night.'

"'And is this the way you salute your officer?' says the General.

"'Just so,' says my father; 'devil a more politeness ever they taught me.'

"'What regiment do you belong to?" says the General.

"'The North Cork, bad luck to them,' says my father, with a sigh.

"'They ought to be proud of ye,' says the General.

"'I'm sorry for it,' says my father, sorrowfully, 'for maybe they'll keep me the longer.'

"'Well, my good fellow,' says the General, 'I haven't more time to waste here; but let me teach you something before I go. Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to present arms to him.'

"'Arrah, it's jokin' ye are,' says my father.

"'No, I'm in earnest,' says he, 'as ye might learn to your cost, if I brought you to a court-martial.'

"'Well, there's no knowing,' says my father, 'what they'd be up to; but sure if that's all, I'll do it with all "the veins," whenever yer coming this way again.'

"The General began to laugh again here, but said:—

"'I'm coming back in the evening,' says he, 'and mind you don't forget your respect to your officer.'

"'Never fear, sir,' says my father, 'and many thanks to you for your kindness for telling me.'

"Away went the General, and the orderly after him, and in ten minutes they were out of sight.

"The night was falling fast, and one half of the mountain was quite dark already, when my father began to think they were forgetting him entirely. He looked one way, and he looked another, but

sorra bit of a sergeant's guard was coming to relieve him. There he was, fresh and fasting, and daren't go for the bare life. 'I'll give you a quarter of an hour more,' says my father, 'till the light leaves that rock up there: after that,' says he, 'by the mass! I'll be off, av it cost me what it may!'"

"Well, sure enough, his courage was not needed this time; for what did he see at the same moment but the shadow of something coming down the road, opposite the bridge; he looked again; and then he made out the General himself, that was walking his horse down the steep part of the mountain, followed by the orderly. My father immediately took up his musket off the wall, settled his belts, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and put it into his pocket, making himself as smart and neat-looking as he could be, determining, when ould Cohoon come up, to ask him for leave to go home, at least for the night. Well, by this time, the General was turning a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look five miles round on every side. 'He sees me,' says my father; 'but I'll be just as quick as himself.' No sooner said than done; for, coming forward to the parapet of the bridge, he up with his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the General. It wasn't well there, when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out, 'Sentry—sentry!'

"'Anan!' says my father, still covering him.

"'Down with your musket, you rascal: don't you see it's the grand round?'

"'To be sure I do,' says my father, never changing for a minute.

"'The ruffian will shoot me,' says the General.

"'Devil a fear,' says my father, 'av it doesn't go off of itself.'

"'What do you mean by that, you villain?" says the General, scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed with the gun—'What do you mean?'

"'Sure, ain't I presenting,' says my father: 'blood an ages, do you want me to fire next?'

"With that the General drew a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father; and there they both stood for five minutes, looking at each other, the orderly, all the while, breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for, ye see, the General knew av he retreated that my father might fire on purpose, and av he came on that he might fire by chance; and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done.

"'Are ye going to pass the evening up there, Grand Round?' says my father, 'for it's tired I'm getting houldin' this so long!'

"'Port arms,' shouted the General, as if on parade.

"'Sure I can't, till yer passed,' says my father, angrily, 'and my hand's trembling already.'

"'By heavens! I shall be shot,' says the General.

"'Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid of,' says my father; and the words wasn't out of his mouth before off went the musket, bang, and down fell the General, smack on the ground senseless. Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it wasn't a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father—God be kind to him—ye see, could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of the cartridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it. Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant the General dropped, he sprung over the bridge wall, and got away; and what, between living in a lime-kiln for two months, eating nothing but blackberries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but ever after took to a civil situation, and driv a hearse for many years."

How far Mike's narrative might have contributed to the support of his theory, I am unable to pronounce; for his auditory were, at some distance from Cork, made to descend from their lofty position, and join a larger body of recruits, all proceeding to the same destination, under a strong escort of infantry. For ourselves, we reached the "beautiful" city in due time, and took up our quarters at the Old George hotel.

---

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### CORK.

The undress rehearsal of a new piece, with its dirty-booted actors, its cloak and hooded actresses *en papillote*, bears about the same relation to the gala, wax-lit and enspangled ballet as the raw young gentleman of yesterday to the epauletted, belted, and sabertasched dragoon, whose transformation is due to a few hours of head-quarters, and a few interviews with the adjutant.

So, at least, I felt it; and it was with a very perfect concurrence in his Majesty's taste in a uniform, and a most entire approval of the regimental tailor, that I strutted down George's-street a few days after my arrival in Cork. The transports had not as yet come round; there was a great doubt of their doing so for a week or so longer; and I found myself, as the dashing cornet, the centre of a thousand polite attentions and most kind civilities.

The officer under whose orders I was placed for the time, was a great friend of Sir George Dashwood's, and paid me, in consequence, much attention. Major Dalrymple had been on the staff from the commencement of his military career—had served in the commissariat for some time—was much in foreign stations, but never, by any of the many casualties of his life, had seen what could be called service. His ideas of the soldier's profession were, therefore, what might almost be as readily picked up by a commission in the battle-axe guards, as one in his Majesty's fiftieth. He was now a species of district paymaster, employed in a thousand ways, either inspecting recruits, examining accounts, revising sick certificates, or receiving contracts for mess beef. Whether the nature of his manifold occupations had enlarged the sphere of his talents and ambition, or whether the abilities had suggested the variety of his duties, I know not; but truly, the Major was a man of all work. No sooner did a young ensign join his regiment at Cork, than Major Dalrymple's card was left at his quarters; the next day came the Major himself; the third brought an invitation to dinner; on the fourth he

was told to drop in, in the evening; and from thenceforward he was the *ami de la maison*, in company with numerous others as newly fledged and inexperienced as himself.

One singular feature of the society at the house was that, although the Major was as well known as the flag on Spike Island, yet, somehow, no officer above the rank of an ensign was ever to be met with there. It was not that he had not a large acquaintance; in fact, the "how are you, Major—how goes it, Dalrymple?" that kept everlastingly going on as he walked the streets, proved the reverse; but, strange enough, his predilections leaned towards the newly-gazetted, far before the bronzed and seared campaigners who had seen the world, and knew more about it. The reasons for this line of conduct were twofold; in the first place, there was not an article of outfit, from a stock to a sword-belt, that he could not, and did not supply to the young officer; from the gorget of the infantry to the shako of the grenadier, all came within his province; not that he actually kept a *magasin* of these articles, but he had so completely interwoven his interests with those of numerous shopkeepers in Cork, that he rarely entered a shop over whose door Dalrymple and Co. might not have figured on the sign-board. His stables were filled with a perfect infirmary of superannuated chargers, fattened and conditioned up to a miracle, and groomed to perfection: he could get you—*only you*—about three dozen of sherry to take out with you as sea-store: he knew of such a servant: he chanced upon such a camp-furniture yesterday in his walks: in fact, why want for any thing? his resources were inexhaustible—his kindness unbounded.

Then, money was no object—hang it, you could pay when you liked—what signified it? In other words, a bill at thirty-one days, cashed and discounted by a friend of the Major's, would always do. While such was the unlimited advantage his acquaintance conferred, the sphere of his benefits took another range. The Major had two daughters; Matilda and Fanny were as well known in the army as Lord Fitzroy Somerset or Picton, from the Isle of Wight to Halifax, from Cape Coast to Chatham, from Belfast to the Bermudas. Where was the subaltern who had not knelt at the shrine of one or the other, if not of both, and avowed eternal love until a change of quarters? In plain words, the Major's solicitude for the service was such, that not content with providing the young officer with all the necessary outfit of his profession, he longed also to supply him with a comforter for his woes, a charmer for his solitary hours, in the person of one of his amiable daughters. Unluckily, however, the necessity for a wife is not enforced by "general orders," as is the cut of your coat, or the length of your sabre; consequently, the Major's success in the home department of his diplomacy was not destined for the same happy results that awaited it when engaged about drill trousers and camp kettles, and the Misses Dalrymple remained Misses through every clime and every campaign. And yet, why was it so? It is hard to say. What would men have? Matilda was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, romantic-looking girl, with a tall figure and a slender waist, with more poetry in her head than would have turned an ordinary brain; always unhappy; in need of consolation; never meeting with the kindred spirit that understood her; destined to walk the world alone, her fair thoughts smothered in the recesses of her own heart. Devilish hard to stand this, when you began in a kind of platonic friendship on both sides. More than one poor fellow nearly succumbed, particularly when she came to quote Cowley, and told, with tears in her eyes,

"There are hearts that live and love alone," &c.

I'm assured that this *coup de grace* rarely failed in being followed by a downright avowal of open love, which, somehow, what between the route coming, what with waiting for leave from home, &c., never got farther than a most tender scene, and exchange of love tokens; and, in fact, such became so often the termination, that Power swears Matty had to make a firm resolve about cutting off any more hair, fearing a premature baldness during the recruiting season.

Now, Fanny had selected another arm of the service. Her hair was fair, her eyes blue, laughing, languishing, mischief-loving blue, with long lashes, and a look in them that was wont to leave its impression rather longer than you exactly knew of; then, her figure was *petite*, but perfect; her feet Canova might have copied; and her hand was a study for Titian; her voice, too, was soft and musical, but full of that *gaiéte de cœur* that never fails to charm. While her sister's style was *il penseroso*, hers was *l'allegro;* every imaginable thing, place, or person supplied food for her mirth, and her sister's lovers all came in for their share. She hunted with Smith Barry's hounds; she yachted with the Cove Club; she coursed; practised at a mark with a pistol; and played chicken hazard with all the cavalry; for let it be remarked as a physiological fact, Matilda's admirers were almost invariably taken from the infantry, while Fanny's adorers were as regularly dragoons. Whether the former be the romantic arm of the service, and the latter be more adapted to dull realities, or whether the phenomenon had any other explanation, I leave to the curious. Now, this arrangement proceeding upon that principle, which has wrought such wonders in Manchester and Sheffield—the division of labor—was a most wise and equitable one, each having her own separate and distinct field of action, interference was impossible; not but that when, as in the present instance, cavalry was in the ascendant, Fanny would willingly spare a dragoon or two to her sister, who likewise would repay the debt when occasion offered.

The mamma—for it is time I should say something of the head of the family—was an excessively fat, coarse-looking, dark-skinned personage, of some fifty years, with a voice like a boatswain in a quinsey. Heaven can tell, perhaps, why the worthy Major allied his fortunes with hers, for she was evidently of a very inferior rank in society; could never have been aught than downright ugly; and I never heard that she brought him any money. Spoiled five, the national amusement of her age and sex in Cork, scandal, the changes in the army list, the failures in speculation of her luckless husband, the forlorn fortunes of the girls, her daughters, kept her in occupation, and her days were passed

in one perpetual unceasing current of dissatisfaction and ill temper with all around, that formed a heavy counterpoise to the fascinations of the young ladies. The repeated jiltings to which they had been subject had blunted any delicacy upon the score of their marriage, and, if the newly introduced cornet or ensign was not coming forward, as became him, at the end of the requisite number of days, he was sure of receiving a very palpable admonition from Mrs. Dalrymple. Hints, at first, dimly shadowed that Matilda was not in spirits this morning; that Fanny, poor child, had a head-ache —directed especially at the culprit in question, grew gradually into those little motherly fondnesses in mamma, that, like the fascinations of the rattlesnake, only lure on to ruin. The doomed man was pressed to dinner when all others were permitted to take their leave; he was treated like one of the family, God help him! After dinner, the Major would keep him an hour over his wine, discussing the misery of an ill-assorted marriage, detailing his own happiness in marrying a woman like the Tonga Islander I have mentioned; hinting that girls should be brought up, not only to become companions to their husbands, but with ideas fitting their station; if his auditor were a military man, that none but an old officer (like him) could know how to educate girls (like his;) and that, feeling he possessed two such treasures, his whole aim in life was to guard and keep them, a difficult task, when proposals of the most flattering kind were coming constantly before him. Then followed a fresh bottle, during which the Major would consult his young friend upon a very delicate affair, no less than a proposition for the hand of Miss Matilda, or Fanny, whichever he was supposed to be soft upon. This was generally a *coup de maitre*. Should he still resist, he was handed over to Mrs. Dalrymple, with a strong indictment against him, and rarely did he escape a heavy sentence. Now, is it not strange, that two really pretty girls, with fully enough of amiable and pleasing qualities to have excited the attention and won the affection of many a man, should have gone on for years—for, alas! they did so in every climate, under every sun—to waste their sweetness in this miserable career of intrigue and mantrap, and yet nothing come of it! But so it was: the first question a newly-landed regiment was asked, if coming from where they resided, was, "Well, how are the girls?" "Oh, gloriously. Matty is there." "Ah, indeed! poor thing." "Has Fan sported a new habit?" "Is it the old gray with the hussar braiding! confound it, that was seedy when I saw them in Corfu. And mother Dal. as fat and vulgar as ever. Dawson of ours was the last, and was called up for sentence when we were ordered away: of course, he bolted," &c. Such was the invariable style of question and answer concerning them; and, although some few, either from good feeling or fastidiousness, relished but little the mode in which it had become habitual to treat them, I grieve to say that, generally, they were pronounced fair game for every species of flirtation and love-making without any "intentions" for the future. I should not have trespassed so far upon my readers' patience, were I not, in recounting these traits of my friends above, narrating matters of history. How many are there who may cast their eyes upon these pages, that will say, "Poor Matilda, I knew her at Gibraltar. Little Fanny was the life and soul of us all in Quebec."

"Mr. O'Malley," said the Adjutant, as I presented myself in the afternoon of my arrival in Cork, to a short punchy little red-faced gentleman, in a short jacket and ducks, "you are, I perceive, appointed to the 14th; you will have the goodness to appear on parade to-morrow morning. The riding-school hours are ————. The morning drill is ————; evening drill ————. Mr. Minchin, you are a 14th man, I believe; no, I beg pardon, a Carbineer, but no matter—Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Minchin, Captain Dounie, Mr. O'Malley; you'll dine with us to-day, and to-morrow you shall be entered at the mess."

"Yours are at Santarem, I believe," said an old weather-beaten looking officer with one arm.

"I'm ashamed to say, I know nothing whatever of them; I received my gazette unexpectedly enough."

"Ever in Cork before, Mr. O'Malley?"

"Never," said I.

"Glorious place," lisped a white eyelashed, knocker-kneed ensign; "splendid *gals*, eh?"

"Ah, Brunton," said Minchin, "you may boast a little; but we poor devils."

"Know the Dals?" said the hero of the lisp, addressing me.

"I haven't that honor," I replied, scarcely able to guess whether what he alluded to were objects of the picturesque, or a private family.

"Introduce him then, at once," said the Adjutant; "we'll all go in the evening. What will the old squaw think?"

"Not I," said Minchin; "she wrote to the Duke of York about my helping Matilda at supper, and not having any honorable intentions afterward."

"We dine at 'The George' to-day, Mr. O'Malley, sharp seven; until then—." So saying, the little man bustled back to his accounts, and I took my leave with the rest, to stroll about the town till dinner time.

---

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE ADJUTANT'S DINNER.

The Adjutant's dinner was as professional an affair as need be. A circuit or a learned society could not have been more exclusively devoted to their own separate and immediate topics, than were we; pipeclay in all its varieties came on the *tapis* —the last regulation cap—the new button—the promotions—the general orders—the colonel, and the colonel's wife—stoppages, and the mess fund, were all well and ably discussed; and, strange enough, while the conversation took this wide range, not a chance allusion, not one stray hint ever wandered to the brave fellows who were covering the army with glory in the Peninsula, nor one souvenir of him that was even then enjoying a fame, as a leader, second to none in Europe. This surprised me not a little at the time; but I have,

since that, learned how little interest the real services of an army possess for the ears of certain officials, who, stationed at home quarters, pass their inglorious lives in the details of drill, parade, mess-room gossip, and barrack scandal: such, in fact, were the dons of the present dinner. We had a commissary-general, an inspecting brigade-major of something, a physician to the forces, the adjutant himself, and Major Dalrymple, the *oi polloi* consisting of the raw ensign, a newly fledged cornet, Mr. Sparks, and myself.

The commissary told some very pointless stories about his own department; the doctor read a dissertation upon Walcheren fever; the adjutant got very stupidly tipsy, and Major Dalrymple succeeded in engaging the three juniors of the party to tea, having previously pledged us to purchase nothing whatever of outfit, without his advice; he well knowing (which he did) how young fellows like us were cheated, and resolving to be a father to us (which he certainly tried to be.)

As we rose from the table about ten o'clock, I felt how soon a few such dinners would succeed in disenchanting me of all my military illusions; for, young as I was, I saw that the commissary was a vulgar bore; the doctor a humbug; the adjutant a sot, and the major himself, I greatly suspected to be an old rogue.

"You are coming with us, Sparks," said Major Dalrymple, as he took me by one arm and the ensign by the other; "we are going to have a little tea with the ladies—not five minutes' walk."

"Most happy, sir," said Mr. Sparks, with a very flattered expression of countenance.

"O'Malley, you know Sparks, and Burton too." This served for a species of triple introduction, at which we all bowed, simpered, and bowed again; we were very happy to have the pleasure, &c.

"How pleasant to get away from these fellows!" said the major; "they are so uncommonly prosy: that commissary with his mess-beef, and old Pritchard with black doses and rigors; nothing so insufferable. Besides, in reality, a young officer never needs all that nonsense: a little medicine chest; I'll get you one each to-morrow for five pounds; no, five pounds ten; the same thing—that will see you all through the Peninsula. Remind me of it in the morning." This we all promised to do, and the major resumed, "I say, Sparks, you've got a real prize in that gray horse, such a trooper as he is. O'Malley, you'll be wanting something of that kind, if we can find it out for you."

"Many thanks, major, but my cattle are on the way here already: I've only three horses, but I think they are tolerably good ones."

The major now turned to Burton, and said something in a low tone, to which the other replied, "Why, if you say so, I'll get it; but it's devilish dear."

"Dear! my young friend! cheap, dog cheap."

"Only think, O'Malley, a whole brass bed, camp-stool, basin-stand, all complete, for sixty pounds: if it was not that a widow was disposing of it in great distress, one hundred could not buy it. Here we are; come along; no ceremony—mind the two steps; that's it. Mrs. Dalrymple, Mr. O'Malley; Mr. Sparks, Mr. Burton, my daughters. Is tea over, girls?"

"Why, papa, it's near eleven o'clock," said Fanny, as she rose to ring the bell, displaying, in so doing, the least possible portion of a very well-turned ankle.

Miss Matilda Dal. laid down her book; but, seemingly lost in abstraction, did not deign to look at us. Mrs. Dalrymple, however, did the honors with much politeness; and having, by a few adroit and well-put queries ascertained every thing concerning our rank and position, seemed perfectly satisfied that our intrusion was justifiable.

While my *confrère*, Mr. Sparks, was undergoing his examination, I had time to look at the ladies, whom I was much surprised at finding so very well looking; and, as the ensign had opened a conversation with Fanny, I approached my chair towards the other, and, having carelessly turned over the leaves of the book she had been reading, drew her on to talk of it. As my acquaintance with young ladies hitherto had been limited to those who had "no soul," I felt some difficulty at first in keeping up with the exalted tone of my fair companion; but, by letting her take the lead for some time, I got to know more of the ground. We went on tolerably together, every moment increasing my stock of technicals, which were all that was needed to sustain the conversation; how often have I found the same plan succeed—whether discussing a question of law or medicine—with a learned professor of either; or, what is still more difficult, canvassing the merits of a preacher, or a doctrine, with a serious young lady, whose "blessed privileges" were at first a little puzzling to comprehend!

I so contrived it, too, that Miss Matilda should seem as much to be making a convert to her views as to have found a person capable of sympathizing with her, and thus long before the little supper, with which it was the Major's practice to regale his friends every evening, made its appearance, we had established a perfect understanding together, a circumstance that, a bystander might have remarked, was productive of a more widely-diffused satisfaction than I could have myself seen any just cause for. Mr. Burton was also progressing, as the Yankees say, with the sister. Sparks had booked himself as purchaser of military stores enough to make the campaign of the whole globe, and then we were all evidently fulfilling our various vocations, and affording perfect satisfaction to our entertainers!

Then came the spatch-cock, and the sandwitches, and the negus, which Fanny first mixed for papa, and, subsequently, with some little pressing, for Mr. Burton; Matilda the romantic assisted *me*. Sparks helped himself; then we laughed, and told stories; pressed Sparks to sing, which, as he declined, we only pressed the more. How invariably, by the bye, is it the custom to show one's appreciation of any thing like a butt, by pressing him for a song! The Major was in great spirits, told us anecdotes of his early life in India, and how he once contracted to supply the troops with milk, and made a purchase in consequence of some score of cattle, which turned out to be bullocks. Matilda recited some lines from Pope in my ear, Fanny challenged

Burton to a rowing match, Sparks listened to all around him, and Mrs. Dalrymple mixed a very little weak punch, which Dr. Lucas had recommended to her, to take the last thing at night. *Noctes cænæque deorum.* Say what you will, these were very jovial little *réuniens.* The girls were decidedly very pretty; we were in high favor, and, when we took leave at the door, with a very cordial shake hands, it was with no *arrière pensée*, we promised to see them in the morning.

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE ENTANGLEMENT.

When we think for a moment over all the toils, all the anxieties, all the fevered excitement of a *grande passion*, it is not a little singular that love should so frequently be elicited by a state of mere idleness; and yet nothing, after all, is so predisposing a cause as this. Where is the man between eighteen and eight-and-thirty—may I not say forty?—who, without any very pressing duns, and having no taste for strong liquor and *rouge et noir*, can possibly lounge through the long hours of his day, without, at least, fancying himself in love? The thousand little occupations it suggests, become a necessity of existence; its very worries are like the wholesome opposition that purifies and strengthens the frame of a free state. Then, what is there half so sweet as the reflective flattery which results from our appreciation of an object who, in return, deems us the *ne plus ultra* of perfection? There it is, in fact: that confounded bump of self-esteem does it all, and has more imprudent matches to answer for than all the occipital protuberances that ever scared poor Harriet Martineau.

Now, to apply my moralizing. I very soon, to use the mess phrase, got devilish spooney about the "Dals." The morning drill, the riding school, and the parade were all most fervently consigned to a certain military character that shall be nameless, as detaining me from some appointment made the evening before; for, as I supped there each night, a party of one kind or another was always planned for the day following. Sometimes we had a boating excursion to Cove; sometimes a pic-nic at Foaty; now, a rowing party to Glanmire, or a ride, at which I furnished the cavalry. The doings were all under my special direction, and I thus became speedily the organ of the Dalrymple family; and the simple phrase, "it was Mr. O'Malley's arrangement," "Mr. O'Malley wished it," was like the "*moi le roi*" of Louis XIV.

Though all this while we continued to carry on most pleasantly, Mrs. Dalrymple, I could perceive, did not entirely sympathize with our projects of amusement. As an experienced engineer might feel, when watching the course of some storming projectile—some brilliant congreve—flying over a besieged fortress, yet never touching the walls, nor harming the inhabitants, so she looked on at all these demonstrations of attack with no small impatience, and wondered when would the breach be reported practicable. Another puzzle also contributed its share of anxiety—which of the girls was it? To be sure, he spent three hours every morning with Fanny; but then he never left Matilda the whole evening. He had given his miniature to one; a locket with his hair was a present to the sister. The Major thinks he saw his arm round Matilda's waist in the garden; the housemaid swears she saw him kiss Fanny in the pantry. Matilda smiles when we talk of his name with her sister's; Fanny laughs outright, and says, "Poor Matilda, the man never dreamed of her." This is becoming uncomfortable; the Major must ask his intentions: it is, certainly, one or the other; but, then, we have a right to know which. Such was a very condensed view of Mrs. Dalrymple's reflections on this important topic—a view taken with her usual tact and clear-sightedness.

Matters were in this state, when Power at length arrived in Cork, to take command of our detachment, and make the final preparations for our departure. I had been, as usual, spending the evening at the Major's, and had just reached my quarters, when I found my friend sitting at my fire, smoking his cigar, and solacing himself with a little brandy and water.

"At last," said he, as I entered, "at last!—why, where the deuse have you been till this hour—past two o'clock? There is no ball, no assembly going on, eh?"

"No," said I, half blushing at the eagerness of the inquiry; "I've been spending the evening with a friend."

"Spending the evening! say rather the night. Why, confound you, man, what is there in Cork to keep you out of bed till near three?"

"Well, if you must know, I've been supping at a Major Dalrymple's—a devilish good fellow—with two such daughters!"

"Ahem!" said Power, shutting one eye knowingly, and giving a look like a Yorkshire horse-dealer; "go on."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Go on—continue."

"I've finished—I've nothing more to tell."

"So they're here, are they?" said he, reflectingly.

"Who?" said I.

"Matilda and Fanny, to be sure."

"Why, you know them, then?"

"I should think I do."

"Where have you met them?"

"Where have I not? When I was in the rifles, they were quartered at Zante. Matilda was just then coming it rather strong with Villiers of ours, a regular green-horn. Fanny, also, nearly did for Harry Nesbit, by riding a hurdle-race. Then they left for Gibraltar in the year—what year was it?—"

"Come, come," said I, "this is a humbug: the girls are quite young; you just have heard their names."

"Well, perhaps so; only tell me which is your peculiar weakness, as they say in the west, and maybe I'll convince you."

"Oh! as to that," said I, laughing, "I'm not very far gone on either side."

"Then Matilda, probably, has not tried you with

Cowley, eh?—You look a little Pink—'There are hearts that live and love alone.' Oh, poor fellow, you've got it. By Jove, how you've been coming it though in ten days! She ought not to have got to that for a month, at least; and how like a young one it was to be caught by the poetry! Oh! Master Charley, I thought that the steeple-chaser might have done most with your Galway heart: the girl in the gray habit that sings Muddi-dero ought to have been the prize. Halt! by St. George, but that tickles you also! Why, zounds, if I go on, probably, at this rate, I'll find a tender spot occupied by the 'black lady herself.'"

It was no use concealing, or attempting to conceal, any thing from my inquisitive friend; so I mixed my grog, and opened my whole heart; told how I had been conducting myself for the entire preceding fortnight, and when I concluded, sat silently awaiting Power's verdict, as though a jury were about to pronounce upon my life.

"Have you ever written?"

"Never, except, perhaps, a few lines with tickets for the theatre, or something of that kind."

"Have you copies of your correspondence?"

"Of course not. Why, what do you mean?"

"Has Mrs. Dal. been ever present, or, as the French say, has she assisted at any of your tender interviews with the young ladies?"

"I'm not aware that one kisses a girl before mamma."

"I'm not speaking of that; I merely allude to flirtation."

"Oh! I suppose she has seen me attentive."

"Very awkward, indeed! There is only one point in your favor; for, as your attentions were not decided, and as the law does not, as yet, permit polygamy—"

"Come, come, you know I never thought of marrying."

"Ah! but they did."

"Not a bit of it."

"Ay, but they did. What do you wager but that the Major asks your intentions, as he calls it, the moment he hears the transport has arrived?"

"By Jove, now you remind me, he asked this evening when he could have a few minutes' private conversation with me to-morrow; and I thought it was about some confounded military chest, or sea-store, or one of his infernal contrivances that he every day assures me are indispensable; though, if every officer had only as much baggage as I have got, under his directions, it would take two armies, at least, to carry the effects of the fighting one."

"Poor fellow!" said he, starting upon his legs, "what a burst you've made of it!" So saying, he began in a nasal twang—

"I publish the banns of marriage between Charles O'Malley, of his late Majesty's fourteenth dragoons, and —— Dalrymple, spinster, of this city—"

"I'll be hanged if you do, though," said I, seeing pretty clearly by this time something of the estimation my friends were held in. "Come, Power, pull me through, like a dear fellow, pull me through without doing any thing to hurt the girl's feelings."

"Well, we'll see about it," said he; "we'll see about it in the morning; but, at the same time, let me assure you, the affair is not so easy as you may, at first blush, suppose. These worthy people have been so often 'done,' to use the cant phrase, before, that scarcely a *ruse* remains untried. It is of no use pleading that your family won't consent—that your prospects are null—that you are ordered for India—that you are engaged elsewhere—that you have nothing but your pay—that you are too young, or too old: all such reasons, good and valid with any other family, will avail you little here. Neither will it serve your cause that you may be warranted by a doctor as subject to periodical fits of insanity; monomaniacal tendencies to cut somebody's throat, &c. Bless your heart, man, they have a soul above such littlenesses. They care nothing for consent of friends, means, age, health, climate, prospects, or temper. Firmly believing matrimony to be a lottery, they are not superstitious about the number they pitch upon; provided only that they get a ticket, they are content."

"Then, it strikes me, if what you say is correct, that I have no earthly chance of escape, except some kind friend will undertake to shoot me."

"That has been also tried."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"A mock duel got up at mess; we had one at Malta. Poor Vickers was the hero of that affair. It was right well planned too. One of the letters was suffered by mere accident to fall into Mrs. Dal.'s hands, and she was quite prepared for the event when he was reported shot the next morning. Then, the young lady, of course, whether she cared or not, was obliged to be perfectly unconcerned, lest the story of engaged affections might get wind, and spoil another market. The thing went on admirably, till one day, some few months later, they saw, in a confounded army list, that the late George Vickers was promoted to the eighteenth dragoons, so that the trick was discovered, and is, of course, stale at present."

"Then could I not have a wife already, and a large family of interesting babes?"

"No go—only swell the damages when they come to prosecute; besides, your age and looks forbid the assumption of such a fact. No, no, we must go deeper to work."

"But where shall we go?" said I impatiently; "for it appears to me, these good people have been treated to every trick and subterfuge that ever ingenuity suggested."

"Come, I think I have it; but it will need a little more reflection. So, now, let us to bed. I'll give you the result of my lucubrations at breakfast; and, if I mistake not, we may get you through this without any ill consequences. Good-night, then, old boy; and now dream away of your lady love till our next meeting."

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE PREPARATION.

To prevent needless repetitions in my story, I shall not record here the conversation which passed between my friend Power and myself, on the morn-

ing following, at breakfast: suffice it to say, that the plan proposed by him for my rescue, was one I agreed to adopt, reserving to myself, in case of failure, a *pis aller* of which I knew not the meaning, but of whose efficacy Power assured me I need not doubt.

"If all fail," said he, "if every bridge break down beneath you, and no road of escape be left, why, then, I believe you must have recourse to another alternative. Still I should wish to avoid it, if possible; and I put it to you, in honor, not to employ it unless as a last expedient: you promise me this?"

"Of course," said I, with great anxiety for the dreaded final measure. "What is it?"

He paused, smiled dubiously, and resumed: "And, after all; but, to be sure, there will not be need for it; the other plan will do—must do. Come, come, O'Malley, the Admiralty say that nothing encourages drowning in the navy like a life-buoy; the men have such a prospect of being picked up, that they don't mind falling overboard: so if I give you this life-preserver of mine, you'll not swim an inch; is it not so? eh?"

"Far from it," said I; "I shall feel in honor bound to exert myself the more, because I now see how much it costs you to part with it."

"Well, then, hear it: when every thing fails, when all your resources are exhausted; when you have totally lost your memory in fact, and your ingenuity in excuses, say—but mind, Charley, not till then—say, that you must consult your friend, Captain Power, of the 14th; that's all."

"And is this it?" said I, quite disappointed at the lame and impotent conclusion to all the high-sounding exordium; "is this all?"

"Yes," said he, "that is all; but stop, Charley, is not that the Major crossing the street there? yes, to be sure it is, and, by Jove, he has got on the old braided frock this morning; had you not told me one word of your critical position, I should have guessed there was something in the wind from that: that same vestment has caused many a stout heart to tremble, that never quailed before a shot or shell."

"How can that be? I should like to hear."

"Why, my dear boy, that's his explanation coat, as we called it at Gibraltar; he was never known to wear it except when asking some poor fellow's 'intentions.' He would no more think of sporting it as an every-day affair, than the chief justice would go cock-shooting in his black cap and ermine. Come, he is bound for your quarters, and, as it will not answer our plans to let him see you now, you had better hasten down-stairs, and get round by the back way into George's-street, and you'll be at his house before he can return."

Following Power's directions, I seized my foraging cap, and got clear out of the premises before the Major had reached them. It was exactly noon as I sounded my loud and now well-known summons at the Major's knocker: the door was quickly opened, but instead of dashing up-stairs, four steps at a time, as was my wont, to the drawing-room, I turned short into the dingy-looking little parlor on the right, and desired Matthew, the venerable servitor of the house, to say that I wished particularly to see Mrs. Dalrymple for a few minutes, if the hour were not inconvenient.

There was something perhaps of excitement in my manner—some flurry in my look, or some trepidation in my voice—or perhaps it was the unusual hour—or the still more remarkable circumstance of my not going at once to the drawing-room, that raised some doubts in Matthew's mind as to the object of my visit, and, instead of at once complying with my request to inform Mrs. Dalrymple that I was there, he cautiously closed the door, and, taking a quick but satisfactory glance round the apartment, to assure himself that we were alone, he placed his back against it, and heaved a deep sigh.

We were both perfectly silent; I in total amazement at what the old man could possibly mean: he, following up the train of his own thoughts, comprehended little or nothing of my surprise, and evidently was so engrossed by his reflections, that he had neither ears nor eyes for aught around him. There was a most singular semi-comic expression in the old withered face, that nearly made me laugh at first; but, as I continued to look steadily at it, I perceived that, despite the long worn wrinkles that low Irish drollery and fun had furrowed around the angles of his mouth, the real character of his look was one of sorrowful compassion.

Doubtless, my readers have read many interesting narratives, wherein the unconscious traveller in some remote land has been warned of a plan to murder him, by some mere passing wink, a look, a sign, which some one, less steeped in crime, less hardened in iniquity than his fellows, has ventured for his rescue. Sometimes, according to the taste of the narrator, the interesting individual is an old woman, sometimes a young one; sometimes a black-bearded bandit, sometimes a child, and, not unfrequently, a dog is humane enough to do this service. One thing, however, never varies; be the agent biped or quadruped, dumb or speechful, young or old, the stranger invariably takes the hint, and gets off scot free, for his sharpness. This never varying trick on the doomed man, I had often been skeptical enough to suspect; however, I had not been many minutes a spectator of the old man's countenance when I most thoroughly recanted my errors, and acknowledged myself wrong. If ever the look of a man conveyed a warning, his did; but there was more in it than even that; there was a tone of sad and pitiful compassion, such as an old gray-bearded rat might be supposed to put on at seeing a young and inexperienced one opening the hinge of an iron trap, to try its efficacy upon his neck. Many a little occasion had presented itself, during my intimacy with the family, of doing Matthew some small services, of making him some trifling presents; so that, when he assumed before me the gesture and look I have mentioned, I was not long in deciphering his intentions.

"Matthew," screamed a sharp voice, which I recognised at once for that of Mrs. Dalrymple. "Matthew! where is the old fool?"

But Matthew heard not, or heeded not.

"Matthew, Matthew, I say."

"I'm comin', ma'am," said he, with a sigh, as, opening the parlor-door, he turned upon me one look of such import, that only the circumstances of my story can explain its force, or my reader's own ingenious imagination can supply.

"Never fear, my good old friend," said I, grasping his hand warmly, and leaving a guinea in the palm: "never fear."

"God grant it, sir," said he, settling on his wig in preparation for his appearance in the drawing-room.

"Matthew! the old wretch."

"Mr. O'Malley," said the often-called Matthew, as, opening the door, he announced me unexpectedly among the ladies there assembled, who, not hearing of my approach, were evidently not a little surprised and astonished.

Had I really been the enamored swain that the Dalrymple family were willing to believe, I half suspect that the prospect before me might have cured me of my passion. A round bullet head, *papillotée* with the "Cork Observer," where still-born babes and maids of all work were descanted upon in very legible type, was now the substitute for the classic front and Italian ringlets of *la belle* Matilda; while the chaste Fanny herself, whose feet had been a fortune for a statuary, was in the most slatternly and slip-shod attire, pacing the room in a towering rage at some thing, place, or person, unknown (to me.) If the ballet master at the *académie* could only learn to get his imps, demons, angels, and goblins "off" half as rapidly as the two young ladies retreated on my being announced, I answer for the piece so brought out having a run for half the season. Before my eyes had regained their position parallel to the plane of the horizon, they were gone, and I found myself alone with Mrs. Dalrymple. Now, she stood her ground, partly to cover the retreat of the main body; partly, too, because—representing the baggage wagons, ammunition stores, hospital staff, &c.—her retirement from the field demanded more time and circumspection than the light brigade.

Let not my readers suppose, that the *mère* Dalrymple was so perfectly faultless in costume that her remaining was a matter of actual indifference: far from it. She evidently had a struggle for it; but a sense of duty decided her; and, as Ney doggedly held back to cover the retreating forces on the march from Moscow, so did she resolutely lurk behind till the last flutter of the last petticoat assured her that the fugitives were safe. Then did she hesitate for a moment what course to take; but, as I assumed my chair beside her, she composedly sat down, and, crossing her hands before her, waited for an explanation of this ill-timed visit.

Had the Horse Guards, in the plenitude of their power and the perfection of their taste, ordained that the 79th and 42d regiments should, in future, in lieu of their respective tartans, wear flannel kilts and black worsted hose, I could readily have fallen into the error of mistaking Mrs. Dalrymple for a Highlander in the new regulation dress; the philabeg finding no mean representation in a capacious pincushion that hung down from her girdle, while a pair of shears, not scissors, corresponded to the dirk. After several ineffectual efforts upon her part, to make her vestment (I know not its fitting designation) cover more of her legs than its length could possibly effect, and, after some most bland smiles and half blushes, at dishabille, &c., were over, and that I had apologized most humbly for the unusually early hour of my call, I proceeded to open my negotiations, and unfurl my banner for the fray.

"The old Racehorse has arrived at last," said I, with a half sigh; "and I believe that we shall not obtain a very long time for our leave-taking; so that, trespassing upon your very great kindness, I have ventured upon an early call."

"The Racehorse surely can't sail to-morrow," said Mrs. Dalrymple, whose experience of such matters made her a very competent judge; "her stores—"

"Are taken in already," said I, "and an order from the Horse Guards commands us to embark in twenty-four hours; so that, in fact, we scarcely have time to look about us."

"Have you seen the Major?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple, eagerly.

"Not to-day," I replied, carelessly; "but, of course, during the morning we are sure to meet; I have many thanks yet to give him for all his most kind attentions."

"I know he is most anxious to see you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with a very peculiar emphasis, and evidently desiring that I should inquire the reason of this anxiety. I, however, most heroicaliy forebore indulging my curiosity, and added, that I should endeavor to find him on my way to the barracks; and then, hastily looking at my watch, I pronounced it a full hour later than it really was, and promising to spend the evening—my last evening with them—I took my leave, and hurried away, in no small flurry, to be once more out of reach of Mrs. Dalrymple's fire, which I every moment expected to open upon me.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE SUPPER.

Power and I dined together *tête-à-tête* at the hotel, and sat chatting over my adventures with the Dalrymples, till nearly nine o'clock.

"Come, Charley," said he, at length, "I see your eye wandering very often towards the time-piece; another bumper, and I'll let you off. What shall it be?"

"What you like," said I, upon whom three bottles of strong claret had already made a very satisfactory impression.

"Then champagne for the *coup-de-grace*. Nothing like your *vin mousseux* for a critical moment: every bubble that rises sparkling to the surface prompts some bright thought, or elicits some brilliant idea, that would only have been drowned in your more sober fluids. Here's to the girl you love, whoever she be."

"To her bright eyes then be it," said I, clearing off a brimming goblet of nearly half the bottle, while my friend Power seemed multiplied into any given number of gentlemen standing amid something like a glass manufactory of decanters.

"I hope you feel steady enough for this busi-

ness," said my friend, examining me closely with the candle.

"I'm an archdeacon," muttered I, with one eye involuntarily closing.

"You'll not let them double on you."

"Trust me, old boy," said I, endeavoring to look knowing.

"I think you'll do," said he: "so now march; I'll wait for you here, and we'll go on board together; for old Bloater, the skipper, says he'll certainly weigh by daybreak."

"Till then," said I, as opening the door, I proceeded very cautiously to descend the stairs, affecting all the time considerable *nonchalance*, and endeavoring, as well as my thickened utterance would permit, to hum, "Oh! love is the soul of an Irish dragoon."

If I was not in the most perfect possession of my faculties in the house, the change to the open air, certainly, but little contributed to their restoration, and I scarcely felt myself in the street when my brain became absolutely one whirl of maddened and confused excitement. Time and space are nothing to a man thus enlightened, and so they appeared to me; scarcely a second had elapsed when I found myself standing in the Dalrymples' drawing-room.

If a few hours had done much to metamorphose *me*, certes, they had done something for my fair friends also: any thing more unlike what they appeared in the morning can scarcely be imagined. Matilda in black, with her hair in heavy madonna bands upon her fair cheek, now paler even than usual, never seemed so handsome; while Fanny, in a light blue dress, with blue flowers in her hair, and a blue sash, looked the most lovely piece of coquetry ever man set his eyes upon. The old Major too was smartened up, and put into an old regimental coat that he had worn during the siege of Gibraltar; and lastly, Mrs. Dalrymple herself was attired in a very imposing costume, that made her, to my not over-accurate judgment, look very like an elderly bishop in a flame-colored cassock. Sparks was the only stranger, and wore upon his countenance, as I entered, a look of very considerable embarrassment, that even my thick-sightedness could not fail of detecting.

*Parlez moi de l'amitié*, my friends. Talk to me of the warm embrace of your earliest friend, after years of absence; the cordial and heartfelt shake-hands of your old school companion, when, in after years, a chance meeting has brought you together, and you have had time and opportunity for becoming distinguished and in repute, and are rather a good hit to be known to, than otherwise; of the close grip you give your second when he comes up to say, that the gentleman with the loaded detonator opposite, won't fire—that he feels he's in the wrong. Any or all of these together, very effective and powerful though they be, are light in the balance, when compared with the two-handed compression you receive from the gentleman that expects you to marry one of his daughters.

"My dear O'Malley, how goes it? Thought you'd never come," said he, still holding me fast and looking me full in the face, to calculate the extent to which my potations rendered his flattery feasible.

"Hurried to death with preparations I suppose," said Mrs. Dalrymple, smiling blandly: "Fanny, dear, some tea for him."

"Oh, mamma, he does not like all that sugar; surely not," said she, looking up with a most sweet expression, as though to say, "I at least know his tastes."

"I believed you were going without seeing us," whispered Matilda, with a very glassy look about the corner of her eyes.

Eloquence was not just then my forte, so that I contented myself with a very intelligible look at Fanny, and a tender squeeze of Matilda's hand, as I seated myself at the table.

Scarcely had I placed myself at the tea-table with Matilda beside, and Fanny opposite me, each vying with the other in their delicate and kind attentions, when I totally forgot all my poor friend Power's injunctions and directions for my management. It is true, I remembered that there was a scrape of some kind or other to be got out of, and one requiring some dexterity too, but what, or with whom, I could not for the life of me determine. What the wine had begun, the bright eyes completed, and amid the witchcraft of silky tresses and sweet looks, I lost all my reflection, till the impression of an impending difficulty remained fixed in my mind, and I tortured my poor, weak, and erring intellect to detect it. At last, and by a mere chance, my eyes fell upon Sparks, and, by what mechanism I contrived it I know not, but I immediately saddled him with the whole of my annoyances, and attributed to him and to his fault any embarrassment I labored under.

The physiological reason of the fact I'm very ignorant of, but for the truth and frequency I can well vouch, that there are certain people, certain faces, certain voices, certain whiskers, legs, waistcoats, and guard chains, that inevitably produce the most striking effects upon the brain of a gentleman already excited by wine, and not exactly cognisant of his own peculiar fallacies.

These effects are not produced merely among those who are quarrelsome in their cups, for I call the whole 14th to witness that I am not such; but, to any person so disguised, the inoffensiveness of the object is no security on the other hand, for I once knew an eight-day clock kicked down a barrack stairs by an old Scotch major, because he thought it was laughing at him. To this source alone, whatever it be, can I attribute the feeling of rising indignation with which I contemplated the luckless cornet, who, seated at the fire, unnoticed and uncared for, seemed a very unworthy object to vent anger or ill temper upon.

"Mr. Sparks, I fear," said I, endeavoring at the time to call up a look of very sovereign contempt, "Mr. Sparks, I fear, regards my visit here in the light of an intrusion."

Had poor Mr. Sparks been told to proceed incontinently up the chimney before him, he could not have looked more aghast. Reply was quite out of his power; so sudden and unexpectedly was this charge of mine made, that he could only stare vacantly from one to the other, while I, warming with my subject, and perhaps—but I'll not swear it—stimulated by a gentle pressure from a soft hand near me, continued: "If he thinks, for one mo-

ment, that my attentions in this family are in any way to be questioned by him, I can only say—"

"My dear O'Malley, my dear boy," said the major, with the look of a father-in-law in his eye.

"The spirit of an officer and a gentleman spoke there," said Mrs. Dalrymple, now carried beyond all prudence, by the hope that my attack might arouse my dormant friend into a counter declaration: nothing, however, was farther from poor Sparks, who began to think he had been unconsciously drinking tea with five lunatics.

"If he supposes," said I, rising from my chair, "that his silence will pass with me as any palliation—"

"Oh dear, oh dear! there will be a duel, papa; dear, why don't you speak to Mr. O'Malley?"

"There now, O'Malley, sit down; don't you see you are quite in error?"

"Then let him say so," said I fiercely.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," said Fanny, "do, say it, say any thing he likes, Mr. Sparks."

"I must say," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "however sorry I may feel in my own house, to condemn any one, that Mr. Sparks is very much in the wrong."

Poor Sparks looked like a man in a dream.

"If he will tell Charles, Mr. O'Malley, I mean," said Matilda, blushing scarlet, "that he meant nothing by what he said—"

"But I never spoke—never opened my lips," cried out the wretched man, at length, sufficiently recovered to defend himself.

"Oh, Mr. Sparks!"

"Oh, Mr. Sparks!"

"Oh, Mr. Sparks!" chorused the three ladies.

While the old Major brought up the rear with an "Oh! Sparks, I must say—"

"Then, by all the saints in the calendar, I must be mad," said he, "but if I have said any thing to offend you, O'Malley, I am sincerely sorry for it."

"That will do, sir," said I, with a look of royal condescension at the *amende* I considered as somewhat late in coming, and resumed my seat. This little *intermezzo*, it might be supposed, was rather calculated to interrupt the harmony of our evening: not so, however. I had apparently acquitted myself like a hero, and was evidently in a white heat, in which I could be fashioned into any shape. Sparks was humbled so far, that he would probably feel it a relief to make any proposition; so that, by our opposite courses, we had both arrived at a point at which all the dexterity and address of the family had been long since aiming without success. Conversation then resumed its flow, and, in a few minutes, every trace of our late *fracas* had disappeared.

By degrees, I felt myself more and more disposed to turn my attention towards Matilda, and, dropping my voice into a lower tone, opened a flirtation of a most determined kind. Fanny had, meanwhile, assumed a place beside Sparks, and, by the muttered tones that passed between them, I could plainly perceive they were similarly occupied. The Major took up the "Southern Reporter," of which he appeared deep in the contemplation, while Mrs. Dal. herself buried her head in her embroidery, and neither heard nor saw any thing around her.

I know, unfortunately, but very little what passed between myself and my fair companion; I can only say that, when supper was announced at twelve, (an hour later than usual,) I was sitting upon the sofa, with my arm round her waist, my cheek so close, that already her lovely tresses brushed my forehead, and her breath fanned my burning brow.

"Supper, at last," said the Major, with a loud voice, to arouse us from our trance of happiness, without taking any mean opportunity of looking unobserved. "Supper, Sparks: O'Malley, come now. It will be some time before we all meet this way again."

"Perhaps not so long, after all," said I, knowingly.

"Very likely not," echoed Sparks, in the same key.

"I've proposed for Fanny," said he, whispering in my ear.

"Matilda's mine," replied I, with the look of an emperor.

"A word with you, Major," said Sparks, his eye flashing with enthusiasm, and his cheek scarlet; "one word: I'll not detain you."

They withdrew into a corner for a few seconds, during which Mrs. Dalrymple amused herself by wondering what the secret could be; why Mr. Sparks couldn't tell her; and Fanny, meanwhile, pretended to look for something at a side-table, and never turned her head round.

"Then give me your hand," said the Major, as he shook Sparks with a warmth of whose sincerity there could be no question. "Bess, my love," said he, addressing his wife: the remainder was lost in a whisper; but, whatever it was, it evidently redounded to Sparks' credit, for, the next moment, a repetition of the hand-shaking took place, and Sparks looked the happiest of men.

"*A mon tour*," thought I, "now," as I touched the Major's arm, and led him towards the window. What I said may be one day matter of Major Dalrymple's memoirs, if he ever writes them; but, for my part, I have not the least idea. I only know that, while I was yet speaking, he called over Mrs. Dal., who, in a phrensy of joy, seized me in her arms, and embraced me; after which I kissed her, shook hands with the Major, kissed Matilda's hand, and laughed prodigiously, as though I had done something confoundedly droll, a sentiment evidently participated in by Sparks, who laughed too, as did the others, and a merrier, happier party never sat down to supper.

"Make your company pleased with themselves," says Mr. Walker, in his *Original* work upon dinner-giving, "and every thing goes on well." Now, Major Dalrymple, without having read the authority in question, probably because it was not written at the time, understood the principle fully as well as the police-magistrate, and certainly was a proficient in the practice of it.

To be sure, he possessed one grand requisite for success, he seemed most perfectly happy himself. There was that air *dégagé* about him which, when an old man puts it on among his juniors, is so very attractive. Then the ladies, too, were evidently well pleased; and the usually austere mamma had relaxed her "rigid front" into a smile, in which any *habitué* of the house could have read our fate.

We eat, we drank, we ogled, smiled, squeezed hands beneath the table, and, in fact, so pleasant a party had rarely assembled round the Major's ma-

hogany. As for me, I made a full disclosure of the most burning love, backed by a resolve to marry my fair neighbor, and settle upon her a considerably larger part of my native country than I had ever even rode over. Sparks, on the other side, had opened his fire more cautiously; but, whether taking courage from my boldness, or perceiving with envy the greater estimation I was held in, was now going the pace fully as fast as myself, and had commenced explanations of his intentions with regard to Fanny that evidently satisfied her friends. Meanwhile, the wine was passing very freely, and the hints half uttered an hour before, began now to be more openly spoken and canvassed.

Sparks and I hob-nobbed across the table, and looked unspeakable things at each other; the girls held down their heads; Mrs. Dal. wiped her eyes; and the Major pronounced himself the happiest father in Europe.

It was now wearing late, or rather early; some gray streaks of dubious light were faintly forcing their way through the half-closed curtains, and the dread thought of parting first presented itself. A cavalry trumpet, too, at this moment sounded a call that roused us from our trance of pleasure, and warned us that our minutes were few. A dead silence crept over all, the solemn feeling which leave-taking ever inspires was uppermost, and none spoke. The Major was the first to break it. "O'Malley, my friend; and you, Mr. Sparks; I must have a word with you, boys, before we part."

"Here let it be then, Major," said I, holding his arm, as he turned to leave the room: "here, now; we are all so deeply interested, no place is so fit."

"Well, then," said the Major, "as you desire it, now that I'm to regard you both in the light of my sons-in-law—at least, as pledged to become so—it is only fair as respects—"

"I see, I understand perfectly," interrupted I, whose passion for conducting the whole affair myself was gradually gaining on me; "what you mean is, that we should make known our intentions before some mutual friends ere we part; eh, Sparks? eh, Major?"

"Right, my boy, right on every point."

"Well, then, I thought of all that; and, if you just send your servant over to my quarters for our captain; he's the fittest person, you know, at such a time."

"How considerate!" said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"How perfectly just his idea is!" said the Major.

"We'll, then, in his presence, avow our present and unalterable determination as regards your fair daughters, and as the time is short—"

Here I turned towards Matilda, who placed her arm within mine; Sparks possessed himself of Fanny's hand, while the Major and his wife consulted for a few seconds.

"Well, O'Malley, all you propose is perfect. Now then, for the captain; who shall he inquire for?"

"Oh, an old friend of yours," said I, jocularly; "you'll be glad to see him."

"Indeed!" said all together.

"Oh, yes, quite a surprise, I'll warrant it."

"Who can it be: who on earth is it?"

"You can't guess," added I, with a very knowing look; "knew you at Corfu: a very intimate friend, indeed, if he tell the truth."

A look of something like embarrassment passed around the circle, at these words, while I, wishing to end the mystery, resumed:

"Come, then, who can be so proper for all parties at a moment like this, as our mutual friend, Captain Power?"

Had a shell fallen into the cold grouse pie in the midst of us, scattering death and destruction on every side, the effect could scarcely have been more frightful than that my last words produced. Mrs. Dalrymple fell with a sough upon the floor, motionless as a corpse; Fanny threw herself screaming upon a sofa; Matilda went off into strong hysterics upon the hearth-rug; while the Major, after giving me a look a maniac might have envied, rushed from the room in search of his pistols, with a most terrific oath to shoot somebody, whether Sparks or myself, or both of us, on his return, I cannot say. Fanny's sobs, and Matilda's cries, assisted by a dunning process by Mrs. Dal.'s heels upon the floor, made a most infernal concert, and effectually prevented any thing like thought or reflection; and, in all probability, so overwhelmed was I at the sudden catastrophe I had so innocently caused, I should have waited in due patience for the Major's return, had not Sparks seized my arm, and cried out—

"Run for it, O'Malley, cut like fun, my boy, or we're done for."

"Run—why?—what for?—where!" said I, stupified by the scene before me.

"Here he is," called out Sparks, as, throwing up the window, he sprung out upon the stone sill, and leaped into the street. I followed mechanically, and jumped after him, just as the Major had reached the window: a ball whizzed by me, that soon determined my farther movements; so, putting on all speed, I flew down the street, turned the corner, and regained the hotel breathless and without a hat, while Sparks arrived a moment later, pale as a ghost, and trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Safe, by Jove!" said Sparks, throwing himself into a chair, and panting for breath.

"Safe, at last," said I, without well knowing why or for what.

"You've had a sharp run of it, apparently," said Power, coolly, and without any curiosity as to the cause; "and now, let us on board; there goes the trumpet again. The skipper is a surly old fellow, and we must not lose his tide for him." So saying, he proceeded to collect his cloaks, cane, &c., and get ready for departure.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE VOYAGE.

When I awoke from the long sound sleep which succeeded my last adventure, I had some difficulty in remembering where I was, or how I had come there. From my narrow berth I looked out upon the now empty cabin, and, at length, some misty and confused sense of my situation crept slowly over me. I opened the little shutter beside me,

and looked out. The bold headlands of the southern coast were frowning, in sullen and dark masses, about a couple of miles distant, and I perceived that we were going fast through the water, which was beautifully calm and still. I now looked at my watch; it was past eight o'clock; and, as it must evidently be evening from the appearance of the sky, I felt that I had slept soundly for above twelve hours.

In the hurry of departure, the cabin had not been set to rights, and there lay every species of lumber and luggage in all imaginable confusion. Trunks, gun-cases, baskets of eggs, umbrellas, hampers of sea-store, cloaks, foraging caps, maps, and sword-belts were scattered on every side—while the *débris* of a dinner, not over remarkable for its propriety in table equipage, added to the ludicrous effect. The heavy tramp of a foot overhead denoted the step of some one taking his short walk of exercise; while the rough voice of the skipper, as he gave the word to "Go about," all convinced me that we were at last under way, and off to "the wars."

The confusion our last evening on shore produced in my brain was such, that every effort I made to remember any thing about it only increased my difficulty, and I felt myself in a web so tangled and inextricable, that all endeavor to escape free was impossible. Sometimes I thought that I had really married Matilda Dalrymple; then, I supposed that the father had called me out and wounded me in a duel; and, finally, I had some confused notion about a quarrel with Sparks, but what for, when, and how it ended, I knew not. How tremendously tipsy I must have been, was the only conclusion I could draw from all these conflicting doubts; and, after all, it was the only thing like fact that beamed upon my mind. How I had come on board and reached my berth was a matter I reserved for future inquiry; resolving, that about the real history of my last night on shore I should ask no questions, if others were equally disposed to let it pass in silence.

I next began to wonder if Mike had looked after all my luggage, trunks, &c., and whether he himself had been forgotten in our hasty departure. About this latter point I was not destined for much doubt; for a well-known voice from the foot of the companion ladder at once proclaimed my faithful follower, and evidenced his feelings at his departure from his home and country.

Mr. Free was, at the time I mention, gathered up like a ball opposite a small, low window that looked upon the bluff headlands, now fast becoming dim and misty as the night approached. He was apparently in low spirits; and hummed in a species of low, droning voice, the following ballad, at the end of each verse of which came an Irish chorus, which, to the erudite in such matters, will suggest the air of Meddirederoo:—

"MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT.

"Then, fare ye well, ould Erin dear;
To part—my heart does ache well.
From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,
I'll never see your equal.
And, though to foreign parts we're bound,
Where cannibals may ate us,
We'll ne'er forget the holy ground
Of poteen and potatoes.
Meddirederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

"When good St. Patrick banished frogs,
And shook them from his garment,
He never thought we'd go abroad,
To live upon such varmint;
Nor quit the land where whiskey grew,
To wear King George's button,
Take vinegar for mountain dew,
And toads for mountain mutton.
Meddirederoo aroo, aroo," &c.

"I say, Mike, stop that confounded keen, and tell me where are we."

"Off the ould head of Kinsale, sir."

"Where is Captain Power?"

"Smoking a cigar on deck with the Captain, sir.'

"And Mr. Sparks?"

"Mighty sick in his own state-room. Oh! but it's himself has enough of glory—bad luck to it—by this time; he'd make your heart break to look at him."

"Who have you got on board besides?"

"The Adjutant's here, sir, and an ould gentleman they call the Major."

"Not Major Dalrymple," said I, starting up with terror at the thought; "eh, Mike?"

"No, sir, another Major, his name Mulroon, or Mundoon, or something like that."

"Monsoon, you son of a lumper potatoe," cried out a surly, gruff voice from a berth opposite, "Monsoon. Who's at the other side?"

"Mr. O'Malley,—14th," said I, by way of introduction.

"My service to you, then," said the voice; "going to join your regiment?"

"Yes, and you; are you bound on a similar errand?"

"No, Heaven be praised! I'm attached to the commissariat, and only going to Lisbon. Have you had any dinner?"

"Not a morsel: have you?"

"No more than yourself; but I always lie by for three or four days this way, till I get used to the confounded rocking and pitching; and, with a little grog and some sleep, get over the time gayly enough. Steward, another tumbler like the last: there—very good—that will do. Your good health, Mr. ——, what was it you said?"

"O'Malley."

"O'Malley—your good health—good-night." And so ended our brief colloquy, and, in a few minutes more, a very decisive snore pronounced my friend to be fulfilling his precept for killing the hours.

I now made an effort to emancipate myself from my crib, and at last succeeded in getting on the floor, where, after one *chassez* at a small looking-glass opposite, followed by a very impetuous rush at a little brass stove, in which I was interrupted by a trunk, and laid prostrate, I finally got my clothes on, and made my way to the deck. Little attuned as was my mind at the moment to admire any thing like scenery, it was impossible to be unmoved by the magnificent prospect before me. It was a beautiful evening in summer; the sun had set above an hour before, leaving behind him in the west one vast arch of rich and burnished gold, stretching along the whole horizon, and tipping all the summits of the heavy rolling sea, as it rolled on, unbroken by foam or ripple, in vast moving mountains from the far coast of Labrador. We were already in blue water, though the bold cliffs that

were to form our departing point were but a few miles to leeward. There lay the lofty bluff of old Kinsale, whose crest, overhanging, peered from a summit of some hundred feet into the deep water that swept its rocky base; many a tangled lichen and straggling bough trailing in the flood beneath. Here and there, upon the coast, a twinkling gleam proclaimed the hut of the fisherman, whose swift hookers had more than once shot by us, and disappeared in a moment. The wind, which began to fall at sunset, freshened as the moon rose, and the good ship, bending to the breeze, lay gently over, and rushed through the waters with a sound of gladness. I was alone upon the deck; Power and the Captain, whom I expected to have found, had disappeared somehow, and I was, after all, not sorry to be left to my own reflections uninterrupted.

My thoughts turned once more to my home—to my first, my best, earliest friend, whose hearth I had rendered lonely and desolate; and my heart sank within me as I remembered it. How deeply I reproached myself for the selfish impetuosity with which I had ever followed any rising fancy,—any new and sudden desire, and never thought of him whose every hope was in, whose every wish was for, me! Alas! alas! my poor uncle! how gladly would I resign every prospect my soldier's life may hold out, with all its glittering promise, and all the flattery of success, to be once more beside you; to feel your warm and manly grasp; to see your smile; to hear your voice; to be again where all our best feelings are born and nurtured, and our cares assuaged, our joys more joyed in, and our griefs more wept—at home! These very words have more music to my ears than all the softest strains that ever syren sung. They bring us back to all we have loved, by ties that are never felt but through such simple associations. And in the earlier memories called up, our childish feelings come back once more to visit us, like better spirits, as we walk amid the dreary desolation that years of care and uneasiness have spread around us.

Wretched must he be who ne'er has felt such bliss; and thrice happy he, who, feeling it, knows that still there lives for him that same early home, with all its loved inmates, its every dear and devoted object waiting his coming and longing for his approach.

Such were my thoughts as I stood gazing at the bold line of coast now gradually growing more and more dim while evening fell, and we continued to stand farther out to sea. So absorbed was I all this time in my reflections, that I never heard the voices which now suddenly burst upon my ears quite close beside me. I turned, and saw for the first time that, at the end of the quarter deck, stood what is called a round-house, a small cabin, from which the sounds in question proceeded. I walked gently forward, and peeped in, and certainly any thing more in contrast with my late revery need not be conceived. There sat the skipper, a bluff, round-faced, jolly-looking, little tar, mixing a bowl of punch at a table, at which sat my friend Power, the Adjutant, and a tall meager-looking Scotchman, whom I once met in Cork, and heard that he was the doctor of some infantry regiment. Two or three black bottles, a paper of cigars, and a tallow candle, were all the table equipage; but, certainly, the party seemed not to want for spirits and fun, to judge from the hearty bursts of laughing that every moment pealed forth, and shook the little building that held them. Power, as usual with him, seemed to be taking the lead, and was evidently amusing himself with the peculiarities of his companions.

"Come, Adjutant, fill up: here's to the campaign before us; we at least have nothing but pleasure in the anticipation; no lovely wife behind; no charming babes to fret, and be fretted for, eh!"

"Vara true," said the doctor, who was mated with a *tartar*; "ye maun have less regrets at leaving hame; but a married man is no entirely denied his ain consolations."

"Good sense in that," said the skipper; "a wide berth and plenty of sea room are not bad things now and then."

"Is that your experience also?" said Power, with a knowing look. "Come, come, Adjutant, we're not so ill off, you see; but, by Jove, I can't imagine how it is a man ever comes to thirty without having at least one wife, without counting his colonial possessions, of course."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, with a sigh, as he drained his glass to the bottom. "It is devilish strange—women, lovely women!" here he filled and drank again, as though he had been proposing a toast for his own peculiar drinking.

"I say, now," resumed Power, catching at once that there was something working in his mind; "I say now, how happened it that you, a right good-looking, soldier-like fellow, that always made his way among the fair ones, with that confounded roguish eye and slippery tongue, how the deuce did it come to pass that you never married?"

"I've been more than once on the verge of it," said the Adjutant, smiling blandly at the flattery.

"And nae bad notion yours just to stay there," said the Doctor, with a very peculiar contortion of countenance.

"No pleasing you, no contenting a fellow like you," said Power, returning to the charge; "that's the thing: you get a certain ascendancy; you have a kind of success that renders you, as the French say, *tête montée*, and you think no woman rich enough, or good-looking enough, or high enough."

"No, by Jove, you're wrong," said the Adjutant, swallowing the bait, hook and all, "quite wrong there; for, somehow, all my life, I was decidedly susceptible, not that I cared much for your blushing sixteen or budding beauties in white muslin, fresh from a back board and a governess; no, my taste inclined rather to the more sober charms of two or three-and-thirty, the *embonpoint*, a good foot and ankle, a sensible breadth about the shoulders—"

"Somewhat Dutch like, I take it," said the skipper, puffing out a volume of smoke, "a little bluff in the bows, and great stowage, eh?"

"You leaned then towards the widows," said Power.

"Exactly: I confess, a widow always was my weakness. There was something I ever liked in the notion of a woman who had got over all the awkward girlishness of early years, and had that

self-possession which habit and knowledge of the world confer, and knew enough of herself to understand what she really wished, and where she would really go."

"Like the trade winds," puffed the skipper.

"Then, as regards fortune, they have a decided superiority over the spinster class. I defy any man breathing—let him be half police magistrate, half chancellor—to find out the figure of a young lady's dower. On your first introduction to the house, some kind friend whispers, 'go it, old boy, forty thousand; not a penny less;' a few weeks later, as the siege progresses, a maiden aunt, disposed to puffing, comes down to twenty; this diminishes again one half, but then 'the money is in bank stock, hard three-and-a-half." You go a little farther, and as you sit one day over your wine with papa, he suddenly promulgates the fact that his daughter has five thousand pounds, two of which turn out to be in Mexican bonds, and three in an Irish mortgage."

"Happy for you," interrupted Power, "that it be not in Galway, where a proposal to foreclose would be the signal for your being called out, and shot without benefit of clergy."

"Bad luck to it, for Galway," said the Adjutant. "I was nearly taken in there once to marry a girl that her brother-in-law swore had eight hundred a year, and it came out afterward that so she had, but it was for one year only; and he challenged me for doubting his word too."

"There's an old formula for finding out an Irish fortune," says Power, "worth all the algebra they ever taught in Trinity. Take the half of the assumed sum and divide it by three, the quotient will be a flattering representative of the figure sought for."

"Not in the north," said the Adjutant, firmly; "not in the north, Power; they are all well off there. There's a race of canny, thrifty, half Scotch niggers—your pardon, Doctor—they are all Irish—linen-weaving, Presbyterian, yarn-factoring, long-nosed, hard-drinking fellows, that lay by rather a snug thing now and then. Do you know I was very near it once in the north. I've half a mind to tell you the story; though, perhaps, you'll laugh at me."

The whole party at once protested that nothing could induce them to deviate so widely from the line of propriety, and the skipper having mixed a fresh bowl, and filled all the glasses round, the cigars were lighted, and the Adjutant began:—

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE ADJUTANT'S STORY—LIFE IN DERRY.

"It is now about eight, maybe ten years, since, that we were ordered to march from Belfast, and take up our quarters in Londonderry. We had not been more than a few weeks altogether, in Ulster, when the order came; and, as we had been, for the preceding two years, doing duty in the south and west, we concluded that the island was tolerably the same in all parts. We opened our campaign in the maiden city, exactly as we had been doing with 'unparalleled success' in Cashel, Fermoy, Tuam, &c., that is to say, we announced garrison balls, and private theatricals; offered a cup to be run for in steeple chase; turned out a four-in-hand drag, with mottled grays; and brought over two Deal boats to challenge the north."

"The 18th found the place stupid," said we.

"To be sure they did; slow fellows, like them, must find any place stupid. No dinners; but they gave none. No fun; but they had none in themselves. In fact, we knew better: we understood how the thing was to be done, and resolved that, as a mine of rich ore lay unworked, it was reserved for us to produce the shining metal that others, less discerning, had failed to discover. Little we knew of the matter; never was there a blunder like ours. Were you ever in Derry!"

"Never," said the listeners.

"Well, then, let me inform you, that the place has its own peculiar features. In the first place, all the large towns in the south and west have, besides the country neighborhood that surrounds them, a certain sprinkling of gentlefolk, who, though with small fortunes and not much usage of the world, are still a great accession to society, and make up the blank which, even in the most thickly-peopled country, would be sadly felt without them. Now, in Derry, there is none of this. After the great guns and—per Baccho!—what great guns are they! you have nothing but the men engaged in commerce; sharp, clever, shrewd, well-informed fellows; they are deep in flax-seed, cunning in molasses, and not to be excelled in all that pertains to coffee, sassafras, cinnamon, gum, oakum, and elephants' teeth. The place is a rich one, and the spirit of commerce is felt throughout it. Nothing is cared for, nothing is talked of, nothing alluded to, that does not bear upon this; and, in fact, if you haven't a venture in Smyrna figs, Memel timber, Dutch dolls, or some such commodity, you are absolutely nothing, and might as well be at a ball with a cork leg, or go deaf to the opera.

"Now, when I've told thus much, I leave you to guess what impressions our triumphal entry into the city produced. Instead of the admiring crowds that awaited us elsewhere, as we marched gayly into quarters, here we saw nothing but grave, sober-looking, and, I confess it, intelligent-looking faces, that scrutinized our appearance closely enough, but evidently with no great approval, and less enthusiasm. The men passed on hurriedly to the counting-houses and the wharfs; the women, with almost as little interest, peeped at us from the windows, and walked away again. Oh! how we wished for Galway; glorious Galway! that paradise of the infantry, that lies west of the Shannon. Little we knew, as we ordered the band, in lively anticipation of the gayeties before us, to strike up 'Payne's first set,' that, to the ears of the fair listeners in Ship Quay Street, the rumble of a sugar hogshead, or the crank, crank, of a weighing crane, were more delightful music."

"By Jove," interrupted Power, "you are quite right. Women are strongly imitative in their tastes. The lovely Italian, whose very costume is a natural following of a Raphael, is no more like the pretty

Liverpool damsel, than Genoa is to Glassnevin; and yet, what the deuse have they, dear souls, with their feet upon a soft carpet, and their eyes upon the pages of Scott or Byron, to do with all the cotton or dimity that ever was printed. But let us not repine: that very plastic character is our greatest blessing."

"I'm not so sure that it always exists," said the Doctor dubiously, as though his own experience pointed otherwise.

"Well, go ahead," said the Skipper, who evidently disliked the digression thus interrupting the Adjutant's story.

"Well, we marched along, looking right and left at the pretty faces—and there was plenty of them too—that a momentary curiosity drew to the windows; but, although we smiled, and ogled, and leered, as only a newly arrived regiment can smile, ogle, or leer, by all that's provoking, we might as well have wasted our blandishments upon the Presbyterian meeting-house that frowned upon us, with its high pitched roof and round windows.

"'Droll people these,' said one; 'raythur rum ones,' cried another; 'the black north, by Jove,' said a third; and so we went along to the barracks, somewhat displeased to think that, though the 18th were slow, they might have met their match.

"Disappointed, as we undoubtedly felt, at the little enthusiasm that marked our *entrée*, we still resolved to persist in our original plan, and, accordingly, early the following morning announced our intention of giving amateur theatricals. The mayor, who called upon our colonel, was the first to learn this, and received the information with pretty much the same kind of look as the Archbishop of Canterbury might be supposed to assume, if requested by a friend to ride for the Derby. The incredulous expression of the poor man's face, as he turned from one of us to the other, evidently canvassing in his mind, whether we might not, by some special dispensation of Providence, be all insane, I shall never forget.

"His visit was a very short one; whether concluding that we were not quite safe company, or whether our notification was too much for his nerves, I know not.

"We were not to be balked, however; our plans for gayety, long planned and conned over, were soon announced in all form, and, though we made efforts almost superhuman in the cause, our plays were performed to empty benches, our balls were unattended, our pic-nic invitations politely declined, and, in a word, all our advances treated with a cold and chilling politeness, that plainly said, 'We'll none of you.'

"Each day brought some new discomfiture, and, as we met at mess, instead of having, as heretofore, some prospect of pleasure and amusement to chat over, it was only to talk gloomily over our miserable failures, and lament the dreary quarters that our fates had doomed us to.

"Some months wore on in this fashion, and at length—what will not time do!—we began, by degrees, to forget our woes. Some of us took to late hours and brandy and water; others got sentimental, and wrote journals, and novels, and poetry; some few made acquaintances among the townspeople, and cut in to a quiet rubber to pass the evening, while another detachment, among which I was, got up a little love affair to while away the tedious hours and cheat the lazy sun.

"I have already said something of my taste in beauty; now, Mrs. Boggs was exactly the style of woman I fancied. She was a widow; she had black eyes—not your jet black, sparkling, Dutch-doll eyes, that roll about and tremble, but mean nothing—no; hers had a soft, subdued, downcast, pensive look about them, and were fully as melting a pair of orbs as any blue eyes you ever looked at.

"Then, she had a short upper lip, and sweet teeth; by Jove, they were pearls! and she showed them, too, pretty often. Her figure was well rounded, plump, and what the French call *nette*. To complete all, her instep and ankle were unexceptionable, and, lastly, her jointure was seven hundred pounds per annum, with a trifle of eight thousand more, that the late lamented Boggs bequeathed, when, after four months of uninterrupted bliss, he left Derry for another world.

"When chance first threw me in the way of the fair widow, some casual coincidence of opinion happened to raise me in her estimation, and I soon afterward received an invitation to a small evening party at her house, to which I alone of the regiment was asked.

"I shall not weary you with the details of my intimacy; it is enough that I tell you I fell desperately in love. I began by visiting twice or thrice a week, and, in less than two months, spent every morning at her house, and rarely left it till the 'roast beef' announced mess.

"I soon discovered the widow's cue; she was serious. Now, I had conducted all manner of flirtations in my previous life; timid young ladies, manly young ladies, musical, artistical, poetical, and hysterical. Bless you, I knew them all by heart; but never before had I to deal with a serious one, and a widow to boot. The case was a trying one. For some weeks it was all very up-hill work; all the red shot of warm affection I used to pour in on other occasions, was of no use here. The language of love, in which I was no mean proficient, availed me not. Compliments and flattery, those rare skirmishers before the engagement, were denied me; and I verily think that a tender squeeze of the hand would have cost me my dismissal.

"'How very slow all this,' thought I, as, at the end of two months' siege, I still found myself seated in the trenches, and not a single breach in the fortress; 'but, to be sure, it's the way they have in the north, and one must be patient.'

"While thus I was in no very sanguine frame of mind as to my prospects, in reality my progress was very considerable, having become a member of Mr. M'Phun's congregation. I was gradually rising in the estimation of the widow and her friends, whom my constant attendance at meeting, and my very serious demeanor, had so far impressed, that very grave deliberation was held whether I should not be made an elder at the next brevet.

"If the Widow Boggs had not been a very lovely and wealthy widow, had she not possessed the eyes, lips, hips, ankles, and jointure aforesaid, I honestly avow that not the charms of that sweet man Mr. M'Phun's eloquence, nor even the flattering dis-

tinction in store for me, would have induced me to prolong my suit. However, I was not going to despair when in sight of land. The widow was evidently softened; a little time longer, and the most scrupulous moralist, the most rigid advocate for employing time wisely, could not have objected to my daily system of courtship. It was none of your sighing, dying, ogling, hand-squeezing, waist-pressing, oath-swearing, everlasting-adoring affairs, with an interchange of rings and lockets; not a bit of it. It was confoundedly like a controversial meeting at the Rotundo, and I myself had a far greater resemblance to Father Tom Maguire than a gay Lothario.

"After all, when mess-time came, when the roast beef played, and we assembled at dinner, and the soup and fish had gone round, with the glasses of sherry in, my spirits rallied, and a very jolly evening consoled me for all my fatigues and exertions, and supplied me with energy for the morrow; for, let me observe here, that I only made love before dinner. The evenings I reserved for myself, assuring Mrs. Boggs that my regimental duties required all my time after mess hour, in which I was perfectly correct; for at six we dined; at seven I opened the claret No. 1; at eight I had uncorked my second bottle; by half-past eight I was returning to the sherry; and, at nine, punctual to the moment, I was returning to my quarters on the back of my servant, Tim Daly, who had carried me safely for eight years, without a single mistake, as the foxhunters say. This was a way we had in the —th; every man was carried away from mess, some sooner, some later; I was always an early riser, and went betimes.

"Now, although I had very abundant proof, from circumstantial evidence, that I was nightly removed from the mess-room to my bed in the mode I mention, it would have puzzled me sorely to prove the fact in any direct way; inasmuch as, by half-past nine, as the clock chimed, Tim entered to take me. I was very innocent of all that was going on, and except a certain vague sense of regret at leaving the decanter, felt nothing whatever.

"It so chanced—what mere trifles are we ruled by in our destiny!—that just as my suit with the widow had assumed its most favorable footing, old General Hinks, that commanded the district, announced his coming over to inspect our regiment. Over he came accordingly, and, to be sure, we had a day of it. We were paraded for six mortal hours; then we were marching and countermarching; moving into line; back again into column; now forming open column, then into square; till, at last, we began to think that the old General was like the Flying Dutchman, and was probably condemned to keep on drilling us to the day of judgment. To be sure, he enlivened the proceeding to me, by pronouncing the regiment the worst drilled and appointed corps in the service, and the adjutant (me!) the stupidest dunderhead—these were his words—he had ever met with.

"'Never mind,' thought I; 'a few days more, and it's little I'll care for the eighteen manœuvres. It's small trouble your eyes right or your left shoulders forward will give me. I'll sell out, and with the Widow Boggs and seven hundred a year—but no matter.'

"This confounded inspection lasted till half-past five in the afternoon; so that our mess was delayed a full hour in consequence, and it was past seven as we sat down to dinner. Our faces were grim enough as we met together at first; but what will not a good dinner and good wine do for the surliest party? By eight o'clock we began to feel somewhat more convivially disposed; and, before nine, the decanters were performing a quick-step round the table, in a fashion very exhilarating, and very jovial to look at.

"'No flinching to-night,' said the senior major; we've had a severe day; let us also have a merry evening.'

"'By Jove, Ormond,' cried another, 'we must not leave this to-night. Confound the old humbugs and their musty whist party; throw them over.'

"'I say, Adjutant,' said Forbes, addressing me, 'you've nothing particular to say to the fair widow this evening; you'll not bolt, I hope.'

"'That he shan't,' said one near me; 'he must make up for his absence to-morrow: for to-night we all stand fast.'

"'Besides,' said another, 'she's at meeting by this. Old—what-d'ye-call-him—is at fourteenthly before now.'

"'A note for you, sir,' said the mess waiter, presenting me with a rose-colored three-cornered billet. It was from *la chère* Boggs herself, and ran thus:—

"'Dear Sir—Mr. M'Phun and a few friends are coming to tea at my house after meeting; perhaps you will also favor us with your company.

'Yours truly, ELIZA BOGGS.'

"What was to be done? Quit the mess—leave a jolly party just at the jolliest moment—exchange Lafitte and red hermitage for a *soirée* of elders presided over by that sweet man Mr. M'Phun. It was too bad; but then, how much was in the scale? What would the widow say if I declined? What would she think? I well knew that the invitation meant nothing less than a full-dress parade of me before her friends, and that to decline was perhaps to forfeit all my hopes in that quarter forever.

"'Any answer, sir?' said the waiter.

"'Yes,' said I, in a half whisper, 'I'll go; tell the servant, I'll go.'

"At this moment my tender epistle was substracted from before me, and, ere I turned round, had made the tour of half the table. I never perceived the circumstance, however, and filling my glass, professed my resolve to sit to the last, with a mental reserve to take my departure at the very first opportunity. Ormond and the Paymaster quitted the room for a moment, as if to give orders for a broil at twelve, and now all seemed to promise a very convivial and well-sustained party for the night.

"'Is that all arranged?' inquired the Major, as Ormond entered.

"'All right,' said he; 'and now let us have a bumper and a song, Adjutant—old boy, give us a chant.'

"'What shall it be, then?' inquired I, anxious to cover my intended retreat by an appearance of joviality.

"'Give us—

'When I was in the Fusiliers
Some fourteen years ago.'

"'No, no, confound it, I've heard nothing else since I joined the regiment. Let us have the 'Paymaster's Daughter.'

"'Ah! that's pathetic; I like that,' lisped a young ensign.

"'If I'm to have a vote,' grunted out the senior major, 'I pronounce for West India Quarters.'

"'Yes, yes,' said half a dozen voices together, 'let's have West India Quarters. Come, give him a glass of sherry, and let him begin.'

"I had scarcely finished off my glass, and cleared my throat for my song, when the clock on the chimney-piece chimed half-past nine, and the same instant I felt a heavy hand fall upon my shoulder; I turned, and beheld my servant, Tim. This, as I have already mentioned, was the hour at which Tim was in the habit of taking me home to my quarters, and, though we had dined an hour later, he took no notice of the circumstance, but, true to his custom, he was behind my chair. A very cursory glance at my 'familiar' was quite sufficient to show me that we had somehow changed sides, for Tim, who was habitually the most sober of mankind, was, on the present occasion, exceedingly drunk, while I, a full hour before that consummation, was perfectly sober.

"'What d'ye want, sir?' inquired I, with something of severity in my manner.

"'Come home,' said Tim, with a hiccup that set the whole table in a roar.

"'Leave the room this instant,' said I, feeling wrathy at being thus made a butt of for his offences. 'Leave the room, or I'll kick you out of it.' Now this, let me add, in a parenthesis, was somewhat of a boast, for Tim was six feet three, and strong in proportion, and, when in liquor, fearless as a tiger.

"'You'll kick me out of the room, eh! will you! Try: only try it; that's all.' Here a new roar of laughter burst forth, while Tim, again placing an enormous paw upon my shoulder, continued. 'Don't be sitting there, making a baste of yourself, when you've got enough. Don't you see you're drunk?'

"I sprung to my legs on this, and made a rush to the fire-place, to secure the poker, but Tim was beforehand with me, and seizing me by the waist with both hands, flung me across his shoulders, as though I were a baby, saying, at the same time, 'I'll take you away at half-past eight to-morrow, av you're as rampageous again.' I kicked, I plunged, I swore, I threatened, I even begged and implored to be set down; but, whether my voice was lost in the uproar around me, or that Tim only regarded my denunciations in the light of cursing, I know not, but he carried me bodily down the stairs, steadying himself by one hand on the bannisters, while with the other he held me as in a vice. I had but one consolation all this while; it was this, that, as my quarters lay immediately behind the mess-room, Tim's excursion would soon come to an end, and I should be free once more; but guess my terror to find that the drunken scoundrel, instead of going, as usual, to the left, turned short to the right hand, and marched boldly into Ship Quay Street. Every window in the mess-room was filled with our fellows, absolutely shouting with laughter. 'Go it, Tim—that's the fellow—hold him tight—never let go,' cried a dozen voices, while the wretch, with the tenacity of drunkenness, gripped me still harder, and took his way down the middle of the street.

"It was a beautiful evening in July, a soft summer night, as I made this pleasing excursion down the most frequented thoroughfare in the maiden city; my struggles every moment exciting roars of laughter from an increasing crowd of spectators, who seemed scarcely less amused than puzzled at the exhibition. In the midst of a torrent of imprecations against my torturer, a loud noise attracted me. I turned my head and saw—horror of horrors! the door of the meeting-house just flung open, and the congregation issuing forth *en masse*. Is it any wonder if I remember no more? There I was, the chosen one of the Widow Boggs—the elder elect—the favored friend and admired associate of Mr. M'Phun, taking an airing on a summer's evening on the back of a drunken Irishman! Oh! the thought was horrible; and certainly, the short and pithy epithets by which I was characterized in the crowd neither improved my temper nor assuaged my wrath; and I feel bound to confess that my own language was neither serious nor becoming. Tim, however, cared little for all this, and pursued the even tenor of his way through the whole crowd, nor stopped till, having made half the circuit of the wall, he deposited me safe at my own door, adding, as he set me down, 'Oh! av you're as troublesome every evening, it's a wheelbarrow I'll be obleeged to bring for you.'

"The next day I obtained a short leave of absence, and, ere a fortnight expired, exchanged into the —th, preferring Halifax itself to the ridicule that awaited me in Londonderry."

---

## CHAPTER XXX.

### FRED POWER'S ADVENTURE IN PHILIPSTOWN.

THE lazy hours of the long summer day crept slowly over. The sea, unbroken by foam or ripple, shone like a broad blue mirror, reflecting here and there some fleecy patches of snow-white cloud as they stood unmoved in the sky. The good ship rocked to and fro with a heavy and lumbering motion; the cordage rattled; the bulkheads creaked; the sails flapped lazily against the masts; the very sea-gulls seemed to sleep as they rested on the long swell that bore them along; and every thing in sea and sky bespoke a calm. No sailor trod the deck; no watch was stirring; the very tiller-ropes were deserted; and, as they traversed back and forwards with every roll of the vessel, told that we had no steerage-way, and lay a mere log upon the water.

I sat alone in the bow, and fell into a musing fit upon the past and the future. How happily for us is it ordained that, in the most stirring existences, there

are every here and there such little resting-spots of reflection, from which, as from some eminence, we look back upon the road we have been treading in life, and cast a wistful glance at the dark vista before us. When first we set out upon our worldly pilgrimage, these are, indeed, precious moments, when, with buoyant heart and spirit high, believing all things, trusting all things, our very youth comes back to us, reflected from every object we meet; and, like Narcissus, we are but worshipping our own image in the water. As we go on in life, the cares, the anxieties, and the business of the world, engross us more and more; and such moments become fewer and shorter. Many a bright dream has been dissolved, and many a fairy vision replaced, by some dark reality; blighted hopes, false friendships, have gradually worn callous the heart once alive to every gentle feeling; and time begins to tell upon us: yet still, as the well-remembered melody to which we listened with delight in infancy brings to our mature age a touch of early years, so will the very association of these happy moments recur to us in our revery, and make us young again in thought. Then it is that, as we look back upon our worldly career, we become convinced how truly is the child the father of the man; how frequently are the projects of our manhood the fruit of some boyish predilection; and that, in the emulative ardor that stirs the schoolboy's heart, we may read the *prestige* of that high daring that makes a hero of its possessor.

These moments, too, are scarcely more pleasurable than they are salutary to us. Disengaged for the time of every worldly anxiety, we pass in review before our own selves; and, in the solitude of our own hearts are we judged. That still, small voice of conscience, unheard and unlistened to amid the din and bustle of life, speaks audibly to us now; and, while chastened on one side by regrets, we are sustained on the other by some approving thought, and, with many a sorrow for the past, and many a promise for the future, we begin to feel "how good it is for us to be here."

The evening wore later: the red sun sank down upon the sea, growing larger and larger; the long line of mellow gold that sheeted along the distant horizon, grew first of a dark ruddy tinge, then paler and paler, till it became almost gray; a single star shone faintly in the east, and darkness soon set in. With night came the wind; for almost imperceptibly the sails swelled slowly out, a slight rustle at the bow followed, the ship lay gently over, and we were once more in motion. It struck four bells; some casual resemblance in the sound to the old pendulum that marked the hour at my uncle's house, startled me so that I actually knew not where I was. With lightning speed, my once home rose up before me with its happy hearts: the old familiar faces were there; the gay laugh was in my ears; there sat my dear old uncle, as with bright eye and mellow voice he looked a very welcome to his guests; there Boyle; there Considine; there the grim-visaged portraits that graced the old walls, whose black oak wainscot stood in broad light and shadow, as the blazing turf-fire shone upon it; there was my own place, now vacant; methought my uncle's eye was turned towards it, and that I heard him say, "My poor boy! I wonder where is he now!" My heart swelled; my chest heaved; the tears coursed slowly down my cheeks, as I asked myself, "Shall I ever see them more?" Oh! how little, how very little to us are the accustomed blessings of our life, till some change has robbed us of them; and how dear are they when lost to us! My uncle's dark forboding that we should never meet again on earth, came, for the first time, forcibly to my mind, and my heart was full to bursting. What could repay me for the agony of that moment, as I thought of him—my first, my best, my only friend—whom I had deserted; and how gladly would I have resigned my bright day-dawn of ambition to be once more beside his chair; to hear his voice; to see his smile; to feel his love for me! A loud laugh from the cabin roused me from my sad, depressing revery; and, at the same instant, Mike's well-known voice informed me that the Captain was looking for me everywhere, as supper was on the table. Little as I felt disposed to join the party at such a moment, as I knew there was no escaping Power, I resolved to make the best of matters; so, after a few minutes, I followed Mickey down the companion, and entered the cabin.

The scene before me was certainly not calculated to perpetuate depressing thoughts. At the head of a rude old-fashioned table, upon which figured several black bottles, and various ill-looking drinking vessels of every shape and material, sat Fred Power; on his right was placed the skipper; on his left the Doctor; the bronzed, merry-looking, weather-beaten features of the one, contrasting ludicrously with the pale, ascetic, acute-looking expression of the other. Sparks, more than half-drunk, with the mark of a red-hot cigar upon his nether lip, was lower down; while Major Monsoon, to preserve the symmetry of the party, had protruded his head, surmounted by a huge, red night-cap, from the berth opposite, and held out his goblet to be replenished from the punch-bowl.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, thou man of Galway," cried out Power, as he pointed to a seat, and pushed a wine-glass towards me. "Just in time, too, to pronounce upon a new brewery; taste that; a little more of the lemon you would say, perhaps; well, I agree with you; rum and brandy; glenlivet and guava jelly; limes, green tea, and a slight suspicion of preserved ginger—nothing else, upon honor—and the most simple mixture for the cure, the radical cure of blue devils and debt I know of; eh, Doctor? you advise it yourself, to be taken before bed-time; nothing inflammatory in it; nothing pugnacious: a mere circulation of the better juices and more genial spirits of the marly clay, without arousing any of the baser passions; whiskey is the devil for that."

"I canna say that I dinna like whiskey toddy," said the Doctor; "in the cauld winter nights it's no sae bad."

"Ah! that's it," said Power; "there's the pull you Scotch have upon us, poor Patlanders; cool, calculating, long-headed fellows, you only come up to the mark after fifteen tumblers; whereas, we hot-brained devils, with a blood at 212° of Fahrenheit, and a high-pressure engine of good spirits always ready for an explosion, we go clean mad when tipsy; not but I am fully convinced that

a mad Irishman is worth two sane people of any other country under heaven."

"If you mean by that insin—insin—avation to imply any disrespect to the English," stuttered out Sparks, "I am bound to say that I for one, and the Doctor, I am sure, for another—"

"Na, na," interrupted the Doctor, "ye manna coont upon me; I'm no disposed to fecht ower our liquor."

"Then, Major Monsoon, I'm certain—"

"Are ye, faith," said the Major with a grin; "blessed are they who expect nothing—of which number you are not—for most decidedly you shall be disappointed."

"Never mind, Sparks, take the whole fight to your own proper self, and do battle like a man; and here I stand, ready at all arms to prove my position—that we drink better, sing better, court better, fight better, make better punch, than every John Bull from Berwick to the Land's End."

Sparks, however, who seemed not exactly sure how far his antagonist was disposed to quiz, relapsed into a half-tipsy expression of contemptuous silence, and sipped his liquor without reply.

"Yes," said Power, after a pause, "bad luck to it for whiskey; it nearly got me broke once, and poor Tom O'Reilly of the 5th, too, the best-tempered fellow in the service; we were as near it as touch and go; and all for some confounded Loughrea spirits, that we believed to be perfectly innocent, and used to swill away freely, without suspicion of any kind."

"Let's hear the story," said I, "by all means."

"It's not a long one," said Power, "so I don't care if I tell it; and besides, if I make a clean breast of my own sins, I'll insist upon Monsoon's telling you afterward how he stocked his cellar in Cadiz; eh, Major! there's worse tipple than the king of Spain's sherry!"

"You shall judge for yourself, old boy," said Monsoon, good-humoredly; "and as for the narrative, it is equally at your service. Of course, it goes no farther. The commander-in-chief, long life to him, is a glorious fellow; but he has no more idea of a joke than the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it might chance to reach him."

"Recount and fear not," cried Power; "we are discreet as the worshipful company of apothecaries."

"But you forget you are to lead the way."

"Here goes then," said the jolly Captain; "not that the story has any merit in it, but the moral is beautiful.

"Ireland, to be sure, is a beautiful country, but somehow it would prove a very dull one to be quartered in, if it were not that the people seem to have a natural taste for the army. From the belle of Merrion-square down to the innkeeper's daughter in Tralee, the loveliest part of the creation seem to have a perfect appreciation of our high acquirements and advantages; and in no other part of the globe, the Tonga Islands included, is a red coat more in favor. To be sure, they would be very ungrateful if it were not the case; for we, upon our sides, leave no stone unturned to make ourselves agreeable. We ride, drink, play, and make love to the ladies, from Fairhead to Killarney, in a way greatly calculated to render us popular; and, as far as making the time pass pleasantly, we are the boys for the 'greatest happiness' principle. I repeat it; we deserve our popularity. Which of us does not get head and ears in debt with garrison balls and steeple-chases, pic-nics, regattas, and the thousand and one inventions to get rid of one's spare cash, so called for being so sparingly dealt out by our governors! Now and then, too, when all else fails, we take a newly joined ensign, and make him marry some pretty but penniless lass, in a country town, just to show the rest that we are not joking, but have serious ideas of matrimony, in the midst of all our flirtation. If it were all like this, the green isle would be a paradise; but, unluckily, every now and then, one is condemned to some infernal place, where there is neither a pretty face nor light ankle; where the priest himself is not a good fellow; and long, ill-paved, straggling streets, filled, on market-days, with booths of striped calico and soapy cheese, is the only promenade; and a ruinous barrack, with mouldy walls and a tumbling chimney, the only quarters.

"In vain, on your return from your morning stroll or afternoon canter, you look on the chimney-piece for a shower of visiting cards, and pink notes of invitation; in vain you ask your servant has any one called. Alas! your only visiter has been the gauger, to demand a party to assist in still-hunting, amid that interesting class of the population, who, having nothing to eat, are engaged in devising drink, and care as much for the life of a red-coat as you do for that of a crow or a curlew. This may seem overdrawn; but I would ask you, were you ever for your sins quartered in that capital city of the Bog of Allen they call Philipstown? Oh, but it is a romantic spot! They tell us somewhere that much of the expression of the human face divine depends upon the objects which constantly surround us. Thus the inhabitants of mountain districts imbibe, as it were, a certain bold and daring character of expression from the scenery, very different from the placid and monotonous look of those who dwell in plains and valleys; and I can certainly credit the theory in this instance, for every man, woman, and child you meet has a brown, baked, scruffy, turf-like face, that fully satisfy you that, if Adam were formed of clay, the Philipstown people were worse treated, and only made of bog mould.

"Well, one fine morning, poor Tom and myself were marched off from Birr, where one might 'live and love forever,' to take up our quarters at this sweet spot. Little we knew of Philipstown, and, like my friend, the adjutant there, when he laid siege to Derry, we made our entrée with all the pomp we could muster, and though we had no band, our drums and fifes did duty for it; and we brushed along through turf creels and wicker baskets of new brogues that obstructed the street till we reached the barrack, the only testimony of admiration we met with being, I feel bound to admit, from a ragged urchin of ten years, who, with a wattle in his hand, imitated me as I marched along, and, when I cried halt, took his leave of us by dexterously affixing his thumb to the side of his nose, and outstretching his fingers, as if thus to convey a very strong hint that we were not half so fine fellows as we thought ourselves. Well, four mortal

summer months of hot sun and cloudless sky went over, and still we lingered in that vile village, the everlasting monotony of our days being marked by the same brief morning drill, the same blue-legged chicken dinner, the same smoky Loughrea whiskey, and the same evening stroll along the canal bank, to watch for the Dublin packet-boat, with its never-varying cargo of cattle-dealers, priests, and peelers, on their way to the west country, as though the demand for such colonial productions in these parts was insatiable. This was pleasant, you will say; but, what was to be done? we had nothing else. Now nothing saps a man's temper like *ennui*. The cranky, peevish people one meets with, would be excellent folk if they only had something to do. As for us, I'll venture to say, two men more disposed to go pleasantly down the current of life, it were hard to meet with; and yet, such was the consequence of these confounded four months' sequestration from all other society, we became sour and cross-grained; everlastingly disputing about trifles, and continually arguing about matters which neither were interested in, nor indeed knew any thing about. There were, indeed, it is true, few topics to discuss; newspapers we never saw; sporting there was none: but, then, the drill, the return of duty, the probable chances of our being ordered for service, were all daily subjects to be talked over, and usually with considerable asperity and bitterness. One point, however, always served us, when hard pushed for a bone of contention, and which, begun by a mere accident at first, gradually increased to a sore and techy subject, and finally led to the consequences which I have hinted at in the beginning—this was no less than the respective merits of our mutual servants; each everlastingly indulging in a tirade against the other, for awkwardness, incivility, unhandiness, charges, I am bound to confess, most amply proved on either side.

"'Well, I am sure, O'Reilly, if you can stand that fellow. It's no affair of mine; but such an ungainly savage I never met, I would say.'

"To which he would reply, 'Bad enough he is certainly; but, by Jove, when I only think of your Hottentot, I feel grateful for what I've got.'

"Then ensued a discussion, with attack, rejoinder, charge and recrimination, till we retired for the night, wearied with our exertions, and not a little ashamed of ourselves at bottom for our absurd warmth and excitement. In the morning the matter would be rigidly avoided by each party, until some chance occasion had brought it on the *tapis*, when hostilities would be immediately renewed, and carried on with the same vigor, to end as before.

"In this agreeable state of matters we sat one warm summer evening before the mess-room, under the shade of a canvass awning, discussing, by way of refrigerant, our eighth tumbler of whiskey punch: we had as usual been jarring away about every thing under heaven. A lately arrived post-chaise, with an old, stiff-looking gentleman in a queue, had formed a kind of 'God-send' for debate, as to who he was, whither he was going, whether he really had intended to spend the night there, or that he only put up because the chaise was broken; each, as was customary, maintaining his own opinion with an obstinacy we have often since laughed at, though, at the time, we had few mirthful thoughts about the matter.

"As the debate waxed warm, O'Reilly asserting that he positively knew the individual in question to be a United Irishman, travelling with instructions from the French government, while I laughed him to scorn, by swearing that he was the rector of Tyrrell's-pass; that I knew him well; and, moreover, that he was the worst preacher in Ireland. Singular enough it was, that all this while the disputed identity was himself standing coolly at the inn window, with his snuff-box in his hand, leisurely examining us as we sat, appearing, at least, to take a very lively interest in our debate.

"'Come, now,' said O'Reilly, 'there's only one way to conclude this, and make you pay for your obstinacy. What will you bet that he's the rector of Tyrrell's-pass?'

"'What odds will you take that he's Wolfe Tone?' inquired I, sneeringly.

"'Five to one against the rector,' said he exultingly.

"'An elephant's molar to a tooth-pick against Wolfe Tone,' cried I.

"'Ten pound even that I'm nearer the mark than you,' said Tom, with a smash of his fist upon the table.

"'Done,' said I, 'done: but how are we to decide the wager?'

"'That's soon done,' said he; at the same instant he sprung to his legs and called out, 'Pat—I say Pat—I want you to present my respects to—'

"'No, no, I bar that—no *ex-parte* statements. Here, Jem, do you simply tell that—'

"'That fellow can't deliver a message. Do come here, Pat. Just beg of—'

"'He'll blunder it, the confounded fool; so, Jem, do you go.'

"The two individuals thus addressed were just in the act of conveying a tray of glasses and a spiced round of beef for supper into the mess-room; and, as I may remark that they fully entered into the feelings of jealousy their respective masters professed, each eyed the other with a look of very unequivocal dislike.

"'Arrah, you needn't be pushin' me that way,' said Pat, 'an' the round o' beef in my hands.'

"'Devil's luck to ye, it's the glasses you'll be breaking, with your awkward elbow.'

"'Then why don't ye leave the way: aint I your suparior?'

"'Aint I the Captain's own man?'

"'Ay, and if you war. Don't I belong to his betters? Isn't my master the two liftenants?'

"This, strange as it may sound, was so far true, as I held a commission in an African corps, with my lieutenantcy in the 5th.

"'Begorra, av he was six—there now, you don it.'

"At the same moment a tremendous crash took place, and the large dish fell in a thousand pieces on the pavement, while the spiced round rolled pensively down the yard.

"Scarcely was the noise heard, when, with one vigorous kick, the tray of glasses was sent spinning into the air, and the next moment the disputants were engaged in bloody battle. It was at this moment that our attention was first drawn towards

them, and I need not say with what feelings of interest we looked on.

"'Hit him, Pat—there, Jem, under the guard—that's it—go in—well done, left hand—by Jove, that was a facer—his eye's closed—he's done—not a bit of it—how do you like that—unfair, unfair—no such thing—I say it was—not at all—I deny it.'

"By this time we had approached the combatants, each man patting his own fellow on the back, and encouraging him by the most lavish promises. Now it was, but in what way I never could exactly tell, that I threw out my right hand to stop a blow that I saw coming rather too near me, when, by some unhappy mischance, my doubled fist lighted upon Tom O'Reilly's nose. Before I could express my sincere regret for the accident, the blow was returned with double force, and the next moment we were at it harder than the others. After five minutes' sharp work, we both stopped for breath, and incontinently burst out a laughing. There was Tom with a nose as large as three; a huge cheek on one side, and the whole head swinging round like a harlequin's; while I, with one eye closed, and the other like a half-shut cockle-shell, looked scarcely less rueful. We had not much time for mirth, for at the same instant a sharp, full voice, called out close beside us—

"'To your quarters, sirs. I put you both under arrest, from which you are not to be released until the sentence of a court-martial decide if conduct such as this become officers and gentlemen.'

"I looked round and saw the old fellow in the queue.

"'Wolfe Tone, by all that's unlucky,' said I, with an attempt at a smile.

"'The rector of Tyrrell's-pass,' cried out Tom with a snuffle; 'the worst preacher in Ireland; eh, Fred?'

"We had not much time for farther commentaries upon our friend, for he at once opened his frock-coat, and displayed to our horrified gaze the uniform of a general officer.

"'Yes, sir, General Johnston, if you will allow me to present him to your acquaintance; and now, guard, turn out.'

"In a few minutes more the orders were issued, and poor Tom and myself found ourselves fast confined to our quarters, with a sentinel at the door, and the pleasant prospect that, in a space of about ten days, we should be broke and dismissed the service; which verdict, as the general order would say, the Commander of the Forces has been graciously pleased to approve.

"However, when morning came, the old General, who was really a trump, inquired a little farther into the matter, saw it was partly accidental, and, after a severe reprimand, and a caution about Loughrea whiskey after the sixth tumbler, released us from arrest, and forgave the whole affair."

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE VOYAGE.

what a miserable thing is a voyage! Here now eight days at sea; the eternal same-all around growing every hour less supportable. Sea and sky are beautiful things when seen from the dark woods and waving meadows on shore; but their picturesque effect is sadly marred from want of contrast; besides that, the "*toujours* pork," with crystals of salt as long as your wife's fingers; the potatoes, that seemed varnished in French polish; the tea, seasoned with geological specimens from the basin of London, ycleped maple sugar; and the butter—ye gods!—the butter! But why enumerate these smaller features of discomfort, and omit the more glaring ones? The utter selfishness which blue water suggests, is inevitably as the cold fit follows the ague; the good fellow that shares his knapsack or his last guinea on land, here forages out the best corner to hang his hammock; jockeys you into a comfortless crib, where the uncaulked deck but filters every rain from heaven on your head; he votes you the corner at dinner, not only that he may place you with your back to the thorough draught of the gangway ladder, but that he may eat, drink, and lie down, before you have even begun to feel the qualmishness that the dinner of a troop ship is well calculated to suggest; cuts his pencil with your best razor; wears your shirts, as washing is scarce; and winds up all by having a good story of you every evening for the edification of the other "sharp gentlemen," who, being too wide awake to be humbuged themselves, enjoy his success prodigiously. This, gentle reader, is neither confession nor avowal of mine. The passage I have here presented to you I have taken from the journal of my brother officer Mr. Sparks, who, when not otherwise occupied, usually employed his time in committing to paper his thoughts upon men, manners, and things at sea in general; though, sooth to say, his was not an idle life; being voted by unanimous consent "a junior," he was condemned to offices that the veriest fag in Eton or Harrow had rebelled against. In the morning, under the pseudonyme of *Mrs.* Sparks, he presided at breakfast, having previously made tea, coffee, and chocolate for the whole cabin, besides boiling about twenty eggs at various degrees of hardness: he was under heavy recognizances to provide a plate of buttered toast of very alarming magnitude, fried ham, kidneys, &c., to no end. Later on, when others sauntered about the deck, vainly endeavoring to fix their attention upon a novel or a review, the poor cornet might be seen with a white apron tucked gracefully round his spare proportions, whipping eggs for pancakes, or with up-turned shirt-sleeves, fashioning dough for a pudding. As the day waned, the cook's galley became his haunt, where, exposed to a roasting fire, he inspected the details of a *cuisine*, for which, whatever his demerits, he was sure of an ample remuneration in abuse at dinner. Then came the dinner itself, that dread ordeal, where nothing was praised, and every thing censured. This was followed by the punch-making, where the tastes of six different and differing individuals were to be exclusively consulted, in the self-same beverage: and lastly, the supper at night, when Sparkie, as he was familiarly called, towards evening, grown quite exhausted, became the subject of unmitigated wrath, and most unmeasured reprobation.

"I say, Sparks, it's getting late; the spatch-cock, old boy; don't be slumbering."

"By the by, Sparkie, what a mess you made of

that pea soup to-day! By Jove, I never felt so ill in my life."

"Na, na, it was na the soup; it was something he pit in the punch, that's burnin' me ever since I tuk it. Ou, man, but ye're an awfu' creture wi' vittals."

"He'll improve, Major, he'll improve; don't discourage him: the boy's young; be alive now there—where's the toast—confound you—where's the toast!"

"There, Sparks, you like a drumstick, I know—mustn't muzzle the ox, eh! Scripture for you, old boy; eat away; hang the expense: hand him over the jug—empty—eh, Charley! Come, Sparkie, bear a hand, the liquor's out."

"But won't you let me eat?"

"Eat! Heavens, what a fellow for eating! By George, such an appetite is clean against the articles of war! Come, man, it's drink we're thinking of; there's the rum, sugar, limes; see to the hot water. Well, skipper, how are we getting on?"

"Lying our course; eight knots off the log; pass the call. Why, Mister Sparks!"

"Eh, Sparks, what's this?"

"Sparks, my man, confound it:" and then, omnes chorusing "Sparks!" in every key of the gamut, the luckless fellow would be obliged to jump up from his meager fare, and set to work at a fresh brewage of punch for the others. The bowl and the glasses, filled by some little management on Power's part, our friend the cornet would be *drawn out*, as the phrase is, into some confession of his early years, which seemed to have been exclusively spent in love-making, devotion to the fair being as integral a portion of his character as tippling was of the worthy Major's.

Like most men who pass their life in over-studious efforts to please—however ungallant the confession be—the amiable Sparks had had little success: his love, if not, as it generally happened, totally unrequited, was invariably the source of some awkward catastrophe, there being no imaginable error he had not at some time or other fallen into, nor any conceivable mischance to which he had not been exposed. Inconsolable widows, attached wives, fond mothers, newly-married brides, engaged young ladies, were, by some *contretemps*, continually the subject of his attachments; and the least mishap which followed the avowal of his passion was to be heartily laughed at, and obliged to leave the neighborhood. Duels, apologies, actions at law, compensations, &c. were of every-day occurrence; and to such an extent too, that any man blessed with a smaller bump upon the occiput, would eventually have long since abandoned the pursuit, and taken to some less expensive pleasure; but poor Sparks, in the true spirit of a martyr, only gloried the more, the more he suffered: and, like the worthy man who continued to purchase tickets in the lottery for thirty years, with nothing but a succession of blanks, he ever imagined that Fortune was only trying his patience, and had some cool forty thousand pounds of happiness waiting his perseverance in the end. Whether this prize ever did turn up in the course of years, I am unable to say; but certainly up to the period of his history I now speak of, all had been as gloomy and unrequiting as need be. Power, who knew something of every man's adventures, was aware of so much of poor Sparks' career, and usually contrived to lay a trap for a confession that generally served to amuse us during an evening, as much, I acknowledge, from the manner of the recital, as any thing contained in the story. There was a species of serious matter-of-fact simplicity in his detail of the most ridiculous scenes that left you convinced that his bearing upon the affair in question must have greatly heightened the absurdity; nothing, however comic or droll in itself, ever exciting in him the least approach to a smile; he sat with his large light-blue eyes, light hair, long upper lip, and retreating chin, lisping out an account of an adventure, with a look of Liston about him, that was inconceivably amusing.

"Come, Sparks," said Power, "I claim a promise you made me the other night, on condition we let you off making the oyster-patties at ten o'clock: you can't forget what I mean." Here the Captain knowingly touched the tip of his ear, at which signal the cornet colored slightly, and drank off his wine in a hurried confused way. "He promised to tell us, Major, how he lost the tip of his left ear. I have myself heard hints of the circumstance, but would much rather hear Sparks' own version of it."

"Another love story," said the Doctor with a grin, "I'll be bound."

"Shot off in a duel?" said I, inquiringly; "close work, too."

"No such thing," replied Power; "but Sparks will enlighten you. It is, without exception, the most touching and beautiful thing I ever heard; as a simple story, it beats the Vicar of Wakefield to sticks."

"You don't say so," said poor Sparks, blushing.

"Ay, that I do, and maintain it too. I'd rather be the hero of that little adventure, and be able to recount it as you do—for, mark me, that's no small part of the effect—than I'd be full colonel of the regiment. Well, I am sure I always thought it affecting; but, somehow, my dear friend, you don't know your powers; you have that within you would make the fortune of half the periodicals going. Ask Monsoon or O'Malley there, if I did not say so at breakfast, when you were grilling the old hen, which, by the by, let me remark, was not one of your *chef-d'œuvres*."

"A tougher beastie I never put a tooth in."

"But the story; the story," said I.

"Yes," said Power, with a tone of command, "the story, Sparks."

"Well, if you really think it worth telling, as I have always felt it a very remarkable incident, here goes."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### MR. SPARKS' STORY.

"I SAT at breakfast one beautiful morning in the Goat Inn at Barmouth, looking out by one window

upon the lovely vale of Barmouth, with its tall trees and brown trout stream struggling through the woods, then turning to take a view of the calm sea, that, speckled over with white-sailed fishing-boats, stretched away in the distance. The eggs were fresh; the trout newly caught; the cream delicious; before me lay the Plwdwddlwn Advertiser, which, among the fashionable arrivals at the sea, set forth Mr. Sparks, nephew of Sir Toby Sparks, of Manchester; a paragraph, by the way, I always inserted. The English are naturally an aristocratic people, and set a due value upon a title."

"A very just observation," remarked Power seriously, while Sparks continued.

"However, as far as any result from the announcement, I might as well have spared myself the trouble; for not a single person called; not one solitary invitation to dinner; not a pic-nic; not a breakfast; no, nor even a tea-party was heard of. Barmouth, at the time I speak of, was just in that transition state at which the caterpillar may be imagined, when, having abandoned his reptile habits, he still has not succeeded in becoming a butterfly. In fact, it had ceased to be a fishing-village, but had not arrived at the dignity of a watering-place. Now, I know nothing as bad as this. You have not on one hand the quiet retirement of a little peaceful hamlet, with its humble dwellings and cheap pleasures; nor have you the gay and animated tableau of fashion in miniature on the other; but you have noise, din, bustle, confusion, beautiful scenery, and lovely points of view, marred and ruined by vulgar associations; every bold rock and jutting promontory has its citizen occupants; every sandy cove or tide-washed bay has its myriads of squalling babes and red baise-clad bathing-women, those veritable descendants of the nymphs of old. Pink parasols, donkey-carts, baskets of bread and butter, reticules, guides to Barmouth, specimens of ore, fragments of gypsum, meet you at every step, and destroy every illusion of the picturesque.

"I shall leave this, thought I. My dreams, my long-cherished dreams of romantic walks upon the sea-shore, of evening strolls by moonlight, through dell and dingle, are reduced to a short promenade through an alley of bathing-boxes, amid a streaming population of nursery-maids and sick children, with a thorough-bass of 'fresh shrimps,' discordant enough to frighten the very fish from the shores. There is no peace, no quiet, no romance, no poetry, no love. Alas! that most of all was wanting; for after all, what is it which lights up the heart, save the flame of mutual attachment! what gilds the fair stream of life, save the bright ray of warm affection! what—"

"In a word," said Power, "it is the sugar in the punch-bowl of our existence. *Perge*, Sparks, push on."

"I was not long in making up my mind. I called for my bill; I packed my clothes; I ordered post horses; I was ready to start; one item in the bill alone detained me. The frequent occurrence of the enigmatical word 'cur,' following my servant's name, demanded an explanation, which I was in the act of receiving, when a chaise and four drove rapidly to the house. In a moment the blinds were drawn up, and such a head appeared at the window! Let me pause for one moment to drink in the remembrance of that lovely being; eyes where heaven's own blue seemed concentrated, were shaded by long deep lashes of the darkest brown; a brow fair, noble, and expansive, at each side of which masses of dark brown hair waved half in ringlets, half in loose falling bands, shadowing her pale and downy cheek, where one faint rose-bud tinge seemed lingering; lips slightly parted, as though to speak, gave to the features all the play of animation which completed this intellectual character, and made up—"

"What I should say was a devilish pretty girl," interrupted Power.

"Back the widow against her at long odds any day," murmured the Adjutant.

"She was an angel, an angel," cried Sparks, with enthusiasm.

"So was the widow, if you go to that," said the Adjutant, hastily.

"And so is Matilda Dalrymple," said Power, with a sly look at me. "We are all honorable men; eh, Charley!"

"Go ahead with the story," said the skipper; "I'm beginning to feel an interest in it."

"'Isabella,' said a man's voice, as a large well-dressed personage assisted her to alight, 'Isabella, love, you must take a little rest here before we proceed farther.'

"'I think she had better, sir,' said a matronly-looking woman with a plaid cloak and a black bonnet.

"They disappeared within the house, and I was left alone. The bright dream was passed; she was there no longer; but in my heart her image lived, and I almost felt she was before me. I thought I heard her voice; I saw her move; my limbs trembled; my hands tingled; I rang the bell, ordered my trunks back again to No. 5, and, as I sank upon the sofa, murmured to myself, this is indeed love at first sight."

"How devilish sudden it was!" said the skipper.

"Exactly like camp fever," responded the Doctor: "one moment ye are vara well; the next ye are seized wi' a kind of shivering; then comes a kind of mandering, dandering, travelling a'overness."

"D—— the camp fever," interrupted Sparks.

"Well, as I observed, I fell in love; and here let me take the opportunity of observing that all that we are in the habit of hearing about single or only attachments is mere nonsense. No man is so capable of feeling deeply as he who is in the daily practice of it. Love, like every thing else in this world, demands a species of cultivation. The mere tyro in an affair of the heart thinks he has exhausted all its pleasures and pains; but only he who has made it his daily study for years, familiarized his mind with every phase of the passion, can properly or adequately appreciate it. Thus, the more you love, the better you love; the more frequently has your heart yielded."

"It's vara like the mucous membrane," said the Doctor.

"I'll break your neck with the decanter if you interrupt him again!" exclaimed Power.

"For days I scarcely ever left the house," re-

sumed Sparks; "watching to catch one glance of the lovely Isabella. My farthest excursion was to the little garden of the inn, where I used to set every imaginable species of snare, in the event of her venturing to walk there. One day I would leave a volume of poetry; another, a copy of Paul and Virginia with a marked page; sometimes, my guitar, with a broad blue riband, would hang pensively from a tree; but alas! all in vain; she never appeared. At length, I took courage to ask the waiter about her; for some minutes he could not comprehend what I meant; but, at last discovering my object, he cried out, 'Oh! No. 8, sir, it is No. 8 you mean.'

"'It may be,' said I, 'what of her then?"

"'Oh, sir, she's gone these three days.'

"'Gone!" said I, with a groan.

"'Yes, sir; she left this early on Tuesday with the same old gentleman and the old woman in a chaise and four: they ordered horses at Dollgelly to meet them; but I don't know which road they took afterward.'

"I fell back on my chair, unable to speak. Here was I enacting Romeo for three mortal days to a mere company of Welch waiters and chambermaids, sighing, serenading, reciting, attitudinizing, rose-plucking, soliloquizing, half-suiciding; and all for the edification of a set of savages, with about as much civilization as their own goats.

"'The bill,' cried I, in a voice of thunder; 'my bill this instant.'

"I had been imposed upon shamefully; grossly imposed upon, and would not remain another hour in the house. Such were my feelings at least, and so thinking, I sent for my servant, abused him for not having my clothes ready packed; he replied; I reiterated; and, as my temper mounted, vented every imaginable epithet upon his head, and concluded by paying him his wages, and sending him about his business. In one hour more I was upon the road.

"'What road, sir?' said the postillion, as he mounted into the saddle.

"'To the devil, if you please,' said I, throwing myself back in the carriage.

"'Very well, sir,' replied the boy, putting spurs to his horse.

"That evening I arrived at Bedgellert.

"The little humble inn of Bedgellert, with its thatched roof and earthen floor, was a most welcome sight to me, after eleven hours' travelling on a broiling July day. Behind the very house itself rose the mighty Snowdon, towering high above the other mountains, whose lofty peaks were lost amid the clouds; before me was the narrow valley—"

"Wake me up when he's under way again," said the skipper, yawning fearfully.

"Go on, Sparks," said Power, encouragingly, "I was never more interested in my life; eh, O'Malley?"

"Quite thrilling," responded I, and Sparks resumed.

"Three weeks did I loiter about that sweet spot, my mind filled with images of the past and dreams of the future, my fishing-rod my only companion; not, indeed, that I ever caught any thing; for somehow my tackle was always getting foul of some willow tree or water lily, and at last I gave up even the pretence of whipping the streams. Well, one day,—I remember it as well as though it were but yesterday—it was the fourth of August,—I had set off upon an excursion to Llanberris. I had crossed Snowdon early, and reached the little lake on the opposite side by breakfast time. There I sat down near the ruined tower of Dolbadern, and, opening my knapsack, made a hearty meal. I have ever been a day-dreamer; and there are few things I like better than to lie, upon some hot and sunny day, in the tall grass beneath the shade of some deep boughs, with running water murmuring near, hearing the summer bee buzzing monotonously, and at the distance, the clear, sharp tinkle of the sheep-bell. In such a place, at such a time, one's fancy strays playfully, like some happy child, and none but pleasant thoughts present themselves. Fatigued by my long walk, and overcome by heat, I fell asleep. How long I lay there, I cannot tell, but the deep shadows were halfway down the tall mountain when I awoke. A sound had startled me; I thought I heard a voice speaking close to me. I looked up, and for some seconds I could not believe that I was not dreaming. Beside me, within a few paces, stood Isabella, the beautiful vision that I had seen at Barmouth, but far, a thousand times, more beautiful. She was dressed in something like a peasant's dress, and wore the round hat which, in Wales at least, seems to suit the character of the female face so well; her long and waving ringlets fell carelessly upon her shoulders, and her cheek flushed from walking. Before I had a moment's notice to recover my roving thoughts, she spoke: her voice was full and round, but soft and thrilling, as she said—

"'I beg pardon, sir, for having disturbed you unconsciously; but, having done so, may I request you will assist me to fill this pitcher with water?'

"She pointed at the same time to a small stream which trickled down a fissure in the rock, and formed a little well of clear water beneath. I bowed deeply, and murmuring something—I know not what—took the pitcher from her hand, and scaling the rocky cliff, mounted to the clear source above, where, having filled the vessel, I descended. When I reached the ground beneath, I discovered that she was joined by another person, whom, in an instant, I recognised to be the old gentleman I had seen with her at Barmouth, and who in the most courteous manner apologized for the trouble I had been caused, and informed me that a party of his friends were enjoying a little pic-nic quite near, and invited me to make one of them.

"I need not say that I accepted the invitation, nor that with delight I seized the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with Isabella, who, I must confess, upon her part, showed no disinclination to the prospect of my joining the party.

"After a few minutes' walking, we came to a small rocky point which projected for some distance into the lake, and offered a view for several miles of the vale of Llanberris. Upon this lovely spot we found the party assembled: they consisted of about fourteen or fifteen persons, all busily engaged in the arrangement of a very excellent cold dinner, each individual having some peculiar province allotted to him or her to be performed by their own

hands. Thus, one elderly gentleman was whipping cream under a chestnut-tree; while a very fashionably-dressed young man was washing radishes in the lake; an old lady with spectacles was frying salmon over a wood fire, opposite to a short pursy man with a bald head and drab shorts, deep in the mystery of a chicken salad, from which he never lifted his eyes, when I came up. It was thus I found how the fair Isabella's lot had been cast, as a drawer of water; she, with the others, contributing her share of exertion for the common good. The old gentleman who accompanied her seemed the only unoccupied person, and appeared to be regarded as the ruler of the feast; at least, they all called him General, and implicitly followed every suggestion he threw out. He was a man of a certain grave and quiet manner, blended with a degree of mild good-nature and courtesy, that struck me much at first, and gained greatly on me, even in the few minutes I conversed with him as we came along. Just before he presented me to his friends, he gently touched my arm, and, drawing me aside, whispered in my ear,

"Don't be surprised at any thing you may hear to-day here; for I must inform you, this is a kind of club, as I may call it, where every one assumes a certain character, and is bound to sustain it under a penalty. We have these little meetings every now and then; and, as strangers are never present, I feel some explanation necessary, that you may be able to enjoy the thing; you understand?"

"Oh, perfectly," said I, overjoyed at the novelty of the scene, and anticipating much pleasure from my chance-meeting with such very original characters.

"'Mr. Sparks, Mrs. Winterbottom. Allow me to present Mr. Sparks.'

"'Any news from Batavia, young gentleman?' said the sallow old lady addressed. 'How is coffee?'

"The general passed on, introducing me rapidly as he went.

"'Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Sparks.'

"'Ah, how do you do, old boy?' said Mr. Doolittle; 'sit down beside me. We have forty thousand acres of pickled cabbage spoiling for want of a little vinegar.'

"'Fie, fie, Mr. Doolittle,' said the General, and passed on to another.

"'Mr. Sparks, Captain Crosstree.'

"'Ah, Sparks, Sparks, son of Old Blazes! ha, ha, ha,' and the captain fell back into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"'*Le Roi est servi*,' said the thin meager figure in nankeens, bowing cap in hand before the General; and, accordingly, we all assumed our places upon the grass.

"'Say it again; say it again! and I'll plunge this dagger in your heart!' said a hollow voice, tremulous with agitation and rage, close beside me. I turned my head and saw an old gentleman with a wart on his nose sitting opposite a meat pie, which he was contemplating with a look of fiery indignation. Before I could witness the sequel of the scene, I felt a soft hand pressed upon mine. I turned. It was Isabella herself, who looking at me with an expression I shall never forget, said,

"'Don't mind poor Faddy; he never hurts any one.'

"Meanwhile the business of dinner went on rapidly: the servants, of whom enormous numbers were now present, ran hither and thither; and duck, ham, pigeon-pie, cold veal, apple tarts, cheese, pickled salmon, melon and rice pudding, flourished on every side. As for me, whatever I might have gleaned from the conversation around, under other circumstances, I was too much occupied with Isabella to think of any one else. My suit—for such it was—progressed rapidly. There was evidently something favorable in the circumstances we last met under; for her manner had all the warmth and cordiality of old friendship. It is true, that more than once I caught the General's eye fixed upon us, with any thing but an expression of pleasure, and I thought that Isabella blushed and seemed confused also. What care I! however, was my reflection; my views are honorable, and the nephew and heir of Sir Toby Sparks— Just in the very act of making this reflection, the old man in the shorts hit me in the eye with a roasted apple, calling out at the moment,

"'When did you join, thou child of the pale faces?'

"'Mr. Murdocks!' cried the General in a voice of thunder, and the little man hung down his head, and spoke not.

"'A word with you, young gentleman,' said a fat old lady, pinching my arm above the elbow.

"'Never mind her," said Isabella, smiling; 'poor dear old Dorking, she thinks she's an hour-glass; how droll, isn't it?'

"'Young man, have you any feelings of humanity?' inquired the old lady, with tears in her eyes as she spoke, 'will you, dare you assist a fellow-creature under my sad circumstances?'

"'What can I do for you, madam?' said I, really feeling for her distress.

"'Just like a good, dear soul, just turn me up, for I'm just run out.'

"Isabella burst out a laughing at this strange request, an excess which, I confess, I was unable myself to repress; upon which the old lady, putting on a frown of most ominous blackness, said,

"'You may laugh, madam; but first, before you ridicule the misfortunes of others, ask yourself are you too free from infirmity? When did you see the ace of spades? Madam, answer me that.'

"Isabella became suddenly pale as death, her very lips blanched: and her voice, almost inaudible, muttered,

"'Am I then deceived? Is not this he?' so saying she placed her hand upon my shoulder.

"'That the ace of spades!' exclaimed the old lady, with a sneer: 'that the ace of spades!'

"'Are you, or are you not, sir,' said Isabella, fixing her deep and languid eyes upon me; 'answer, as you are honest, are you the ace of spades?'

"'He is the King of Tuscarora; look at his war paint,' cried an elderly gentleman, putting a streak of mustard across my nose and cheek.

"'Then am I deceived,' said Isabella; and, flying at me, she plucked a handful of hair out of my whiskers.

"'Cuckoo, cuckoo,' shouted one; 'bow, wow wow,' roared another; 'phiz,' went a third; and,

in an instant, such a scene of commotion and riot ensued; plates, dishes, knives, forks, and decanters flew right and left; every one pitched into his neighbor with the most fearful cries, and hell itself seemed broke loose; the hour-glass and the Moulah of Oude had got me down, and were pummelling me to death, when a short, thickset man came on all-fours slap down upon them, shouting out, 'Way, make way for the royal Bengal tiger,' at which they both fled like lightning, leaving me to the encounter single-handed. Fortunately, however, this was not of very long duration, for some well-disposed Christians pulled him from off me; not, however, before he had seized me in his grasp, and bitten off a portion of my right ear, leaving me, as you see, thus mutilated for the rest of my days."

"What an extraordinary club!" broke in the Doctor.

"Club! sir, club! it was a lunatic asylum. The General was no other than the famous Doctor Andrew Moorville, that had the great madhouse at Bangor, and who was in the habit of giving his patients every now and then a kind of country party; it being one remarkable feature of their malady that, when one takes to his peculiar flight, whatever it be, the others immediately take the hint, and go off at score: hence my agreeable adventure; the Bengal tiger being a Liverpool merchant and the most vicious madman in England; while the hour-glass and the Moulah were both on an experimental tour to see whether they should not be pronounced totally incurable for life—"

"And Isabella!" inquired Power.

"Ah! poor Isabella had been driven mad by a card-playing aunt at Bath, and was in fact the most hopeless case there. The last words I heard her speak confirmed my mournful impression of her case.

"'Yes,' said she, as they removed her to her carriage, 'I must, indeed, have but weak intellects, when I could have taken the nephew of a Manchester cotton-spinner, with a face like a printed calico, for a trump card, and the best in the pack!'"

Poor Sparks uttered these last words with a faltering accent, and, finishing his glass at one draught, withdrew without wishing us good-night.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE SKIPPER.

In such like gossipings passed our days away, for our voyage itself had nothing of adventure or incident to break its dull monotony; save some few hours of calm, we had been steadily following our seaward track with a fair breeze, and the long pennant pointed ever to the land, where our ardent expectations were hurrying before it.

The latest accounts which had reached us from the Peninsula, told that our regiment was almost daily engaged; and we burned with impatience to share with the others the glory they were reaping. Power, who had seen service, felt less on this score than we who had not "fleshed our maiden swords;" but even he sometimes gave way; and, when the wind fell, towards sunset, he would break out into some exclamation of discontent, half fearing we should be too late; "for," said he, "if they continue in this way, the regiment will be relieved, and ordered home before we reach it."

"Never fear, my boys; you'll have enough of it. Both sides like the work too well to give in; they've got a capital ground and plenty of spare time," said the Major.

"Only to think," cried Power, "that we should be lounging away our idle hours, when these gallant fellows are in the saddle, late and early. It is too bad; eh, O'Malley? you'll not be pleased to go back with the polish on your sabre. What will Lucy Dashwood say?"

This was the first allusion Power had ever made to her, and I became red to the very forehead.

"By the by," added he, "I have a letter for Hammersly, which should rather have been intrusted to your keeping."

At these words I felt cold as death, while he continued:

"Poor fellow; certainly he is most desperately smitten; for, mark me, when a man at his age takes the malady, it is forty times as severe as with a younger fellow, like you. But then, to be sure, he began at the wrong end in the matter: why commence with papa? When a man has his own consent for liking a girl, he must be a contemptible fellow if he can't get her; and, as to any thing else being wanting, I don't understand it. But the moment you begin by influencing the heads of the house, good-bye to your chances with the dear thing herself, if she have any spirit whatever. It is in fact calling on her to surrender without the honors of war; and what girl would stand that?"

"It's vara true," said the Doctor, "there's a strong speerit of opposition in the sex, from physiological causes."

"Curse your physiology, old Galen: what you call opposition, is that piquant resistance to oppression that makes half the charm of the sex. It is with them—with reverence be it spoken—as with horses: the dull, heavy-shouldered ones that bore away with the bit in their teeth, never caring whether you are pulling to the right or to the left, are worth nothing: the real luxury is in the management of your arching necked curveter, springing from side to side with every motion of your wrist, madly bounding at restraint; yet, to the practised hand, held in check with a silk thread; eh, Skipper: am I not right?"

"Well, I can't say I've had much to do with horse beasts, but I believe you're not far wrong. The lively craft that answers the helm quick, goes round well in stays; luffs up close within a point or two, when you want her; is always a good sea boat, even though she pitches and rolls a bit; but the heavy lugger that never knows whether your helm is up or down; whether she's off the wind or on it; is only fit for firewood: you can do nothing with a ship or woman, if she hasn't got steerage way on her."

"Come, Skipper, we've all been telling our stories; let us hear one of yours!"

"My yarn won't come so well after your sky-scrapers of love and courting, and all that: but, if

you like to hear what happened to me once, I have no objection to tell you.

"I often think how little we know of what's going to happen to us any minute of our lives. To-day we have the breeze fair in our favor; we are going seven knots, studding-sails set, smooth water, and plenty of sea room; to-morrow the wind freshens to half a gale, the sea gets up, a rocky coast is seen from the lee bow, and maybe—to add to all—we spring a leak forward; but then, after all, bad as it looks, mayhap, we rub through even this, and, with the next day, the prospect is as bright and cheering as ever. You'll, perhaps, ask me what has all this moralizing to do with women and ships at sea? Nothing at all with them, except that I was going to say that when matters look worst, very often the best is in store for us, and we should never say strike when there is a timber together.—Now for my story.

"It's about four years ago, I was strolling one evening down the side of the harbor at Cove, with my hands in my pocket, having nothing to do, nor no prospect of it, for my last ship had been wrecked off the Bermudas, and nearly all the crew lost; and, somehow, when a man is in misfortune, the underwriters won't have him at no price. Well, there I was looking about me at the craft that lay on every side waiting for a fair wind to run down channel. All was active and busy; every one getting his vessel ship-shape and tidy, tarring, painting, mending sails, stretching new bunting, and getting in sea store; boats were plying on every side, signals flying, guns firing from the men-of-war, and every thing was lively as might be; all but me. There I was, like an old water-logged timber-ship, never moving a spar, but looking for all the world as though I were settling fast to go down stern foremost; maybe as how I had no objection to that same; but that's neither here nor there. Well, I sat down on the fluke of an anchor, and began a thinking if it wasn't better to go before the mast than live on that way. Just before me, where I sat down, there was an old schooner that lay moored in the same place for as long as I could remember; she was there when I was a boy, and never looked a bit the fresher nor newer as long as I recollected; her old bluff bows, her high poop, her round stern, her flush deck, all Dutch-like, I knew them well, and many a time I delighted to think what queer kind of a chap he was that first set her on the stocks, and pondered in what trade she ever could have been. All the sailors about the port used to call her Noah's Ark, and swear she was the identical craft that he stowed away all the wild beasts in during the rainy season: be that as it might, since I fell into misfortune I got to feel a liking for the old schooner: she was like an old friend; she never changed to me, fair weather or foul; there she was just the same as thirty years before, when all the world were forgetting and steering wide away from me. Every morning I used to go down to the harbor and have a look at her, just to see that all was right, and nothing stirred: and, if it blew very hard at night, I'd get up and go down to look how she weathered it, just as if I was at sea in her. Now and then I got some of the watermen to row me aboard of her, and leave me there for a few hours, when I used to be quite happy walking the deck, holding the old worm-eaten wheel, looking out ahead, and going down below, just as though I was in command of her. Day after day, this habit grew on me, and at last my whole life was spent in watching her and looking after her: there was something so much alike in our fortunes, that I always thought of her. Like myself, she had had her day of life and activity; we had both braved the storm and the breeze; her shattered bulwarks and worn cut-water attested that she had, like myself, not escaped her calamities. We both had survived our dangers, to be neglected and forgotten, and to lie rotting on the stream of life till the crumbling hand of time should break us up, timber by timber. Is it any wonder if I loved the old craft; nor if, by any chance, the idle boys would venture aboard of her to play and amuse themselves, that I hallooed them away; or, when a newly-arrived ship, not caring for the old boat, would run foul of her, and carry away some spar or piece of running rigging, I would suddenly call out to them to sheer off, and not damage us? By degrees they came all to notice this; and I found that they thought me out of my senses, and many a trick was played off upon old Noah, for that was the name the sailors gave me.

"Well, this evening, as I was saying, I sat upon the fluke of the anchor, waiting for a chance boat to put me aboard. It was past sun-set, the tide was ebbing, and the old craft was surging to the fast current that run by with a short impatient jerk, as though she were well weary, and wished to be at rest: her loose back-stays creaked mournfully, and, as she yawed over, the sea ran from many a breach in her worn sides, like blood trickling from a wound. Ay, ay, thought I, the hour is not far off: another stiff gale, and all that remains of you will be found high and dry upon the shore. My heart was very heavy as I thought of this; for, in my loneliness, the Old Ark—though that was not her name, as I'll tell you presently—was all the companion I had. I've heard of a poor prisoner who, for many and many years, watched a spider that wove his web within his window, and never lost sight of him from morning till night; and, somehow, I can believe it well the heart will cling to something, and if it has no living object to press to, it will find a lifeless one: it can no more stand alone than the shrouds can without the mast. The evening wore on, as I was thinking thus; the moon shone out, but no boat came, and I was just determining to go home again for the night, when I saw two men standing on the steps of the wharf below me, and looking straight at the Ark. Now, I must tell you, I always felt uneasy when any one came to look at her, for I began to fear that some ship-owner or other would buy her to break up, though, except the copper fastenings, there was little of any value about her. Now, the moment I saw the two figures stop short and point to her, I said to myself, 'Ah! my old girl, so they won't even let the blue water finish you, but they must set their carpenters and dock-yard people to work upon you. This thought grieved me more and more. Had a stiff sou-wester laid her over, I should have felt it was natural, for her sand was run out: but, just as this passed through my mind, I heard a voice from one of the persons that I at once knew to be the Port Admiral's:

"'Well, Dawkins,' said he to the other, 'if you think she'll hold together, I'm sure I've no objection: I don't like the job, I confess, but still the Admiralty must be obeyed.'

"'Oh, my Lord,' said the other, 'she's the very thing; she's a rakish-looking craft, and will do admirably; any repair we want, a few days will effect; secrecy is the great thing.'

"'Yes,' said the Admiral, after a pause, 'as you observed, secrecy is the great thing.'

"Ho! ho! thought I, there's something in the wind here: so I laid myself out upon the anchor-stock to listen better unobserved. 'We must find a crew for her, give her a few carronades, make her as ship-shape as we can, and, if the skipper'—'Ay, but there is the real difficulty,' said the Admiral, hastily, 'where are we to find the fellow that will suit us? we can't every day find a man willing to jeopardy himself in such a cause as this, even though the reward be a great one.'

"'Very true, my Lord; but I don't think there is any necessity for our explaining to him the exact nature of the service.'

"'Come, come, Dawkins, you can't mean that you'll lead a poor fellow into such a scrape blindfolded?'

"'Why, my Lord, you never think it requisite to give a plan of your cruise to your ship's crew before clearing out of harbor; they are no worse off than we shall be.'

"'This may be perfectly just, but I don't like it,' said the Admiral.

"'In that case, my Lord, you are imparting the secrets of the Admiralty to a party who may betray the whole plot.'

"'I wish with all my soul they'd given the order to any one else,' said the Admiral, with a sigh; and, for a few moments, neither spoke a word.

"'Well, then, Dawkins, I believe there is nothing for it but what you say; meanwhile, let the repairs be got in hand, and see after a crew.'

"'Oh, as to that,' said the other, 'there are plenty of scoundrels in the fleet here fit for nothing else. Any fellow who has been thrice up for punishment in six months, we'll draft on board of her; the fellows who have only been once to the gangway, we'll make the officers.'

"A pleasant ship's company, thought I, if the devil would only take the command.

"'And with a skipper proportionate to her merit,' said Dawkins.

"'Begad, I'll wish the French joy of them,' said the Admiral.

"Ho, ho! thought I, I've found you out at last; so this is a secret expedition; I see it all: they're fitting her out as a fire-ship, and going to send her slap in among the French fleet at Brest. Well, thought I, even that's better; that, at least, is a glorious end, though the poor fellows have no chance of escape.

"'Now then,' said the Admiral, 'to-morrow you'll look out for the fellow to take the command: he must be a smart seaman, a bold fellow, too, otherwise the ruffianly crew will be too much for him; he may bid high, we'll come to his price.'

"So you may, thought I, when you are buying his life.

"'I hope sincerely,' continued the Admiral, 'that we may light upon some one without wife or child; I never could forgive myself—'

"'Never fear, my Lord,' said the other; 'my care shall be to pitch upon one whose loss no one would feel; some one without friend or home, who, setting his life for nought, cares less for the gain than the very recklessness of the adventure.'

"'That's me,' said I, springing up from the anchor-stock, and springing between them; 'I'm that man.'

"Had the very devil himself appeared at the moment, I doubt if they would have been more scared. The Admiral started a pace or two backwards, while Dawkins, the first surprise over, seized me by the collar, and held me fast.

"'Who are you, scoundrel, and what brings you here?' said he, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"'I'm Old Noah,' said I; for, somehow, I had been called by no other name for so long, I never thought of my real one.

"'Noah!' said the Admiral, 'Noah! Well, but, Noah, what were you doing down here at this time of night?'

"'I was a watching the Ark, my Lord,' said I, bowing, as I took off my hat.

"'I've heard of this fellow before, my Lord,' said Dawkins; 'he's a poor lunatic that is always wandering about the harbor, and, I believe, has no harm in him.'

"'Yes, but he has been listening, doubtless, to our conversation,' said the Admiral. 'Eh, have you heard all we have been saying?'

"'Every word of it, my Lord.'

"At this the Admiral and Dawkins looked steadfastly at each other for some minutes, but neither spoke; at last Dawkins said, 'Well, Noah, I've been told you are a man to be depended on: may we rely upon your not repeating any thing you overheard this evening; at least for a year to come?'

"'You may,' said I.

"'But, Dawkins,' said the Admiral, in half whisper, 'if the poor fellow be mad?'

"'My Lord,' said I, boldly, 'I am not mad. Misfortune and calamity I have had enough to make me so; but, thank God, my brain has been tougher than my poor heart. I was once the part owner and commander of a goodly craft that swept the sea, if not with a broad pennon at her mast head, with as light a spirit as ever lived beneath one. I was rich; I had a home and a child: I am now poor, houseless, childless, friendless, and outcast. If, in my solitary wretchedness, I have loved to look upon that old bark, it is because its fortune seemed like my own. It had outlived all that needed or cared for it; for this reason have they thought me mad, though there are those, and not few either, who can well bear testimony if stain or reproach lie at my door, and if I can be reproached with aught save bad luck. I have heard, by chance, what you have said this night; I know that you are fitting out a secret expedition; I know its dangers, its inevitable dangers; and I here offer myself to lead it; I ask no reward; I look for no price. Alas! who is left to me for whom I could labor now? Give me but the opportunity to end my days with honor on board the old craft where my heart still clings: give me but that. Well, if you will not do so much, let me serve among the crew; put me

before the mast. My Lord, you'll not refuse this; it is an old man asks, one whose gray hairs have floated many a year ago before the breeze.'

"'My poor fellow, you know not what you ask; this is no common case of danger.'

"'I know it all, my Lord: I have heard it all.'

"'Dawkins, what is to done here?' inquired the Admiral.

"'I say, friend,' inquired Dawkins, laying his hand upon my arm, 'what is your real name? Are you he that commanded the Dwarf privateer in the Isle of France?'

"'The same.'

"'Then you are known to Lord Collingwood?'

"'He knows me well, and can speak to my character.'

"'What he says of himself is all true, my Lord.'

"'True,' said I, 'true! you did not doubt it, did you?'

"'We,' said the Admiral, 'must speak together again; be here to-morrow night at this hour, keep your own counsel of what has passed, and, now, good-night.' So saying, the Admiral took Dawkins by the arm, and returned slowly towards the town, leaving me, where I stood, meditating on this singular meeting, and its possible consequences.

"The whole of the following day was passed by me in a state of feverish excitement which I cannot describe; this strange adventure breaking in so suddenly upon the dull monotony of my daily existence, had so aroused and stimulated me, that I could neither rest nor eat. How I longed for night to come! for, sometimes, as the day wore later, I began to fear that the whole scene of my meeting with the Admiral had been merely some excited dream of a tortured and fretted mind; and, as I stood examining the ground where I believed the interview to have occurred, I endeavored to recall the position of different objects as they stood around, to corroborate my own failing remembrance.

"At last the evening closed in; but, unlike the preceding one, the sky was covered with masses of dark and watery cloud, that drifted hurriedly across; the air felt heavy and thick, and unnaturally still and calm; the water of the harbor looked of a dull leaden hue, and all the vessels seemed larger than they were, and stood out from the landscape more clearly than usual; now and then a low rumbling noise was heard, somewhat alike in sound, but far too faint for distant thunder; while, occasionally, the boats and smaller craft rocked to and fro, as though some ground-swell stirred them without breaking the languid surface of the sea above.

"A few drops of thick heavy rain fell just as the darkness came on, and then all felt still and calm as before. I sat upon the anchor stock, my eyes fixed upon the Old Ark, until gradually her outline grew fainter and fainter against the dark sky, and her black hull could scarcely be distinguished from the water beneath. I felt that I was looking towards her; for, long after, I had lost sight of the tall mast and high-pitched bowsprit, and feared to turn away my head, lest I should lose the place where she lay.

"The time went slowly on, and, although in reality I had not been long there, I felt as if years themselves had passed over my head. Since I had come there, my mind brooded over all the misfortunes of my life; as I contrasted its outset, bright with hope and rich in promise, with the sad reality, my heart grew heavy, and my chest heaved painfully; so sunk was I in my reflection, so lost in thought, that I never knew that the storm had broken loose, and that the heavy rain was falling in torrents. The very ground, parched with long drought, smoked as it pattered upon it, while the low wailing cry of the sea-gull, mingled with the deep growl of far-off thunder, told that the night was a fearful one for those at sea. Wet through and shivering, I sat still, now listening, amid the noise of the hurricane and the creaking of the cordage, for any footstep to approach; and now, relapsing back into a half-despairing dread that my heated brain alone had conjured up the scene of the day before. Such were my dreary reflections, when a loud crash aboard the schooner told me that some old spar had given way. I strained my eyes through the dark to see what had happened, but in vain; the black vapor, thick with falling rain, obscured every thing, and all was hid from view. I could hear that she worked violently, as the waves beat against her worn sides, and that her iron cable creaked as she pitched to the breaking sea. The wind was momentarily increasing, and I began to fear lest I should have taken my last look at the old craft, when my attention was called off by hearing a loud cry out, 'Hollo there! Where are you?'

"'Ay, ay, sir, I'm here.' In a moment the Admiral and his friend was beside me.

"'What a night!' exclaimed the Admiral, as he shook the rain from the heavy boat-cloak, and cowered in beneath some tall blocks of granite near. 'I began half to hope that might not have been my poor fellow,' said the Admiral; 'it's a dreadful time for one so poorly clad for a storm; I say, Dawkins, let him have a pull at your flask.' The brandy rallied me a little, and I felt that it cheered my drooping courage.

"'This is not a time nor is it a place, for much parley,' said the Admiral; 'so that we must even make short work of it. Since we met here last night, I have satisfied myself that you are to be trusted, that your character and reputation have nothing heavier against them than misfortune, which, certainly, if I have been rightly informed, has been largely dealt out to you. Now, then, I am willing to accept of your offer of service, if you are still of the same mind as when you made it, and if you are willing to undertake what we have to do, without any question and inquiry, as to points on which we must not and dare not inform you. Whatever you may have overheard last night, may or may not have put you in possession of our secret. If the former, your determination can be made at once; if the latter, you have only to decide whether you are ready to go blindfolded in the business.'

"'I am ready, my Lord,' said I.

"'You perhaps are then aware what is the nature of the service?'

"'I know it not,' said I. 'All that I heard, sir, leads me to suppose it one of danger, but that's all.'

"'I think, my Lord,' said Dawkins, 'that no more need now be said. Cupples is ready to engage, we

are equally so to accept: the thing is pressing. When can you sail?'

"'To-night,' said I, 'if you will.'

"'Really, Dawkins,' said the Admiral, 'I don't see why—'

"'My Lord, I beg of you,' said the other, interrupting, 'let me now complete the arrangement. This is the plan,' said he, turning towards me as he spoke:—'as soon as that old craft can be got ready for sea, or some other, if she be not worth it, you will sail from this port with a strong crew, well armed and supplied with ammunition. Your destination is Malta, your object to deliver to the Admiral stationed there the despatches with which you will be intrusted: they contain information of immense importance, which, for certain reasons, cannot be sent through a ship of war, but must be forwarded by a vessel that may not attract peculiar notice. If you be attacked, your orders are to resist; if you be taken, on no account destroy the papers, for the French vessel can scarcely escape recapture from our frigates, and it is of great consequence that these papers should remain. Such is a brief sketch of our plan; the details can be made known to you hereafter.'

"'I am quite ready, my Lord: I ask for no terms; I make no stipulations. If the result be favorable, it will be time enough to speak of that. When am I to sail?'

"As I spoke, the Admiral turned suddenly round, and said something in a whisper to Dawkins, who appeared to overrule it, whatever it might be, and finally brought him over to his own opinion.

"'Come, Cupples,' said Dawkins, 'the affair is now settled, to-morrow a boat will be in waiting for you opposite Spike Island, to convey you on board the Semiramis, where every step in the whole business shall be explained to you; meanwhile, you have only to keep your own counsel, and trust the secret to no one.'

"'Yes, Cupples,' said the Admiral, 'we rely upon you for that, so good-night.' As he spoke he placed within my hands a crumpled note for ten pounds, and, squeezing my fingers, departed.

"My yarn is spinning out to a far greater length than I intended, so I'll try and shorten it a bit. The next day I went on board the Semiramis, where, when I appeared upon the quarter-deck, I found myself an object of some interest. The report that I was the man about to command the 'Brian'—that was the real name of the old craft—had caused some curiosity among the officers, and they all spoke to me with great courtesy. After waiting a short time, I was ordered to go below, where the Admiral, his Flag-captain Dawkins, and the others were seated. They repeated at greater length the conversation of the night before, and finally decided that I was to sail in three weeks: for, although the old schooner was sadly damaged, they lost no time, but had her already high in dock, with two hundred ship carpenters at work upon her.

"I do not shorten sail here to tell you what reports were circulated about Cove, as to my extraordinary change in circumstances, nor how I bore my altered fortunes. It is enough that I say that, in less than three weeks, I weighed anchor, and stood out to sea one beautiful morning in autumn and set out upon my expedition.

"I have already told you something of the craft. Let me complete the picture by informing you that, before twenty-four hours passed over, I discovered that so ungainly, so awkward, so unmanageable a vessel never was put to sea: in light winds she scarcely stirred, or moved as if she were waterlogged; if it came to blow upon the quarter, she fell off from her helm at a fearful rate; in wearing, she endangered every spar she had, and, when you put her in stays, when half round she would fall back, and nearly carry away every stitch of canvass with the shock. If the ship was bad, the crew was ten times worse. What Dawkins said turned out to be literally true: every ill-conducted, disorderly fellow who had been up the gangway once a week or so, every unreclaimed landsman of bad character and no seamanship, was sent on board of us; and, in fact, except that there was scarcely any discipline and no restraint, we appeared like a floating penitentiary of convicted felons.

"So long as we ran down channel with a slack sea and fair wind, so long all went on tolerably well; to be sure, they only kept watch when they tired below, and reeled about the deck, went down below, and all just as they pleased, and treated me with no manner of respect. After some vain efforts to repress their excesses—vain, for I had no one to second me—I appeared to take no notice of their misconduct, and contented myself with waiting for the time when, my dreary voyage over, I should quit the command, and part company with such associates forever. At last, however, it came on to blow, and the night we passed the Lizard was indeed a fearful one. As morning broke, a sea running mountains high; a wind strong from the north-west, was hurrying the old craft along at a rate I believed impossible. I shall not stop to recount the frightful scene of anarchy, confusion, drunkenness, and insubordination which our crew exhibited; the recollection is too bad already, and I would spare you and myself the recital; but, on the fourth day from the setting in of the gale, as we entered the Bay of Biscay, some one aloft descried a strange sail to windward, bearing down as if in pursuit of us. Scarcely did the news reach the deck, when, bad as it was before, matters became now ten times worse, some resolved to give themselves up, if the chase happened to be French, and vowing that before surrendering, the spirit-room should be forced and every man let drink as he pleased. Others proposed if there was any thing like equality in the force, to attack, and convert the captured vessel, if they succeeded, into a slaver, and sail at once for Africa. Some were for blowing up the old 'Brian' with all on board; and, in fact, every counsel that drunkenness, insanity, and crime combined could suggest, was offered and descanted on. Meanwhile the chase gained rapidly upon us, and before noon we discovered her to be a French letter of marque, with four guns, and a long brass swivel upon the poop deck. As for us, every sheet of canvass we could crowd was crammed on, but in vain; and, as we labored through the heavy sea, our riotous crew grew every moment worse, and, sitting down sulkily in groups upon the deck, declared that, come what might,

they would neither work the ship nor fight her; that they had been sent to sea in a rotten craft, merely to effect their destruction, and that they cared little for the disgrace of a flag they detested. Half furious with the taunting sarcasm I heard on every side, and nearly mad from passion, and bewildered, my first impulse was to rush in amongst them with my drawn cutlass, and, ere I fell their victim, take heavy vengeance upon the ringleaders, when suddenly a sharp booming noise came thundering along, and a round shot went flying over our heads.

"'Down with the ensign; strike at once,' cried eight or ten voices together, as the ball whizzed through the rigging. Anticipating this, and resolving, whatever might happen, to fight her to the last, I had made the mate, a stanch-hearted resolute fellow, to make fast the signal sailyard aloft, so that it was impossible for any one on deck to lower the bunting. Bang went another gun, and, before the smoke cleared away, a third; which, truer in its aim than the rest, went clean through the lower part of our mainsail.

"'Steady then, boys, and clear for action,' said the mate. 'She's a French smuggling craft, that will shear off when we show fight, so that we must not fire a shot till she comes alongside.'

"'And harkee, lads,' said I, taking up the tone of encouragement he spoke with, 'if we take her, I promise to claim nothing of the prize. Whatever we capture you shall divide amongst yourselves.'

"'It's very easy to divide what we never had,' said one; 'nearly as easy as to give it,' cried another: 'I'll never light match or draw cutlass in the cause,' said a third.

"'Surrender!' 'Strike the flag!' 'Down with the colors!' roared several voices together.

"By this time the Frenchman was close up, and ranging his long gun to sweep our decks: his crew were quite perceptible, about twenty bronzed stout-looking fellows, stripped to the waist, and carrying pistols in broad flat belts slung over the shoulder.

"'Come, my lads,' said I, raising my voice, as I drew a pistol from my side and cocked it, 'our time is short now; I may as well tell you that the first shot that strikes us amid-ship blows up the whole craft and every man on board. We are nothing less than a fire-ship, destined for Brest harbor to blow up the French fleet. If you are willing to make an effort for your lives, follow me.'

"The men looked aghast. Whatever recklessness crime and drunkenness had given them, the awful feeling of inevitable death at once repelled. Short as was the time for reflection, they felt that there were many circumstances to encourage the assertion: the nature of the vessel, her riotous, disorderly crew, the secret nature of the service, all confirmed it, and they answered with a shout of despairing vengeance, 'We'll board her, lead us on.' As the cry rose up, the long swivel from the chase rung sharply in our ears, and a tremendous discharge of grape flew through our rigging; none of our men, however, fell; and, animated now with the desire for battle, they sprang to the binnacle and seized their arms.

"In an instant the whole deck became a scene of excited bustle; and scarcely was the ammunition dealt out and the boarding party drawn up, when the Frenchman broached to and lashed his bowsprit to our own.

"One terrific yell rose from our fellows, as they sprung from the rigging and the poop upon the astonished Frenchmen, who thought that the victory was already their own; with death and ruin behind, their only hope before, they dashed forward like madmen to the fray.

"The conflict was bloody and terrific, though not a long one; nearly equal in number, but far superior in personal strength, and stimulated by their sense of danger, our fellows rushed onward carrying all before them to the quarter-deck. Here the Frenchmen rallied, and, for some minutes, had rather the advantage, until the mate, turning one of their guns against them, prepared to sweep them down in a mass. Then it was that they ceased their fire, and cried out for quarter. All, save their captain, a short thickset fellow, with a grisly beard and moustache, who, seeing his men fall back, turned on them one glance of scowling indignation, and rushing forward, clove our boatswain to the deck with one blow. Before the example could have been followed, he lay a bloody corpse upon the deck, while our people, roused to madness by the loss of a favorite among the men, dashed impetuously forward, and, dealing death on every side, left not one man living among their unresisting enemies. My story is soon told now. We brought our prize safe into Malta, which we reached in five days. In less than a week our men were drafted into different men-of-war on the station. I was appointed a warrant officer in the Sheerwater, forty-four guns; and, as the Admiral opened the despatch, the only words he spoke puzzled me for many a day after.

"'You have accomplished your orders too well,' said he; 'that privateer is but a poor compensation for the whole French navy.'"

"Well," inquired Power, "and did you never hear the meaning of the words?"

"Yes," said he, "many years after I found out that our despatches were false ones, intended to have fallen into the hands of the French and mislead them as to Lord Nelson's fleet, which at that time was cruising to the southward to catch them. This, of course, explained what fate was destined for us; a French prison, if not death; and, after all, either was fully good enough for the crew that sailed in the old Brian."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE LAND.

It was late when we separated for the night, and the morning was already far advanced ere I awoke; the monotonous tramp overhead showed me that the others were stirring, and I gently moved the shutter of the narrow window beside me to look out.

The sea, slightly rippled upon its surface, shone like a plate of fretted gold; not a wave, not a breaker appeared; but the rushing sound close by showed that we were moving fast through the water.

"Always calm, hereabouts," said a gruff voice on deck, which I soon recognised as the Skipper's: "No sea whatever."

"I can make nothing of it," cried out Power, from the forepart of the vessel; "it appears to me all cloud."

"No, no, sir, believe me, it's no fog-bank, that large dark mass to leeward there; that's Cintra."

"Land!" cried I, springing up and rushing upon deck; "where, Skipper; where is the land!"

"I say, Charley," said Power, "I hope you mean to adopt a little more clothing, on reaching Lisbon; for, though the climate is a warm one—"

"Never mind, O'Malley," said the Major, "the Portuguese will only be flattered by the attention, if you land as you are."

"Why, how so!"

"Surely, you remember what the niggers said when they saw the 79th Highlanders landing at St. Lucie. They had never seen a Scotch regiment before, and were consequently somewhat puzzled at the costume, till, at last, one more cunning than the rest explained it, by saying, 'they are in such a hurry to kill the poor black men, they came away without their breeches.'"

"Now, what say you?" cried the Skipper as he pointed with his telescope to a dark blue mass in the distance; "see there!"

"Ay, true enough, that's Cintra!"

"Then, we shall probably be in the Tagus before morning!"

"Before midnight, if the wind holds," said the Skipper.

We breakfasted on deck, beneath an awning; the vessel scarcely seemed to move, as she cut her way through the calm water.

The misty outline of the coast grew gradually more defined, and at length the blue mountains could be seen, at first but dimly; but, as the day wore on, their many-colored hues shone forth, and patches of green verdure dotted with sheep, or sheltered by dark foliage, met the eye. The bulwarks were crowded with anxious faces: each looked pointedly towards the shore, and many a stout heart beat high as the land drew near, fated to cover with its earth more than one amongst us.

"And that's Portingale, Mister Charles," said a voice behind me. I turned, and saw my man Mike as, with anxious joy, he fixed his eyes upon the shore.

"They tell me it's a beautiful place, with wine for nothing and spirits for less. Isn't it a pity they won't be raisonable and make peace with us!"

"Why, my good fellow, we are excellent friends; it's the French who want to beat us all."

"Upon my conscience, that's not right. There's an ould saying in Connaught,—it's not fair for one to fall upon twenty. Sergeant Haggarty says that I'll see none of the divarsion at all."

"I don't well understand—"

"He does be telling me that, as I'm only your foot-boy, he'll send me away to the rear, where there's nothing but wounded, and wagons, and women."

"I believe the sergeant is right there; but, after all, Mike, it's a safe place."

"Ah! then, musha, for the safety; I don't think much of it: sure, they might circumvint us. And, av it wasn't displazing to you, I'd rather list."

"Well, I've no objection, Mickey: would you like to join my regiment?"

"By coorse, your honor. I'd like to be near yourself; bekase, too, if any thing happens to you—the Lord be betune us and harm," here he crossed himself piously,—"sure I'd like to be able to tell the master how you died; and sure, there's Mister Considine—God pardon him—he'll be beating my brains out av I couldn't explain it all."

"Well, Mike, I'll speak to some of my friends here about you, and we'll settle it all properly. here's the Doctor."

"Arrah, Mister Charles, don't mind him; he's a poor crayture entirely; devil a thing he knows."

"Why, what do you mean, man? he's physician to the forces."

"Oh, by gorra, and so he may be," said Mike, with a toss of his head; "those army docthers isn't worth their salt. It's thruth I'm telling you: sure, didn't he come see me when I was sick below in the hould?

"'How do you feel?' says he.

"'Terrible dhry in the mouth,' says I.

"'But your bones,' says he, 'how's them?'

"'As if cripples was kicking me,' says I.

"Well, with that he went away, and brought back two powders.

"'Take them,' says he, 'and ye'll be cured in no time.'

"'What's them?' says I.

"'They're ematics,' says he.

"'Blood and ages,' says I, 'are they?'

"'Devil a lie,' says he; 'take them immediately.'

"And I tuk them—and, would you believe me, Mister Charles?—it's thruth I'm telling you—devil a one o' them would stay on my stomach. So you see what a docther he is!"

I could not help smiling at Mike's ideas of a medicine, as I turned away to talk to the Major, who was busily engaged beside me. His occupation consisted in furbishing up a very tarnished and faded uniform, whose white seams and threadbare lace betokened many years of service.

"Getting up our traps, you see, O'Malley," said he, as he looked with no small pride at the faded glories of his old vestment; "astonish them at Lisbon, we flatter ourselves. I say, Power, what a bad style of dress they've got into latterly, with their tight waists and strapped trousers—nothing free, nothing easy, nothing *dégagé* about it. When in a campaign, a man ought to be able to stow prog for twenty-four hours about his person, and no one the wiser. A very good rule, I assure you; though sometimes leads to awkward results. At Vimeira, I got into a sad scrape that way. Old Sir Harry, that commanded there, sent for the sick return. I was at dinner when the orderly came; so I packed up the eatables about me, and rode off. Just, however, as I came up to the quarters, my horse stumbled and threw me slap on my head.

"'Is he killed?' said Sir Harry.

"'Only stunned, your Excellency,' said some one.

"'Then, he'll come to, I suppose. Look for the papers in his pocket.'

"So they turned me on my back, and plunged a hand into my side pocket, but, the devil take it, they pulled out a roast hen. Well, the laugh was scarcely over at this, when another fellow dived into my coat behind, and lugged out three sausages; and so they went on, till the ground was covered with ham, pigeon-pie, veal kidney, and potatoes, and the only thing like a paper was a mess roll of the 4th, with a droll song about Sir Harry, written in pencil on the back of it. Devil of a bad affair for me; I was nearly broke for it; but they only reprimanded me a little; and I was afterward attached to the victualling department."

What an anxious thing is the last day of a voyage! how slowly creep the hours, teeming with memories of the past and expectations of the future!

Every plan, every well-devised expedient to cheat the long and weary days, is at once abandoned; the chess-board and the new novel are alike forgotten; and the very quarter-deck walk, with its merry gossip and careless chit-chat, becomes distasteful. One blue and misty mountain, one faint outline of the far-off shore, has dispelled all thought of these, and, with straining eye and anxious heart, we watch for land.

As the day wears on apace, the excitement increases: the faint and shadowy forms of distant objects grow gradually clearer. Where before some tall and misty mountain peak was seen, we now descry patches of deepest blue and sombre olive; the mellow corn and the waving woods, the village spire and the lowly cot, come out of the landscape; and, like some well-remembered voice, they speak of home. The objects we have seen, the sounds we have heard a hundred times before without interest, become to us now things that stir the heart.

For a time, the bright glare of the noonday sun dazzles the view, and renders indistinct the prospect; but, as evening falls, once more is all fair, and bright, and rich before us. Rocked by the long and rolling swell, I lay beside the bowsprit, watching the shore birds that came to rest upon the rigging, or following some long and tangled seaweed as it floated by, my thoughts now wandering back to the brown hills and the broad river of my early home—now straying off in dreary fancies of the future.

How flat and unprofitable does all ambition seem at such moments as these; how valueless, how poor, in our estimation, those worldly distinctions we have so often longed and thirsted for, as with lowly heart and simple spirit we watch each humble cottage, weaving to ourselves some story of its inmates, as we pass!

The night at length closed in, but it was a bright and starry one,—lending to the landscape a hue of sombre shadow, while the outline of the objects were still sharp and distinct as before. One solitary star twinkled near the horizon. I watched it as, at intervals disappearing, it would again shine out, marking the calm sea with a tall pillar of light.

"Come down, Mr. O'Malley," cried the Skipper's well-known voice; "come down below, and join us in a parting-glass—that's the Lisbon light to leeward, and before two hours we drop our anchor in the Tagus."

---

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### MAJOR MONSOON.

Of my travelling companions, I have already told my readers something. Power is now an old acquaintance; to Sparks I have already presented them; of the Adjutant they are not entirely ignorant; and it therefore only remains for me to introduce to their notice Major Monsoon. I should have some scruple for the digression which this occasions in my narrative, were it not that with the worthy Major I was destined to meet subsequently, and indeed served under his orders for some months in the Peninsula. When Major Monsoon had entered the army, or in what precise capacity, I never yet met the man who could tell. There were traditionary accounts of his having served in the East Indies and in Canada, in times long past. His own peculiar reminiscences extended to nearly every regiment in the service, "horse, foot, and dragoons." There was not a clime he had not basked in; not an engagement he had not witnessed. His memory, or, if you will, his invention, was never at fault; and from the siege of Seringapatam to the battle of Corunna he was perfect; besides this, he possessed a mind retentive of even the most trifling details of his profession; from the formation of a regiment to the introduction of a new button, from the laying down of a parallel to the price of a camp-kettle, he knew it all. To be sure he had served in the commissary-general's department for a number of years, and nothing instils such habits as this.

"The commissaries are to the army what the special pleaders are to the bar," observed my friend Power,—"dry dogs; not over creditable on the whole, but devilish useful."

The Major had begun life a two-bottle man, but, by a studious cultivation of his natural gifts, and a steady determination to succeed, he had, at the time I knew him, attained to his fifth. It need not be wondered at, then, that his countenance bore some traces of his habits. It was of a deep, sun-set purple, which, becoming tropical at the tip of the nose, verged almost upon a plum color; his mouth was large, thick-lipped, and good-humored; his voice rich, mellow, and racy, and contributed, with the aid of a certain dry, chuckling laugh, greatly to increase the effect of the stories which he was ever ready to recount; and, as they most frequently bore in some degree against some of what he called his little failings, they were ever well received, no man being so popular with the world as he who flatters its vanity at his own expense. To do this, the Major was ever ready, but at no time more so than when the evening wore late, and the last bottle of his series seemed to imply that any caution regarding the nature of his communication was perfectly

unnecessary. Indeed, from the commencement of his evening to the close he seemed to pass through a number of mental changes, all in a manner preparing him for this final consummation, when he confessed any thing, and every thing; and so well-regulated had these stages become, that a friend dropping in upon him suddenly could at once pronounce from the tone of his conversation on what precise bottle the Major was then engaged.

Thus, in the outset he was gastronomic; discussed the dinner from the soup to the stilton; criticised the cutlets; pronounced upon the merits of the mutton; and threw out certain vague hints that he would one day astonish the world by a little volume upon cookery.

With bottle No. 2 he took leave of the *cuisne*, and opened his battery upon the wine. Bordeaux, burgundy, hock, and hermitage, all passed in review before him; their flavor discussed, their treatment descanted upon, their virtues extolled; from humble port to imperial tokay, he was thoroughly conversant with all; and not a vintage escaped as to when the sun had suffered eclipse or when a comet had wagged his tail over it.

With No. 3 he became pipe-clay; talked army list and eighteen manœuvres; lamented the various changes in equipments which modern innovation had introduced; and feared the loss of pigtails might sap the military spirit of the nation.

With No. 4 his anecdotic powers came into play; he recounted various incidents of the war, with his own individual adventures and experience, told with an honest *naïveté* that proved personal vanity; indeed, self-respect never marred the interest of the narrative; besides, as he had ever regarded a campaign something in the light of a foray, and esteemed war as little else than a pillage excursion, his sentiments were singularly amusing.

With his last bottle those feelings that seemed inevitably connected with whatever is last, appeared to steal over him: a tinge of sadness, for pleasures fast passing and nearly passed, a kind of retrospective glance at the fallacy of all our earthly enjoyments, insensibly suggesting moral and edifying reflections, led him by degrees to confess that he was not quite satisfied with himself, though "not very bad for a commissary;" and, finally, as the decanter waxed low, he would interlard his meditations by passages of Scripture, singularly perverted, by his misconception, from their true meaning, and alternately throwing out prospect of censure or approval. Such was Major Monsoon: and, to conclude in his own words this brief sketch, he "would have been an excellent officer if Providence had not made him such a confounded drunken old scoundrel."

"Now, then, for the King of Spain's story. Out with it, old boy; we are all good men and true here," cried Power, as we slowly came along upon the tide up the Tagus, "so you've nothing to fear."

"Upon my life," replied the Major, "I don't half like the tone of our conversation. There is a certain freedom young men affect now-a-days regarding morals, that is not at all to my taste. When I was five or six-and-twenty—"

"You were the greatest scamp in the service," cried Power.

"Fie, fie, Fred. If I was a little wild or so,"—here the Major's eyes twinkled maliciously,—"it was the ladies that spoiled me; I was always rather something of a favorite, just like our friend Sparks there. Not that we fared very much alike in our little adventures; for, somehow I believe I was generally in fault in most of mine, as many a good man and many an excellent man has been before." Here his voice dropped into a moralizing key, as he added, "David, you know, didn't behave well to old Uriah. Upon my life he did not, and he was a very respectable man."

"The king of Spain's sherry, the sherry," cried I, fearing that the Major's digression might lose us a good story.

"You shall not have a drop of it," replied the Major.

"But the story, Major, the story."

"Nor the story either."

"What," said Power, "will you break faith with us!"

"There's none to be kept with reprobates like you. Fill my glass."

"Hold there! stop!" cried Power. "Not a spoonful till he redeem his pledge."

"Well, then, if you must have a story—for most assuredly I must drink—I have no objection to give you a leaf from my early reminiscences, and, in compliment to Sparks there, my tale shall be of love."

"I dinna like to lose the king's story. I hae my thoughts it was na a bad ane."

"Nor I neither, doctor, but—'

"Come, come, you shall have that too, the first night we meet in a bivouac; and as I fear the time may not be very far distant, don't be impatient; besides, a love story—"

"Quite true," said Power; "a love story claims precedence; *place aux dames*. There's a bumper for you, old Wickedness; so go along."

The Major cleared off his glass, refilled it, sipped twice, and ogled it as though he would have no peculiar objection to sip once more, took a long pinch of snuff from a box nearly as long as, and something of the shape of, a child's coffin; looked around to see that we were all attention, and thus began:—

"When I have been in a moralizing mood, as I very frequently am about this hour in the morning, I have often felt surprised by what little, trivial, and insignificant circumstances our lot in life seems to be cast: I mean, especially, as regards the fair sex. You are prospering as it were, to-day; to-morrow a new cut of your whiskers—a novel tie of your cravat, mars your destiny, and spoils your future *varium et mutabile*, as Horace has it. On the other hand, some equally slight circumstances will do what all your ingenuity may have failed to effect. I knew a fellow who married the greatest fortune in Bath, from the mere habit he had of squeezing one's hand. The lady in question thought it particular, looked conscious, and all that; he followed up the blow; and, in a word, they were married in a week. So a friend of mine, who could not help winking his left eye, once opened a flirtation with a lively widow, which cost him a special license and a settlement. In fact, you are never safe. They are like the guerillas, and they pick you off when

you least expect it, and when you think there is nothing to fear. Therefore, as young fellows beginning life, I would caution you. On this head you can never be too circumspect. Do you know, I was once nearly caught by so slight a habit as sitting thus, with my legs across?"

Here the Major rested his right foot on his left knee, in illustration, and continued:—

"We were quartered in Jamaica. I had not long joined, and was about as raw a young gentleman as you could see; the only very clear ideas in my head being, that we were monstrous fine fellows in the 50th, and that the planters' daughters were deplorably in love with us. Not that I was much wrong on either side. For brandy and water, sangaree, Manilla cigars, and the ladies of color, I'd have backed the corps against the service. Proof was, of eighteen, only two ever left the island; for what with the seductions of the coffee plantations, the sugar canes, the new rum, the brown skins, the rainy season, and the yellow fever, most of us settled there."

"It's very hard to leave the West Indies, if once you have been quartered there."

"So I have heard," said Power.

"In fine, if you don't knock under to the climate, you become soon totally unfit for living anywhere else. Preserved ginger, yams, flannel jackets, and grog won't bear exportation; and the free and easy chuck under the chin, cherishing, waist-pressing kind of a way we get with the ladies, would be quite misunderstood in less favored regions, and lead to very unpleasant consequences.

"It is a curious fact how much climate has to do with love-making. In our cold country the progress is lamentably slow; fogs, east winds, sleet storms, and cutting March weather, nip many a budding flirtation; whereas, warm, sunny days and bright moonlight nights, with genial air and balmy zephyrs, open the heart like the cup of a camelia, and let us drink in the soft dew of—"

"Devilish poetical that," said Power, evolving a long blue line of smoke from the corner of his mouth.

"Isn't it though," said the Major, smiling graciously. "'Pon my life, I thought so myself. Where was I?"

"Out of my latitude altogether," said the poor Skipper, who often found it hard to follow the thread of a story.

"Yes, I remember. I was remarking that sangaree, and calipash mangoes, and Guava jelly, dispose the heart to love, and so they do. I was not more than six weeks in Jamaica when I felt it myself. Now, it was a very dangerous symptom, if you had it strong in you, for this reason. Our Colonel, the most cross-grained old crabstick that ever breathed, happened himself to be taken in when young, and resolving, like the fox who lost his tail, and said it was not the fashion to wear one, to pretend he did the thing for fun, resolved to make every fellow marry upon the slightest provocation. Begad, you might as well enter a powder magazine with a branch of candles in your hand, as to go into society in the island with a leaning towards the fair sex. Very hard this was for me particularly; for, like poor Sparks there, my weakness was ever for the petticoats. I had, besides, no petty, contemptible prejudices as to nation, habits, language, color, or complexion; black, brown, or fair, from the Muscovite to the Malabar, from the voluptuous *embonpoint* of the Adjutant's widow—don't be angry, old boy—to the fairy form of Isabella herself, I loved them all round. But, were I to give a preference anywhere, I should certainly do so to the West Indies, if it were only for the sake of the planters' daughters. I say it fearlessly, these colonies are the brightest jewels in the crown. Let's drink their health, for I'm as husky as a lime-kiln."

This ceremony being performed with suitable enthusiasm, the Major cried out, "Another cheer for Polly Hackett, the sweetest girl in Jamaica. By Jove, Power, if you only saw her, as I did, five-and-forty years ago, with eyes black as jet, twinkling, ogling, leering, teasing, and imploring, all at once, do you mind, and a mouthful of downright pearls pouting and smiling at you, why, man, you'd have proposed for her in the first half hour, and shot yourself the next, when she refused you. She was, indeed, a perfect little beauty; *rayther* dark, to be sure; a little upon the rosewood tinge, but beautifully polished, and a very nice piece of furniture for a cottage *orné*, as the French call it. Alas, alas! how these vanities do catch hold of us! My recollections have made me quite feverish and thirsty: is there any cold punch in the bowl? Thank you, O'Malley, that will do—merely to touch my lips. Well, well, it's all passed and gone now. But I was very fond of Polly Hackett, and she was of me. We used to take our little evening walks together through the coffee plantation; very romantic little strolls they were: she in white muslin, with a blue sash and blue shoes; I in a flannel jacket and trousers, straw hat and cravat; a Virginia cigar as long as a walking-stick in my mouth, puffing and courting between times: then we'd take a turn to the refining house, look in at the big boilers, quiz the niggers, and come back to Twangberry Moss to supper, where old Hackett, the father, sported a glorious table at eleven o'clock. Great feeding it was. You were always sure of a preserved monkey, a baked land-crab, or some such delicacy. And such madeira! it makes me dry to think of it!

"Talk of West India slavery indeed! It's the only land of liberty. There is nothing to compare with the perfect free-and-easy, devil-may-care-kind-of-a-take-yourself way that every one has there. If it would be any peculiar comfort for you to sit in the saddle of mutton, and put your legs in a soup tureen at dinner, there would be found very few to object to it. There is no nonsense of any kind about etiquette. You eat, drink, and are merry, or, if you prefer, are sad; just as you please. You may wear uniform, or you may not; it's your own affair, and, consequently, it may be imagined how insensibly such privileges gain upon one, and how very reluctant we become ever to resign or abandon them.

"I was the man to appreciate it all. The whole course of proceeding seemed to have been invented for my peculiar convenience, and not a man in the island enjoyed a more luxurious existence than myself, not knowing all the while how dearly I was destined to pay for my little comforts. Among my plenary after-dinner indulgences I had contracted

an inveterate habit of sitting cross-legged, as I showed you. Now, this was become a perfect necessity of existence to me. I could have dispensed with cheese, with my glass of port, my pickled mango, my olive, my anchovy toast, my nutshell of curaçoa, but not my favorite lounge. You may smile; but I've read of a man who could never dance except in the room with an old hair-brush. Now I'm certain my stomach would not digest if my legs were perpendicular. I don't mean to defend the thing. The attitude was not graceful; it was not imposing; but it suited me somehow, and I liked it.

"From what I have already mentioned, you may suppose that West India habits exercised but little control over my favorite practice, which I indulged in every evening of my life. Well, one day, old Hackett gave us a great blow-out—a dinner of two-and-twenty souls; six days' notice; turtle from St. Lucie, guinea fowl, claret of the year forty, Madeira *à discrétion*, and all that. Very well done the whole thing: nothing wrong, nothing wanting. As for me, I was in great feather. I took Polly in to dinner, greatly to the discomfiture of old Belson, our Major, who was making up in that quarter; for, you must know, she was an only daughter, and had a very nice thing of it in molasses and niggers. The papa preferred the Major, but Polly looked sweetly upon me. Well, down we went, and really a most excellent feed we had. Now, I must mention here that Polly had a favorite Blenheim spaniel the old fellow detested: it was always tripping him up and snarling at him: for it was, except to herself, a beast of rather vicious inclinations. With a true Jamaica taste, it was her pleasure to bring the animal always into the dinner-room, where, if papa discovered him, there was sure to be a row. Servants sent in one direction to hunt him out; others endeavoring to hide him, and so on: in fact, a tremendous hubbub always followed his introduction and accompanied his exit; upon which occasions I invariably exercised my gallantry by protecting the beast, although I hated him like the devil all the time.

"To return to our dinner. After two mortal hours of hard eating, the pace began to slacken; and, as evening closed in, a sense of peaceful repose seemed to descend upon our labors. Pastilles shed an aromatic vapor through the room. The well-iced decanters went with measured pace along; conversation, subdued to the meridian of after-dinner comfort, just murmured; the open *jalousies* displayed upon the broad verandah the orange-tree, in full blossom, slightly stirring with the cool sea-breeze."

"And the piece of white muslin beside you, what of her?"

"Looked twenty times more bewitching than ever. Well, it was just the hour when, opening the last two buttons of your white waistcoat, (remember we were in Jamaica,) you stretch your legs to the full extent, throw your arms carelessly over the back of your chair, look contemplatively towards the ceiling, and wonder, within yourself, why it is not all after dinner in this same world of ours. Such, at least, were my reflections as I assumed my attitude of supreme comfort, and inwardly ejaculated a health to Sneyd and Barton. Just at this moment I heard Polly's voice gently whisper, 'Isn't he a love? isn't he a darling?' 'Zounds,' thought I, as a pang of jealousy shot through my heart, 'is it the Major she means?' for old Belson, with his bag wig and rouged cheeks, was seated on the other side of her.

"'What a dear old thing it is!' said Polly.

"'Worse and worse,' said I; 'it must be him.'

"'I do so love his muzzy face.'

"'It is him,' said I, throwing off a bumper, and almost boiling over with passion at the moment.

"'I wish I could take one look at him,' said she, laying down her head as she spoke.

"The Major whispered something in her ear, to which she replied—

"'Oh! I dare not; papa will see me at once.'

"'Don't be afraid, madam,' said I, fiercely; 'your father perfectly approves of your taste.'

"'Are you sure of it?' said she, giving me such a look!

"'I know it,' said I, struggling violently with my agitation.

"The Major leaned over, as if to touch her hand beneath the cloth. I almost sprung from my chair, when Polly, in her sweetest accents, said:—

"'You must be patient, dear thing, or you may be found out, and then there will be such a piece of work. Though I'm sure, Major, you would not betray me.' The Major smiled till he cracked the paint upon his cheeks. 'And I'm sure that Mr. Monsoon—'

"'You may rely upon me,' said I, half sneeringly.

"The Major and I exchanged glances of defiance, while Polly continued—

"'Now, come, don't be restless. You are very comfortable there. Isn't he, Major?' The Major smiled again more graciously than before, as he added—

"'May I take a look?"

"'Just one peep, then, no more!' said she, coquettishly; poor dear Wowski is so timid.'

"Scarcely had these words borne balm and comfort to my heart—for I now knew that to the dog, and not to my rival, were all the flattering expressions applied—when a slight scream from Polly, and a tremendous oath from the Major, raised me from my dream of happiness.

"'Take your foot down, sir. Mr. Monsoon, how could you do so!' cried Polly.

"'What the devil, sir, do you mean?" shouted the Major.

"'Oh! I shall die of shame,' sobbed she.

"'I'll shoot him like a riddle,' muttered old Belson.

"By this time the whole table had got at the story, and such peals of laughter, mingled with suggestions for my personal maltreatment, I never heard. All my attempts at explanation were in vain. I was not listened to, much less believed, and the old colonel finished the scene by ordering me to my quarters in a voice I shall never forget. The whole room being, at the time I made my exit, one scene of tumultuous laughter from one end to the other. Jamaica after this became too hot for me. The story was repeated on every side; for, it seems, I had been sitting with my foot on Polly's lap; but, so occupied was I with my jealous vigilance of the Major, I was not aware of the fact until she herself discovered it.

"I need not say how the following morning brought with it every possible offer of *amende* upon my part; any thing, from a written apology to a proposition to marry the lady, I was ready for; and how the matter might have ended I know not; for, in the middle of the negotiations, we were ordered off to Halifax, where, be assured, I abandoned my attitude *à la turque* for many a long day after.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE LANDING.

What a contrast to the dull monotony of our life at sea did the scene present which awaited us on landing in Lisbon! The whole quay was crowded with hundreds of people eagerly watching the vessel which bore from her mast the broad ensign of Britain. Dark-featured, swarthy, moustached faces, with red caps rakishly set on one side, mingled with the Saxon faces and fair-haired natives of our own country. Men-of-war boats plied unceasingly to and fro across the tranquil river, some slender reefer in the stern sheets; while behind him trailed the red pennon of some "tall admiral."

The din and clamor of a mighty city mingled with the far-off sounds of military music; and, in the vistas of the opening streets, masses of troops might be seen, in marching order; and all betokened the near approach of war.

Our anchor had scarcely been dropped, when an eight-oar gig, with a midshipman steering, came along side.

"Ship ahoy, there! You've troops on board!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Before the answer could be spokon, he was on the deck.

"May I ask," said he, touching his cap slightly, "who is the officer in command of the detachment?"

"Captain Power: very much at your service," said Fred, returning the salute.

"Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Douglas requests that you will do him the favor to come on board immediately; and bring your despatches with you."

"I'm quite ready," said Power, as he placed his papers in his sabertasch; but first tell us what's doing here? Any thing new lately?"

"I have heard nothing, except of some affair with the Portuguese: they've been drubbed again; but our people have not been engaged. I say, we had better get under way; there's our first lieutenant, with his telescope up; he's looking straight at us. So, come along. Good-evening, gentlemen;" and in another moment the sharp craft was cutting the clear water, while Power gayly waved us a good-bye.

"Who's for shore?" said the Skipper, as half a dozen boats swarmed around the side or held on by their boat-hooks to the rigging.

"Who is not?" said Monsoon, who now appeared in his old blue frock covered with tarnished braiding, and a cocked hat that might have roofed a pagoda. "Who is not, my old boy? Is not every man amongst us delighted with the prospect of fresh prog, cool wine, and a bed somewhat longer than four feet six? I say, O'Malley! Sparks! Where's the Adjutant? Ah, there he is! We'll not mind the Doctor; he's a very jovial little fellow, but a damned bore, *entre nous*; and we'll have a cosy little supper at the Rua di Toledo. I know the place well. Whew, now! Get away, boy. Sit steady, Sparks; she's only a cockle-shell. There—that's the Plaza de la Regna; there to the left. There's the great cathedral—you can't see it now. Another seventy-four! why, there's the whole fleet here! I wish Power joy of his afternoon with old Douglas."

"Do you know him, then, Major?"

"Do I!—I should rather think I do. He was going to put me in irons here in this river once. A great shame it was; but I'll tell you the story another time. There—gently now; that's it. Thank God! once more upon land. How I do hate a ship! upon my life, a sauce-boat is the only boat endurable in this world."

We edged our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, and at last reached the Plaza. Here the numbers were still greater, but of a different class: several pretty and well-dressed women, with their dark eyes twinkling above their black mantillas, as they held them across their faces, watched with an intense curiosity one of the streets that opened upon the square.

In a few moments the band of a regiment was heard, and very shortly after the regular tramp of troops followed, as the eighty-seventh marched into the Plaza, and formed a line.

The music ceased; the drums rolled along the line; and the next moment all was still. It was really an inspiriting sight to one whose heart was interested in the career, to see those gallant fellows, as, with their bronzed faces and stalwart frames, they stood motionless as a rock. As I continued to look, the band marched into the middle of the square, and struck up "Garryowen." Scarcely was the first part played, when a tremendous cheer burst from the troop-ship in the river. The welcome notes had reached the poor fellows there; the well-known sounds, that told of home and country, met their ears; and the loud cry of recognition bespoke their hearts' fulness.

"There they go. Your wild countrymen have heard their *Ranz des vaches*, it seems. Lord! how they've frightened the poor Portuguese! look, how they're running!"

Such was actually the case. The loud cheer uttered from the river was taken up by others straggling on shore, and one universal shout betokened that fully one-third of the red-coats around came from the dear island, and, in their enthusiasm, had terrified the natives to no small extent.

"Is not that Ferguson there?" cried the Major, as an officer passed us with his arm in a sling. "I say Joe—Ferguson: oh! knew it was."

"Monsoon, my hearty, how goes it?—only just arrived I see—delighted to meet you out here once more. Why, we've been dull as a veteran battalion without you. These your friends? pray present me." The ceremony of introduction over, the Major invited Ferguson to join our party at supper. "No, not to-night, Major," said he, "you must be my guests this evening. My quarters are not five

minutes' walk from this—I shall not promise you very luxurious fare."

"A carbonade with olives, a roast duck, a bowl of bishop, and, if you will, a few bottles of burgundy," said the Major: "don't put yourself out for us—soldier's fare, eh!"

I could not help smiling at the *naïve* notion of simplicity so cunningly suggested by old Monsoon. As I followed the party through the streets, my step was light, my heart not less so; for what sensations are more delightful than those of landing after a voyage; the escape from the durance vile of shipboard, with its monotonous days and dreary nights; its ill-regulated appointments; its cramped accommodation; its uncertain duration; its eternal round of unchanging amusements; for the freedom of the shore, with a land breeze, and a firm footing to tread upon; and, certainly not least of all, the sight of that brightest part of creation, whose soft eyes and tight ankles are, perhaps, the greatest of all imaginable pleasures to him who has been the dweller on blue water for several weeks long.

"Here we are," cried out Ferguson, as we stopped at the door of a large and handsome house. We followed up a spacious stair into an ample room, sparingly, but not uncomfortably furnished: plans of sieges, maps of the seat of war, pistols, sabres, and belts, decorated the white walls, and a few books, and a stray army-list, betokened the habits of the occupant.

While Ferguson disappeared to make some preparations for supper, Monsoon commenced a congratulation to the party upon the good fortune that had befallen them. "Capital fellow is Joe—never without something good, and a rare one to pass the bottle. Oh! here he comes: be alive there, Sparks; take a corner of the cloth: how deliciously juicy that ham looks; pass the madeira down there; what's under that cover—stewed kidneys?" While Monsoon went on thus, we took our places at table, and set to with an appetite which only a newly-landed traveller ever knows.

"Another spoonful of the gravy? Thank you. And so they say we've not been faring over well latterly," said the Major; "not a word of truth in the report: our people have not been engaged. The only thing lately was a smart brush we had at the Tamega. Poor Patrick, a countryman of ours, and myself were serving with the Portuguese brigade, when Laborde drove us back upon the town, and actually routed us. The Portuguese general, caring little for any thing save his own safety, was making at once for the mountains, when Patrick called upon his battalion to face about and charge; and nobly they did it, too. Down they came upon the advancing masses of the French, and literally hurled them back upon the main body. The other regiments, seeing this gallant stand, wheeled about and poured in a volley, and then, fixing bayonets, stormed a little mount beside the hedge, which commanded the whole suburb of Villa Real. The French, who soon recovered their order, now prepared for a second attack, and came on in two dense columns, when Patrick, who had little confidence in the steadiness of his people, for any lengthened resistance, resolved upon once more charging with the bayonet. The order was scarcely given when the French were upon us; their flank, defended by some of La Houssaye's heavy dragoons. For an instant, the conflict was doubtful, until poor Patrick fell mortally wounded upon the parapet, when the men, no longer hearing his bold cheer, nor seeing his noble figure in the advance, turned and fled pell-mell back upon the town. As for me, blocked up amid the mass, I was cut down from the shoulder to the elbow, by a young fellow of about sixteen, who galloped about like a schoolboy on a holyday. The wound was only dangerous from the loss of blood, and so I contrived to reach Amacante without much difficulty; from whence, with three or four others, I was ordered here until fit for service."

"But what news from our own head-quarters?" inquired I.

"All imaginable kind of rumors are afloat: some say that Craddock is retiring; others, that a part of the army is in motion upon Caldas."

"Then we are not going to have a very long sojourn here after all. Eh, Major? Donna Maria de Tormes will be inconsolable. By the by, their house is just opposite us: have you never heard Monsoon mention his friends there?"

"Come, come, Joe, how can you be so foolish?"

"But, Major, my dear friend, what signifies your modesty? there is not a man in the service does not know it, save those in the last Gazette."

"Indeed, Joe, I am very angry with you."

"Well, then, by Jove, I must tell it myself; though faith, lads, you lose not a little for want of Monsoon's tact in the narrative."

"Any thing is better than trusting to such a biographer," cried the Major, "so here goes:—

"When I was Acting Commissary-general to the Portuguese forces, some few years ago, I obtained great experience of the habits of the people; for, though naturally of an unsuspecting temperament myself, I generally contrive to pick out the little foibles of my associates, even upon a short acquaintance. Now, my appointment pleased me very much on this score; it gave me little opportunities of examining the world: 'the greatest study of mankind is man,'—Sparks would say woman—but no matter.

"Now, I soon discovered that our ancient and very excellent allies, the Portuguese, with a beautiful climate, delicious wines, and very delightful wives and daughters, were the most infernal rogues and scoundrels ever met with. 'Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the leading features of the natives,' said old Sir Harry to me, in a despatch from head-quarters; and, faith, it was not difficult; such open, palpable, undisguised rascals never were heard of. I thought I knew a thing or two myself, when I landed; but, Lord love you, I was a babe; I was an infant in swaddling clothes, compared with them; and they humbuged me, ay, *me!*—till I began to suspect that I was only walking in my sleep.

"'Why, Monsoon,' said the General, 'they told me you were a sharp fellow, and yet the people here seem to work round you every day. This will never do. You must brighten up a little, or I shall be obliged to send you back.'

"'General,' said I, 'they used to call me no fool in England, but, somehow, here—'

"'I understand,' said he, 'you don't know the

Portuguese; there's but one way with them: strike quickly, and strike home. Never give them time for roguery; for, if they have a moment's reflection, they'll cheat the devil himself; but, when you see the plot working, come slap down and decide the thing your own way.'

"'Well, now, there never was any thing so true as this advice, and, for the eighteen months I acted upon it, I never knew it fail.

"'I want a thousand measures of wheat.'

"'Senhor Excellenza, the crops have been miserably deficient, and—'

"'Sergeant-major,' I would say, 'these poor people have no corn; it's a wine country; let them make up the rations that way.'

"The wheat came in that evening.

"'One hundred and twenty bullocks wanted for the reserve.'

"'The cattle are all up the mountains.'

"'Let the alcalde catch them before night, or I'll catch *him*.'

"Lord bless you! I had beef enough to feed the Peninsula. And in this way, while the forces were eating short allowance and half rations elsewhere, our brigade were plump as aldermen.

"When we lay in Andalusia this was easy enough. What a country to be sure! such vineyards, such gardens, such delicious valleys, waving with corn and fat with olives; actually, it seemed a kind of dispensation of Providence to make war in. There was every thing you could desire; and, then, the people, like all your wealthy ones, were so timid, and so easily frightened, you could get what you pleased out of them by a little terror. My scouts managed this very well.

"'He is coming,' they would say, 'after to-morrow.'

"'*Madre de Dios*.'

"'I hope he won't burn the village.'

"'*Questos infernales Ingleses!* how wicked they are!'

"'You'd better try what a sack of moidores or doubloons might do with him; he may refuse them, but make the effort.'

"Ha!" said the Major, with a long-drawn sigh, "those were pleasant times; alas! that they should ever come to an end. Well, among the old hidalgos I met, there was one Don Emanuel Selvio de Tormes, an awful old miser, rich as Crœsus, and suspicious as the arch fiend himself. Lord, how I melted him down! I quartered two squadrons of horse and a troop of flying artillery upon him. How the fellows did eat! such a consumption of wines was never heard of; and, as they began to slacken a little, I took care to replace them by fresh arrivals —fellows from the mountains—*caçadores* they call them. At last, my friend Don Emanuel could stand it no longer, and he sent me a diplomatic envoy to negotiate terms, which, upon the whole, I must say, were fair enough, and, in a few days after, the *caçadores* were withdrawn, and I took up my quarters at the *château*. I have had various chances and changes in this wicked world, but I am free to confess that I never passed a more agreeable time than the seven weeks I spent there. Don Emanuel, when properly managed, became a very pleasant little fellow: Donna Maria, his wife, was a sweet creature. You need not be winking that way. Upon my life she was; rather fat, to be sure, and her age something verging upon the fifties; but she had such eyes, black as sloes, and luscious as ripe grapes; and she was always smiling, and ogling, and looking so sweet. Confound me if I think she wasn't the most enchanting being in this world, with about ten thousand pounds' worth of jewels upon her fingers and in her ears. I have her before me at this instant, as she used to sit in the little arbor in the garden, with a Manilla cigar in her mouth, and a little brandy and water—quite weak you know—beside her.

"'Ah! General,' she used to say,—she always called me General,—'what a glorious career yours is! a soldier is *indeed* a man.'

"Then she would look at poor Emanuel, who used to sit in a corner, holding his hand to his face for hours, calculating interest and cent. per cent., till he fell asleep.

"Now he labored under a very singular malady, —not that I even knew it at the time,—a kind of luxation of the lower jaw, which, when it came on, happened somehow to press upon some vital nerve or other, and left him perfectly paralyzed till it was restored to its proper place. In fact during the time the agony lasted, he was like one in a trance, for though he could see and hear, he could neither speak nor move, and looked as if he had done with both, for many a day to come.

"Well, as I was saying, I knew nothing of all this, till a slight circumstance made it known to me I was seated one evening in the little arbor I mentioned with Donna Maria; there was a little table before us, covered with wine and fruits, a dish of olives, some Castile oranges, and a fresh pine. I remember it well, my eye roamed over the little dessert, set out in old-fashioned rich silver dishes, then turned towards the lady herself, with rings and brooches, ear-rings and chains enough to reward one for sacking a town; and I said to myself, 'Monsoon, Monsoon, this is better than long marches in the Pyrenees, with a cork-tree for a bed-curtain, and wet grass for a mattress. How pleasantly one might jog on in this world, with this little country-house for his abode, and Donna Maria for a companion!'

"I tasted the port, it was delicious. Now, I knew very little Portuguese, but I made some effort to ask, if there was much of it in the cellar.

"She smiled and said, 'O! yes.'

"'What a luxurious life one might lead here!' thought I; 'and, after all, perhaps Providence might remove Don Emanuel.'

"I finished the bottle as I thus meditated. The next was if possible more crusty.

"'This is a delicious retreat,' said I, soliloquizing

"Donna Maria seemed to know what was passing in my mind, for she smiled too.

"'Yes,' said I, in broken Portuguese, 'one might be very happy here, Donna Maria.'

"She blushed, and I continued:—

"'What can one want for more in this life; all the charms that rendered Paradise what it was,'— I took her hand here,—'and made Adam blessed.'

"'Ah, General,' said she, with a sigh, 'you are such a flatterer.'

"'Who could flatter,' said I with enthusiasm, 'when there are not words enough to express what he feels:' this was true, for my Portuguese was

fast failing me,—'but if I ever was happy, it is now.'

"I took another pull at the port.

"'If I only thought,' said I, 'that my presence here was not thought unwelcome—'

"'Fie, General,' said she, 'how could you say such a thing!'

"'If I only thought I was not hated,' said I, tremblingly.

"'Oh!' said she again.

"'Despised.'

"'Oh!'

"'Loathed.'

"She pressed my hand; I kissed it; she hurriedly snatched it from me, and pointed towards a lime-tree near, beneath which, in the cool enjoyment of his cigar sat the spare and detested figure of Don Emanuel.

"'Yes,' thought I, 'there he is, the only bar to my good fortune: were it not for him, I should not be long before I became possessor of this excellent old *chateau*, with a most indiscretionary power over the cellar. Don Mauricius Monsoon would speedily assume his place among the grandees of Portugal.'

"I know not how long my revery lasted, nor, indeed, how the evening passed; but I remember well the moon was up, and a sky bright with a thousand stars was shining, as I sat beside the fair Donna Maria, endeavoring, with such Portuguese as it pleased fate to bestow on me, to instruct her touching my warlike services and deeds of arms. The fourth bottle of port was ebbing beneath my eloquence, as responsively her heart beat, when I heard a slight rustle in the branches near. I looked, and, heavens! what a sight did I behold! There was little Don Emanuel stretched upon the grass, with his mouth wide open, his face pale as death, his arms stretched out at either side, and his legs stiffened straight out. I ran over and asked if he were ill, but no answer came. I lifted up an arm, but it fell heavily upon the ground as I let it go; the leg did likewise. I touched his nose; it was cold.

"'Hollo,' thought I, 'is it so; this comes of mixing water with your sherry.' I saw where it would end.

"Now, upon my life, I felt sorry for the little fellow; but, somehow, one gets so familiarized with this sort of thing in a campaign, that one only half feels in a case like this.

"'Yes,' said I; 'man is but grass; but I, for one, must make hay while the sun shines. Now for the Donna Maria,' for the poor thing was asleep in the arbor all this while.

"'Donna,' said I, shaking her by the elbow, 'Donna,' said I, 'don't be shocked at what I'm going to say.'

"'Ah! General,' said she with a sigh, 'say no more; I must not listen to you.'

"'You don't know that,' said I, with a knowing look; 'you don't know that.'

"'Why, what can you mean?'

"'The little fellow is done for;' for the port was working strong now, and destroyed all my fine sensibility. 'Yes, Donna,' said I, 'you are free,'—here I threw myself on my knees; 'free to make me the happiest of commissaries and the jolliest grandee of Portugal that ever—'

"'But Don Emanuel?'

"'Run out—dry—empty,' inverting a finished decanter, to typify my words as I spoke.

"'He is not dead!' said she, with a scream.

"'Even so,' said I, with a hiccup; 'ordered for service in a better world, where there are neither inspections nor arrears.'

"Before the words were well out, she sprung from the bench, and rushed over to the spot where the little Don lay. What she said or did I know not, but the next moment he sat bolt upright in the grass, and, as he held his jaw with one hand and supported himself on the other, vented such a torrent of abuse and insult at me, that, for want of Portuguese enough to reply, I rejoined in English, in which I swore pretty roundly for five minutes. Meanwhile, the Donna had summoned the servants, who removed Don Emanuel to the house; where, on my return, I found my luggage displayed before the door, with a civil hint to deploy in orderly time, and take ground elsewhere.

"In a few days, however, his anger cooled down, and I received a polite note from Donna Maria, that the Don at length began to understand the joke, and begged I would return to the *château*, and that he would expect me at dinner the same day."

"With which, of course, you complied?"

"Which of course I did. Forgive your enemies, my dear boy; it is only Christian-like; and, really, we lived very happily ever after: the Donna was a mighty clever woman, and a dear good soul beside."

It was late when the Major concluded his story; so, after wishing Ferguson a good-night, we took our leave, and retired for the night to our quarters.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### LISBON.

THE tramp of horses' feet and the sound of voices beneath my window, roused me from a deep sleep. I sprung up, and drew aside the curtain. What a strange confusion beset me as I looked forth! Before me lay a broad and tranquil river, whose opposite shore, deeply wooded, and studded with villas and cottages, rose abruptly from the water's edge: vessels of war lay tranquilly in the stream, their pennants trailing in the tide: the loud boom of a morning gun rolled along the surface, awaking a hundred echoes as it passed, and the lazy smoke rested for some minutes on the glassy water as it blended with the thin air of the morning.

"Where am I?" was my first question to myself, as I continued to look from side to side, unable to collect my scattered senses.

One word sufficed to recall me to myself, as I heard Power's voice, from without, call out,—

"Charley! O'Malley! I say, come down here!"

I hurriedly threw on my clothes, and went to the door.

"Well, Charley! I've been put in the harness rather sooner than I expected. Here's old Douglas has been sitting up all night, writing despatches;

and I must hasten on to head-quarters, without a moment's delay. There's work before us, that's certain; but when, where, and how, of that I know nothing. You may expect the route every moment; the French are still advancing. Meanwhile, I have a couple of commissions for you to execute. First, here's a packet for Hammersly: you are sure to meet him, with the regiment, in a day or two. I have some scruples about asking you this—but, confound it!—you're too sensible a fellow to care—"

Here he hesitated; and, as I colored to the eyes, for some minutes he seemed uncertain how to proceed. At length, recovering himself, he went on:—

"Now for the other. This is a most loving epistle from a poor devil of a midshipman, written last night, by a tallow candle, in a cockpit, containing vows of eternal adoration and a lock of hair. I promised faithfully to deliver it myself; for the Thunderer sails for Gibraltar next tide, and he cannot go ashore for an instant. However, as Sir Arthur's billet may be of more importance than the reefer's, I must intrust its safe keeping to your hands. Now, then, don't look so devilish sleepy; but rub your eyes, and seem to understand what I'm saying. This is the address:—'La Senhora Inez da Rebiera, Rua Nuova, opposite the barber's;' you'll not neglect it. So, now, my dear boy, till our next meeting, *adios!*"

"Stop! for heaven's sake, not so fast, I pray. Where's the street!"

"The Rua Nuova. Remember Figaro, my boy. 'Cinque perruche.'"

"But what am I to do!"

"To do! what a question! Any thing; every thing. Be a good diplomate; speak of the torturing agony of the lover, for which I can vouch (the boy is only fifteen;) swear that he is to return in a month, first Lieutenant of the Thunder Bomb, with intentions that even Madame Dalrymple would approve."

"What nonsense!" said I, blushing to the eyes.

"And if that suffice not, I know of but one resource."

"Which is!"

"Make love to her yourself. Ay, even so. Don't look so confoundedly vinegar: the girl I hear is a devilish pretty one; the house pleasant; and I sincerely wish I could exchange duties with you; leaving you to make your bows to his Excellency the C. O. F., and myself free to make mine to *La Senhora*. And now, push along, old red cap."

So saying, he made a significant cut of his whip at the Portuguese guide, and in another moment was out of sight.

My first thought was one of regret at Power's departure. For some time past we had been inseparable companions; and, notwithstanding the reckless and wild gayety of his conduct, I had ever found him ready to assist me in every difficulty, and that with an address and dexterity a more calculating adviser might not have possessed. I was now utterly alone; for, though Monsoon and the Adjutant were still in Lisbon, as was also Sparks, I never could make intimates of them.

I ate my breakfast with a heavy heart; my solitary position again suggesting thoughts of home and kindred. Just at this moment my eyes fell upon the packet destined for Hammersly: I took it up, and weighed it in my hand. Alas! thought I, how much of my destiny may lie within that envelope! how fatally may my after life be influenced by it! It felt heavy, as though there was something besides letters. True, too true; there was a picture; Lucy's portrait! The cold drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead, as my fingers traced the outline of a miniature case in the parcel. I became deadly weak, and sank, half-fainting, upon a chair. And such is the end of my first dream of happiness! How have I duped, how have I deceived myself! For, alas! though Lucy had never responded to my proffered vows of affection, yet had I ever nurtured in my heart a secret hope that I was not altogether uncared for. Every look she had given me, every word she had spoken, the tone of her voice, her step, her every gesture were before me; all confirming my delusion. And yet——I could bear no more, and burst into tears.

The loud call of a cavalry trumpet aroused me.

How long I had passed in this state of sad despondency I knew not; but it was long past noon when I rallied myself. My charger was already waiting me; and a second blast of the trumpet told that the inspection in the Plaza was about to commence.

As I continued to dress, I gradually rallied from my depressing thoughts; and ere I belted my sabertasche, the current of my ideas had turned from their train of sadness to one of hardihood and daring. Lucy Dashwood had treated me like a wilful school-boy. Mayhap, I may prove myself as gallant a soldier as even him she has preferred before me.

A third sound of the trumpet cut short my reflections, and I sprung into the saddle, and hastened towards the Plaza. As I dashed along the streets, my horse, maddened with the impulse that stirred my own heart, curveted and plunged unceasingly. As I reached the Plaza, the crowd became dense, and I was obliged to pull up. The sound of the music, the parade, the tramp of the infantry, and the neighing of the horses were, however, too much for my mettlesome steed, and he became nearly unmanageable; he plunged fearfully, and twice reared as though he would have fallen back. As I scattered the foot-passengers right and left with terror, my eye fell upon one lovely girl, who, tearing herself from her companion, rushed wildly towards an open doorway for shelter: suddenly, however, changing her intention, she came forward a few paces, and then, as if overcome by fear, stood stock-still, her hands clasped upon her bosom, her eyes upturned, her features deadly pale, while her knees seemed bending beneath her. Never did I behold a more beautiful object: her dark hair had fallen loose upon her shoulder, and she stood the very *idéal* of the "Madonna supplicating." My glance was short as a lightning flash; for, at the same instant, my horse swerved, and dashed forwards right at the place where she was standing. One terrific cry rose from the crowd, who saw her danger. Beside her stood a muleteer, who had drawn up his mule and cart close beside the footway for safety: she made one effort to reach it, but her outstretched arms alone moved, and, paralyzed by terror, she

sank motionless upon the pavement. There was but one course open to me now: so, collecting myself for the effort, I threw my horse upon his haunches, and then, dashing the spurs into his flanks, breasted him at the mule cart. With one spring he rose, and cleared it at a bound, while the very air rang with the acclamations of the multitude, and a thousand bravos saluted me as I alighted upon the opposite side.

"Well done, O'Malley, sang out the little Adjutant, as I flew past and pulled up in the middle of the Plaza.

"Something devilish like Galway in that leap," said a very musical voice beside me; and, at the same instant, a tall, soldier-like man, in an undress dragoon frock, touched his cap, and said,

"A Fourteenth man, I perceive, sir. May I introduce myself—Major O'Shaughnessy."

I bowed, and shook the Major's proffered hand, while he continued:—

"Old Monsoon mentioned your name to us this morning. You came out together, if I mistake not?"

"Yes; but, somehow, I've missed the Major since my landing."

"Oh, you'll see him presently; he'll be on parade. By the by, he wishes particularly to meet you. We dine to-day at the 'Quai de Soderi,' and if you're not engaged—. Yes, this is the person," said he, turning at the moment towards a servant, who, with a card in his hand, seemed to search for some one in the crowd.

The man approached, and handed it to me.

"What can this mean?" said I; "Don Emanuel de Blacas y Silviero, Rua Nuova."

"Why, that's the great Portuguese contractor; the intendant of half the army; the richest fellow in Lisbon. Have you known him long?"

"Never heard of him till now."

"By Jove, you're in luck! No man gives such dinners; he has such a cellar. I'll wager a fifty it was his daughter you took in the flying leap a while ago. I hear she is a beautiful creature."

"Yes," thought I, "that must be it; and yet, strange enough, I think the name and address are familiar to me."

"Ten to one you've heard Monsoon speak of him; he's most intimate there. But here comes the Major."

And, as he spoke, the illustrious Commissary came forward, holding a vast bundle of papers in one hand, and his snuff-box in the other; and followed by a long string of clerks, contractors, assistant surgeons, paymasters, &c., all eagerly pressing forward to be heard.

"It's quite impossible: I can't do it to-day. Victualling and physicking are very good things, but must be done in season. I have been up all night at the accounts. Haven't I, O'Malley?"—here he winked at me most significantly;—"and then I have the forage and stoppage fund to look through,—we dine at six, sharp," said he, *sotto voce*—"which will leave me without one minute unoccupied for the next twenty-four hours. Look to your toggery this evening; I've something in my eye for you, O'Malley."

"Officers unattached to their several corps will fall into the middle of the Plaza," said a deep voice among the crowd; and, in obedience to the order, I rode forward, and placed myself with a number of others, apparently newly joined, in the open square. A short gray-haired old colonel, with a dark eagle look, proceeded to inspect us, reading from a paper, as he came along:—

"Mr. Hepton, 6th Foot; commission bearing date 11th January; drilled; proceed to Over, and join his regiment."

"Mr. Gronow, Fusileer Guards; remains with depot."

"Captain Mortimer, 1st Dragoons; appointed aid-de-camp to the general commanding the cavalry brigade."

"Mr. Sparks: where is Mr. Sparks? Mr. Sparks, absent from parade: make a note of it."

"Mr. O'Malley, 14th Light Dragoons. Mr. O'Malley: oh, I remember; I have received a letter from Sir George Dashwood concerning you. You will hold yourself in readiness to march. Your friends desire that, before you may obtain any staff appointment, you should have the opportunity of seeing some service. Am I to understand such is your wish?"

"Most certainly."

"May I have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day?"

"I regret that I have already accepted an invitation to dine with Major Monsoon."

"With Major Monsoon! ah, indeed! Perhaps it might be as well I should mention—but no matter. I wish you good-morning."

So saying, the little colonel rode off, leaving me to suppose that my dinner engagement had not raised me in his estimation, though why I could not exactly determine.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE STRADA NUOVA.

Our dinner was a long and uninteresting one, and, as I found that the Major was likely to prefer his seat as chairman of the party, to the seductions of ladies' society, I took the first opportunity of escaping, and left the room.

It was a rich moonlight night, as I found myself in the street. My way, which led along the banks of the Tagus, was almost as light as in daytime, and crowded with walking parties, who sauntered carelessly along, in the enjoyment of the cool refreshing night air. On inquiring, I discovered that the Rua Nuova was at the extremity of the city; but as the road led along by the river, I did not regret the distance, but walked on with increasing pleasure at the charms of so heavenly a climate and country.

After three quarters of an hour's walk, the streets became by degrees less and less crowded. A solitary party passed me now and then; the buzz of distant voices succeeded to the gay laughter and merry tones of the passing groups, and, at length, my own footsteps alone awoke the echoes along the

deserted pathway. I stopped every now and then to gaze upon the tranquil river, whose eddies were circling in the pale silver of the moonlight. I listened with attentive ear, as the night breeze wafted to me the far-off sounds of a guitar, and the deep tones of some lover's serenade; while again the tender warbling of the nightingale came borne across the stream, on a wind rich with the odor of the orange-tree.

As thus I lingered on my way, the time stole on; and it was near midnight ere I roused myself from the revery surrounding objects had thrown about me. I stopped suddenly, and for some minutes I struggled with myself to discover if I was really awake. As I walked along, lost in my reflections, I had entered a little garden beside the river; fragrant plants and lovely flowers bloomed on every side; the orange, the camelia, the cactus, and the rich laurel of Portugal were blending their green and golden hues around me, while the very air was filled with delicious music. "Was it a dream, could such ecstasy be real?" I asked myself, as the rich notes swelled upwards, in their strength, and sunk in soft cadence to tones of melting harmony, now bursting forth in the full force of gladness, the voices blended together in one stream of mellow music, and, suddenly ceasing, the soft but thrilling shake of a female voice rose upon the air, and its plaintive beauty stirred the very heart. The proud tramp of martial music succeeded to the low wailing cry of agony; then came the crash of battle, the clang of steel; the thunder of the fight rolled on in all its majesty, increasing in its maddening excitement till it ended in one loud shout of victory.

All was still; not a breath moved, not a leaf stirred, and again was I relapsing into my dreamy skepticism, when again the notes swelled upwards in concert. But now their accents were changed, and, in low, subdued tones, faintly and slowly uttered, the prayer of thanksgiving rose to heaven, and spoke their gratefulness. I almost fell upon my knees, and already the tears filled my eyes, as I drank in the sounds. My heart was full to bursting, and, even now as I write it, my pulse throbs as I remember the hymn of the Abencerrages.

When I rallied from my trance of excited pleasure, my first thought was,—where was I, and how came I there? Before I could resolve my doubts upon the question, my attention was turned in another direction, for close beside me the branches moved forwards, and a pair of arms were thrown around my neck, while a delicious voice cried out, in an accent of childish delight, "*Trovado!*" At the same instant a lovely head sank upon my shoulder, covering it with tresses of long brown hair. The arms pressed me still more closely, till I felt her very heart beating against my side.

"*Mio fradre,*" said a soft trembling voice, as her fingers played in my hair and patted my temples.

What a situation mine! I well knew that some mistaken identity had been the cause; but, still, I could not repress my inclination to return the embrace, as I pressed my lips upon the fair forehead that leaned upon my bosom: at the same moment she threw back her head, as if to look me more fully in the face. One glance sufficed: blushing deeply over her cheeks and neck, she sprung from my arms, and uttering a faint cry, staggered against a tree. In an instant I saw it was the lovely girl I had met in the morning, and, without losing a second, I poured out apologies for my intrusion, with all the eloquence I was master of, till she suddenly interrupted me by asking if I spoke French! Scarcely had I recommenced my excuses in that language, when a third party appeared upon the stage. This was a short elderly man, in a green uniform, with several decorations upon his breast, and a cocked hat, with a most flowing plume, in his right hand.

"May I beg to know whom I have the honor of receiving?" inquired he, in very excellent English, as he advanced with a look of very ceremonious but distant politeness.

I immediately explained that, presuming upon the card which his servant had presented me, I had resolved on paying my respects, when a mistake had led me accidentally into his garden.

My apologies had not come to an end, when he folded me in his arms and overwhelmed me with thanks; at the same time saying a few words in Portuguese to his daughter, she stooped down and taking my hand gently within her own, touched it with her lips.

This piece of touching courtesy—which I afterward found meant little or nothing—affected me deeply at the time, and I felt the blood rush to my face and forehead, half in pride, half in a sense of shame. My confusion was, however, of short duration; for, taking my arm, the old gentleman led me along a few paces, and turning round a small clump of olives, entered a little summer-house. Here a considerable party were assembled, which, for their picturesque effect, could scarcely have been better managed on the stage.

Beneath the mild lustre of a large lamp of stained glass, half hid in the overhanging boughs, was spread a table, covered with vessels of gold and silver plate, of gorgeous richness; drinking cups and goblets of antique pattern, shone among cups of Sèvres china or Venetian glass; delicious fruit, looking a thousand times more tempting for being contained in baskets of silver foliage, peeped from amid a profusion of fresh flowers, whose odor was continually shed around by a slight *jet d'eau* that played among the leaves. Around, upon the grass, seated upon cushions, or reclining on Genoa carpets, were several beautiful girls, in most becoming costumes; their dark locks and darker eyes speaking of "the soft south," while their expressive gestures and animated looks betokened a race whose temperament is glowing as their clime. There were several men also, the greater number of whom appeared in uniform—bronzed, soldier-like fellows, who had the jaunty air and easy carriage of their calling—among whom was one Englishman, or at least so I guessed from his wearing the uniform of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"This is my daughter's *fête*," said Don Emanuel, as he ushered me into the assembly; "her birthday; a sad day it might have been for us, had it not been for your courage and forethought." So saying, he commenced a recital of my adventures to the bystanders, who overwhelmed me with civil speeches and a shower of soft looks, that completed the fascination of the fairy scene. Meanwhile, the

fair Inez had made room for me beside her, and I found myself at once the lion of the party; each vying with her neighbor who should show me most attention. La Senhora herself directed her attention exclusively to me; a circumstance which, considering the awkwardness of our first meeting, I felt no small surprise at, and which led me, somewhat maliciously I confess, to make a half allusion to it, feeling some interest at ascertaining for whom the flattering reception was really intended.

"I thought you were Charles," said she, blushing, in answer to my question.

"And you were right," said I, "I am Charles."

"Nay, but I meant *my* Charles."

There was something of touching softness in the tones of these few words that made me half wish I were *her* Charles. Whether my look evinced as much or not, I cannot tell: but she speedily added:

"He is my brother: he is captain in the *caçadores*, and I expected him here this evening. Some one saw a figure pass the gate and conceal himself in the trees, and I was sure it was he."

"What a disappointment!" said I.

"Yes; was it not?" said she, hurriedly; and then, as if remembering how ungracious was the speech, she blushed more deeply, and hung down her head.

Just at this moment, as I looked up, I caught the eye of the English officer fixed steadfastly upon me. He was a tall fine-looking fellow, of about two or three and thirty, with marked and handsome features, which, however, conveyed an expression of something sneering and sinister, that struck me the moment I saw him. His glass was fixed in his eye, and I perceived that he regarded us both with a look of no common interest. My attention did not, however, dwell long upon the circumstance, for Don Emanuel, coming behind my shoulder, asked me if I would not take out his daughter in the bolero they were just forming.

To my shame I was obliged to confess that I had never even seen the dance; and, while I continued to express my resolve to correct the errors of my education, the Englishman came up and asked the Senhora to be his partner. This put the very keystone upon my annoyance, and I had half turned angrily away from the spot, when I heard her decline his invitation, and avow her determination not to dance.

There was something which pleased me so much at this refusal, that I could not help turning upon her a look of most grateful acknowledgment; but, as I did so, I once more encountered the gaze of the Englishman, whose knitted brows and compressed lips were bent upon me in a manner there was no mistaking. This was neither the fitting time nor place to seek any explanation of the circumstance; so, wisely resolving to wait a better occasion, I turned away and resumed my attentions towards my fair companion.

"Then you don't care for the bolero!" said I, as she re-seated herself upon the grass.

"Oh! I delight in it," said she, enthusiastically.

"But you refused to dance!"

She hesitated, blushed, tried to mutter something, and was silent.

"I had determined to learn it," said I, half jestingly; "but, if you will not dance with me—"

"Yes; that I will—indeed I will."

"But you declined my countryman. Is it because he is inexpert?"

The Senhora hesitated; looked confused for some minutes; at length, coloring slightly, she said, "I have already made one rude speech to you this evening; I fear lest I shall make a second. Tell me, is Captain Trevyllian your friend?"

"If you mean that gentleman yonder, I never saw him before."

"Nor heard of him?"

"Nor that either. We are total strangers to each other."

"Well, then, I may confess it. I do not like him. My father prefers him to any one else, invites him daily here, and, in fact, instals him as his first favorite. But, still, I cannot like him; and yet I have done my best to do so."

"Indeed!" said I, pointedly. "What are his chief demerits? Is he not agreeable? is he not clever?"

"Oh! on the contrary, most agreeable; fascinating, I should say, in conversation; has travelled; seen a great deal of the world; is very accomplished, and has distinguished himself on several occasions: he wears, as you see, a Portuguese order."

"And, with all that—?"

"And with all that I cannot bear him. He is a duellist, a notorious duellist. My brother, too, knows more of him, and avoids him. But let us not speak farther: I see his eyes are again fixed on us; and, somehow, I fear him, without well knowing wherefore."

A movement among the party; shawls and mantillas were sought for on all sides; and the preparations for leave-taking appeared general. Before, however, I had time to express my thanks for my hospitable reception, the guests had assembled in a circle around the Senhora, and, toasting her with a parting bumper, they commenced in concert a little Portuguese song of farewell; each verse concluding with a good-night, which, as they separated and held their way homewards, might now and then be heard, rising upon the breeze, and wafting their last thoughts back to her. The concluding verse, which struck me much, I have essayed to translate. It ran somehow thus:—

The morning breezes chill
Now close our joyous scene,
And yet we linger still,
Where we've so happy been.
How blest were it to live
With hearts like ours so light,
And only part to give
One long and last Good-night,
Good-night!

With many an invitation to renew my visit, most kindly preferred by Don Emanuel, and warmly seconded by his daughter, I, too, wished my good-night, and turned my steps homeward.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE VILLA.

THE first object which presented itself to my eye, the next morning, was the midshipman's pack-

et, intrusted to my care by Power. I turned it over to read the address more carefully, and what was my surprise to find that the name was that of my fair friend, Donna Inez!

"This certainly thickens the plot," thought I; "and so I have now fallen upon the real Simon Pure, and the reefer has had the good fortune to distance the dragoon. Well, thus much, I cannot say that I regret it. Now, however, for the parade, and then for the villa."

"I say, O'Malley," cried out Monsoon, as I appeared on the Plaza, "I have accepted an invitation for you to-day. We dine across the river. Be at my quarters a little before six, and we'll go together."

I should rather have declined the invitation, but, not well knowing why, and having no ready excuse, acceded and promised to be punctual.

"You were at Don Emanuel's last night; I heard of you."

"Yes: I spent a most delightful evening."

"That's your ground, my boy; a million of moidores, and such a campagna in Valencia; a better thing than the Dalrymple affair. Don't blush. I know it all. But stay; here they come."

As he spoke, the general commanding, with a numerous staff, rode forward. As they passed, I recognised a face which I had certainly seen before, and in a moment remembered it was that of the dragoon of the evening before. He passed quite close, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on me, evinced no sign of recognition.

The parade lasted above two hours, and it was with a feeling of impatience I mounted a fresh horse to canter out to the villa. When I arrived, the servant informed me that Don Emanuel was in the city, but that the Senhora was in the garden; offering, at the same time, to escort me. Declining this honor, I intrusted my horse to his keeping, and took my way towards the arbor where last I had seen her.

I had not walked many paces when the sound of a guitar struck on my ear. I listened. It was the Senhora's voice. She was singing a Venetian canzonetta, in a low, soft, warbling tone, as one lost in a revery, as though the music was a mere accompaniment to some pleasant thought. I peeped through the dense leaves, and there she sat upon a low garden seat; an open book on the rustic table before her; beside her, embroidery, which seemed only lately abandoned. As I looked, she placed her guitar upon the ground, and began to play with a small spaniel, that seemed to have waited with impatience for some testimony of favor. A moment more, and she grew weary of this, then heaving a long but gentle sigh, leaned back upon her chair, and seemed lost in thought. I now had ample time to regard her, and, certainly, never beheld any thing more lovely. There was a character of classic beauty, and her brow, though fair and ample, was still strongly marked upon the temples; the eyes, being deep and squarely set, imparted a look of intensity to her features which their own softness alone subdued; while the short upper lip, which trembled with every passing thought, spoke of a nature tender and impressionable, and yet impassioned. Her foot and ankle peeped from beneath her dark robe, and, certainly, nothing could be more faultless; while her hand, fair as marble, blue-veined and dimpled, played amid the long tresses of her hair that, as if in the wantonness of beauty, fell carelessly upon her shoulders.

It was some time before I could tear myself from the fascination of so much beauty, and it needed no common effort to leave the spot. As I made a short *détour* in the garden before approaching the arbor, she saw me as I came forward, and, kissing her hand gayly, made room for me beside her.

"I have been fortunate in finding you alone, Senhora," said I, as I seated myself by her side; "for I am the bearer of a letter to you. How far it may interest you I know not, but to the writer's feelings I am bound to testify."

"A letter to me! you jest, surely."

"That I am in earnest this will show," said I, producing the packet.

She took it from my hands, turned it about and about, examined the seal, while, half-doubtingly, she said:—

"The name is mine; but, still—"

"You fear to open it: is it not so? But, after all, you need not be surprised if it's from Howard: that's his name, I think."

"Howard! from little Edward!" exclaimed she enthusiastically; and, tearing open the letter, she pressed it to her lips, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her cheek glowing as she read. I watched her as she ran rapidly over the lines; and I confess that, more than once, a pang of discontent shot through my heart that the midshipman's letter could call up such interest; not that I was in love with her myself, but yet, I know not how it was, I had fancied her affections unengaged, and, without asking myself wherefore, I wished as much.

"Poor dear boy!" said she, as she came to the end.

How these few and simple words sank into my heart as I remembered how they had once been uttered to myself, and in perhaps no very dissimilar circumstances!

"But where is the souvenir he speaks of!" said she.

"The souvenir. I'm not aware—"

"Oh, I hope you have not lost the lock of hair he sent me!"

I was quite dumbfounded at this, and could not remember whether I had received it from Power or not; so answered at random:—

"Yes: I must have left it on my table."

"Promise me, then, to bring it to-morrow with you."

"Certainly," said I, with something of pique in my manner. "If I find such a means of making my visit an agreeable one, I shall certainly not omit it."

"You are quite right," said she, either not noticing or not caring for the tone of my reply. "You will, indeed, be a welcome messenger. Do you know, he was one of my lovers!"

"One of them! indeed! Then pray how many do you number at this moment?"

"What a question! as if I could possibly count them. Besides there are so many absent; some on leave, some deserters, perhaps, that I might be reckoning among my troops, but who, possibly, form

part of the forces of the enemy. Do you know little Howard?"

"I cannot say that we are personally acquainted, but I am enabled, through the medium of a friend, to say, that his sentiments are not strange to me. Besides, I have really pledged myself to support the prayer of his petition."

"How very good of you! for which reason, you've forgotten, if not lost, the lock of hair."

"That you shall have to-morrow," said I, pressing my hand solemnly to my heart.

"Well, then, don't forget it: but hush; here comes Captain Trevyllian. So you say Lisbon really pleases you," said she, in a tone of voice totally changed, as the dragoon of the preceding evening approached.

"Mr. O'Malley, Captain Trevyllian."

We bowed stiffly and haughtily to each other, as two men salute who are unavoidably obliged to bow, with every wish on either side to avoid acquaintance. So, at least, I construed his bow; so I certainly intended my own.

It requires no common tact to give conversation the appearance of unconstraint and ease when it is evident that each person opposite is laboring under excited feelings; so that, notwithstanding the Senhora's efforts to engage our attention by the commonplaces of the day, we remained almost silent, and, after a few observations of no interest, took our several leaves. Here again a new source of awkwardness arose; for, as we walked together towards the house, where our horses stood, neither party seemed disposed to speak.

"You are probably returning to Lisbon?" said he, coldly.

I assented by a bow. Upon which, drawing his bridle within his arm, he bowed once more, and turned away in an opposite direction; while I, glad to be relieved of an unsought-for companionship, returned alone to the town.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE DINNER.

It was with no peculiar pleasure that I dressed for our dinner party. Major O'Shaughnessy, our host, was one of that class of my countrymen I cared least for,—a riotous, good-natured, noisy, loud-swearing, punch-drinking western; full of stories of impossible fox-hunts, and unimaginable duels, which all were acted either by himself or some member of his family. The company consisted of the Adjutant, Monsoon, Ferguson, Trevyllian, and some eight or ten officers with whom I was unacquainted. As is usual on such occasions, the wine circulated freely, and, amid the din and clamor of excited conversation, the fumes of burgundy, and the vapor of cigar smoke, we most of us became speedily mystified. As for me, my evil destiny would have it that I was placed exactly opposite Trevyllian, with whom, upon more than one occasion, I happened to differ in opinion, and the question was in itself some trivial and unimportant one; yet the tone which he assumed, and of which I too could not divest myself in reply, boded any thing rather than an amicable feeling between us. The noise and turmoil about prevented the others remarking the circumstance; but I could perceive in his manner what I deemed a studied determination to promote a quarrel, while I felt within myself a most unchristian-like desire to indulge his fancy.

"Worse fellows at passing the bottle than Trevyllian and O'Malley there, I have rarely sojourned with," cried the Major; "look if they haven't got eight decanters between them: and here we are in a state of African thirst."

"How can you expect him to think of the thirst when such perfumed billets as that come showering upon him?" said the Adjutant, alluding to a rose-colored epistle a servant had placed within my hands.

"Eight miles of a stone-wall country in fifteen minutes! devil a lie in it!" said O'Shaughnessy, striking the table with his clenched fists: "show me the man 'id deny it!"

"Why, my dear fellow!"

"Don't be dearing me. Is it no you'll be saying to me? Listen now: there's O'Reilly there." "Where is he?" "He's under the table! well, it's the same thing. His mother had a fox—: bad luck to you, don't scald me with the jug! his mother had a fox-cover in Shinrohan."

When O'Shaughnessy had got thus far in his narrative, I had the opportunity of opening my note, which merely contained the following words:—"Come to the ball at the Casino, and bring the cadeau you promised me."

I had scarcely read this over once, when a roar of laughter at something said, attracted my attention. I looked up and perceived Trevyllian's eyes bent upon me with the fierceness of a tiger: the veins of his forehead were swollen and distorted, and the whole expression of his face betokened rage and passion. Resolved no longer to submit to such evident determination to insult, I was rising from my place at table, when, as if anticipating my intention, he pushed back his chair, and left the room. Fearful of attracting attention by immediately following him, I affected to join in the conversation around me, while my temples throbbed, and my hands tingled with impatience to get away.

"Poor M'Manus," said O'Shaughnessy, "rest his soul, he'd have puzzled the bench of bishops for hard words: upon my conscience I believe he spent his mornings looking for them in the Old Testament: sure ye might have heard what happened to him; at Banagher, when he commanded the Kilkennys—ye never heard the story; well then, ye shall: push the sherry along first though—old Monsoon there always keeps it lingering beside his left arm!"

"Well, when Peter was lieutenant-colonel of the Kilkennys—who, I may remark, *en passant*, as the French say, were the seediest-looking devils in the whole service; he never let them alone from morning till night, drilling and pipe-claying, and polishing them up! Nothing will make soldiers of you, said Peter; but, by the rock of Cashel, I'll keep you as clean as a new musket! Now, poor Peter himself was not a very warlike figure: he measured

five feet one in his tallest boots: but certainly, if nature denied him length of stature, she compensated him for it in another way, by giving him a taste for the longest words in the language! An extra syllable or so in a word, was always a strong recommendation; and, whenever he could not find one to his mind, he'd take some quaint outlandish one, that more than once led to very awkward results. Well, the regiment was one day drawn up for parade in the town of Banagher, and, as M'Manus came down the lines, he stopped opposite one of the men, whose face, hands, and accoutrements exhibited a most woful contempt of his orders. The fellow looked more like a turf-stack than a light-company man! 'Stand out, sir!' cried M'Manus, in a boiling passion. 'Sergeant O'Toole, inspect this individual.' Now the sergeant was rather a favorite with Mac; for he always pretended to understand his phraseology, and, in consequence, was pronounced by the colonel a very superior man for his station in life. 'Sergeant,' said he, 'we shall make an exemplary illustration of our system here!'

"'Yes, sir,' said the sergeant, sorely puzzled at the meaning of what he spoke!

"'Bare him to the Shannon, and lave him there:' this he said in a kind of Coriolanus tone, with a toss up of his head, and a wave of his right arm; signs, whenever he made them, incontestibly showing that farther parley was out of the question, and that he had summed up, and charged the jury for good and all.

"'*Lave* him in the river!' said O'Toole, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole face working in strong anxiety; 'is it *lave* him in the river, yer honor means!'

"'I have spoken,' said the little man, bending an ominous frown upon the sergeant: which, whatever construction he might have put upon his words, there was no mistaking.

"'Well, well, av it's God's will he's drowned, it will not be on my head,' said O'Toole, as he marched the fellow away between two rank and file.

"The parade was nearly over when Mac happened to see the sergeant coming up, all splashed with water, and looking quite tired.

"'Have you obeyed my orders!' said he.

"'Yes, yer honor; and tough work we had of it, for he struggled hard!'

"'And where is he now!'

"'Oh, troth, he's there safe! divil a fear he'll get out!'

"'Where!' said Mac.

"'In the river, yer honor.'

"'What have you done, you scoundrel!'

"'Didn't I do as you bid me!' says he, 'didn't I throw him in, and *lave* [leave] him there!' And faith, so they did, and if he wasn't a good swimmer, and got over to Moystown, there's little doubt but he'd have been drowned, and all because Peter M'Manus could not express himself like a Christian."

In the laughter which followed O'Shaughnessy's story, I took the opportunity of making my escape from the party, and succeeded in gaining the street unobserved. Though the note I had just read was not signed, I had no doubt from whom it came: so I hastened at once to my quarters, to make search for the lock of Joe Howard's hair, to which the Senhora alluded. What was my mortification, however, to discover, that no such thing could be found anywhere! I searched all my drawers; I tossed about my papers and letters; I hunted every likely, every unlikely spot I could think of, but in vain; now cursing my carelessness for having lost it; now swearing most solemnly to myself that I never could have received it. What was to be done? it was already late: my only thought was how to replace it. If I only knew the color, any other lock of hair would, doubtless, do just as well. The chances were, as Howard was young, and an Englishman, that his hair was light; light-brown, probably: something like my own. Of course it was! why didn't that thought occur to me before! how stupid I was! So saying, I seized a pair of scissars and cut a long lock beside my temple: this, in a calm moment, I might have hesitated about. Yes, thought I, she'll never discover the cheat; and besides, I do feel—I know not exactly why—rather gratified to think that I shall have left this *souvenir* behind me, even though it call up other recollections than of me. So thinking, I wrapped my cloak about me, and hastened towards the Casino.

---

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE ROUTE.

I had scarcely gone a hundred yards from my quarters, when the great tramp of horses' feet attracted my attention. I stopped to listen, and soon heard the jingle of dragoon accoutrements, as the noise came nearer. The night was dark, but perfectly still; and before I stood many minutes, I heard the tones of a voice, which I well knew could belong to but one, and that, Fred Power.

"Fred Power!" said I, shouting at the same time at the top of my voice, "Power!"

"Ah, Charley, that you? come along to the adjutant-general's quarters. I'm charged with some important despatches, and can't stop till I've delivered them. Come along, I've glorious news for you!" So saying, he dashed spurs to his horse, and, followed by ten mounted dragoons, galloped past. Power's few and hurried words had so excited my curiosity, that I turned at once to follow him, questioning myself as I walked along, to what he could possibly allude. He knew of my attachment to Lucy Dashwood—could he mean any thing of her? but what could I expect there! by what flattery could I picture to myself any chance of success in that quarter! and yet, what other news could I care for or value, than what bore upon her fate upon whom my own depended. Thus ruminating, I reached the door of the spacious building in which the adjutant-general had taken up his abode, and soon found myself among a crowd of persons whom the rumor of some important event had assembled there, though no one could tell what had occurred. Before many minutes the door opened, and Power came out bowing hurriedly to a few, and, whispering a word or two as he passed down the steps, he

seized me by the arm and led me across the street. "Charley," said he, "the curtain's rising; the piece is about to begin: a new commander-in-chief is sent out; Sir Arthur Wellesley, my boy, the finest fellow in England, is to head us on, and we march to-morrow. There's news for you!" A raw boy, unread, uninformed as I was, I knew but little of his career whose name had even then shed such lustre upon our army; but the buoyant tone of Power as he spoke, the kindling energy of his voice aroused me, and I felt every inch a soldier. As I grasped his hand in delightful enthusiasm, I lost all memory of my disappointment, and, in the beating throb that shook my head, I felt how deeply slept the ardor of military glory that first led me from my home to see a battle-field.

"There goes the news!" said Frederick, pointing as he spoke to a rocket that shot up into the sky, and, as it broke into ten thousand stars, illuminated the broad stream where the ships of war lay darkly resting: in another moment, the whole air shone with similar fires, while the deep roll of the drum sounded along the silent streets, and the city, so lately sunk in sleep, became, as if by magic, thronged with crowds of people; the sharp clang of the cavalry trumpet blended with the gay carol of the light-infantry bugle, and the heavy tramp of the march was heard in the distance. All was excitement, all bustle; but in the joyous tone of every voice, was spoken the longing anxiety to meet the enemy: the gay reckless tone of an Irish song would occasionally reach us, as some Connaught ranger, or some seventy-eight man passed, his knapsack on his back: or the low monotonous pibroch of the highlander, swelling into a war-cry, as some kilted corps drew up their ranks together. We turned to regain our quarters, when, at the corner of a street, we came suddenly upon a merry party, seated around a table, before a little inn; a large street lamp, unhung for the occasion, had been placed in the midst of them, and showed us the figures of several soldiers in undress at the end, and, raised a little above his compeers, sat one, whom, by the unfair proportion he assumed of the conversation, not less than by the musical intonation of his voice, I soon recognised as my man, Mickey Free.

"I'll be hanged, if that's not your fellow there, Charley," said Power, as he came to a dead stop a few yards off.

"What an impertinent varlet he is! only to think of him there, presiding among a set of fellows that have fought all the battles in the peninsular war. At this moment, I'll be hanged, if he is not going to sing."

Here a tremendous thumping upon the table announced the fact, and, after a few preliminary observations from Mike, illustrative of his respect to the service, in which he had so often distinguished himself, he began to the air of the "Young May Moon," a ditty, of which I only recollect the following verses:—

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

"The picquets are fast retreating, boys;
The last tatoo is beating, boys;
So let every man
Finish his can,
And drink to our next merry meeting, boys!

"The colonel so gayly prancing, boys!
Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys!
When he sings out so large,
'Fix bayonets and charge,'
He sets all the Frenchmen a-dancing, boys!

"Let Mounseer look ever so big, my boys,
Who cares for fighting a fig, boys:
When we play Garryowen,
He'd rather go home:
For somehow, he's no taste for a jig, my boys!"

This admirable lyric seemed to have a perfect success, if one were only to judge from the thundering of voices, hands, and drinking vessels, which followed; while a venerable gray-haired sergeant rose to propose Mr. Free's health, and speedy promotion to him.

We stood for several minutes in admiration of the party; when the loud roll of the drums beating to arms awakened us to the thought that our moments were numbered.

"Good-night, Charley!" said Power, as he shook my hand warmly; "good-night! It will be your last night under a curtain for some months to come; make the most of it. Adieu!"

So saying, we parted: he to his quarters, and I to all the confusion of my baggage, which lay in most admired disorder about my room.